Home Alone

I wish I hadn’t left him. I wish he had listened to my every order. I wish Joe would’ve acted sooner, then this story would be better so much better.

It was a normal Friday evening – just the two of us – we sat on the sofa and tucked into our usual Chinese treat, everything was going great. Then, mom called an emergency meeting. She sat me down, her eyes engulfed in fear. “A psychopath has escaped Red Wood Prison,” she explained clearly. “He is known to kill anyone in his path- anyone who stand in his way.”

Joe followed her to the door. “Bye mom, have fun at work.”

“Bye honey, stay safe and remember…” she didn’t finish her sentence.

“Don’t open the door for anyone, I know mom,” he groaned pretending to kick her out the door. Joe slowly closed the door, whilst waving his mother goodbye. He sighed “What can a murderer do to me?”

He fell backwards onto the sofa. She is so over protective, he thought to himself. There was a loud angry knock at the door.

Mom told me not to open the door for anyone, but who cares right. There it was again: harder this time, angrier. “Coming” Joe clamped the door handle slowly twisting it open. There before him stood a tall pale figure, dressed in all black; he had a crooked, a scarred eye and a soulless expression. “No thank you, I don’t want to buy anything your selling.” He slammed the door behind the seller. Joe peered out the window, he was still there, but why, what did he want?

Suddenly, there was a roar of thunder and a streak of lightning that illuminated the sky; he was gone. Footsteps came from all around him, they became louder and louder, but still no man. A voice could be heard from behind “I will find you, there is no escape.” Joe ran—ran as fast as he could, heading towards the back door. Mist engulfed the kitchen as the lights flickered on and off. He had to go – he had to get out, now.

Joe ran. He grasped the handle, but as he did, he felt a heavy hand lay upon his shoulder. “Where do you think you are going young man?” groaned the cold, heartless voice.

“Anywhere away from you- far away,” replied Joe his voice shaking.

“What do you mean, there is no escape from me – your all alone now boy,” the cold voice snapped. “Nighty night, sleep tight.”

No…Wai…