

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

When he got Home

by Sue Thompson

10. When he got home that night he could hear her laughter resonating through the house, a strange screeching almost, not human anyway. A chill creped down his spine...she had escaped again.
9. She was free, she felt exhilarated, running purposely from room to room, planning her escape, her hair hanging wildly down her back, her feet bare, the soles black. She was unwashed and her nightdress torn to shreds.
8. He had to think quickly what was he going to do? She must not know he was home until he had a plan. He went straight to the kitchen, quietly turning the door handle. Working swiftly he made his way to the kitchen drawer. Opening it he found the knife. The syringe resting in the tray next to it he quickly filled it with the sedative.
7. She felt like she was a ballerina, dancing on her toes, then reality kicked in and she realised she had to find a way out. Before she had gone down the back stair case and he had found her, no she had to find another way, one he would not think of. She opened the window and looked down, if she was careful she could climb out and jump onto the wall below, but it was narrow, 3 feet wide at the most.

Suddenly she could feel him; she knew he was in the house. Searching her out, she had to move quickly. She could not let him find her.

6. Syringe in hand he moved expeditiously towards the staircase, each foot step he took was one closer to her, he could not let her get away. He reached the top and turned towards her room; opening the door a little he sensed she was not there. Damn he thought she was getting too clever. He would have to keep her sedated for longer next time. She couldn't be far.
5. She was on the ledge now, all she had to do was jump, she had to be quick, she forced herself forward. Falling until she hit the wall. Luckily she landed on her bare feet. Only her ankle was hurt. Once she steadied herself she broke into a run. Not looking back, keep going the thought. She was out of practise, had not run for many months. She was free.
4. He saw her out of the corner of his eye running across the field. How had she managed to get out? He ran down the stairs and grabbed his car keys; if he was quick he could cut her off at the corner. She had already got a head start but he would find her he had to. His car jumped into life and he shot off in her direction.
3. She had no idea where she was going, but fear propelled her forward. She could hear a car in the distance, but the thought that of spurred her on. Somewhere she found the strength to continue.
2. He knew he had lost her, he had underestimated her. How stupid of him. He had given her too much freedom. How had she repaid him? He had tried too much to mould her into what he wanted her to be. He had been too manipulative, too controlling. But she had taken the first opportunity to escape and get away from him. Things would have to change when she came back.
1. She was free, she allowed the smile to form on her mouth, she had made it, and she had escaped. The sun was rising, new beginnings. She felt the dew beneath her feet, smelt the fresh air, it felt good.

A New Dawn, a New Day.