

The Dreadful Menace Symbolism

I stand, at the start of the race, ready to turn my dreams into a reality and to have my day. I am the chill on the back of your neck, haunting your thoughts and moves, today will not be yours, oh no, not today. I pace to the start line, eyes fixed firmly on the finishing line, willing my legs to find their power and for this to be my race. Your determination and will cannot overpower the black cloud overhead, the black cloud which will follow you to the finish line. I take deep breaths and calm my nerves. Following weeks of sleepless nights from the excitement of training and waiting for this day to come. You will not be excited today, you will be fearful of me. You will realise you have met your match. I will summon armies to battle against you. I will fight through any obstacles to realise my dream. I have waited for this day since I was a child. I have waited for this day to challenge you. You will only know disappointment. Your dreams will be smashed. I take my position, the start sound in my ears. I begin to swerve round the tall trees, my skis swift on the icy snow. I will bring you down. You will slip and slide. You will fall. You will avalanche into my dark chasms. My heart beat races, sweat dripping off my forehead. I panic as I almost lose my balance. I must say calm and strong. You are weak, you will fear me. I have lived for centuries and have waited to defeat you. I made the black cloud overhead. It will destroy your confidence. I battle on, thinking of my parents, thinking of the medal I deserve. I am almost at the finish line, seconds away from glory. Fall! Fall down before me, human! You are not worthy of this race. You are weak and made of flesh. I will be here long after you are gone. Yes! I've done it! I've won! I breathe a sigh of relief, tears in my eyes. The pain has been worth it.