

The Dead End – Ramona Rottenbiller

Up ahead, there was an ending, whether it was the ending of the road or ending of my life, I didn't know. I stopped for a second and stared at the dirty, rusted, damaged sign that read "dead end". A mysterious black crow stared right into my soul as if it was ready to attack, I was petrified. Tall dark soldiers towered over me and their branches were crawling up on me.

I wasn't alone.

Well at least, I didn't feel like I was. There was a tiny pathway that led straight ahead past the sign and into the darkness, it was outlined by stinging nettles which were only just the start to the dangers that were coming for us. The sound of trees swooshing filled the atmosphere and it felt as if a storm was coming; but the only shelter I could see was down that pathway.

As I looked up into the sky, I could see the grey blankets getting thrown over me; it didn't look good! I was terrified. I knew that my only option was down that death trap.

With every step my heart beat faster. Was this the end for me? Am I going to make it out alive? These sorts of questions were filling up my body, but I knew that the only way that I would be able to come out alive if I think positively even if everything is going badly. Every minute I looked to the left, to the right and behind me and again. It all looked the exact same, as if I was not even walking, just standing still. I just wanted this to be all over. I wanted to see my family again. There was a very unwelcoming feeling that I couldn't stop feeling yet this place pulled me in. I feared the worst. For comfort, I decided to pull the only thing that meant the most to me, it really helped me through the toughest of times. It was the most beautiful object to ever exist, a picture of my handsome husband and my two beloved children. Staring at this picture gave me some hope as I carried walking along this haunting pathway.

Suddenly, in the distance a small figure in a white robe stood motionless. It didn't move, it looked like a cut out of a figure. I stopped. I didn't know whether I should move closer or stay where I am. But then, it broke the silence, in the distance the loudest screech that I have ever heard echoed throughout this whole forest. Startled, I ran as fast as I could out of that place. I was a cheetah. Running, and not looking back was the only thing I was doing for minute after minute; however, I did not know how far I've come in. I had that picture squeezed in between my palm giving me some sort of an energy boost.

But I made the mistake of looking back. The next thing that echoed through the deep darkness was a deafening scream that was coming straight from my mouth. It was unimaginable. Slowly, I was running out of breath and I knew that I would not be able to run for any long. It was chasing me. It was beginning to catch up; I knew that this was not going to end well. Just as I was running out of hope, I saw there was a point where two points were diverged. I didn't remember seeing these two other pathways on the way down, its as if I was running down a completely different pathway. At this point, it didn't matter, all that

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mattered was that I got away from it. This was my chance to escape from this game of tag. I decided to throw a stick down the right pathway and sprinted down the left. Was it the right one, I didn't know but I carried on pacing cautiously.

For a second I thought I was safe, until I looked around and I was surrounded by these tall soldiers, with no pathway between them. This really was a dead end. It was there, it was really my dead end.