

## The Figure

The mother puts her shoes on and grabs her umbrella. "Be right back, honey!" The husband would walk out of the living room. "Where are you going, love?" The wife would think for a while, listening to the heavy drops. "I'm going to the store to grab some snacks for the movie we are going to watch tomorrow." "Okay hun." The husband responds in a shocked tone with the words sounding a bit rushed. The mother opens the umbrella as she walks out the door, she would say it to herself. "Wow it's raining heavy, huh." She turns right and walks up the street, listening to the rain hit her umbrella and the ground near her.

When she gets up the hill she would stop and gaze at her surroundings, examining the grass and trees around her. She soon looks at the trees once again, remembering the beautiful leaves that would flow with the wind and give the air that felt as refreshing as drinking cold water after a long time in the heat. She continues her way to the store after a while, whilst continuing to walk her eyes would wander off to her right. Into that dark forest, she would see a tall figure but ignores its existence, continuously telling herself "Ignore it, it's not real."

She makes it to the corner store, being there for around an hour. Though in the store she would see glimpses of that shadowy figure she saw in the woods, it was getting to her. Soon she comes out with a few bags of snacks. As she walks back home slightly scared, she can feel eyes glued to her, when she makes it to the top of that hill again, she hears something in the woods. *Click* She froze up, she couldn't move. Her legs felt like they were tied down by 40-pound chains. She hears the click again, but it's slightly quieter. *Click* "Is this a dream? What is that? What's that sound?"

Her eyes widen, a wave of fear flows through her as the gun goes off. *BANG*, she did not want to die, she needed to tell someone. She quickly drops the bags and runs to the house; at the same time, she hears the person in the forest running too. She trips over herself, making blood splatters on the concrete. She gets up slowly, struggling to catch her shaky breath. She continues running and makes it home.

"Oh h-honey..." She responds in a sadden voice as she looked at her husband's

cold eyes. She struggles to breathe, her legs shaking just by standing there, her blood getting on the floor along with her clothes being soaked and her hands full of her own blood. The husband holding the revolver. Responds in a stern, cold voice. "I love you hun." His face being cold as rocks, but the wife decided her last words right there and now: "I love y-you too h-hun..." She falls onto the floor unable to stand any longer, soon dying of blood loss.