

Bourne
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creative writing
workshops

Time Out

When I got home that night I could hear laughter, the sort of laughter that makes you tremble with fear and makes your blood run cold. Every part of my brain and body told me to run away but I knew I couldn't, I had to get into the house and face whatever I was going to find.

2 The frosty air took my breath and changed it to smoke around my head. My numb fingers fumbled for the keys in my back pocket. I dropped my phone and to me taking every care to be silent, it sounded like a bullet ricocheting off a wall.

3 There was a loud crash from inside the house and the manic laughing stopped abruptly, I froze to the spot, unable for what seemed an eternity, to move any limb.

4 When I got my body back I bent to pick up the phone and my hand touched something wet, it was too dark to see what it was so I switched on my torch to examine my hand. To my horror it was covered in dark blood. I turned the torch to the doorstep only to see the thick red elixir of life seeping under the door.

5 The laughing began again, even louder, even more menacing, but the fear I felt began to be replaced by unconditional anger and I went back to my van and picked up the axe that lay in the back.

6 I was calm now, I knew what I had to do, I felt strong, Hulk like, invincible.

7 Returning to the house, the blood was now oozing over the doorstep and on to the gravel beyond, I stepped into the liquid, thrust my key into the lock and flung the door open.

8 The strong light blinded me momentarily and I heard a blood-curdling scream coming from a bedroom upstairs.

9 There was blood in the hall, gallons of it, warm black and new. The laughing stopped again and I took the stairs two at a time my newly honed axe at the ready. Another scream and crash as I ran down the landing towards the noise.

10 I burst into the room to find six maimed bodies like bloodied rag dolls all over the floor and bed.

11 I brandished the axe and turned on my heel, He was standing there waiting for me.

12 "I knew you'd be fool enough to come here," he growled from his enormous stance. He threw his head back revealing black rotten teeth and roared a laugh.

13 I circled the axe around my head like a Highland games hammer thrower and let it go with great precision where it embedded itself into the side of his neck. His face registered surprise and he fell heavily to the floor, the oozing blood now his.

14 My body began to shake uncontrollably, I heard distant shouting getting louder and louder, my eyes flew open and there stood a man dressed in green wearing a mask.

15 Then a kindly woman's voice.

16 "Hello Mr Brown, just wake in your own time, we're taking you back to the ward."