

She woke up in the middle of the night; still lying there, beside her younger sister. 'Oh no!', she thought to herself. 'Not again!'

Getting up, she looked at the clock. "2:34", it read. She was too scared to get back into bed. She was tired. Night after night, she'd get the same bad dream. Instead, she thought she'd go out for a walk. In spite of the penetrating cold, she, wearing only a half sleeve T-shirt and a pair of pink polka dotted pyjamas, left the house, just like that.

With each step she took once she crossed the house's gate, she felt a familiar glow about the atmosphere, despite it being pitch dark. She'd never ever been out this early, though there was something about it she could recognise. She continued processing the sounds. Then all at once, it hit her. She had been there before, right about that time as well. She knew what to expect next. Five paces forward and two paces right was a dustbin. She couldn't see it. Though she knew it was there. She could hear a sound. It was a very disturbing one. It could have been mistaken for someone jogging in the middle of the night. Though she knew exactly what it was. She knew what was about to happen. Someone was being stalked. A prey was about to be pounced upon.

Seconds later, she heard the struggle. Someone had been caught. There was one street light shining dimly where the incident was taking place. It wasn't far. She could see what was happening a bit more clearly. There was another girl... struggling to break free. A dark hooded figure was holding her. The watcher could make out it was a man by his demeanour. That and she'd seen this scene before. It was as if he was enjoying himself.

Seconds later, it was time for her to make a decision. Yes, the situation was not her concern. Though as she moved her hand around through her pockets, her left hand clenched on to something. Something she was used to using often in her acts of self hatred. Her hand began bleeding. She could feel the blood dripping through, wetting her thigh. She didn't have much time left to choose. The man had already pulled out his pistol and was holding it against the girl's head. Was it too late for her to get involved? This wasn't her fight. She could hear sirens approaching. Apparently, someone had already called the police. She hadn't seen this part before. She watched as the man cocked his piece; then as she pulled out her best friend and her worst enemy, her eyes shifted gaze for a split second, and in a daze, she recognised the dustbin.

'Quick! Make you bloody move!', she could hear herself screaming internally.

It was high time for her to focus on her well being. She had the opportunity to throw away something that had caused her a great deal of pain in the past. So she then moved a little closer to her mark. Then the archer took her aim, and threw all her stored hatred away, and the girl reclaimed freedom.