**Hooks**

When I was younger my daddy used to tell me that there was no such thing as monsters. As a kid I watched this movie on the Boogie Man and from that point on I was pretty much traumatised. I would always get him to check under the bed for monsters and he did so, at least until I was twelve and he decided that I was too old to believe in the Boogie Man. But even at twelve I couldn’t console myself that what he had told me was the truth. Without fail each night I would take a running leap into my bed and under the covers so that nothing hiding under there could reach out and grab me. I always slept in the middle of the bed, and if one of my limbs ever flopped over the side I would snatch it back as quick as could be. At sleepovers I couldn’t sleep on the floor by the bed. If that happened then I would call Daddy to come pick me up. He always did.

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I was the one that told Abigail Perkins not to go that night. I’d gotten a feeling about it, a picture in my head that something bad was going to happen to her. I tried to tell her not to but she looked at me like I was crazy. Lots of people look at me like I’m crazy. It’s a common thing with the people that I know. Or I guess, the people that I knew.

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Fear. It pulsated through her bones, the ultimate adrenaline rush. She couldn’t run fast enough, it would catch her, she knew it. By running she was only prolonging the inevitable, but it didn’t hurt to try...

Or did it?

She had tried before. It rarely worked, leaving her alone and with him safe and happy. And yet each life time they coincided with a brief, flaming romance. At the end she was left with nothing, while he was left with a heightened sense of self-importance like he ruled the world or something. In a way he did. He ruled her world.

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Normally I didn’t go to bars. I didn’t like the atmosphere of drunken older men trying to relive their youth by hitting on me. It wasn’t like I was some prize catch but when they get that drunk; they’re liable to hit on anything in a skirt or with a pair of boobs. Initially there is nothing precisely reprehensible about it but it’s really an inconvenience when you are just trying to enjoy yourself and talk with friends. Because of that I tended not to frequent bars all that often. On this particular occasion though I didn’t really have a choice.

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he had never wanted to be that girl. You know, the one who when she was done with a boy just left him so destroyed that all that was left over was a pile of skin coloured mush. Not literally of course, but she didn’t want to be the girl that left the boy destroyed for the rest of the female population. So terribly wrecked that he cursed her name and debated creating a voodoo doll of her to stick pins in.

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He was standing underneath the bleachers as Hannah was running laps around the track that surrounded the field behind the school. She had gym this period and because the teacher was obviously too heinously lazy to come up with a lesson plan for that day, he had given them a free physical activity period. The students could do whatever they wanted as long as it involved some means of physical exertion. Hannah had chosen to run laps because it was the simplest thing to organize and she didn’t need a partner to do it. As such she was the only one who chose to run laps because most of the kids preferred to play catch with their friends

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If you asked most people who Mia Andrews was, they would look at you with a confused look and say that they didn’t know her or would ask who she was? Was she important? And the answer would really be that she wasn’t that important. Not in the greater scheme of the world. She really wasn’t anything spectacular. She had short hair that was brown in colour and kept cropped short to frame her round face. Her face sported a smattering of freckles across her nose and cheeks. These didn’t really have anything to do with the sun, you would have to go outside in order to get sun freckles, but they were very much genetic. Her eyes, however; her eyes stood out. Mia’s eyes were a lovely shining green that sparkled when she laughed and when she smiled. Her family was small. There was her mother, Donna, and her father, Paul. She had one younger brother named Todd, whom she loved incredibly but argued with a near impossible amount. They loved her very much even if they could drive her insane. She had a best friend named Miranda. This led to a total of four people that she loved more than anything in the world and who loved her. She was never destined to be a world changer. She was meant for smaller, much less grand designs. She didn’t really stand out, she was just another face in the crowd. Albeit she was a friendly face who tried to always have a kind word for those who needed it but she never really made an impression and no one really knew her. Mia Andrews was just there, going through the motions.

That was why everyone was so surprised when she disappeared.

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t was chasing her. She could hear its big padded feet. She could smell it’s heavy musky breath and felt the warmth of it on the back of her neck.