

Hound by Elodie Whalley

Run. Don't stop. Run. Breathe. Don't stop. Run.

Running for what felt like hours.

Still coming.

Catching up.

Coming faster. Stronger, a bloodhound on a trail. Won't give up. Won't stop.

Until it kills.

Ragged breathing echoing through the sleeping city. I heard him slowing,
stopping.

I whipped around.

He had disappeared.

I was at the Golden bridge, staring helplessly, blankly into the murky waters.

Suddenly, I was hurtling towards it.

Darkness and a sickly, strangled laugh enveloped me. Then the weight of fear
and trouble lifted off my shoulders and I was a falling feather:

finally able to rest.