

# Him

Aisha Warner

"I know what you've done!"

A thundering roar echoed around the room, smashing into Sara's ears. A lean silhouette in the corner shuffled, making Himself known.

The figure sauntered toward her, the sharp *crack* of His Italian loafers increasing with every step. A violent shiver engulfed Sara, "I-I-I'm sorry Sir, but what are you t-talking about-t?"

Silence.

No heavy sounds of ragged breath, no roaring sounds of anger. Pure silence.

"How... *dare*... you?!" His guttural hissing caused Sara to whimper inwardly.

Millions of thoughts soared around her head, culminating in a pandemonium that blurred her senses. So much so, she did not notice Him march towards her, until His hands crashed on the table in front of her.

*Stupido, he thought.*

The small lamp perched on the table flickered into Sara's startled eyes. She saw the scar cleanly engraved on his left cheek. Her breathing quickened as recognition etched its way onto her face.

*Ah, now she knows.*

"Listen ...kid," he spat, "Where I come from, disobedience isn't taken lightly and sarcasm? Well, it isn't taken at all."

With that he swivelled on his heels and strutted out.

*I saw it in her eyes. She lied.*

*The jungle ought to correct that.*

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A blissful array of colours encompassed in a thick, palpable blanket of humidity, as countless clouds of leaves hover above a dense sea of greenery. The soft humming of the rain harmonises with the gentle tune of the birds, faint sounds of rustling, distant and scarce. Bright yellow rays filter through the canopy, as they rudely pried Sara's eyes open.

Yawning, she blindly lifted her arms up to wipe the sweat off her brow.

*Ah, she's awake, let the games begin.*

Sara moaned as she attempted to lift a heavy eyelid <sup>to</sup> with no avail.

She had no idea who she was.

Regardless, she lifted her head, curly waves tumbling down her back in a fashion that closely resembled a bird's nest.

As she pushed herself up, the ground felt damp and mossy, impelling her into full consciousness. She blinked. And again. She pinched herself. And again.

"Oh you have got to be joking!" she mumbled, verbalising her thoughts as she looked up to see...

The lungs of the earth, the voice of the animals, the *jungle*.

Long ropes hung from the monstrous trees overhead, swaying in a synchronous fashion in time with the wind. The forest seemed to represent that of an orchestra eternally performing grand symphonies. The leaves dancing to soft beat of the rain, the birds romantically chirping the melody, and the frogs and toads croaking out a raucous bass.

*No, I never joke.*

An immense thirst for hunger growled through Sara's stomach as her nose was attacked by a barrage of aromas, combusting and colliding in to alluring enigma of scents .

It is the omnipresent parade that cannot be seen nor heard yet displays, like no other, the true essence of nature at its finest.

Although, the hunger did nothing to conceal the nasty feeling at the pit of her stomach: How did she get here? How long was she unconscious? Was it Him? Was this a punishment? Is he watching?

Her raging thirst for food drove her to notice a bush directly to the left, overflowing with saccharine sweet-looking berries. They blossomed in their hundreds, taunting her as the fluorescent red skin glistened in the small shimmers of light that trickled through the canopy.

*She must be hungry. Task one begins.*

Sara, however, was not hungry enough to forget these berries were poisonous. She had often read of fearless explorers dying a coward's death unable to resist the temptation of a seemingly tastier meal. Her eyes quickly diverted to the leaves of the trees above, she knew they would not satisfy her. Consequently she settled for the uninviting green platter.

*Smart girl. I suppose beggars can't be choosers.*

Darkness approached, Sara soon realised she would not be escaping this den of iniquity which meant that she would have to take shelter.

During her unsuccessful quest for water, she had noticed a monkey collecting large leaves, moss and sticks, to create himself a bed. It was fairly large, large enough to sleep in if she cradled herself.

She recalled the alluring berries and wondered if she might be able to entice the monkey from his shelter with the poisonous fruits. It was worth a shot.

She laid a line of berries in a track and waited. The monkey soon crept out of its hiding. It cautiously nibbled at the ruby jewels, and just as though it had been bitten by a viper, the poison coursed through its body rendering it lifeless.

*Strategic, what a cunning little fox. Task two complete.*

Laying her head down on the monkey's bed, she held her rumbling stomach as it cried out for a solid piece of food.

Just as she began to fall asleep, she heard the strangled call of a bird.

She took a closer look. The bird had no feathers. It was a new-born.

She could see clearly that the cut was not too deep. She reached for the bird, and that was when she noticed underneath, a small camera lens embedded in the moss and fauna.

*She has seen me. She knows.*

Once again Sara stared down in awe as recognition etched its way onto her face.

She remembered everything. Who she was. Who He was.

She knew he'd been watching her.

The bird's small screech brought her out of her trance. She stared at it, and then grabbed a stick from her bed.

She held the small bird to the camera lens, and impaled the stick through its throat. She sneered into the camera.

"You're next!" she screeched into the lens, "And yes... I STOLE IT!"

*Phlegmatic, interesting. She has passed. Intelligent, strategic and phlegmatic – the three gates of hell. She stole my lunch, she must be punished.*

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Learn a lesson from this little girl: **greed in the end, fails even the greedy.**

An interesting and well-crafted story that uses different narrative points of view of settings to transport the reader. Excellent level of vocabulary.

Ⓣ Revise the use of semi-colon.

x 2 merits

