

Picture Stimulus – Culleen Jones

A letter to the police force.

The clouds above her were crying out in agony. Their tears slashing down to the ground, through her hair, down her rosy cheeks. The smell of wet soil below her feet, mixed with the crisp, cold air whipping around her. The threatened sun escapes behind the clouds – hiding away from the chaos. She can hear her mother's beautiful voice, warning her not to do it. Regret. Up ahead, there was that opening bridge of trees, luring the young girl into their dark home.

"Stop being so stupid just go!" is what I imagine Lily would say if she was here. That state of mind didn't really get her anywhere, though. As Amelia was pacing along the muddy paths, she kept telling herself to stop imagining she's in a horror film. I mean, if it was light outside, she'd probably be fine. But its nighttime – the time when murderers hunt their victims, the joyful sun takes cover, the angry clouds loom over and the night sky blankets the world into a darkness. The fog is suffocating, but she wades her way through. There's that cottage her mother always warned her about. "The thing is though, I'm not in the making of Hansel and Gretel, and that cottage probably just belongs to some old woman who likes to bake apple pie every other day." This is the last thing Amelia Reading ever thought that night.

It's ironic, that when we're younger, our minds make the world seem like a better place than it is. We have imaginary friends; our teddies comfort us through the night and all we have to worry about is getting all the playtime in before its time for bed. Then, we grow up. We see the news; we see bad things happen. Our brain makes that switch. We go from making positive assumptions to negative ones. Walking through a forest as a nine-year-old would seem like an amazing fairytale adventure, whereas when you're sixteen and have no clue where your sister is, its not the same. You hope for the best but expect the worst. It's amazingly horrifying.

That's what Amelia Reading was thinking before I took her away. If you're reading this, leave. Here is my warning to you: I'm a psycho, I can't handle myself; its addictive. Like an alcoholic trying to give up alcohol, I'm trying hard to stop. I was the one who took Amelia and Lily Reading. I watched their mother die a lonely death. Please, warn everyone. Warn everyone not to enter the woods at night. I'm not quite human, yet not a magical creature. Don't come looking for me, you will not see your family again.

From, Terry.