



English Goth
Nick Armbrister

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English Goth

Diane was no ordinary English lady. She was a Goth, one with the night, who loved what she was into. It was her life and nothing came close to it, not even guys who she frequently met in her young twenty-four years. She lived in the historical English town of Langford in the north of England.

It wasn't a big place, but it was large enough for her and people didn't know her business. After all, Diane was a private gal even if she had red and black hair that was visually- oh so beautiful!

Diane worked in the local printing factory making blueprints for missiles, a topic that bored her. The cash was good, allowing her to go

out, be footloose and fancy-free. That suited her. On a Monday, Diane went to the Right Drunkard Club that had dance night.

She liked gothic music from England's past. Bands like the Cult, the Mission, All About Eve, the Sisters of Mercy, Ghost Dance and much more. Diane was into 80's Goth music but she believed to have been born at the wrong time. She'd always wanted to see her favourite bands live, back from when they were young and vibrant, but that was life and she had no other choice but to just enjoy the music.

Wearing a stunning short black number of sensually flowing fabric, layered with sequins and embroidered black flowers, Diane showed off her shapely bare legs well above the knee. When she sat down, she chose a table near the balcony bar that overlooked the dance floor on the lower level. Here, she got a good view of many guys and gals dancing and jiving to the best 80's alternative music in the world.

A heavy pulsating rhythm bumped out of the speakers, which soon she found herself nodding her head slowly back and forth and singing along to a song that spoke of a failed romance, of loneliness and death. Yet the song's rhythm was uplifting and a heady rush was rising inside her.

She lifted her Bloody Mary drink to her lips and took a generous mouthful, feeling the alcohol rush into her body to the point of warming her up.

She'll finish this drink and then she will dance and feel the rush of the music overtaking her as it did the other dancers who were having the best time of their lives. Without giving it much thought, she downed her drink and got up to join the dancers, making her way down the dark winding stairs towards the dance floor.

When Diane got there the record changed to a heavier song with a loud bassline, a screaming guitar and very loud vocals.

She danced around, waving her arms up to the beat.

This song wasn't for them, she thought happily to herself.

"This song is for me!" she screamed for anyone who might hear and despite of the noise, some people acknowledged her.

Others just left the floor for her to take over and she was in her element. Diane felt so alive in a place where she belonged, every nerve ending pulsed with positive energy.

She bumped into a lad who turned to look at her and smile, she gently held his arm before he moved out of reach and brought him towards her.

The rhythm of the music gave them all a life of its own. She faced the boy who was about eighteen and pulled him towards her so they were touching; she smiled mischievously and kissed him slowly, her tongue passing his delicate pale lips probing inside to meet his tongue.

He closed his eyes and melted into Diane. She supported his weight and closed her eyes enjoying the moment while the song now pounded in a slow mesmerising beat.

All of a sudden, the song faded out when the couple was still kissing in their close embrace then a new faster guitar driven track came over the speakers and the DJ spun the discs. In response, the boy pulled away withdrawing his tongue from Diane's, only to end the coupling and go find his friends.

Or at least, that's what Diane thought.

Stupefied, Diane almost didn't know where to go from where she was, standing alone in a place full of people.

She turned and slowly walked in a wavy line over the dance floor in the other direction. When she got to the lower level of the bar to buy a drink, she swore she still tasted the teenager's mouth on her warm moistened lips.

Looking up and down the bar she made eye contact with the barman and ordered a Screwdriver, double vodka and fresh orange juice with ice in a half pint glass. Paying him and thanking him, she walked around the club, which was rapidly filling up with happy young customers. She almost didn't smile, but she couldn't help herself.

Diane kept walking around the club checking the talent out but still wanting to score. It had been three long weeks since she'd been naughty and not made love to anyone.

Tonight she wanted it more than ever, with a nice man who was like her - a Goth. One of the dark ones who lived in a twilight world of long shadows and poignant music would suit her, she thought to herself.

If only he wasn't so hard to find.

It was then she saw him, standing by a stone pillar watching people dance to the loud music. Unaware that she was being watched, the hunter becoming the hunted.

Diane walked over taking a few sips of her strong drink, feeling the alcohol rush to her head, warming her insides and taking her to new heights. She wasn't shy but only out on her own like many other nights.

Sooner than she could change her mind, desire taunted her. She was going to be more forward than she was used to, with lesser worries and hardly any proper introductions.

Here we go!

Diane stood next to the man who was still watching the dance floor from where he was. She moved closer as the music kept playing.

"I'm Diane."

"Dark princess of the night Diane, nice to meet you." replied the tall dark stranger as he turned to his right to look at the gothic beauty standing next to him, who blushed ever so slightly. This, he noticed and smiled reassuringly so she wouldn't turn and run in embarrassment.

"And nice to meet you-" Diane left a pause because the man hadn't said his name, "I've not seen you here before," she finished.

"Oh, I'm Liam, sorry, I'm always doing that! And yes I've just moved to town, just two weeks ago really. I missed last month's Goth night here due to that. I must say I'm enjoying it!" Liam said over the loud music. He opened his arms and motioned to the dance floor that was full of people, "It's a good club isn't it? I've been into this music for many years, probably before you were born!" he happily joked about his age.

Diane went even redder, thinking to herself if she was doing the right thing by making an approach to an older man.

It was too late now! She managed a smile.

"Wow, that long? How would you have known that? I could be a young looking thirty-five as far as you know."

"Well my dear Diane age is only a number and I don't mind how old you are coz you look stunning and you're a real gothic queen, really you are. I can tell you like this music and you're not just one of the hangers who just look the part."

“I love this music. All of the 80’s Goth music and some metal besides the ones in this club give me thrills. I have many of the albums and I’ve even seen many bands when they reformed a few years ago. Have you been to any gigs?”

“Oh yeah, Diane I’ve been to many gigs. I’ve lost count of how many, but must’ve been over a thousand gigs over my years. Both small bands and big bands, even one band that did one show before splitting up. Maybe I should write a book on it someday.” Liam reminisced looking into space, no doubt, he must’ve been remembering those heady times.

“Hey, do you wanna dance or are you gonna stand there all night? Come on!” Diane insisted grabbing Liam’s hand as he still thought about the old days and its gigs.

He followed her through the crush of people dancing and swaying this way and that on the packed floor as a new track started to play, a stomping drum machine pulsated and a wicked guitar riff kicked off of the speakers.

When the vocals started – a woman with a stunningly soaring voice – the crowd went crazy over the life force of energy as they enjoyed every minute of it.

Liam was pushed into Diane in the crush, amongst a crowd of people with barely any room for them, so they danced chest to chest as more people filled the dance floor and the song emanated the feeling of rush.

Dancers moved this way and that, hardly able to move their arms. Gently but firmly dancing and jostling, Liam didn’t notice until she was nearly carried away from him.

Diane let out a startled yell in surprise but Liam held out his hands and steadied her by holding on to her waist and her left elbow so she wouldn’t be stolen by the crowd.

They both laughed, mostly out of fear, calming each other with sweet comforting words after almost losing each other's grasp. If for a second something had really happened, it would've been unbearable.

When Diane looked at Liam right in the eyes, she knew his intentions were honourable and genuine. She returned his smile and gently placed her right hand on his neck to bring his head down. She kissed him once on the lips.

As friends or had a line been crossed?

The song, an industrial one, still throbbed from the speakers. It was an extended remix of the original track and everyone was vibrant, cheering the DJ on. Hundreds of people moved like an ocean constantly flowing, for them the incoming tide on the dance floor was even more heavenly.

How could it ever be better than this?

For two people who had just met it was even better, something was happening. Something magical right here and now, a spell so powerful it would never be broken because something special had come out of nothing.

Another song by a different band came on and the DJ started to fade the previous song, the crowd of dancers slackened somewhat, but neither Diane nor Liam wanted to break the spell that bewitched them both.

It was a special moment that came only once in a person's lifetime, they wanted to enjoy it and let it never end. For now, at least, while the music still played.

Diane gently placed her head against Liam's solid chest, her red and black hair looked wild under the flashing lights and against his 1988 Fields of the Nephilim tour t-shirt.

He brought an arm up to embrace Diane to hold her close and he bowed his head to kiss the top of her head. In his heart Liam knew this was it.

After two marriages including one where his wife was wickedly taken away from him by cancer, he knew he had found his soul mate. Never again would he be left alone.

After this dance Liam would ask Diane to be his Pagan bride and she would be with him for the rest of their lives. *Would she stay that long?*

Diane gently swooned against Liam's chest, she felt complete, something had happened but she didn't know what and didn't dare wonder how long it would last. She wouldn't leave his side, not to go to the bar or to look for a younger man, here she wanted to be no matter what it took or what her mother or her jealous so called friends would say.

Other than her music, few things in her young life meant something to her, but this man who had gently taken her heart meant the world to her now.

How was this possible?

Was it a gothic fairy tale that would end when she opened her eyes or when the clock struck midnight? She never wanted it to end, it occurred to her the songs were right, well some of them.

"Diane?" Liam spoke softly her name.

"Hmmm?" she almost melted as she spoke.

“Once you open your eyes-”

Liam stopped at mid sentence, and she wondered if it was awkward for him to finally say how he was feeling or if he was waiting for another response. Not wanting to spoil the moment she let herself go with a new song that had just started playing.

“Do you hear that?” she said instead. “That’s our song playing.”

Opening his embrace, Liam let her go and kissed her deeply. She returned his kiss, thankful for the passion he gave. The intensity of their bodies started rising to the music once again, which was now an echo of the song that she will remember as their song for the rest of her life. She really loved this.

She also loved that song.

There was still hope, he let her know.

Love wasn’t dead, she thought.

About the Author

Nick Armbrister is an author from the north of England; his work is inspired by his interests of gothic music and the alternative people in such subcultures. Nick is 37. He likes airplanes, films, tattoos and has been writing since 1996 when he started writing poetry.

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