

Fear: TerryLyn Ladybird

Oh god I can't, I can't carry on, I am trying so hard and running out of steam, no matter what there is behind I must, keep, going. My legs are crumbling, and my lungs are crushing. Please let there be a let up soon. No, please, no! I grasp the hand of the person next to me. We run in and out, in and out, the turning slows us down, but it feels safer to do it.

No where to hide.

Just keep running, keep pulling, dragging my unknown companion at the side of me. No time to take a deep breath, no chance to seek a hideout, no quick cover to dive into. We slow, dangerous, we need to, we must, struggling to breathe, brain on fire. Oh help, help, please.

No where to hide.

Left, right, left, right, through the maze of roads. Hoping, hoping for a release from this horrendous place, from this horrendous chase.

Ahead a sanctuary, hoping. Run towards it, getting faster now, a place to go to, a safe place? Downhill, up hill, nearly there. Nearly there. Hope is now within me; this may be the chance. Over a gate, down a path. Please let the door be open, please, please, please. Up the high step. Yes open, oh thank you, thank you, tears flow, still breathing hard. Trying to deep breathe.

In, we are in. Need to be quiet. Oh no, nowhere to hide, it is so small and cramped. Looking, looking, round and round, quick! There! There! Under the seat. It is cramped. Is it safe, we pray and hope. Breathing deeply, oxygen back in our lungs, brain cooling down. Quiet, hush.

Noise, outside. Shhh, don't breathe. Movement, noise circling around us. Stay still, be quiet. Stay still.

I see the fear in my companion's eyes reflecting the fear in mine. I don't know, I really don't know, what. Has it passed? All quiet, out there, in here. Maybe it has gone, hopefully it has gone. Dare I look? Should I lift the cushion and take a peek? No, I will wait, wait a bit longer. Silence everywhere. Staying still, giving nothing away.

Taking a deep breath, quietly lifting the cushion a small crack, can't see anything. A bit wider, still nothing. Wider, nothing. I think we have done it, evaded the threat.

I lift the cushion even wider, enough to step out. I look up, there is the menace, standing by the window, pointing a gun directly at me.