

RUN

“Ok, start from the beginning.”

Charlotte sat in the suffocating concrete room, an officer interrogating her on the other side of the table. “My name is Charlotte Gette and I’m a video game addict.”

“When did you first find the game?”

“I was just surfing the net when an ad came up for this game. It was called Run. It was free so I, like any curious person, decided to see what it was”

“What was it?”

“It was simple, you do what the title says. You run from these creatures. You run through halls and tunnels and fields and nearly every situation you can think of.”

“Was it difficult?”

“It wasn’t at first, but it soon became impossible. I’m not one to show interest in that sort of stuff, you know? But there was something about that game that drew me. Soon it was all I could think about. It consumed my thoughts, and eventually my time. My life evolved around running from those creatures.”

The officer folded his hands across the table and said, “Do you know the reason you’re here Charlotte?”

Her gaze fell to the ground and she nodded. “I was so consumed with my desire for that game that I forgot about everyone else.”

“Including your son.”

“Yes. When I walked out that room to find he was gone, I was distraught, and I knew it was my fault. I was supposed to be the one to guide him, and I failed. I realized I had just lost the game in my home. I lost my faith. God left me. My son left me. Now I don’t know what to do.”

Suddenly the door behind flew open and another officer walked in with a phone in his hands. “There’s a Harry Gette on the phone.”

The officer looked at Charlotte and passed her the phone.

“Harry?” She could hardly get the words out.

“Mom?” his breathing was frantic. “Where are you?”

“I’m at the police station.”

“What are you doing there?” He had returned to the house? Or he had never left.

“What’s wrong?” Charlotte had never been so scared.

“The game. It’s on. Something’s coming out of the screen.” The phone cut out.

They all looked at each other in shock. He had never left. She had left him alone. The officer interrogating her said, “Charlotte, who were the ones behind that game?”

“Lucifer’s Sword. I only found that out a few days ago.”

The other officer walked out. All she wanted to do was run out of that building and get to her son; save him from whatever monster was chasing him.

The officer came back a minute later and said, “There are no reports of there ever being a Lucifer’s Sword company. It doesn’t exist.”

“But I played their game!”

“You must have been mistaken. You...”

“I know what I saw!” She couldn’t stay there any longer. She jumped off the chair, slammed through the door, and out the building into the cold night air.

She knew she had made the biggest mistake of her life, and now she was the one running. The game had made her insane. This could be her last chance.

However, she knew how the game worked. Those demons never came after one. You always had a partner running beside you, and he was always the first to go. And in the final level, no one ever made it. No one escaped, and it had been planned that way all along.