

Random Story

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Never been one for superstitions, Cassandra is surprised when she starts to get goosebumps walking home one evening.

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Cassandra looked to her left, then to her right, wondering why the hairs on the back of her neck had suddenly decided to stand on their ends. She was confused. She couldn't see anything through the thick cluster of trees that surrounded her, shrouding her surroundings with shadow. It didn't help that it was winter, and the sky was darker than usual overhead.

There it was again. The strange rustling of leaves, piercing the silence that had developed. Before that, Cassandra had been singing to herself, the same, as she would normally do while she made her way through the trees on her way home. It eased her mind, forcing her mind to focus on the lyrics rather than her eerie surroundings.

The breeze was warm on the back of her neck. She wondered why that was. It was winter, and the air was chilly around her. Her eyes suddenly widened in realization, daring not to turn. She tried to remember what she had been singing, a ballad. She scrambled around in her mind, trying to find the words that would fit to the music in her head.

There it was again. A quick and subtle gush of heat fell on the back of her neck, making her shiver in the cold. She knew she would need to turn soon, to find whom it was that was making her feel so uneasy.

Wishing and wishing that it was just one of the local boys laying a trick on her, she slowly turned on the spot. Her green eyes widened in shock when they saw, nothing. She frowned, not understanding. A shiver ran down her spine again, more with relief this time. The breath was no longer there, she sighed at her own silliness, and carried on down the dirt track, making her way towards her mother's home, singing the same ballad that had escaped her mind before.