

Fearful: Tania Johnson

I was being hunted; the adrenaline coursed through my system as I ran. I was way too old to be doing this, what had I been thinking? I rounded the bend and looked about, I needed somewhere to stop and gather my breath. The only place that offered a bit of shelter was the bin bay. I ducked in and squatted uncomfortably.

My heart was pounding, my breathing ragged, as I crouched behind the bins. I had wedged myself into a tight spot and I could smell the rot of garbage. Had I trapped myself? My ears strained to catch the sounds around me, was that a footstep? I moved slowly forward wanting to move away from the smell and find a better hiding spot. My leg cramped and I imagined myself stuck here until either my pursuers found me, or someone needed to empty their bin. There was no graceful end if I stayed here, I would have to move.

No one was in my direct view as I edged slowly out, my elderly body aching as I contorted it in ways it was not used to. I moved slowly around the bin bay and made a dash for the building, but I heard the cries as I was spotted by my pursuers. The stress supported me to move faster than I normally would, but I was going to feel this later, hopefully there would be a later.

I made it around the side of the building and was temporarily out of sight of my pursuers. Where could I go, where would they not think to look for me? I looked at the tree and thought about climbing it to get among the foliage, a younger me would have skimmed up easily, the older me hesitated. I made a dash for a doorway, but I had hesitated just a bit too long. I heard the screams as my pursuers caught sight of me again. Arms came out and grasped my legs, so it took all my balance to not fall flat on my face. I collapsed to the ground and played dead. My captors

climbed over me; grubby hands patted my face. I kept my eyes shut and heard their heavy breathing as my captors caught their breath. Hushed voices amidst nervous giggles as my imprisoners discussed my fate. The youngest was too impatient to wait for the collective decision and crawled over to cuddle me saying loudly 'Wake up Grandma, we've caught you.'