

Lurking in the Shadows

One night, many moons ago, two friends decided to go to an arcade together to play bowling.

"Ha! Yes! Strike!" One of the friends, Jason, said.

"Oh, come on! Not again..." His friend, Lana, groaned. "It's the third time tonight! I'm going to end up broke from paying you all these drinks."

"Suck it up, buttercup." Jason grinned, looking smug for his victory. "Now where's my mango slushy?"

Lana walked over to the bar to get Jason's drink, but, when she returned, she couldn't believe her own eyes...

A masked person was standing next to her friend's body, which was lying on the floor... headless. Lana let out a terrified cry as she saw Jason's head being held up by the terrorist.

"Lovely hair, don't you think? Do you know what shampoo your friend uses, darling?" They said jokingly.

With foggy vision, trembling hands, and shaky legs, Lana started running out of the arcade, as the terrorist chased after her with what seemed to be a pair of old, rusty scissors, walking with slow, steady, murderous steps, as if he couldn't be bothered to walk any faster because his prey would end up trapped anyway, Lana thought. Her assumption was, in fact, very accurate, she realized, as she turned around a corner and came face-to-face with a dead-end street.

The full moon was shining brightly, illuminating the night, but only enough for Lana to make out the man's shape.

"Don't be scared... I won't hurt you. I just want you to be reunited with your friend. You'd like that, wouldn't you, sweetheart?" The man inquired with an alluring voice. That voice sounded as captivating and reassuring as a siren's, smooth as silk, and as dangerous as a snake's bite.

As the man kept walking forward, Lana kept backing up, until her back hit the wall and she had nowhere else to go.

"Please..." She whispered. "Please don't hurt me." Her voice quivered as she inhaled sharply.

"Oh, sweetheart, it'll all be over soon..." He replied, as he raised his scissors, brought them down on Lana, and everything turned black...

"Lana! Lana, wake up! Hey!" She slowly came back to her senses to see Jason, her friend, shaking her violently. "God, Lana, what happened? I thought I'd lost you there." He sighed with relief.

"I thought I was... I thought you were..." Lana looks around, feeling confused and out of sorts.

"Everything's okay, Lana. Come on, let's go now. We need to study for tomorrow's exam."

As they left, Lana finally realized it had all been a bad dream. However, what they didn't notice was the masked man, lurking in the shadows...

...Watching.



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