Lachlan- No Country for Old Men

Running as fast as his weary legs would carry him, the hunted man’s fatigued body was sapped of all energy, disabling his speed. Meanwhile, the Mexican drug dealers’ car roared a mechanical whine as it approached violently. His hope had been tortured in every way. It had been extinguished. What had once been a dwindling candle of hope, was now a pile of cold melted wax. Fear clung to him like a foul odor. Hiding under the large van, trying to blend in with his surroundings, the exhausted man anxiously waited. The cold, dark orb hung upon the sinister, black sky. The sky was blacker than the darkest black you could ever imagine. The atmosphere consisted of one thing: darkness. The criminals were watching him. Noticing he was being spied on, the wanted man silently crawled from under the car. Thinking he had escaped, the hunted man’s nerves lowered a notch in sensitivity. Little did he realize the ill-fate that awaited him. It approached. The metallic monster stormed forward. The criminal brandished his gun and began shooting…