

*It was only a matter of time.*

He was breathing heavy. His vision was blurry as he attempted to continue stumbling his way through the woods. He was injured badly and felt stabbing pain with each step. Carefully he tread through the forest, weary of the looming clouds.

The atmosphere was wet and cold. He would not be able to get very far without collapsing. He at least had an idea of where he was. He had made the mistake earlier of attempting to climb down a hill and trusting a rock that jutted out. Little did he know at the time that that rock was moist and loose which caused his fall and injuries.

Completely exhausted, he had no choice but to stop. The pain was great and he knew he was bleeding and he hadn't really cared for his wounds yet. He sat on a large root on the ground and tried to get comfortable before examining his situation. He gently removed the top of his jacket to reveal his shoulder, covered in dark sticky red. He shivered, both due to the chill and the sudden visual awareness of his injury. His eyes wavered slightly but he jumped back to his senses and tore a piece of his jacket and wrapped the wound. He leaned back against the tree to relax - breathe in, breathe out.

Birds chirped in the distance as the sun was setting, though impossible to see due to the overcast. He had lost track of how long he had stayed there. Minutes, hours? He was too tired to tell. His thoughts seemed to dwindle and he found it, not hard, but meaningless to focus on things. Instead, he just gazed out into the distance, not really looking at anything in particular. Although vulnerable to the elements and wild creatures, he felt safe where he rested.

Safe. Tired. So tired.

His eyes slowly closed, but before completely shutting, he saw a figure approaching. It was hard to see who or what it was. It was dark, foggy. The figure drifted ever closer but the man did not move. He tried to focus on the details, see what this thing was. It was cloaked in all black, hooded and impossible to see its face.

The man knew who it was. His heart raced, he began to sweat. He wanted to move, to scramble to his feet and run, but he could not, he was trapped. His eyes were wide as he stared at the being as it came closer and closer. The man could do nothing.

Once the figure stood before him, it held out its hand. The man looked at it for a moment, pulse racing. It wasn't fair, it wasn't supposed to be like this. He didn't want to go, he didn't want to leave. The figure stood there, waiting, arm still stretched out. The man wanted to cry, he wasn't done, he had plans, things to do.

The setting around him began to slowly dissipate. Black fog swallowed up the grass, the trees, the sky and clouds, the animals, the sounds, until only the tree he lay against and the figure were left.

*Time's up.*