

Train Runner

By Abygale Fraser

The cold crisp air was like any other October night, the grass and what little leaves were left were covered in a deep frost. A small girl peered from behind the corner of the window ready for the night to come to an end, shaking in her little night coat like most little children do - but for different reasons. The little girl's name was Fiona, a small pale and scrawny little girl who had the courage as a lion as well as brains that were as big as an elephant. As the night grew darker Fiona crept closer to the white pale wash window on the other side of her bedroom. Her hands reached out cold as ice and gently lifted the window open and crept out, remembering the steps she made earlier so that she would not even make a noise stepping on a leaf. Silently, she headed for the haunted woods.

Every little girl and boy in the town knew the story about the haunted woods but Fiona didn't care to stop her journey. The story started rushing through her head as she walked through the forest and all of a sudden a cold chill ran through her flesh and bones. All the stories at once hit her face like a bullet but one stood out the most: the scariest of them all. The one about the missing girl and monster. As she continued to go deeper in the woods the story started crawling out of her mouth until she was telling it. "He will find you and get you, just like he did to her" Fiona kept saying louder and louder.

As she tried to get out of her head, a shadow-like figure in the distance emerged.

Fiona pinched her arm and swung her head and told herself it was just a tree. Suddenly a stick snapped just a meter ahead of her. Vaguely thinking what would happen, she grabbed a rock and tossed it as hard as she could. The rock hit something and bounced back leaving a cold hard blood line marked across her face. The blood went cold and hardened upon what used to be a perfectly clean face. All of a sudden a tiny squirrel crawled out of the bush and made an evasive escape out of the woods and into the city. Fiona stood frozen wondering what creature was on the other side of the bush just ahead.

The bush started shaking in vehemence, shooting leaves and branches everywhere. Fiona instantly thought back to the story the other kids told. A girl went missing 22 years ago. She was wandering in the bush when a cold moist hand fell down on her and she was never heard of again. Fiona thought to herself that this would quench her thirst for adventure but when she went to make a run for it something grabbed her. The hand was moist and cold as ice. The skin was like a snake and was as scrawny as a rope. The monster they told of was in a mask that had two faces painted on it. One was sad and the other was filled with exhilaration.

The monster started to pull her closer and closer into the bush. Fiona saw a stick up ahead and jabbed it into the monster's arm and made an evasive run. The wind felt like knives ripping apart her face as she ran farther and farther away. She fell face first and onto a piece of metal jutting out of the ground. She realized she ran the wrong way. She suddenly realized that she had been running towards the old train tracks. She stopped for a breath and looked behind her. Fiona was mortified to see the monster

running after her; she had no choice but to run. The old train station was just ahead and the monster was right behind her. Just in time, she made it to the station first and saw the brass keys hanging in the doorway and the train just outside. Without hesitation she threw herself at the keys and out the door. Running for the train she slid and landed right in front of the monster. Fiona saw the blaze in the monster's eyes grow and saw her life flash before her. She smote the monster across the face and made a run for it, reaching the train just in time to start it up. The train smoked and howled before it left the station and into the town.

The train started to shake and shift. Something was crawling on top of the train. The train screeched as the metal top was being ripped apart by the minute. The roof right above her started to open slowly. In fear and exhilaration Fiona slammed on the gas in hope of knocking the monster off the top of the train. The train came to a stop in a loud screeching noise. The train went silent and all was still. A small mouse skittered across Fiona's foot and took shelter behind her. Cold silver metal immediately flew off the top of the train and plummeted right in front of her. Shaking in vehemence, Fiona froze in terror of what had happened. Everything went dark and cold and Fiona found herself back in bed breathing as hard as she could. Fiona's mom came running into her room and told her, "It was just a dream, just a dream". Fiona let her mom leave the room. She was feeling relieved and shaken, but so glad all the horror had just been a dream. Just as she began to feel drowsy again, she noticed the brass keys from her dream on the table beside her. The cuts still remained on her face, legs and arms. She immediately knew it was no dream.