

# Vignette

by Rebekah Ward

“We’ll Run...!”

“But.... I.... have to go...with them...” “I have to.” In its palm a small orb pulsates.

“Please,” she begs. “I wish you’d stay .... with me....” Leaning in she closes its palm. “If you go with them,” she said, “I won’t ever see you again.” Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, she added, “the others will find and *kill* you.”

“I came here to help you...*all* of you.” “I’m .... the ....key, it’s what I’m made for.” “I showed you what’ll happen if.....”

Lights dimmed as their lips touched. Luminous in form, it flickered with raw desire infusing momentarily with her. A beautiful thing before and more so now. It mirrored *me*.

Tearing her eyes away she looks towards the window, “What was that?”

“I ... sense.....”

Walking to the window they peer into the shadows.

Doubled over and vomiting, dirty bloody tears stream down my face as space folds and squeezes me out.

“Oh God....it... *hurts*.” I curse. I don’t know when I last rested. Reliving this moment means I have failed. Burned behind my eyelids are the images of myself, *them* and the last moments with you.



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Above me bulletins flash my image. Hunted for hiding the key.

“Shit, they got me.” I shudder, as I press my fingers into the hole on my shoulder. I’ve fooled myself over and over, thinking we have more time. “We will *all* die.” I need to get to the key before they do.

I climb the broken fire escape with ease as I watch my mirror image and myself in the shadows. I gently tap the window watching in awe at myself walk with you to the window. Seeing my bloodied warped reflection in the glass I realise something as I look into my faces.

I can’t tell myself apart... “What...is this?”

The hairs on my body rise. I *feel* their electricity before I see flickering forms below. Prepared, I duck as an arc sparks though the air shattering the window. I jump through as all three of us stare at ourselves.

“Go...!” I scream.

Pressing the orb, they disappear.

Materialising in the room behind me, the others appear. I don’t fight, nor turn around. With one strike I black out.

“you okay?”

“Yeah...” Opening my eyes I look into hell. The street it full of young and old people... Everyone, an image of me.

Fail. Repeat.



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