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At Breakneck Speed

by Dan Judd

Stefan was struggling in every direction, he was the centre of the writhing and kicking knot of his body. There was no up or down, no light and no air.

The car lurched in its decent down the many floors of the multi-story. 9, if Stefan's memory served him correct. It took all of them for him to get accustomed to the minimal light, throwing a farthing of hope as he reached ground zero and the moonlight seeped in through the crack.

It was enough to give him some comfort, a brief respite from the horror of his predicament. He remembered to breathe and then, recalling his training, to regulate it. His parents had chastised him for his choice of career, but now it was proving to be his saviour, as he contorted seemingly every sinew of his body into shapes that freaked out many a first date.

Long fingernails and a high pain-threshold gave him that extra edge, as Stefan twisted and sawed his way through his bonds. He was spurred on by an overwhelming sense of anger, a determination to find out who had bundled him into this prison and beat the crap out of him.

But then he felt the impact, throwing him to furthest point of his prison. Fortunately, his survival instinct had truly kicked in now and he forced himself into a crash position. A bit too late, but it pleased his that his body knew what to do. And He knew he didn't have much time.

Stefan summoned up all his energy and kicked back the boot of the car. His assailant's unexpected prang on the turning to who knows where had saved his life. He clambered out of the car and expected the damage.

Ordinarily he'd take a bow, but there was no audience watching Stuart's act, tonight. He walked to the front of the Ford Capri and realised that he'd had a lucky escape. If he'd hoped for any clues as to who had jumped him in the car lot, he was to be disappointed. The driver's face was unrecognisable, lost in the impact.