

The Missing Girl.

I saw her walking, the puddles splashing under her boots. She stopped for a second, a second too long. I saw him come up behind her, cap low over his eyes. He held a damp cloth over her mouth. One could only guess what it was wet with..... I froze, I should have done something. When I unfroze, she was gone, nothing left behind. The news doesn't say anything about a missing lady but I know what I saw, or do I? Maybe I am going mad, maybe she was never really there.

I asked around about a missing lady and all I heard was the tale of a missing child twenty years ago. Five years old the poor family must have been broken but I know that can't be my missing lady, she looked about twenty-five not five

I saw her again. Same place, I was too far away to help. Like it was taunting me. The same thing happened though, like my life is a scratched CD playing the same thing over and over again. I saw the lady in a garden today. She looked different this time sadder, maybe even older. The phone book says Mrs O'Donnell lives there, the mother of that five year old I talked about earlier.

I did some research on the missing girl and I am almost sure it's the lady I saw in the woods. The thing that scares me most about this discovery is that the lady is wearing the same green coat the five year old was wearing the day she went missing.....

I saw her again, the lady who's been dead for twenty years, well supposedly. I ran up to her trying to get her away from the man but the same thing happened, she stopped, he got her. She wasn't talking much but I think she said your next over and over again. I am leaving, packing my bags, out of this town. I am on the next train, never looking back.

The end

By Elodie Gill