

# Runaway

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*Hehe. This is a poem I wrote after playing Fugitive w/ my friends. It surprised a couple of people*

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# 1 - Runaway

## Runaway

Her feet snap against the underbrush.

Her hands against the wind.

Her breathing is fast,

Her eyes so wild.

When she hit the ground she was running.

But from what?

The darkness not only hides her but others.

Each crouched in fear and anticipation.

Each with a different secret, different remorse.

They all wait, like divers before the plunge,

With baited breath.

But why?

The moon glows like a gleaming eye,

A shining tooth.

A peculiar cloud,

A clear dime.

The light clears the undergrowth.

People become ghosts,

Ghosts, people.

They all wait.

But for what?

Suddenly it sounds.

Another crack in the underbrush.

She shrinks back against her refuge, not breathing, silent like the dead.

The crack once again.

It's closer.

And closer,

And closer.

She knows she can't escape.

She knows.

She jumps up from her refuge and as a final act of defiance runs.

The noise follows not too far behind.

And then it gains upon her!

She screams, before making one last leap.

The leap falls short. She falls short.

She spins around just as the noise descends upon her, a shriek on her lips.

A gentle punch on the shoulder. She blinks and looks up, angry.

“You're It!” It says, a gleam on his lips.