

The Chase

Old and crumbling buildings line the dirty and deserted street, trash floating around aimlessly in the soft breeze that echoes eerily against the buildings. Blood splatters stain the concrete walkway in which I walk. My right hand holds an old plank of wood from which protrude sharp rusty nails on the end as I creep silently down the street, my eyes and ears alert for any small sign of movement or sound. Ever since Dr Ulrick Whitmore took over the government with his vicious lab experiments, the whole world has been cowering in fear, fear of being put down and killed for standing up to the evil that now plagues the world. An abandoned grocery store comes up on the left side of the street, opposite me. I look down the road both ways, looking for any sign of a Kaarendra. I quickly cross the street and enter the small food store. My stomach growls at the sight of food of which I haven't eaten in two days. Cans of empty food litter the floor and the smell of rotting meat burns my nostrils. I pick my way through the mess, picking up any food I can find and stuffing it inside my worn-out rucksack. A low growl meets my ears as I put a can of baked beans into my bag. Trembling, I slowly turn around to see a disgusting looking monster standing behind me, its anatomy based on a big dog. Moist orange skin with yellow veins runs across its body like a bundle of wires. It has two holes on either side of its head for ears and where its eyes should be are just empty sockets of blackness, for it only relies on its keen sense of smell. Green drool spills out of its mouth between its sharp pointed teeth and down to its razor claws. My heart beats rapidly in my rib cage. My hands grip my plank of wood a little tighter.

"AARRH!" I scream and whack the Kaarendra over the head with the rusty nails. I sprint straight for the door while it is momentarily dazed. I hear a loud crash as it jumps through the glass window. My legs drag me down the street as the Kaarendra catches onto my telekinetic scent. These ghastly creatures were created by Dr Ulrick Whitmore himself to track down all people with telekinesis. The monster tracks down my kind by locking onto the signals of the electromagnetic field that allows us to move objects with our minds. The Kaarendra bounds after me as I continue to sprint down the sidewalk. The full moon's light guides me.

After running continuously down multiple streets, I finally find an alleyway between two buildings. I quickly make a sharp turn to the right. A large concrete wall blocks the exit route I was planning to take. I try to open the metal door on the building on my right. Locked. I swivel around to face the ugly beast. Blue blood oozes out of the cuts from the rusty nails. Suddenly, in a blur, it pounces. My head hits the hard concrete with force. My weapon clatters away from me. Stars dance in my eyes. The Kaarendra drools over my face with anticipation of a tasty morsel. Its huge body mass pins me down helplessly. I focus my mind on the weapon and imagine it floating up and hitting the monstrosity at full force. Nothing happens. I'm too weak to even perform the simple task of levitating an object. Sweat pours down my face from the mental exhaustion. Opening its large jaws, it prepares to bite. I close my eyes, waiting for the pain to come. After all these years surviving by myself, I'm now going to die at age sixteen. I was hoping to live to twenty.

The pain doesn't come, just a soft hand pulling me off the ground and telling me we have to run. I shoot my eyes open to see the Kaarendra lying in a heap on the ground in a pool of its own blood. Dead. I look up at my saviour. His black hair falls carelessly to one side, bright green eyes that seem to be taking in every detail and a small lip piercing. A grey hoodie covers his arms and ripped jeans conceal his legs.

"Come on; we've got to hurry. They're coming!" He grips my hand tightly and pulls me into a run. I instantly get my head back in the game and follow my rescuer. Looking behind me, my eyes cannot take in the scene. Three Kaarendra bound after us at full speed, gaining on us in each step.

"Who-" I start to ask, but I'm cut off.

"Blake."

"What?" He pulls me around to the side of an old tall building with a metal staircase zigzagging to the roof. Climbing up the stairs, my lungs feel heavy in my chest, my breaths small and quick. I start to slow down from the agonizing pain in my legs and chest but looking behind me at the horrid creations chasing after me, it's enough to keep me going. After ascending the staircase, close to the top we climb through an open window into an apartment. Together we crouch behind a kitchen bench and catch our breath.

"My name," he says in between breaths, "is Blake."

"Leona," I respond, and, despite the tragedy we're in, I smile.

"Well, isn't this a coincidence." A man struts around the bench and stops in front of us.

"Dr Whitmore," Blake utters.

"Yes, glad you know who I am." He crouches down to face us directly, his white lab coat leaving blood trails along the ground.

"I'm here to take you in because discovery requires experimentation."

Written by Taylor Hall