

Escape from LONDON – 3rd

A deep mist was strewn around the damp, rain-soaked grounds of the city and you could hear a pin drop from a mile away. Tendrils of mist stretched out as far as the eye could see and rushed footsteps echoed around the buildings. John's charcoal suit carried an unusual darkness and an expressionless smile stretched across his face. As he walked, he noticed a group of men, they looked around 18 years old and he quickened his pace once he saw them gesture over to him and step out of the silent, claustrophobia inducing alleyway. As the soothing sound of rain became louder, he felt his glinting, coconut-coloured hair cling to his scalp. Weightless beads of rain rolled down his back and soaked into the waistband of his rough trousers, its pockets were stuffed with a soft handkerchief and an old leather wallet that was handed down from his father. His thumb circled around the polished button and painful memories of his father rushed through his mind. He didn't regain proper consciousness until he tripped and soaked his chest. He sighed. It wasn't even midday and he couldn't wait to get home from work. Hesitantly, he stood up and wrung out his shirt. Another sound entered his mind other than his own footsteps or rain. It was the men from the alley, they were following him...

Why him? What did he do? Questions began to rush through his mind. Immediately, he reached for his phone, but then he remembered he that it was still laying on the table where it was before he left his home. His eyes widened and everything froze. This was it. This was the end for him. He began to panic and rose to his feet. He broke into a sprint as he realised that they had started jogging to him. They shouted, cursed and taunted to him as they followed on behind him, always the same distance away from him as if they were letting him think he could escape them, but everyone there knew it was hopeless. He darted around the nearest corner and entered an alleyway before allowing himself to rest. He waited, shaking and petrified, for about 20 minutes before carrying on. The walk was calming for him, but anything would be compared to what had just happened. He tried to check his watch, but it wasn't there. It had been stolen. It was gone. Anger coursed through his veins. His blank expression; now gone. He continued walking, until he saw them again. He stared at them aggressively and ran straight towards them. He was done running. It was time to have his revenge. He sent one punch before a sharp pain shot through his back, everything faded into darkness and by the time he regained consciousness, everything was gone. His wallet. His handkerchief. Nothing was left...

By Toby