

Slender.

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By : Serenity In Silence

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Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

“Don’t look back,” the teenager whispers, biting her plump red lip, holding it between her straight teeth as she wanders through the forest of pines.

That’s right: look left, right, straight ahead, but never *back*. *He’s* going to be following you. *He* always is *following* you.

Always watching. Always *staring*. *He* makes sure you know that nothing is safe.

Nothing is ever *safe* with *him* around.

Breaking her own rules, she turns around slowly, cautiously. Good, nothing but her shadow, but even *that* scares her slightly.

But then, her vision gets fuzzy.

“No!” the raven haired teen screams, running from *him*. The flashlight, her only lifeline, is pointed at the ground as her supple leather boots crash against the underbrush in a frantic attempt to get away from certain death.

Stumbling, she falls, the flashlight rolling way out of her reach, the weak beam of light stretching into the darkness of night. She knows she shouldn’t have broken her own rules.

Yet still, the girl tells herself that there is nothing to be afraid of. She had escaped from *him*. *He* is far behind her.

But she knows *he* is not.

Getting to her feet, she brushes the crumpled leaves and damp dirt off of her red tank top, black skinny jeans and vest. She lies to herself that she has time. She has time to think of a way to survive *him*. She has time now, to catch her breath.

She nibbles on her meticulous nails, an unusual nervous twitch. With her other hand, she taps randomly on the flashlight in a failed effort to keep calm.

“*He’s* not going to get you,” she repeats quietly.

She knows that this is also a fucking *lie*.

And that scares her too.

Her heart pounds wildly in her thin ribcage, breath quickening as she imagines the worst, psyching herself out.

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“No! *He* cannot get to me,” the jade eyed teen whispers. Disgusted with herself, she rips her slim fingers from her pearly teeth, only to methodically stroke the solitary streak of electric blue in her otherwise straight onyx locks.

Resolved but shaky, the sylphlike figure crouches to reach for both her safety and her curse; the weak beam of yellow-white cutting through the dark pines. In truth, it was probably helping *him* follow her, but she couldn’t abandon it. No, there was something comforting about having her sense of sight.

She looks up, and *he* is there.

Black suit, white shirt, black tie.

The *thing* her nightmares are made of.

She is frozen in fear. *He* is close, so close. She has no time to run. Against her will, her lissome frame moves slowly, rigidly toward *him*, large almond eyes opened impossibly wide, both brows raised in fear. She begins to hyperventilate as she sees *his* face, his abnormally long arms, how *he* is watching her. How *he* is watching her without *eyes*. Without a fucking *face*. *His* spindly fingers reach toward her face, and suddenly she wishes she had never played the game.

Because the Slender Man has her now.

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