

# Scarred Face

Meghan and I have this unspoken rule, we never call each other except in emergencies. A text always suffices for our conversations. So when my phone buzzed and I picked it up to see 'Meg' as the caller, my heart skipped. An unsettling feeling began welling inside me as I picked the call.

"Cassandra have you heard?" She sounded very apprehensive. And did she just call me Cassandra? Something horrible had definitely happened. Meg never calls my full name unless she's angry or there's trouble. It's always 'Cass'. "heard what? what are you talking about?" my voice was shaky, I didn't realise how fast I was breathing already. "it's on the news, he's out!".

My heart started pounding at an increasingly rapid pace. "You have to.....", she began saying before she was lost to the extremely loud static noise. "Hello, Meg! Hello!", I said, raising my voice and anxiously expecting to hear her complete her last statement. Suddenly, the line went silent. I attempted a callback, my hands quivering with fear but the call wouldn't go through. Damn network!

I dashed out of my bedroom to the living room as quickly as my legs could carry. The TV was on 'sound city', the default channel when there's nothing worth watching or no one watching. Snatching the remote from the centre table, I switched to the news channel.

The image that stared back at me sent chills down my spine. The thin face with a snubbed nose, the huge scar above his left temple which must have been from one of his victims fighting back. The mugshot made his eyes seem slightly crossed. All these brought back memories from the courthouse. He had a sinister smile on his face as he turned to look at me from the defendant's stand when the Judge pronounced him guilty and charged him to life in prison.

Looking straight at me, he made a hand gesture across his neck as if to attempt slicing it with an invisible knife. Back then, that hand gesture didn't mean a thing to me, I was just glad that he'll be behind bars for the rest of his life. Six years later and it's all making sense now. I'm beginning to think I shouldn't have agreed to come forward as a witness.

It was a perfect example of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. In the bid to use a shortcut of a dimly lit alley to my destination, one Friday night, I was met with the most horrific sight. There was the victim, hung on the wall with blood trickling down her neck. She was with brown coloured braids and light brown eyes staring off into space.

In front of her stood a male figure, about 6 feet, with a broad shoulder. He had his back against me, wiping what seemed to be his murder weapon on a piece of rag. I could make out his face from his reflection on the slick shiny window. I have my reflex to thank for getting me out of there before he could notice my presence.

I confided in Meghan and we both decided I should report my gory sight to the police. Investigations were carried out and the assailant was caught. He was found guilty of numerous murders, his victims mostly young girls who were sex workers. When asked his motives for the murders, he said: "I'm helping the society get rid of immorality".

The news bar read: "Convicted Murderer Escapes Jail". It was the last thing I ever expected to see.

# Scarred Face

I was filled with trepidation. My heart was thumping so loud it drowned the voice of the reporter. All I could think of was how to get out of the house to a safe place. I knew he was coming for me. Meghan's number wouldn't still go through which was quite strange and worrisome. I shrugged off the feeling of something bad happening to her and decided to go to her place regardless.

It was a little past 10 pm when I started frantically filling one of my small samsonite suitcases. The buzzing of my phone notified me of the arrival of my uber ride and within minutes, I was out of the house.

I got into the passenger's side by the driver and we started the ride towards Meghan's place. It would take about forty-five minutes to get to her. I wished it could be like forty-five seconds, I just wanted to be somewhere I would feel safe, then get out of town first thing the next morning.

It was raining lightly that evening. The poor drainage system and the never-ending rainy season worsened the road networks. The car was going in and out of potholes and slightly deep gullies.

Fifteen minutes into the journey when we were now clear on a smooth highway, I heard a screeching sound and I immediately looked up from my phone which I've since been trying to use to get through to Meghan and failing at every attempt.

There was a bright light from an oncoming vehicle, I turned to shield my eyes as I caught a glimpse of my driver frantically working the car steering. I felt my heart pounding and heard a roar in my ears, and then the terrible sound of grinding metal as the bumper tore into the driver's door. My head smashed forward and everything went black.

I woke up to a frowsy smell invading my nostrils. Everywhere was silent apart from my heavy breathing and the chirping of crickets nearby. I slowly opened my eyes, squinting in an attempt to sharpen the blurred images before me. It appeared that I was in a small room with a yellow bulb that hung loosely from the ceiling.

I glanced around and took in the deserted white and brown colour scheme of the concrete room. Where am I? I shut my eyes, trying to remember what had exactly happened.

Then I heard the creak of a door opening and footsteps approaching. I opened my eyes and a shadow hung over me. A wave of panic ran through me and I tried moving my weight off the wooden platform on which I laid in but I was stuck. I tried to cry out but nothing came out of my parched throat. Then I felt a hot breath on my neck. Looking up, I was terrified to see his scarred face again.

"Hello Cass, we meet again!".

# Scarred Face

As the scarred man leered over me, his foetid breath sending shivers down my spine, my heart raced, and my mind scrambled for an escape plan. Panic washed over me, but I had to stay calm.

My eyes darted around the dimly lit room, searching for any possible means of escape. The wooden platform I was lying on felt old and creaky, and with a surge of adrenaline, I tried to wiggle free. My limbs ached, and my muscles protested, but I couldn't afford to give up.

The scarred man's grin widened, revealing yellowed teeth that glistened in the dim light. His voice, chilling and cold, sliced through the silence. "You thought you could escape, didn't you, Cass?"

My voice finally found its way out of my dry throat, though it trembled with fear. "What do you want from me?"

He chuckled, a low and menacing sound that echoed in the confined space. "You thought you could get rid of me, right?"

"Please let me go," I stammered, my mind racing as I desperately continued to work at freeing myself.

The scarred man took a step closer, the shadows dancing on his face, making him look even more grotesque. "No Cass, this is what you get for not minding your business."

A thousand thoughts raced through my mind. Fear clung to me like a second skin as I realised that I was dealing with a cunning and deranged killer.

The room remained eerily silent except for the occasional drip of water from the ceiling. The scarred man's eyes never left me as he circled the wooden platform like a predator, and I knew I had to act fast.

With a final, desperate effort, I managed to free one of my hands from the restraints. Pain shot through my wrist, but I couldn't afford to stop. My fingers fumbled with the knots, my heart pounding louder with each passing second. I had to escape before he realised what was happening.

Just as I loosened the last knot, the scarred man lunged at me. Instinct kicked in, and I rolled off the platform, narrowly avoiding his grasp. I hit the cold, concrete floor hard, pain radiating through my body, but I couldn't afford to stay down.

Using the platform as leverage, I pushed myself up, my eyes locked on the scarred man. His expression contorted with rage as he advanced on me again, and I knew I had to find a way out of this nightmare.

My gaze darted around the room, searching for a weapon or something that could help me defend myself. My eyes landed on the dangling yellow bulb, still swinging gently from the ceiling. Without thinking, I lunged for it, my fingers closing around the thin chain.

# Scarred Face

With all the strength I could muster, I swung the bulb towards the scarred man. The glass shattered on impact, and he let out a guttural scream as shards raked across his face. Momentarily blinded and in pain, he stumbled backward.

I wasted no time. Adrenaline coursing through my veins, I sprinted for the door, praying it wasn't locked. My trembling hands fumbled with the handle, and to my relief, it swung open.

The corridor outside was dimly lit, but I didn't stop to assess my surroundings. I ran as fast as my aching body would allow, my breaths coming in ragged gasps. I needed to find help, call the police, and put an end to this nightmare once and for all.

As I rounded a corner, I heard the scarred man's enraged voice echoing behind me. He was giving chase, fueled by his twisted determination to recapture me. Fear and panic pushed me to run faster, my feet pounding against the cold, damp floor.

With each step, I desperately sought an exit, a door, anything that could lead me to safety. I couldn't let this maniac catch me again. My life depended on it.

Suddenly, I stumbled upon a heavy metal door, and my heart leaped with hope. I pushed it open and found myself in a stairwell, dimly illuminated by a flickering emergency light. Without hesitation, I started descending the stairs, taking them two at a time.

Behind me, I could hear the scarred man's heavy footsteps, growing closer with each passing second. The stairs seemed to stretch endlessly downward, and my lungs burned with exertion, but I couldn't stop.

Finally, I reached the ground floor, burst through the exit, and stumbled out into the cool night air. Rain poured from the sky, drenching me to the bone, but I didn't care. I kept running, not looking back, until I reached a busy street.

Pedestrians and cars bustled around me, and I flagged down the first car I saw. Luckily, it was a taxi driver and he agreed to drive me to the police station. Breathless and shivering, I arrived at the police station and told them everything, about the scarred man, his escape, and the horrifying ordeal I had just endured.

Hours later, after providing a detailed statement, I was taken to a safe location. The scarred man was once again on the run, and an intense manhunt was underway to capture him.

As I lay in a small, secure room, I couldn't shake the feeling that he was still out there, lurking in the shadows, waiting for the perfect moment to strike again. The horrors I had witnessed and the terrifying encounter with the scarred man would haunt me forever.

But one thing was certain: I would never be the same person again. I had faced pure evil and lived to tell the tale. And as long as he remained at large, I couldn't rest. I had to stay vigilant, always looking over my shoulder, because the scarred man was out there, and I was his unfinished business.

# Scarred Face

In the days that followed my harrowing escape from the scarred man, my life was a whirlwind of anxiety and paranoia. I had been relocated to a safe house, my identity kept a closely guarded secret by the authorities. Each day was spent watching the news, waiting for any updates on the manhunt for my tormentor.

But there was one unsettling mystery that continued to haunt me—the disappearance of Meghan. I had tried calling her repeatedly on that fateful night when I received her cryptic call about the scarred man's escape, but the call had cut off abruptly, and I couldn't reach her again. It was as if she had vanished into thin air.

As the days turned into weeks, I became increasingly frantic. I had no way to contact Meghan, and the authorities were preoccupied with the manhunt for the scarred man. I couldn't shake the feeling that something terrible had happened to her, and the guilt gnawed at me.

One evening, as I sat watching the rain pour down outside, a news report on the television caught my attention. The scarred man had been spotted in a nearby town, and a massive police operation was underway to capture him. My heart raced at the thought of justice finally being served, but I couldn't shake the feeling that he was still one step ahead of the authorities.

As I continued to watch the news, a chill suddenly ran through my body. The scarred man had reportedly been seen near Meghan's neighbourhood. Panic surged through me, and I couldn't sit idly by any longer. I needed to find her, to ensure her safety.

With a newfound determination, I decided to leave the safe house and make my way to Meghan's apartment. I knew it was a risk, but I couldn't bear the thought of leaving her in danger. I had to know if she was okay.

The rain had subsided, leaving the streets slick and glistening in the dim glow of the streetlights. I hailed a cab and gave the address of Meghan's apartment. The ride felt interminable as my mind raced with worry and uncertainty.

When I arrived at Meghan's building, I could see that something was terribly wrong. The front door was ajar, and there was an eerie stillness in the hallway. I cautiously entered the building, my heart pounding in my chest.

As I climbed the stairs to Meghan's floor, dread washed over me. The door to her apartment stood wide open, and a flickering light spilled out into the corridor. I approached the door slowly, my senses on high alert.

Inside, the apartment was in shambles. Furniture had been overturned, and personal belongings were scattered across the floor. It was clear that a struggle had taken place here. My heart ached with fear for Meghan, and I called out her name, but there was no response.

Then, as I moved deeper into the apartment, I noticed a faint trail of blood leading towards the bedroom. My pulse quickened, and I followed the macabre path, dread building with each step.

# Scarred Face

When I entered the bedroom, the sight that greeted me was enough to make me reel back in horror. Meghan lay on the bed, pale and motionless, her eyes wide open in a lifeless stare. Blood stained the sheets around her, and I knew that she was gone.

Tears streamed down my face as I knelt beside her, overcome with grief and guilt. Meghan had paid the price for being my friend, for helping me report the scarred man to the police. Her life had been taken, and I couldn't forgive myself for not being there to protect her.

In the midst of my anguish, a realisation struck me. The scarred man had been here. He had found Meghan and taken her from me. It was his way of getting back at me, of tormenting me further.

As I wept beside Meghan's lifeless body, I knew that my pursuit of justice had taken a dark and devastating turn. The scarred man was still out there, and now he had claimed another victim. My only hope was that the authorities would catch him soon, before anyone else suffered the same fate as Meghan.

But one thing was certain—the scarred man had made it personal, and I was no longer just a witness. I was his target, and I had to stay one step ahead of him if I hoped to survive the horrors that lay ahead.

The End... Or is it?