

‘It Came’ by Yichang Wang

A February morning, Dublin.

Ted looked out of the window of his house, thinking about what to do today; a long-wished sunny Midterm Saturday. A gentle silver mist covered Dublin city. He chewed and swallowed the last crumbs of biscuit from his plate. Sunshine finally splashed onto the streets after Ted finished his breakfast. He smiled and walked downstairs. He picked up his grey sporting bag and grabbed a bottle of water from the shelf. But suddenly...

Pong! Ping ping pin...

‘Must be some weird screws or nuts falling down,’ he thought. He peered out of the window. There was nothing there but the mist, which had turned a bit reddish. He snatched his bag and walked outside.

A great feeling of horror rose in his body as he walked out. He tried to run as fast as he could to get rid of this feeling. But instinct, goddamned human instinct, stopped him. He froze in an awkward position, trying to run away but his body just would not move. Then it came. The bullet of termination.

It flew towards Ted’s head, shining gold in the morning sunlight. In the last second, it reflected Ted’s despairing eyes, as they stared in shock. It went through his head, his brain, his skull, into the red mist, and into the void, leaving a dark-red bloody flower of death. Ted fell like a ragdoll onto the ground, his blank eyes staring at the red mist. *It had come*, and everything was over.