Terrified. Frightened. Alone. Who knew I would be feeling like this?

I lay anxiously in my bed; stretching my hearing to listen closely to the trickle of water pouring down the windows and the booming of the thunder nearby shaking my body with every strike; the occasional footsteps of someone caught out in this treacherous weather echoing through the very walls of me. Something wasn’t right; there was a noise from downstairs that resonated until my heart felt it would stop. I had no time; frantically putting on some clothes covering my goose pimpled body as the cold shivered down my spine like electricity. I ran...

I left the security of the house, turned the corner and ran as fast as my shaking legs would carry me; worried nervously. It could be lurking behind each car or hidden in the shadows; avoiding streetlights which offered some sanctuary in the small circle of light it shone on the cracked pavement. I hurdled over the rackety mouldy old fence into an abandoned ally with the horrific stench of urine clinging to my nostrils like leaches to skin, giving me a nauseous sensation. As I sprinted down the fog consumed street, my eyes fought to adjust with the visibility of a bat, I saw the silhouette of a young man; at first, not realising what it was, thinking it might be the monster.

I turned to make sure this wasn’t the monster playing with my sanity. No, this was just a young jogger. My body trembled with fear as my legs froze in front of him unable to move, whilst checking behind me for the monster. He started jogging away into the distance with his phosphorescent vest; the only thing visible to the eye. I could hear the jogger mutter to himself very faintly, saying I was a psycho. Was I the psycho? Was there no monster? Was this my mind playing tricks on me? These ideas span round in my head until the taste of sick entered my mouth, giving me a gagging sensation ready to let my stomach loose.

As every second ticked by I waited for the sound of that pain driven scream piercing my ears, as the monster’s teeth pierced the joggers’ flesh; but it never came. I never heard the scream; all I heard was the thunder, each strike more powerful than the last until the thunder rattled my bones.

I ran past the abandoned old train station, to take refuge from this spine chilling rain that trickled down my back and caused me to shiver, or was this the fear of the monster? With the feeling of its omnipresence in my body I could not visibly see anything, like it is not with me. I could still feel the ghosts of the trains that used to pass by this station with the frequent whistle and chime of the bell the old trains used to use. “BEEP BEEP” echoing throughout the station, scaring the life out of me like the monster first did, surprised I haven’t come across its foul breath that stank of rotting flesh which carried the pain that tingled my nose like a xylophone being beaten frantically to the ears.

Expecting the worst around every corner, I ventured through the desolate buildings, old luggage randomly placed on the cracked old flooring, the whispers through the speakers of trains that never came, keeping an eye on what could be lurking behind me. Traveling onto the old broken tracks and to the entrance of the damp tunnel in which homeless people used take refuge, with the darkness like the soul of the monster, which must be nearby? With the hair rising on the back of my neck I plunged into the unknown and ran into the tunnel. Hoping for the best; maybe the monster couldn’t find me? I kept telling myself, reassuring myself. But there came a sound. Distant first, that grew into disaster, so immense it could be seen from space; there was no time, the monster had spoken and there was only fire and then. Nothing.