

# Homeward bound



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Leigh Homeward Bound 03 October 2006 Homeward Bound I am not going to tell you my and definitely not my address. I won't tell you where I came from, where I went and why exactly I am going back where I came from. It's just that I need to talk about what happened today, during the course of the long, somewhat bizarre journey I felt compelled to undertake. But I am all alone in my compartment, and as is usually the case in this wonderful world of ours there is nobody to listen. Therefore I am going to write down what happened and leave my narrative for the next solitary occupant of this compartment. Do what you will reader, whoever you may be but remember I need you to know that I may be rude and singularly obnoxious but I am also truthful and more importantly, completely sane despite evidence to the contrary you may find in the ensuing lines.

I decided to run away from home this morning and I did. It was a reckless move on my part and thoroughly stupid. I understand that now if only in retrospect. I bet you want to know why I ran away from home. Well there could be any number of reasons right I could have a sexually abusive stepfather, or perhaps my mother is like that crazy, compulsive character on Desperate Housewives, or maybe I have lousy grades, an eating disorder and a drug problem, I could be on the run from the police (You can really use your imagination here). But the truth is none of these things or perhaps it is all of these things. I'll let you decide.

You see, none of it matters. What matters is Leah and what I think happened to her. But I am getting ahead of myself. I was trying to put as much distance as possible between myself and my hopeless, miserable life. I had the compartment to myself, but it would not have mattered if it had been packed to the seams. There was no place for anyone else, wrapped as I was

in my own private cocoon of misery. Suddenly, I felt rather than saw her her name was Leah.

She was exquisite, like a porcelain figurine. Everything about her was perfect, from her lustrous black hair, luminous dark eyes and a body that seemed to have been carved in marble. The maker had been kind to her. At least he is kind to someone, I thought sardonically. And then I noticed it the smell. It was sickly sweet like fruit gone bad, the very air had turned rancid with it. I could not look at her anymore. My unconscious was sending frantic signals to me, but my conscious mind refused to acknowledge it. The smell again! I could smell the sour odor of my fear intermingled with that sickening, fruity scent. I was frozen with terror and my eyes were squeezed shut. " Look at me", she said " my name is Leah. Don't be afraid". I opened my eyes against my better judgement and then I saw it. You could smell it as well. It was death.

I stared into those mesmerizing black eyes and I was drawn in, sucked into the swirling depths of inky blackness. I smelt fear again but this time it was her fear. There was so much fear, it was everywhere. It pervaded the atmosphere of her filthy little home; it was there in her wretched mother as she drank herself into miserable oblivion; it was there in the defeated eyes of the hound, still aching from its last encounter with a pair of boots; it was there in her bedroom as the night closed in bringing with it, its attendant horrors. I felt her fear as he crept into her room, tasted her blood in my mouth, her salty tears ran down my eyes and her humiliation was my own. I ran with her into the terrifying regions of the evil night, to escape from the pain, I ran and ran but I could not escape the fear. I stopped in front of the tracks, and we made the choice together. I felt her pain again but this time it

was exquisite and best of all there was no fear.

I am going back home. I finally found my way, Leah showed me. You cannot escape the fear; you can stay and fight or die. My journey has ended.