

TAG YOU'RE IT

Life is rough! We all go through the bumps and swerves: and sometimes they leave bruises. But, what's life without a little excitement? That's what I used to say, until my world came crashing down.

I stand still, shaking, trying not to breath too loudly. His movements are sketchy and every second he's in that room feels like hours. I peer through the crack in the door, the light is dim but, compared to being in here, it is a bright light, as if I have just stared at the sun after a lifetime in darkness. I haven't seen his face but even his shadow terrifies me. It moves towards what looks like another door and leaves. This is my one chance, my chance to run. I open the door slowly, just a crack, but the slight squeak of the hinges sends shivers down my spine. One foot is out. I feel so close yet so far away. At this point in time my whole body is out but my hand is still clasped to the door. I let go, bringing my fears with me. Halfway to the door I begin to hear footsteps. I freeze with fear; the noise is getting louder and louder the closer they come. This is it, either I run or I hide, but by the time he is at the door I am already back inside the dark, cramped space and my brain didn't even realise it.

I close my eyes and hold my breath; my mind is spinning in my head, thinking, 'What if', 'What if', 'What if'. But then... it stops, the room is dead silent, should I look? I lean forward and carefully peek through the door. Slowly I move forward, yet breath faster and faster. Shaking with fright I open the door, looking through the crack, when a claw grabs the door. I see his fingers grasped tightly on the edge, then suddenly he pulls the door open. I close my eyes as I feel his hand touch my shoulder. He pulls me out of the cupboard and I collapse on the floor, my eyes still closed, frightened of what I might see. I'm kneeling down begging not be hurt, yet he doesn't speak. My confusion causes curiosity and I begin to open my eyes looking upward towards the man. I slowly scan him as my eyes make their way up to his face.

My heart stops as my eyes meet the sight of a monster. I can't move, I'm frozen with fear. His hand jolts towards me, stopping in front of my face. I turn away with my arms crossed, not accepting this foul creatures' hand. Anger files through his body and he lashes out, grabbing my shirt and pulling me to a nearby chair. He pushes my shoulder, making me fall backwards onto the chair, then pointing at a note on the table he turns and leaves.

I look around the room I am being held captive in; the walls are a pale pink colour covered in hair. It's an empty room, the only furniture being a single chair and table, as well as the cupboard I was trapped in. I look down at the note and it reads, "I am watching your every move, you CAN run but you CAN'T hide. I WILL ALWAYS TAG YOU".

The room is quiet. I start to think it's too quiet. Standing up I look around to see if there is a camera, when at the corner of my eye I notice a small black circle on the wall. I pace myself back and forth, making sure the camera doesn't notice that I know it's there. Thinking quickly, I run over to the door, turning the knob to see if he has left it unlocked. I hear a 'CLICK' and notice that the door has a combination.

IT'S A GAME!

I look around, trying to be as fast as I can, flipping over the table and chair. Swinging open the doors to the cupboard, NOTHING. I sit on the floor as a tear slides from my eye, when I glance over at the note that was on the table but is now lying on the floor. I see a four-digit number

and rushing to the door, I enter, one number at a time, the code. When I'm finished I hear a 'CLICK', then taking a deep breath, I swing the door open.

NO! I begin to lose hope as I walk into a new room. Looking around I notice it's the same room, same set out, just different colours. This time it's blue. I get frustrated, and running over to the new door I enter the old combination lock, opening the door to a new room. Again, it's the same room but a different colour, my frustration gets the better of me and I yell at the black camera mounted on the wall. "COME OUT AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, ARE YOU A DOG?"

The cupboard door swings open, there is a tunnel behind the wall. His feet stomps towards me, shaking the ground with each step. The closer he gets I take a step back towards the chair. He lifts his hand, raising it above my head. He swings it down and I grab the chair, swinging and hitting him on the head with it. He falls to the ground causing a giant 'THUMP' noise as I run towards the cupboard, quickly closing the door behind me. I kick a shelf that was stacked inside and put it across the door.

I run towards a tunnel in the wall. The bright light gets closer and closer and I start to feel safe. At last I reach the light. Quickly I run as far away from this horrible place as I can, leaving the horrible monster in its own torture chamber; hopefully until the end of time.

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