

## Intruder

Cold floors razor each nervous step, searching, checking and hoping. I moan at our misfortune, no curtains. Anyone can see into our world. We've been stripped of our privacy and bound to stare at the mysterious glassy black. Arms morph into my imaginations worst contortions, begging for a scream. Quickly dashing doors closed and skipping past unclaimed reflections, I turn a corner and find shelter. Surround by captured memories I feel safe. This is where we sleep. Silence. I allow myself to breathe steady. A distant bark, nothing unusual, the confused cockerel croons a reply and quiet returns. All is normal in the night sky.

It arrives. Tap, tap, tap.

I need a weapon. Stealing a glance at my surroundings I locate the heaviest object. Fear sickens my stomach. Can I really do this? My heart beats faster in reply. Adrenaline. I grab it, feel its weight in my sweating hands and imagine killing with it. Praying it will be enough. Stepping forward to make my move I falter, fall onto the bed in despair. I don't want to do this. I hear it move. It's coming towards me. Lifting my weapon I brace myself for attack. Blood burning with fiery adrenaline, I shove it against the wall. Not hard enough, it wriggles free. Panicked I try to hold my ground but it rushes passed me. I won't let it get away. We meet in the hall. It comes towards my face, swinging out I hit its side. It dives to the ground. I jump down on it like a hunting beast. Crushing it beneath my weight. Hearing its bones crunch as I twist my weapon, making sure I've got the job done. I peel the book back to reveal its managed body, blood smears line the white floor tiles, crowned by its dispersed wispy black legs. A wing pathetically twitches. It's last pulse of life.