

Lillie cut a spectral silhouette through the faint morning light, with purposeful strides. Navigating the coast path, the mist embraced her like a ghostly shroud as she headed towards the road.

Her pale green eyes flickered with every movement, revealing glimpses of a more mysterious and profound world, one she would rather keep away from.

After moments, she reached the end of the track, slight echoes of whispers danced on the edge of her perception.

Gritting her teeth, she struggled to block out the persistent pleas which toyed with her thoughts, a lingering reminder of the psychic gifts she spent so much time trying to suppress.

With the dense fog bearing down on her like a foreboding threat, Lillie hesitated, a sense of unsettling in her gut.

The delicate silence gave way to the piercing sound of brakes screeching, she sensed the echo reverberating inside her.

In an attempt to chase away the noise, she blinked.

Gripping her head, she gasped, attempting to erase what she knew to be an impending premonition, but it persisted.

The fog parted before her, an unknown force guiding her. In an instant, she found herself carried away, propelled by some unseen energy, to the back of a bus.

The harsh clang of metal striking the vehicle, reached her ears. The bus jolted as it got pushed across the road, by a delivery truck, into the path of oncoming traffic.

Lillie viewed the lorry driver's scared eyes, visible to her through the windscreen, his face reflecting horror. Nothing he did would prevent the unfolding carnage.

"I don't want to watch it. I don't want this," she said, trying to clear her mind. "Go away. Leave me alone."

Terror consumed her at what she could see. A boy no older than five years old. The force of the accident flung the power of the impact ripped him from her.

Despite feeling compelled to intervene, she remained an observer, a mere spirit within her own premonition, rendered helpless. His long, curly blonde locks obscured the damage inflicted by the trauma on his young face.

In a flash, she arrived back on the street, panting for air and trembling. Shaking her head with ferocious power, trying to rid her mind of the images of the crash.

Two teenage boys pushed past her on the pavement.

"Away with the fairies, Mad Lillie Pad, yeah!" One of them said. They both laughed.

Recoiling, she hoped to hide in the returning fog.

"Leave her alone, she's not doing you any harm," said a firm female voice from behind her.

"What are you, her carer?" The other lad said, smirking. They kicked their empty beer cans towards her, before losing interest and disappearing into a side street.

"Are you okay miss?" The woman said, putting a steady hand on Lillie's arm.

Lillie raised her gaze to the woman, who towered over her. Looking up into her eyes she could see kindness and yet also a sense of something else.

"Yes. I think so. Just a funny turn." She said.

Something tried to flash in her head. A vision. Blinking, she attempted to push it back, not wanting any more trips to the future at that moment.

With a faint, empathetic smile, the woman offered her hand.

"Why don't you sit a while, you are a little shaken," she said.

"Thank you." Lillie said. Taking her arm.

"I'm Rosie and this is Sam. Here let me help you to the bench" she said, offering her hand.

Glancing down, Lillie saw a youngster, perhaps five years old. He held Rosie's hand. Her son she presumed. He shared his mum's kind emerald eyes and shoulder length wavy, blonde hair.

The bus flashed before her eyes again, like a lightning strike. Taken by surprise, she flinched.

The image of the lifeless child now etched in her mind's eye. The colour drained from her face.

"No," she said.

"Sorry?" Rosie said, frowning.

"Nothing" Lillie said. The response tumbled from her lips. As her thoughts scrambled into a whirlwind. Distracted by a desperate search for something to put off their terrible fate.

"The rantings of a mad woman. Mad Lillie Pad," she said, laughing, trying to make light of her comment.

"Really?" Rosie said, for the first time seeming a little unsettled.

"Really nothing, or really a mad woman?" She answered, attempting to laugh again but her nerves distorted it. It sounded more like a cackle.

Rosie became even more alarmed by Lillie's comments and attitude. "Well, if you are okay miss then we must be getting along now, we have a bus to catch." She said.

"You can't get on the bus, wait for a later one." Lillie said, grabbing Rosie's elbow in a sudden panic.

"You're scaring me now." Rosie said, frowning.

She squirmed in an attempt to wrestle her arm free from Lillie's grasp. Each pull a silent struggle etched on her face.

Lillie's eyes darted, showing her nervousness and despair. trying to find the right words to convince Rosie to avoid the impending disaster.

The mist gathered around them, generating a desolate post-apocalyptic scene.

"Please, I get it, it sounds insane, but it will be dangerous to get on the bus. A terrible crash is going to happen...I saw it." She said.

The expression on Rosie's face shifted from concern to scepticism.

"What are you saying? How can you tell? You can't know," she asked

After a hesitation, she continued. " Are you sure you're alright? You appear, so... troubled."

Lillie bit her lip. Grappling with an internal struggle to convey the urgency, she knew she sounded more like a madwoman.

"I have visions. I see things and I saw you and your son, in the middle of a crash," she said.

Frustration and distress grew in her. Reaching out again, she tried to grab Rosie's other arm. Rosie recoiled.

"Please wait," she said. "Take a later one. Now, I can't explain everything. I promise you; I'm not making this up. You are in danger I need you to trust me."

Rosie's eyes widened in disbelief, pulling her elbow away with a sharp motion.

"You see the future? You can't mean it. This is absurd. Please, I have to go to the stop with Sam," she said.

For a brief moment, Lillie protested, but her resistance gave way to the inevitable. An acceptance, with reluctance, of how every tug only deepened the portrait of "Mad Lillie Pad."

Rosie hurried away, dragging her child with her. Turning her head as she went. The deep rumble of the number seven bus getting closer. Picking up pace, she made it to the bus stop in time.

Spinning on her heel, Lillie shot off in the opposite direction. The events of her premonition loomed. A vivid projection she feared witnessing in reality. Guilt gnawed at her, a remorseful echo for not fighting harder to rescue them.

In her retreat, the ill-fated bus Rosie intended to board passed her. A cruel snapshot of the fate she hoped to avoid.

Dropping into a back street, anxious to be away from the impending crash, she scuttled along the cobbles. Here, the mist hung heavy again, enveloping her as if the road surface and brick facets embraced her within it.

Quiet words drifted through the encompassing soup. Insistent, they scorned her.

A voice, louder than the whispers, slashed through the soft babble. "Sometimes the echoes of destiny can't be silenced; they guide us whether we choose to listen or not."

The haunting phrases echoed in the solitude of Lillie's secluded presence.

Startled and confused, she found herself in a state of surprise. Shivering as a chill went down her spine, her eyes darted toward the sound.

Despite fog veiling much of the cobbled lane, her instincts told her that no one could be there.

The coded message lingered as an unsettling thought. The words burned in her mind. Nodding, she tried to hide her discomfort beneath a calm exterior.

The invisible speaker grew quiet. Leaving Lillie to mull about the disturbing remarks.

Torn between the urge to flee the foggy alley and the intrigue surrounding the voice's mysterious remark, she paused.

The mist clutched her like a phantom's fingers, as though an alien energy resonated in the air itself.

Long breath taken, she endeavoured to drive away the terrifying premonition. It lingered in her thoughts. An enduring stain on her mind.

Inner turmoil and mounting confusion grew, she clenched her fists as they trembled at her sides. Brows furrowed in deep lines; she replayed the vision of the bus crash. A heavyweight threatened to undermine her resolve as it pressed against her chest.

Ignoring the apprehension gnawing at her insides, she straightened her posture, her jaw set with conviction.

With a shaky breath, she took the first step forward. The muttering in the fog intensified, weaving a complex fabric of warnings and intriguing guidance.

Her racing heartbeat rang out in her eardrums. Each footfall like a thunderclap hitting the pavement. The rhythm drove her onward. It propelled her through the fog choked allies.

The air crackled with tension, charged with the electricity of impending doom.

Moving through the gloomy streets, the world blurred around her. The edges of reality melted away into a haze of uncertainty.

Lillie pressed on. Her senses hyperaware of every sound and shadow which flickered in front of her. The surroundings became saturated with the sharp wound of fright, mingling with the metallic taste of desperation on her tongue.

Each step represented a frantic endeavour to outpace the haunting whispers trailing her. A sense of urgency impelled her along the winding lanes, directed by an invisible hand.

With the passing moments, the weight of the task ahead threatened to crush her spirit. Clenching her fists, she refused to falter.

The thought of the consequences of inaction spurred her forward, a fire igniting within her chest. Chasing after the impossible, she ran, with determination, against time itself.

Lillie pushed through, despite the road in front of her being fraught with obstacles. Her courage unwavering even in the face of overwhelming odds.

So, with each step, she drew closer to the high street, her resolve burning brighter with the passing seconds. Her mind set now on defying destiny.

All she could think about was Rosie and Sam, along with the burden of guilt, for not trying harder to help them. It urged her to act. To do anything she could to alter the impending crash

The fog thinned as she reached the outskirts of town. A desolate landscape unveiled itself, as her destination came into view. It reflected the turmoil within her.

The air vibrated with the distant sound of sirens, echoing the tragedy she sought to avert.

The bus from her premonition, already passed its collection point, rumbled up the hill. Her heart missed a beat, Rosie and Sam could not be seen.

The whispers in the fog swirled around her, their urgency heightening. Lillie's horror-filled dark eyes scanned the surroundings for any sign of them. Racing against the unseen currents of destiny. Now, a conviction that defied reason drove her.

Approaching the bus stop, a silent scream escaped her.

Panic seized her, and she called out. "Where are you?!" she said.

Her voice echoed through the desolate streets. The only noise responding, the distant rattling of the bus vanishing in the distance. A cruel reminder of the ticking clock and time slipping away.

The mist swirled in a ghostly dance.

Lillie hurried to the bench where she had last been with them.

Her head hung in shame. An overwhelming sense of loss washed over her. With hands outstretched and a confused expression on her face, she groped at thin air, as if attempting to turn back time. Lowering her arms, she realised the opportunity to save them ceased to exist.

Desperation etched lines on her face as she took in her surroundings, hoping for a glimpse of the mother and son. The whispers in the fog mocked her, their elusive guidance now dwindling to an uncanny silence.

In the emptiness of the fog-laden streets, Lillie grappled with a profound sense of helplessness. The possibility to alter future events ended, leaving her standing alone in the fading mist, haunted by the recollections of a premonition she could not change.

Hunched over, she portrayed an image of a woman aged by the pain of failure. Bewildered, she hobbled back towards the coastal path.

The fog lifted but her visibility did not improve, instead a veil of tears now obscured it. Blind and debilitated by the anguish of her morning, she, at last, reached the sanctuary of her cottage.

On stepping in she double bolted the door. Turning she leant her back against it, before lowering herself to the floor. There she stayed, composing her nerves. Her knees pulled up to her chest, she shook with an inexplicable force.

Now safe in her homely fortress, the shakes subsided, she moved to take a seat in her favourite wing backed chair.

Clutching an emerald cushion in one hand. Breathing in a slow calming way, she ran her fingers over the velvety, forest green, of the chair's arm. Her frown softened as she settled in. Rocking her head back and forth, she tried to relax and clear her thoughts.

The mist had begun stirring something within her. Something she always made a constant effort to keep at arm's length. Some people referred to it as a gift, Lillie could only ever understand it as a curse.

Staring at the spring meadow wallpaper of the tiny lounge, reminded her of the torment which came from her first premonition. Shutting her eyes, she imagined walking bare foot through those fresh meadows, the soft grass comforting on her feet and. The subtle scents of flowers tickling her nose and throat.

Concentrating, she lost herself in the memory, trying like so many times before to work out why she misinterpreted its meaning all those years ago. The usual vivid vision blurred now; the detail appearing hazy, like viewing it on an old VHS film.

The remaining strands of fog receded, a gradual transformation. Lillie stepped out onto the balcony; a steaming mug of coffee cradled in her hands. Each sip brought warmth to her chilled body. It invigorated her senses as she savoured the rich aroma.

Smiling, she took in the view, her eyes widening in delight. With every passing moment, as the fog retreated, the distorted landscape in front of her underwent a remarkable change.

The earlier-obscured picture began to reveal itself, unveiling a watercolour of coastal splendour. Footpaths snaked their way along the rugged cliffs, leading towards the vast expanse of the sea beyond. Here and there, sheep grazed in contentment. Woolly forms blending seamlessly with the beautiful scenery.

Lifting her gaze to the horizon, a sense of awe washed over her. The ocean stretched out ahead of the cliff edge. Before her she beheld a tranquil, aquatic realm. The surface of the water a serene mirror. The sunlight danced upon the swell, casting a mesmerising kaleidoscope of reflections, which shimmered and sparkled with each gentle wave.

Drawing in a deep breath of salty air, she found calm in what she saw. The fog, cleared from her physical surroundings now drifting away from her own thoughts. Doubt crept in, challenging her previous understanding of the morning's events.

At that moment, she experienced a profound connection to the natural world around her, as though she could be part of something greater than herself. The beauty of the scene before her filled her with a sense of peace and contentment, washing away her morning trauma and leaving her heart buoyant with joy. The anxiety and horror of the bus crash ebbed away.

“Just the insane imaginings of Mad Lillie Pad,” she said, to a robin who perched itself on the gnarled branches of the willow tree, which cast shade over the balcony and the lawn below it.

Hugging the coffee cup with her hands, she enjoyed its bittersweet aroma. Searching for calm, she began to settle.

A sudden gust of wind whipped out of the porch door, carrying with it an old photo. The picture vanished between the slats of the decking, leaving only its corner revealed.

Poking it, she teased the photograph from the deck. Tears came to her eyes, as she recognised the person in it, her sister. Her expression fell, the faint smile gone, she closed her eyes and let out a gradual and deliberate sigh.