

Brooke Holweg – dead picture stimulus

Suffocating me, the mist surrounded me like a group of high school bullies, and I was the vulnerable victim. The thick clouds flowed through my airways and I could feel the hands of the fog choking the last bits of pure oxygen out of my lungs. Damp, dirty, depressed soil latched onto my clunky boots like maggots to rotten food and the smell of soggy wood filled my nose. Leaves green with envy lurked above me as though they were judging my every move. Harshly, the frosty air burned the tips of my fingers and whispered sinisterly into my frostbitten ears.

In the distance I could see the garish warning sign screaming ‘dead end!’ at me.

There was nowhere else to go... With every step I took, the imminent sense of doom filled my head. Slimy slugs slithered across wilted grass looking almost as gloomy as me. Shivers ran down my spine. Making my way through the dying heart of the forest, I spotted something out the corner of my fearful eye. The sound of rustling leaves and snapping branches charged towards me. I was stuck in the perfect horror film. The figure was moving towards me and quick. Desperation took over me and I began to sprint through the sunken ground. Nasty nettles burned my cold skin and thorns bit into me with their sharp teeth. My breath was struggling to survive as I hurdled through ancient trees and branches like blades. The wind scraped against my face and my muscles hurt like hell, but I had to keep going. Petrified, I could feel the creature coming closer and closer. A bony hand seized my shoulder and ripped me off the quivering ground... I recognised this creature.