

[Opening Scene/Flash-forward]

Castaway: The Hera Mysteries

*Oct 28, 2011 9:30 p.m.*

The dark, starless night crept deep into her, digging through her body until it met bone. A Hera Killer was running right behind her, gaining on her with every second she wasted in her fear. She stood, searching to her left, finding nowhere in the shadowy forest to turn. She frantically looked to her right, and over the hill she found a small break in the brush. She cocked her head to the left in thought. *That looks like it wouldn't be too difficult for me to fit through. If I am careful that is. This man can't reach me or it's all over.*

She twisted her head, resting her chin on her shoulder, trying to decide what to do. She felt the fear pouring through her eyes. Turning her head back to face her optical, she tried to calm down and brace herself for what she was about to put herself through. She focused on getting down the embankment; letting all the emotion she felt flow off her body in waves. Carefully she started to ease down the embankment.

*CRACK!*

She stood still, not moving a muscle. *Did I just hear a stick break? It sounded close too.* She glanced behind her to where she thought she heard the sound coming from.

*CRACK! CRACK!*

Heart pounding in her ears, she started running, quickening her pace to its full potential. She stumbled through the thick brush as her feet dove faster, the branches on the tree causing lacerations among her face and arms. The incline was too steep and she was going too fast,

making it difficult to keep track of the two feet in front of her in the dim moonlight under the bare trees. *I'm going to fall.*

She continued to run and barrel through the forest, but felt her left shoe get caught on a fallen branch as her fear of falling came true. She tripped face first, her arms stretched out to catch herself but little good it did her. Her auburn filled head bounced off the dirt as she continued to tumble down the hill, brushwood breaking under her weight while the scattered stones took their turns stabbing any exposed skin she had in the costume she wore to the Halloween bash at Woodrow High.

The decent was mere seconds before she came to a screeching halt in a clearing twenty-five feet from where she began, brushing her head against a small sitting- stone. She groaned, grabbing past the loose hair from her loose braid to her forehead. When she brought her hand to her eye level, she saw her fingers were coated copper with blood.

*I have to get up*, she thought, her body aching from all the marks the fall had graced her with. She laid there paralyzed to the ground beneath her, looking up at the endless black sky trying to move, but found that she could not bring her strength forward for the fall had weakened her far worse than she had thought. The thud of footsteps above her head rung loud in her ears and she knew that all her effort to try and escape was useless. He had finally caught up with her.

The endless sound of the leaves dying beneath the wretched man was the being of her torture. The killer slowly moved into her line of vision, kneeling over her unmoving body, a smile creeping over his aging face. He grabbed a loose strand of her hair with a stained hand, stroking her injured forehead with the other. He sighed heavily. He whispered her name.

“Eden...” Her name echoed in the dark silent sky. A new wave of terror unfolded itself onto Eden, way worse than when the thought of dying was just that...a thought. Now it was reality as she stared at the man above her, as she was certain of the fate she desperately tried so hard to fight from. Searching for some kind of humanity but Eden found none as the Hera Killer continued to stroke her unmoving body.

*2 weeks earlier...*

[To be continued]