

The wrong turn – Parisa Safdari

Clouds disappeared into the night sky; a sunset faded into the distance gradually. Perplexingly, an orange and pink sky descended away from the city into a vast dimension. At number 12 Hail Street, a young girl sluggishly lay peacefully on her comfy bed, longing for a desperate miracle to have some fun so that her boredom vanished into thin air. An invitation to a party. A night out with the girls getting drunk. Anything.

A notification lit up on Isabella's phone. "Hey, how about we meet up? It's been a while xoxo". Immediately she grabbed her phone and her bold green eyes widened and dilated at a simple message, except this message was from her ex. She froze for a good two minutes, staring at it and forgot about everything that was on her mind just two minutes ago. The simple truth was that she still loved this boy: and nothing could change the fact that she had feelings for a boy that had cheated on her with her ex best friend. You may be wondering why she still loved him. Well, this boy knew all her traumas and deepest, darkest secrets – he helped her through the toughest of times.

She felt her heart pounding inside her, rib cage almost about to collapse from the dismay. Of course, Isabella quickly replied to the text message. "Sure, meet at Mountain Park tomorrow? We can catch up," he exclaimed. A rush of hot blood raced down from the top of her head to the tips of her toes and her hands were watery from sweat. Only excitement was endured in her head and every sullen memory of her heart being broken seemed to be erased just in a simple second.

At long last, the next day approached for what felt like an eternity to Isabella. The day she was longing for finally came after six months. She was so prepared. But why was she? This guy broke her innocent, fragile, pure and loving heart. That didn't matter to her anymore though – in fact the truth was she cleverly constructed a malicious and manipulative plan for the last six months. Pretty pathetic.

In other words, no one knew it was a revenge plan. Cruelty, curiosity, cunningness all lived inside her cells and an angelic smile was masked onto her face along with innocent eyes. Things would avalanche into success the way Isabella viewed it.

A wintry chill swept into the city and a cold breeze blew on her face. Pacing towards the park the sky turned from baby blue into a greyish gloomy sky. Temperatures dropped to freezing. Colossal trees waved good bye as she paced faster towards her ex a few yards away from her now.

The silver knife poked at her stomach every now and then, a sharp pointy object was the answer to her success. The dagger is a tool, no more, either for noble defence or evil cold-hearted deeds. And so, what is more important is not the blade yet the heart that wields it. It was clear that the second reason was the cause for Isabella's reason to bring an object; so small yet so destructive and demonising.

Panting and sweating, Isabella jumped from her bed in a relief that she wasn't an evil, wicked murderer. She swiftly slapped the side of her head. Bang. Ouch. Yes, she was awake for sure and no longer having a nightmare. She lazily walked to her bathroom in her master bedroom, phone in her right hand like she was expecting to get a call any minute now. It vibrated. A text message from her ex on the screen read "I never want to see you or hear from you again."

Anger swallowed her inside out. Oh, how satisfying it would have been if she didn't wake up from the dream. Or maybe she didn't have to. Maybe she could do exactly what she saw in her head...