Stalking

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Stalking

This night is dark and cold, The wind whispers dispair. A raven passes swifty, I get a chill, I feel as though, Im being watched, I turn, Look left and right. As I turn to look again, I feel a sharp pain, Like a small knife on my neck. I start to feel ill. I collapse on the rocky road. Now I see my preditor. The blood from his fangs drips. He licks them clean, Then walks away, back into the dark trees. The world is spinning, and I close my eyes for the final time.