

Her hair flies in the wind as she walks down the empty highway. She'd tried to flag down a ride for most of the night but not even one of the few passing cars or juggernauts stopped to pick her up. She couldn't really blame them, but, she had tried her best, grumbling and mumbling insults to herself at every passerby, every time they passed.

It's a windy night, the storms throwing dust akin to flour across the fields. It covered her long ago, making every piece of clothing chafe, every drop of sweat turning the dirt into a doughy consistency, sticking to her skin. She is fairly tired of it all to be honest. She does not envy the people living here, the everlasting winds, the dirt flying in the air, the hot sun and large fits of rain.

She goes still. She easily justifies it to herself as a small break in the wee hours of the morning. And even though she hates this place, it has one thing going for it: you can see the entire night's sky by just tilting your head and making a slow spin. She does just that, taking in the beauty of the twinkling stars above her. In the loneliness you only get from the American countryside at midnight, they almost seem to be there just for her, bestowing her with their beauty. She stays there for some time, looking at her surroundings and the stars. Soon, the chafing does not feel as bad and the dough seemed to have dried down a bit on her skin. She takes a mouthful of water from the bottle in her backpack, allowing herself one more for a work well done, a distance well covered, before she continues on her hike through the night. Fools have no time for rest.

The air changes slowly but the realization comes fast, if only a little to late. The strong winds no longer throws flour at her, it no longer rustles the crops along the road. Silence fall over the fields. She unconsciously starts whistling a slow tune, just to fill it. She does not notice the feeling of someone watching her until she sees the town rising over the crops. She hadn't noticed it until she was nearly in it, the farm she just passed no longer the only indicator that people lived nearby.

She hears it at first. A small snap of a stem to the left side of her back. She refuses to look in the direction of the sound. Then comes the feeling of that someone's watching her. She ignores that too. She learned quickly on her this far, short journey that if you get a hunch that somethings off, you never stop, you never look and you never stop whistling your little tune. If you do, you are going to be scared for the rest of that night. You're going to be looking behind your back, feeling watched and hearing all the sounds the night makes. This night is not going to be one of those nights. She shrugs the sound, and the sudden feeling that she's being watched, away. She has just spotted a town and a town means cars, people or if she's lucky: a job. Or so she tries to tell herself.

Another snap. This times in the fields to her right, by the other side of the road. It's not behind her anymore either. It's in front of her. She'll have to pass where the sound comes from to get to the town. It makes her break her own rule. She stops. And she looks at the spot. And she stops her whistling. And she's scared. Because there it is again. And this time, this time it comes with a couple of eyes. She stares at the eyes and they stare back at her. She suddenly knows who this is, and that scares her in a way she's never felt before. It's petrifying. She's frozen, fear taking over every part of her body. She feels numb.

He moves onto the road, his huge, wolf like shape starting to take up much of the space between her and his side of the road. She's never seen a werewolf this large before, and she's actually seen a couple. As if he and his reasons for being here wasn't scary enough. He's here to get her. She knows it. To take her back. Maybe take her to the hole he's been hiding in all her life. She doesn't really care. She's not going. She just needs her limbs to get the memo and start moving again so she can get out of here.

He stops when his head is a few feet away from her. He seems to realize that she doesn't move, that she can't seem to and his mouth opens into a wolfish grin. As if he could be more terrifying. He looms over her, his shadow falling onto her, removing the stars from her view. He moves a large hand with claws towards her, as if to grab her and for the first time she feels the tear fall down her cheek. She hadn't realized she'd been crying. When she does, a sob breaks out through her lungs and she whispers a profanity along with it. All she wanted to do was to run.

Suddenly, he don't look so wicked. He looks confused. He stumbles back from her, his daunting size suddenly smaller. They seemed to realize that he turned human at the same time. His eyes suddenly fix at something beyond her, behind her in the field. Before she can turn, something passed her, faster than humanly possible, and suddenly her brother is on the ground. A large alligator there, attacking her brother. Frank roars in anger and gets up but had no time to turn into something akin to a wolf before he gets attacked again. The shuffle lands them in the field on the other side of the road, their massive bodies suddenly gone in the darkness. She still hears their fighting though.

"RUN!" The sound of the words slams against the insides of her head and suddenly, she can move again. She turns towards the town and follow the voice's command. She ran. If she had run this quickly back home she could have made the track team. She ran until her legs burned but didn't stop then. She ran until she couldn't breathe and still didn't stop. She ran until she couldn't hear the fighting anymore. She ran until she reached the town.

This town was built at the crossroads of two larger roads so she easily finds a gas station. From there a lady was just about to leave when she ran into the fluorescing light from the neon signs. The lady looked up from where she stood by her driver seat, scared by the girl running for her life. The lady had never seen anyone so scared before.

"Are you okey, little girl?" the girl's attention snaps to her, a wildness in her eyes. She suddenly turned, looking into the darkness from the road she had just come from before swiftly turning towards the woman again. The young girl seemed to be running from something. Or someone.

"Are you getting out of here?" was the answer the lady got. She carefully neared the girl, as if she was a wounded animal.

"Yes, I am" she reached the girl who looked over her shoulder again. "Would you like to come with?" the girl's attention never shifted but she nodded. The car was only a short distance away.

"Please" the girl was so out of breath, it took a couple of breath between each word. She must have been running for quite some time. "Please, get me out of here"

They quickly got into the car. The lady couldn't help but fear whatever it was that the girl was running from. Now, in the soft light from the dashboard, the girl looked even younger. She couldn't be older than sixteen. As she started to drive the car out of the gas station, she started to turn to the fastest way home for her. It had been a long night at the local hospital and all the lady wanted was to get home. The girl stopped her, fear in her eyes.

"Not that way" she said. The lady realized that her usual way home was the way the girl had come from. She maneuvered the car so they moved away from that road.

"What is that way that you are so scared of?" the lady asked after a short while in silence.

"Monsters" was all the girl answered.