

Anabantha

"The Random Twist Of Fate"

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Somewhere in a not so distant future

Storyteller:

Six AM, he wipes the sleep from his eyes
Jack is his name, always in shape, physique so strong
Never or seldom he's sick, past 35, though not a
wrinkle in sight
Ex international correspondent, though not scarred of
this world

Jack: The forest seems calm, but I hear distant chirping
No human in sight, just me and nature

Futher into the greenery I run
Further away from the rays of sun
My pulse is raising with every step

I feel so alive

I feel that I'm not alone
Was there a black van behind that stone?
The sound of feet are following me
But there's no one in sight

Suddenly I hit the ground
Silhouettes surrounding me
A wet rag in my face
Brings me dreamless sleep

I could never believe
Could never foresee
This happening to me

Just a piece in a game?
Am I going insane?
What do they want from me?

I'm drifting away

