

As the silhouette of everlasting trees entered the forest, the moon evicted the sun out of the sky - covering the world in a blanket of stars. Coming to a halt, the young boy leaned on a lone tree in a clearing. With the sun disappearing, a chorus of creatures glistened in the dark with deadly surveilling eyes, that were the cameras to the woods and had seen Matt in the labyrinth of trees. His surroundings confused him, making him go deeper into the woods where taller trees, that were watchtowers for the animals of the sky, towered over Matt. The home of the clouds was still covered in stars while the boy, who continued venturing into the woods, heard a cacophony of crunching leaves and snapping sticks growing louder and louder as it drifted closer and closer. He was not alone. When fear, fright and instinct controlled him, he jumped behind a bush and held his breath as if it could have helped him. The noises came closer, close enough that Matt could see a suspicious stranger with the clothing of a lumber jack covered in stains, holding an axe. He stayed near Matt's hiding place as if to sniff out anyone around. The man decided where to go and started to move but suddenly there was a light that must have come from a stopped car on the side of a road, it had made the man run off. As when Matt looked back toward the man, he was nowhere to be seen. With the lumber jack disappeared, Matt tried to signal the people quietly then he realized, he had to take a risk. He had to run off to the road.

Realizing his task, he made his move although three completely different things happened at the exact same time. 1, the car that was Matt's target had moved off from its spot, 2, he started to move and stepped in what seemed to be a single pile of dead, forgotten leaves combined with scratched, torn and dried sticks that had made an echo of its own voice,

that had spread through the forest, 3, also, he heard a footstep behind him which let panic take control which made him break into a sprint to where he heard noise the loudest and finally, last but definitely not least, he realized that his thought process that he had when the man “disappeared“ had been said aloud which let the lumber jack know where he was. Going back to the young boy, his panic controlled and overtook him, which made him turn around to steal a glance of the lumber jack, retrieving a new horrifying part of the man’s scary appearance. Blood. The stains on his clothes, blood. The spots on the axe, blood. The dark spots of his legs, blood. He was covered in blood. Being controlled by fear, the young boy was brought to the edge of the forest as there was a footpath that lead him to the pathway of machines. With the road in sight, Matt filled with comfort at the fact that of people around him although, when his comfort met reality, he was hit by the truth that no one could help him. The road was a highway of trucks and cars that and no one could stop unless risking the lives of everyone in the area. The light, just a simple, tall, towering road light that covered the street. He had nowhere to go, suddenly he was struck with an idea. He could cross the monstrosity of endless lanes of cars to get away from the suspicious man.

With panic, terror and nervousness controlling the young boy, he had met an idea that included his life on the line. Matt created a plan of how to escape from the strangers grasp although, it was the most dangerous thought he ever had. This was his idea. He would run across the road to leave his panic and terror to the woods and escape from his fears in the forest. Next, he would go as far as he could through the fields on the other side of the highway as his escape.

With his plan in mind, he started to put it to action although there was a crescendo of crunching leaves and sticks behind Matt which let terror suffocate him and froze his body although, the cause of his terror was a lizard that had passed by and released Matt of his fright. When he was freed from his terror and saw the lizard, he was filled with delight because of the fact it was a harmless animal that had scared him. Feeling safe, he started to go to the road. With ease, he made his way to his destination but then became paralyzed whilst a voice came to Matt's ears that had said " You have nowhere to go now, so you might as well give up, ". Adrenaline pumped through his body and was pushed toward the tarmac path. Scared inside, he ran through the first two lanes effortlessly but received a graze by the third. Fear filled Matt as he almost died although he only realized now that that was the most reckless idea he has ever had. Grazed occasionally, the young boy was close to meeting death normally as cars passed by that threatened his life with all of the passed lanes. Relief flowed through his body as he made his way off the highway and ran toward the fields. Happiness filled his body while he ventured toward his destination, but he was struck by his memory when he remembered the voice that met his ears was a familiar one that had come in contact with his ears before. Even though Matt recognized that noise earlier, he could not put a finger on it. With victory sinking in, he believed that every worry and doubt about his life being wiped from existence would be left off away from Matt until the end of his life however, his dilemma was not over yet.

Happiness surrounded his body while he sprinted toward his destination to release his fright and fear to leave it for the next guests of the forest. With his glee in sight, Matt bolts toward a complication of a river that went across with path of cars and he became

swallowed by his sadness at how his problems were not over yet. With that extra amount of sorrow in his body, Matt tried to find a way to cross his new complication for his life, he looked around to find a tool or lifesaver in his case. Suddenly, with strength and ease, an unknown being lifted Matt and was flooded with fright when the "unknown one" threw him as if he was a ball however, he was thrown nowhere else but toward the river.

Suspense surrounded Matt as he was in air but despite the chaos in front of his eyes, he saw a familiar face on the human thrower and realized. His murderer was the Lumber Jack, with the blooded-stained clothes, the blood on his legs, the axe on his back, still owning the blood of its victim. Although the horrifying part was that the man was someone who he was with before. Someone who he held close to his heart. Someone that he trusted. Then he was nowhere to be seen. Vanished. Wiped from existence just as he did not want. No one had seen him. Until now.

By DV