

UNHOLY REPRESSION



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Unholy Repression
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PROLOGUE

Run. Faster--- don't let them catch you. Everything inside her body quivered.

Run... She winced at each connection to the wet earth as her dirty soles were pierced by sharp rocks and broken glass. She realized that she hadn't known who she was for some time; she didn't know who controlled the pounding limbs and heaving lungs or who was following her. She only knew she had to keep going.

The blur of buildings and sparse greenery were unfamiliar but she felt as though they shouldn't have been. *Think- who are you? Where are you?* If only her thoughts could move as fast as her feet. Heaviness submerged her limbs but the fear kept her from drowning. Ahead there seemed to be nothing but empty streets and vacant buildings. No one was there to help and no one would see them take her. The sky lit up and cracked like a shattering mirror. The sound forced a tremor down her spine as the rain picked up and muted her gasps for breath as her legs and stomach screamed. She knew she had to stop but the occasional snap of a twig or fleeting shadow filled her with dread. Her eyes scanned through the brush, past the shopping center and through the parking lot for shelter. Beyond it all, she saw a large Church. The massive door was partially open and someone was peering out.

She pushed her tired body, forcing the last dregs of energy she had until the black looming spire was directly above her, then collapsed in a mass of tattered clothes and long wet hair on the stone stairs. An old woman hobbled down and peered through sparkling narrow eyes. "Oh my child, you're hurt..." her voice was soothing and her brow concerned as she watched the blood roll down the girl's raw feet and into the trench of rain trailing down the steps in tiny waterfalls. The young woman allowed the stranger to grab an arm and used the elderly stranger's sparse strength to pull herself up.

"Come in and we'll get you dry."

She followed through the heavy crimson door. As it closed behind them the thin sliver of light inside the dark interior was enveloped by darkness and she panicked as she sensed it like a bird separated from its flock during the night.

There would be no escape this time.