

Killer

By Ashley B.

Linda's POV:

My family has been living in this wooden cabin for over two years now. We came here when I was 13 and my sister, Lucile, was 15. My dad said that we moved away from our old house because we couldn't afford it anymore and this was the best choice. The cabin was in very nice condition with a gravel pathway leading up to the front door. Anyone who came around loved it, which included family members, friends, family friends; it was paradise. My sister and I had always been told not to go farther than a certain point my dad had made with red paint. They said they didn't want us to get lost in the woods and usually, we complied with their rule. But today, my sister was feeling rebellious and wanted to go outside of our boundaries.

"Come on, Linda! We'll be fine." Lucile said to me

"Do we have to go?" I complained. Part of me didn't really like the thought of going against our parent's wishes, but the other part wanted to see what was out there. I sighed after a couple minutes, giving in to my sisters pleads. We started to walk towards the red line and once we got there I started to feel a little uneasy.

"Lucy, I don't think we should-," I was cut off by her grabbing my hand and running. She let me go after a couple minutes, but we never stopped running. Soon, we got to a clearing and through the trees we could see another cabin. It looked just like ours but with the minor difference of it being a darker brown.

Lucile tapped me on the shoulder, "Let's go see what's there." I backed up from where I was standing, letting her know that I didn't want to. "Fine, if you're not coming with me, I guess I'll have to go alone." And with that she started walking towards the cabin. I stood there, in the middle of the clearing, debating on whether to leave her or to go with her. I made the stupid choice and ran after her. She turned her head to look at me, smiling as she did. We made it to the front of the cabin.

"It looks a bit run down." I said, touching the door.

"Uh, duh." Lucile said, "It looks like it's been here longer than ours has." I nodded and started to get the feeling of being watched.

"Lucile, I really think we should go now." I said, my voice a little above a whisper.

Lucile smirked, "You're not a chicken, are you? Come on, Lin. You always do this, you need to learn to live a little." I sighed shaking my head. I was about to turn around and leave when I heard a creaking noise. Lucile had opened the door.

"What is wrong with you?!" I yelled, trying to shut the door back again. Lucile fought against me and, because she's older and stronger, she managed to keep the door open. She glared at me and walked inside. I called out after her, making another stupid decision and ran after her again. I caught up with my sister and saw that she was standing in the middle of the living room. I looked around and saw the beautifulness of the cabin. It was bigger in space and it looked older than ours too.

“Wow.” Was all that was said. We heard footsteps come from the upstairs, but thought nothing of it thinking it was probably an animal. I got that uneasy feeling again when I heard a door open. I looked towards the front door and saw a woman standing there, back turned towards us. I grabbed Lucile’s hand, pulling her down and running to behind the refrigerator. It was big enough to hold the both of us so it wasn’t that much of a problem.

“Why are we back here?” Lucile whispered to me.

I motioned towards the door with my head, “A woman. We need to find a way to get out of here unnoticed. Who knows if she’s friendly or not.” I whispered. She nodded her head and, since she was the closest to the door, poked her head out to see where the woman was.

“I don’t see anyone.” She said quietly. Both of us walked out from behind the fridge, seeing no one.

I turned to Lucile, “We need to get out of here before-,”

“Who are you?” A woman’s voice echoed through the house.

“No one. Linda, run!” We started running towards the door. I heard footsteps behind us and sped up. Lucile made it outside, but I was left inside.

“So, you thought it was a good idea to break into someone’s house, huh?” the woman said, coming closer to me. It was now that I got a closer more precise look at her. She had on normal everyday clothes, her hair was brown and curly, and she was hiding something behind her back. Her clothes were littered with some red, crimson color and- ‘oh no!’ I thought to myself. I started to pound on the door.

“Lucile! LUCILE! Help me!” I said tears starting to spill out of my eyes. The woman was now standing in front of me.

“Don’t worry, young child.” She said stroking my face, “I’ll make it quick.” And with that, she brought the blood-stained knife out from behind her back and plunged it into my chest, stabbing me repeatedly until all I saw was darkness.

Lucile’s POV:

“Linda, run!” I yelled to my younger sister. We started running and once we got to the door, I bolted out of it. I turned to look for Linda and I realized she was left in there. I heard her pounding on the door.

“Lucile! LUCILE! Help me!” I ran to find momma and papa, knowing they would be home by now. Once I got to the house, mom and dad were there and were waiting outside, facing away from me.

I yelled out to them, “Mom! Dad! Help!” They didn’t move. I ran to them and turned them to face me, screaming when I did. Their throats were slit and blood was everywhere. I started to cry and cry, hearing nothing. The family laughter was now gone and I had lost everything. I heard footsteps come from the direction of the cabin Linda had most likely died in. I didn’t move and waited until the woman found me.

“You know, they didn’t put up much of a fight. Neither did your sister. Oh, that one was fun.” She said getting closer to me. I knew I was gonna die, I came to my peace with that when I saw my parents. I turned to look up at my killer.

“I-It’s you! But, why?” Was all I said before I felt a sharp pain in my side.

“Because Lucile, it’s fun.” That was the last thing I heard before darkness engulfed me.

3rd Person POV:

Red and blue lights were all around the happy family’s house. Their bodies littered the forest floor.

“It was terrible,” Fiona explained, “I came here to meet up with my sister and I find them dead.” She said with tears going down her face.

A policeman placed a hand on her shoulder, “It’s alright ma’am. There was nothing you could’ve done to-,”

“Sir, we’ve found the other girl.”

“Excuse me for a moment.” The policeman stepped away from Fiona.

She sniffled, “It’s fine, take all the time you need. I want this person to be caught and brought to justice.” She looked back at her dead sister, niece, and brother-in-law and smiled. She brought out the knife, still stained with blood, out from her back pocket. With it in hand she walked off away from the crime scene, wiping it clean and throwing it into a creek. She smiled menacingly as she got into her car and drove off.

“That was quite a show you put on.” A voice said.

Fiona laughed, “Of course it was.” She looked up into the rearview mirror and smiled to herself.

Her reflection laughed, “Time to go away now, Fiona.” And with that, there was a loud crash.