Finding Composer (Written for Cera Seren Writting Contest)

By : Meggie Crow

finding composer can be difficult and hurtful.

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Booksie

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â We all wear masks; and the time comes, when we cannot remove them without removing some of our own skin.â

-André Berthiaume

It is evening, and a cold breeze buzzed around my head like a swarm of flies in mid-summer. A flock of crows flew into the orangish-red horizon, their liquid black feathers shone in the last bit of sunrays while they cawed nonstop. I craned my neck so I could listen better for the drumming of a human heart.

Finally, there it was! The resounding sound that was followed by an overwhelming scent Iâ ve been yearning to smell once more.

Sweet and addicting, I licked my lips and swallowed the buildup of saliva. I needed to gain composer. I didnâ t want my teammates, who were hidden in the bushes behind me, to think that I could lose control over a simple human beingâ a young girl at that.

As she came into view, I signaled for my team to wait. I could hear their hushed groans as they hesitated.

â Youâ ll have your chance,â I whispered knowing theyâ d be able to hear. They quieted. I stepped out from my hiding place.

The girl jumped at my sudden appearance. I could feel a mixture of fear and longing surrounding her presence.

The girl wore a simple blue dress that resembled the sparkling lake behind us. Her eyes were as green as the pine trees and hair as red as a strawberry. A thin line of freckles could be seen just across her nose and cheek lines.

I walked towards her, her scent being the driving force. The girl watched my every move carefully, circling when I circled around her.

She is well educated, I told myself *I best be careful.*

â Wh-what is your name?â She muttered.

â Elias,â I lied. She didnâ t seem convinced.

â What do you want?â This time with more confidence, â what are you?â

â It is always the same questions,â I stated, closing in on her. â But I will tell you this, I am a Hunter.â I replied with pride.

â A Bounty Hunter no doubt,â she guessed. I didnâ t reply. *How is this girl so smart?* I asked myself.

â You better get on with this,â I heard Denali whisper from behind me â I donâ t like waiting.â

â If I was a Bounty Hunter youâ d be dead already,â I told her â but I am just a simple Hunter.â

â Then why are you circling me?â

â I need exercise.â

â Exercise for what?â she asked, eyeing me carefully.

â For my legs of course,â I snared â your legs get stiffed from sitting in a tree all day.â

â Never experience that.â She giggled nervously.

We were close now, so close that our noses touched. She went to run, but I grabbed ahold of her shoulders firmly, stopping her. She flinched. I touched her neck with my nose. She smelt *so* good.

Finding composer now was difficult. I wanted her! I didnâ t want to share her. I longed to hide her from my teammates and feast on her like Iâ ve never feasted before.

Knowing I was out of control, my team came out from their hiding places. Denali took a place at my right side and the other, Ross, on my left. They took the girl and forced her out of my hands and onto the ground.

She screamed and thrashed her knife into their skin but it did no good. They yanked her limbs apart causing blood to squirt everywhere. I watched. Deeply sadden as her green eyes turned grey.

She was no more.

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