

The Escape

I have to get out. I have to. Now, I am desperate. I'm not sure whether I should take Keeley with me, or if I leave her. She is young, but she is strong. No. I can't leave her alone. She will come with me and we will escape this horrid mess together.

"We must go. Make haste," I say quietly but forcefully to Keeley, who is cowering under the bed next to me.

"W-where are we going?" She stammers.

"Away. We are going to leave, and if we are to get out unseen, we must go now." I walk over to my side of the closet, and fill my duffel bag with as many clothes as I can possibly squeeze in.

I can hear them yelling at each other. My parents. I feel terrible for not leaving with Keeley earlier, but the right time has never come across.

I reach up and take Keeley's duffel bag off the top of the cupboard and drop it down to her, so she can pack too.

This is what mum, Laila, wants. We have already spoken about this. Mother will distract him, while we run. Sounds pretty simple, doesn't it? It's much easier said than done.

Leaving mother alone to be abused and repeatedly hurt is the one thing that I promised myself I would never do, but every promise is made to be broken, right?

"Done. Are we going now?" Keeley's small voice chirps.

"Yes. I have supplies, so we will be okay, but not for long. We should last about a week in the forests, but then we need to find shelter."

We begin silently creeping down the stairs, preparing to bolt out of the back door. We should be safe after trekking for a day.

"Uhh, Mai?" Keeley asks.

"Yeah, what's wrong?" I suspiciously ask.

"SNAKE!" She squeals and jumps into my arms, so now I am holding her bridal style and I can see the snake that she was talking about.

"Okay, stay calm and still. Try to slow your breathing, close your eyes and just relax."

"Will he bite me?" She whispers.

"Only if you don't stay very still and quiet, okay?"

"Okay."

I begin cautiously stepping away from the snake, which looks like a baby red-belly. I know how to deal with snakes because as you can imagine, you encounter lots of them when you have a jungle/ forest for a backyard.

“Will he ever find us?” Keeley asks me.

“No. Never. I promise you,” I assure her.

“Pinky promise?” She queries sticking her pinky out.

“Pinky promise,” I giggle at her adorableness and put her on the ground, link my pinky finger with hers and give it a light jiggle.

“WHAT’S ALL OF THIS PINKY PROMISE CRAP ABOUT?” I hear a familiar voice bellow.

“RUN KEELEY! RUN!” I yell, and take off in the opposite direction of the voice. I grab Keeley’s hand and tug her along with me, as I sprint through the luscious vines and leaves, to an unknown destination.

He cannot catch us. No. We will die if he catches us. He will murder us and nobody will ever know. I haven’t told anybody except for Taylah, my closest friend about my abusive household. She will be the only one that knows. If she tells anyone, she risks her life. He will go to jail. My dad.

“Caesar, stop!”

“SHUT-UP, LAILA. GO AND DIE IN A HOLE!”

That’s it. That is just it. Never. Just no. That is so wrong.

“Stop. Just give up now, Mai,” he says. The voice sounds closer than it was before, which means he is gaining on me.

“GIVE UP, MY BUTT, CAESAR!” I call him by his name because I know how much he hates it.

I feel a rough hand latch onto my shoulder. No. Please. This cannot be. I am about to die. I will live. I am stronger than he thinks. He has prepared me for times like this. He will not kill me.

“Prepare to die,” he evilly whispers in my ear. He pulls a knife out of the pocket of his sweat pants, and before I can react, it goes plunging into my chest, and I topple to the ground. To my death...