

Bourne
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workshops

Follower

by Melody Bertucci

“How does it feel to be followed?”

Karen stiffens up to the randomness of her friend’s question and slowly starts to turn her head for a glimpse.

“Jeesuuus.” Lisa elbows Karen. “Don’t turn around you’ll make it obvious we’re onto him.” Karen stops dead in her tracks.

“Firstly, Ouch. That was my tit you elbowed secondly, what do you mean onto him? And...it’s making me feel on edge the concept of someone following us through the park right now. You sure he’s following us and not just walking the same way?”

Lisa gives Karen a stern ‘don’t mess with me’ stare, to which makes Karen look down at the ground like a school kid after having been told off in front of its classmates.

“Look, I didn’t mention anything for a while but, I noticed him when we were in the shop earlier. He was then casually lingering outside as we left the caffe’, and now here. I don’t think he’s just stretching his legs...I think he’s been following us.”

“Well thanks for the heads up to when all of this first started. We could have maybe...I don’t know, AVOIDED coming to this park. I heard someone got stabbed here a few days ago Lis.”

“I know, didn’t want to worry you. I thought, maybe I’m just imagining things but...”

Lisa stops, crouches down and pretends to tie her already tied shoes laces in an attempt to check behind on the stranger.

“Yep, I’m right. He’s trying to hide behind a tree. Also, the park was the quickest way to get back home and it’s a pretty fucking big open space, thought it would be the safest route.”

“Ok, so if he is following us what do we do?”

Walking through thick clouds they pick up the pace. Lisa glances behind them to see if she can make out who it is, but a heavy blanket of white makes it impossible to see anything past her nose. The air becomes moist as droplets start to cascade from the now invisible sky.

Their breath quickens, their stroll turns into a powerwalk towards the park’s exit. The grass beneath their feet is now sloshy and slippery making them slide all over the place, so they hook arms for support. They’re both soaking, not only from the rain that’s now pouring torrentially, but from the sweat of fear towards this stranger. In the faint distance there seems to be streetlights or car lights, meaning the exit to the park’s now only a few feet away so they both start to run with panic embracing every stride they take. Lisa frantically tries glancing back once more but loses her balance on the wet grass and slips, making her pull on Karen who then falls on top of her.

They try to stand up when a man clears his throat. They stop and look up, their faces quickly shedding its sweaty red shade. Now white faced they stand immobile.