

Untitled Thriller

Chirp, chirp, chirp. The birds. They tried to warn me. I should've listened to the birds.
Crunch. Suddenly, the chirping stops. I get out of bed, the covers sliding off my bare, cold legs.

The morning sun shines through the leaves of the tallest trees in all the woods, right to me, like a lighthouse, warning a ship before it crashes into the rocks. Warning a ship before it's swallowed into the deepest, darkest parts of the unexplained abyss. The sun. It tried to warn me.

Breakfast time. Eggs sizzling, the pop of the toaster, the little whistle in your ear as you heat up the stove. I go out to my garden. I just need some herbs. *Clip clip.* The shears cut easily through the thin, weak roots supporting the sprig of rosemary. As I'm heading inside, I hear the wind whispering in my ear. It's trying to tell me something. It's trying to tell me to run. The wind. It tried to warn me.

I go through my daily routine, feed chickens, eat lunch, take nap. It's all the same, day in and day out. But today I did it all with a deep, sinking feeling in my gut. Even my body knew. Even my body tried to warn me.

But it's not until the sun has set, the water is calm and the trees are still, that I figure out why. Why, it seems, everything is warning me. Why everything has been trying to tell me to run, run far away and never look back.

I'm walking down a dirt path, my bare toes catching on roots as I trip through the dark night. I stop when the earth under my feet changes from muddy ground to soft, dewy grass, still wet from that day's rain. I can feel it. The woods are listening. The trees thumping heartbeats, the flowers sweet, sing song voice, The grass whispering as it dances in the soft spring wind. It should be a comforting feeling, but as I stand there, the hair on the back of my neck stands up and I can feel my heart beating faster as it pumps ice cold blood throughout my body. Panic sets in as I run through the woods, trying to reach home. But I never do. It starts to become obvious as I begin to see the same twisted stump, the same scraggly bush, the same constellations. I can run faster, but I'll never escape. The woods have swallowed me whole.

Chirp, chirp chirp,

Crunch.