

The moonlight, The knife, The cold...

The moonlight left every thing in an eerie blue light as she walks home from the party. The walk only twenty minutes but the air was cold compared to the heat of the party she had just left. She turns left pulling her red cardigan tighter around her waist. She shivers.

Looking right then left, she crosses the road waiting to reach the pavement before glancing behind to make sure she was alone. A black cat with striking green eyes, runs across the concrete pavement in front of her. She jumps.

“Pull yourself together” she says to herself. She turns right, deciding to cut through the park; a shorter route cutting off a walk down the high street full of burly drunks leaving the local pubs. The tall trees tower over her, casting unnatural shadows over the upcoming path. As she steps, the leaves crunch underfoot and the only working lamppost blinks out. A shadow crosses in front of her. She stops.

She anxiously turns to the left. Nothing. She carries on walking through the subtly hidden park. Another shadow. She stops. The wind blows as she hears the crunching of leaves behind her. “Don’t turn round” she decides “It was nothing”. Looking at the time on her phone, she begins to walk, this time, quickening her pace. Thoughts run through her mind of the dreadful experiences girls have in the parks when out late. At that thought she pulls her cardigan tighter around her thin frame. She stumbles.

Slightly tipsy from the buzzing party she decides to sit on a near bench and take off her high heels. Rubbing her feet she looks up; a figure stands in the cover of the bushes. She realises she is not alone. Terrified, she stands, not taking her eyes off the figure. It steps out into the moonlight towards her. She runs.

Cold wind blows harshly against her face, sobering her completely. She risks a glance behind her. The dark of a broad man is ever nearing. Adrenaline pumps through her veins keeping her steady as she now sprints over the grass. Panicking she peers ahead and relief overwhelms her when she sees the bright light of the local corner shops. “I’m going to make it”. She doesn’t.

A sharp pain penetrates through her back and she feels her blood pulsing in the open wound. Pain so indescribable, she struggles to gasp for breath. Her running stops and the figure has closed in. The moonlight lands on the man’s face, a smile she recognises. She falls.

Her body lies weak in a pool of dark, pure, warm blood as the man turns her over turns her over to retrieve his weapon. He leaves her dressed and untouched, except her red cardigan which he gently removes from her shoulders. No proof is left. Her sight fades as she watches the man retreat. He disappears.

Emily Cassidy and Maya Patel