

Mist of Shadows

Chapter One

“I’m leaving,” the man said firmly as he climbed into his car.

“But Shayne why are you going? Nothing has happened has it?”

“No, I’ve got to get out of this town, otherwise I’ll never make something of myself.”

Clare sighed as he shut the door. Shayne didn’t even look at her as he turned the key in the ignition. Moments later the car pulled off and left the house kicking up a cloud of dust from the ground.

“Goodbye then...jerk.” Clare said quietly annoyed he didn’t even say bye. Without another word she turned and went back inside the house.

“Now what’s on the radio,” Shayne muttered as he messed with the dial. He kept the car on the road as it headed towards the village gates. He thought briefly of Clare but it didn’t matter he knew he had to leave this god-forsaken place. Not because it was bad but because it was too normal.

Shayne finally settled on a local station, where the weather was being read out. *Today our city is blessed with clear skies and lovely sunshine folks...* Shayne chuckled as it was obvious that they were wrong. The mist that his car was now driving through had come from nowhere...well he hadn’t been paying attention enough to notice.

“Damn stupid mist, how am I going to see if there is any trouble ahead?”

Even as he said it someone seemed to appear in front of the car. Shayne cursed as he was forced to swerve. The car spun and he heard the worrying thump as it hit something ‘alive’.

“Shit, shit what have I hit?” he quickly climbed out the car. His vision was no more than about a couple of yards in front of him. Shayne thought to himself then went back inside his car and flicked the headlights on. The bright bulbs cut through the haze...revealing a dark shadow slumped on the road.

Shayne jumped out the car and ran to the unmoving figure. *Oh Jeez don't be dead* he thought grimly. He crouched by the person, he realised it was a woman, noticing the long blonde hair and feminine curves. His heart hammered in his chest as the fear racked through his body. But suddenly as quickly as the mist seemed to appear the fear vanished...Shayne cursed out loud as he realised that this ‘person’ was actually a shop dummy.

“What stupid dummy would leave a dummy out in the middle of a road?” Shayne continued his muttering as he picked up the inanimate mannequin and carried her to the side of the road. With a determined grunt he flung it away. Smiling as he turned to go back to his vehicle...it quickly vanished.

The headlights that had moments before cut through the mist had gone, and Shayne couldn't spot his car. Quickly he walked to where he was sure he had parked; convinced someone must have turned it off. A practical joker it must be.

Shayne walked back but still couldn't see the car. He looked about trying to get his bearings and failing miserable. *Bloody fog* he cursed to himself as he began the long trek back into the village...the joker would pay.

Shayne even let himself smile, he was certain he knew who it was. It didn't matter now that Ryan was Clare's brother. The idiot would pay. He had been walking for ages and he still hadn't seen the village gates. A firm hand touched his shoulder so he turned and saw nothing. Shayne called out, he saw something in the mist move and then he screamed...