

## Parisa Safdari – Dead End picture stimulus

He wanted to say something. Anything. The words had been torn from his grasp and shoved down his throat again, mocking him. He wanted to run, to fight back – to speak. He always knew his death was inevitable; however, to go out like this? And to think he'd die so pathetically like a coward.

No. He refused to die. Not now. Not without a fight. He wouldn't buckle or yield when faced with the cruelty of this world.

Surrounded by never-ending trees that towered over him, there was no plausible escape route here. What could he do, fight the serial killer who was carrying a knife, with a stick? He had just wasted valuable seconds contemplating whether or not he would actually try the previous idea. Heart rattling against his ribcage and sweat-pooled hands, he made eye-contact with the devil's son himself: the man who would bring him to certain death.

Those eyes, piercing and emerald green, could put you in a trance if you stared long enough. Only one thought was on his malicious mind – to kill the one man who murdered his only family. The sound of thunder rumbling echoed across the country side and rain started to drizzle onto the ground. Now the winter sky is a widow's sky, bedarkened and weeping.

Minutes felt like seconds, seconds felt like infinite days of feeling a ferocious fear that was devouring your organs. The eerie smell of the earth arose into the air; deep breaths being inhaled by the ones who were anxious. Nothing was as it seemed: a victim was the indeed the enemy enemy, yet an enemy was the revenger.

Pacing towards the infinite miles into the cryptic forest, the gangly man came to a halt by a bright yellow post sign engraved with the words "DEAD END". Simplicity, he knew there was no escape from the man who despised him the most. And so, he sprinted past the sign and swiftly hid under a large, prickly bush that made him invisible as if he never existed in the world.

BAM! One mighty fist punched straight to his jaw by the raider. Unconsciousness drowed into his body and gripped onto him. He was knocked. Nothing was as it seemed though... A few minutes passed by, the assailant assisted him and wondered what he should do to punish a man who held depravity inside every cell in his body. Finally, a sense of relief was applauded by his guts and a pleased manner swept across his face – his menacing eyes lightened up, glad that he was about to demolish the man who murdered his family. Excitement. Joy. Happiness avalanched within him and anyone could tell by a rapid glimpse.

Behind him was in fact, the doppelganger of the murderer. The innocent twin had been lured into this trap for his brother to be killed, yet with a large amount of luck the stranger had not pulled off his torture yet. Immediately he grabbed his jagged black leather jacket and threw him onto the ground. Not one, but two of the blood related brothers had existed. A gasp of dismay rushed against the man who desired revenge. Clearly, the mission still wasn't finished. It wasn't the first time indeed. And still no revenge had been carried out. One thing was certain was that the agent had failed atrociously.

Only his worst nightmare had begun, the boss would only come for his family now. The real devil was the boss who started this so-called operation. And no one knew it...