

## Ten Seconds

Ten.

In the dim light, I saw a body lying next to me; I assumed it was dead. What had happened? I started down the path. It wouldn't be long before someone found me. It was night now, and the shambles aren't very well lit. Looking up, I could see the uneven buildings seemingly crowding round me, which made the situation even more unsettling than it was.

Nine.

My thoughts were distracted by a couple of drunks who had stumbled out of the pub on the opposite side of the street, who were raucously singing what sounded like a football chant; it was so slurred, I couldn't really tell. The singing died away when one of them saw me. Cursing with panic, he and his friend quickly ran off, tripping as they went. Why was everyone so scared of me?

Eight.

Suddenly, the sound of barking filled the street- a young lady was walking her dog – at this time of night, I guessed she suffered from insomnia. I knew what was coming next... An ear splitting scream as awful as nails down a blackboard escaped her lips: she had found the body. And me.

Seven.

I'm always unwanted, not wanting to be seen. I'm meant to be harmless, yet people are always scared by me. Every time I appear like this, I always end up leading the police to the murder, and eventually to the murderer. I knew it wouldn't be long now before they found the body – and me.

Six.

In the distance, the famous minster bells tolled, letting the whole of York know the time: it was two am. The deep ringing of the bell was suddenly joined by blaring sirens – and they were getting nearer. I knew it would only be a matter of time before everyone knew about what happened tonight: it will be on the front page of The Press by tomorrow morning. Everyone will see what had happened, and see me.

Five.

Electric blue lights appeared from the end of the street. Multiple vans and cars had arrived, along with an ambulance. Paramedics, policemen, and journalists quickly made their way towards the brutally gory scene.

Four.

Most of their attention was on the limp body; I could hear mentions of:

“Looks like a murder...”

“Definitely dead...”

“Hit over the head most likely...”

A policeman's attention then turned to me.

Three.

Terrified, all I could do was to sit as he walked over and loomed over me like a piece of bad news; I knew they were going to take me away.

Two.

It was all my fault! I'm the one that gave away how they were murdered. It will be because of me that a family somewhere, will have lost someone they love.

One.

As I was picked up and carried away, the last thing I heard was:

“We'll test this as soon as we can. We'll be in touch.”

I was the blood, and I played a very important part in the crime.