

RUNNER

By

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Running. That was all I seemed to do nowadays. Run. Run from the Lab, run from the Psychs, run from everything.

Luckily, I am particularly good at running.

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Leaves crunched on the forest floor beneath me. I winced at every sound; I thought the noise would surely give me away. The bitter winter air chilled me to the bone. Whilst I ran, I heard the snarls and running of the Psychs behind me. Their growls and panting pushed me to run faster.

There were two things that would happen to Trix if you were caught by Psychs:

1. You were taken back to the Lab.
2. You were eaten by the Psychs.

Neither of those outcomes appealed to me.

My legs were slowly wearing out. I could feel myself grow tired, but I continued running, trying to ignore and thus vanquish the pain that was spreading through my lower body.

The Psychs could feel my weakening. Their noises became louder and the crunching of leaves seemed nearer.

Suddenly, my legs went out from under me. I quickly identified what had happened; a large root had tripped me. I fell to the ground with a sickening thump. There

was a howl of triumph from behind and the forest went quiet. I felt a hand on my shoulder pick me up and I was now face-to-ugly-face with a Psych.

The wolf-like creature bared its pointed teeth in what seemed to be a smile. "So, the Shadow has been caught," it said with a wide grin.

I narrowed my face in disgust and spat in its face. The Psych yelped and dropped me immediately. I hit the forest floor and scrambled up. The other Psychs blinked, confused. I took this free moment to run for it.

The Psychs behind me let out noises of realization and scampered after me. The Psych I had spit on let out a furious noise and ran after me as well.

I didn't stop running. With every sprint of my legs, adrenaline rushed through my veins and forced me to continue.

Thump, thump. My heart beating faster. Thump, thump. My feet smashing into the ground and vaulting me forward. Thump, thump. The Psychs closing in as I made my jump. Thump, thump. The sound of what I imagined as my last heartbeat as I sprung off the edge of the cliff.

This wasn't the last time I saw the Psychs. Of course not. This wasn't my last encounter of anything produced from the Lab to find me. This was merely a chapter in my never-ending story.