

Anthology of McKinsey Rose Lynn

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

My mom who is my inspiration. And my hope. I love her with all my heart.

Acknowledgement

Kessley Lehman who is a awesome advice giver. Jennifer Edgmon, my biggest fan and inspiration.

summary

Demons

The Graveyard Shift

Reflection Of This World

Sealed Lips

Apcolyspe

Red Rain

Words

Masks

Blades

Dead Men Tell No Tales

Sea Of Blood

Photos

Crazy

Society

Memories

Weak

Awakened (Prologue)

Awakened (chapter One)

Awakened (chapter two)

Awakened (chapter three)

Hide

My Fault

Till' Death Do Us Part

The Town That Fell Silent

Our world

Chapter one murderer in wedlock

Demons

Blood runs down her face, and naked body.
Evil clutches her soul.
Threatening with all its might to devour her.
Her breast ache as the cold hands clenches them.
Another kind of evil clutches a knife to her chest.
Slowly penetrating the skin.
She cries out in pain!
But her screams are never herd.
The evil condemned her life source till nothing else arose.

The Graveyard Shift

Corspes lay silent in the cold ground.

Death around every corner.

Ghost haunt their graves, looking for revenge.

Looking for their next victim.

A group of seven teenagers arrive with their beating hearts.

Some horny, some drunk others high.

They Laughed and drank as one falls into a empty grave.

The others laugh as the grave swallows the boy whole, spitting out his weary bones.

Still hungry the spirits devoured the other kids one by one.

In the silence of the night you can hear their bones breaking, and flesh being devoured.

None of the kids even screamed as they met their fate, perhaps to scared to.

When the sun rises to meet the morning all the grounds keeper will find, is seven skulls with the mark of the devil engraved on the base.

And the spirits of the evil creatures will burry themselves back in their graves, waiting for night fall to rise again.

Reflection Of This World

*I stare at my reflection, not knowing who I am.
I walk, imagining the world in blood shed.
My mind screams.
My eyes turn everything I see red.
People who in my mind worthless in a puddle of blood.
Your reflection is different.
You see the good.
I see the bad.
I see the truth.
You see the lie.
I see the horrors of the world.
Where everything is not perfect.
Where bodies of the people like me lie, dead.*

Sealed Lips

Don't look into her eyes, for they stare deeply into your skin.

Lips sewed together to hide the words she cannot say.

Death hides within her.

She doesn't want God, she wants the devil!

Death worships her soul.

God bless her soul!

No!

She's on her knees now, screaming the devils lullaby.

No one can save her, she's already gone!

Her eyes turn black, her face pale.

She's gone to hell!

No turning back now.

Apcolyspe

The world as we knew it is gone...
Shattered, our world...
Broken pieces lay on the streets...
Bodies are piled up, no care for decease...
Water is now poison...
The earth, a toxic waste land...
Few survivors...
Lots of mayhem...
Can't go outside...
Air is poison...
All that's left is to live in closure...
Indoors is safe...
Suicide turns into going outside...
Man has killed its home...
So its home is killing man...

Red Rain

To her the rain that was falling was red.

As red as the devils blood.

It hit her skin and dripped down her face.

She lifted her head and let it pour down her body.

The pain from her wounds disappear as the red rain washes over her body.

She soon realized that what she thought was rain, was in fact her own blood.

Her had mind created a safe place for her emotions.

It let her wounds bleed onto the ground before her.

She let her body go limp, and she fell down into the darkness.

Never to wake up in this world of hurt and pain again.

Words

Words.....

Never really have a meaning.... just sound

..

The beat, of one saying it...

Yet they hurt...

Words are just scratched out onto a screen or paper...

No meaning, until one says it...

To themselves or to others....

Words another weapon used against people...

Masks

Theres two sides of the world. What you show people, and what goes on behind closed doors. You think you're perfect, but baby how you're wrong. Those mask aren't who we are, their there for a reason. We're all scared of something, but baby thats why I have a mask

Blades

Blades

She touched her lips, and began rubbing the blood across her face. Watching her reflection in the mirror, she lifted the knife and touched it with the tip of her tongue. Slowly it pierced it, blood gushing out. She pushed the knife harder, slicing her tongue in two. She watched the blood with a blank face. She was tired, and it was time to finally get some rest. She lifted the knife one last time, and touched it to her throat. She slowly cuts horizontally, and closes her eyes for release. Her body falls, the knife clutters to the ground beside her. The mirror stained with her blood. Her parents would find a letter with a single phrase written on it, "I'm sorry".

Dead Men Tell No Tales

Rotting in the ground, sitting there for an eternity. No movement no sound. Rats chew on the bones. No casket. This body a vessel that used to hold a life, now rotting. No way to tell its story, no way to tell how they died. No way to get revenge on their killer. Forever stuck, until unearthed by someone or something. But still no way to find out what happened. Another puzzle unsolved. But as they say the living can not tell the dead's tales. As dead men tell no tales themselves.

Sea Of Blood

Bodies belonging to soliders float in the water, staining it red. Their bodies are left for days. Even after their removed, their blood stays in the water. Holding what once was their lives, within its molecules. Years have come and go, the water still cursed. People have gone to this body of water to comitt suicide. Others to hide bodies. The water holds peoples worst secrets. The water is truley cursed.

Photos

Behind every photo is a story. Some sad. Some happy. The world in the photo is fake. Once taken, once posed for, it gives the world a different perspective of you. The photo like a mirror reveals the truth behind the lie. Capturing a moment in time, like magic. To be remembered in the darkest of times, and happiest of time. Photos. A gate way to another time. To never be taken back. To never be altered. To never be forgotten.

Crazy

Crazy. Baby that's what I am. My psychotic mind intertwines with your normal mind. I'm not normal. Killers, blood, guts run threw my mind. Sadness. Gruesome thoughts run threw like a freight train. Im the mad hatter in your wonderland. Im the Morticia Gomez to your Richey Rich. Im the kind of person who stays up studying killers, and their killings. Im the kind of person who doesn't freak out watching horror movies. I sit there, admiring the killer. I like psychotic men. Stock holm syndrome is just falling in love with your captor, no big deal. Love is love. I love Gothic themed everything. Black is a happy color. Im crazy? Baby you think I don't know it? Music? Baby I'll listen to anything from Scremo/heavy metal right down to home town country. I like studying Satanism. Weird? No its interesting to me. Don't like me? Do I look like I care?

Society

Our lives are based around a government who doesn't care about us. Our Dreams, education, meals, pleasantries all are determined by a piece of paper. But money doesn't feed our hunger. But it does. Celebrities show us what the perfect body for man an woman is. We judge others by looks. We're scared seeing a cop, people who are too protect us. We're scared seeing someone not from our country. We as a society messed up. Land of the free? You can't do anything without going too jail. Peace is easily contained if you put effort into getting it

Memories

They sneak up on you, when least expected. Something triggers them, making you think about them. Good or bad. Sad or happy. It doesn't matter, they'll creep into your mind like a snake. You may not want to think about them, but you do. Those horrible memories that make you mad or sad changes your mood. A single word can trigger, a single phrase spoken. Even the happy ones sometimes don't want to be remembered. Memories, one of the mind's tricks to make you remember something you may not want too.

Weak

Weak defined by; liable to break or give way under pressure; easily damaged.

All though though your emotional, doesn't mean you're weak. You can't look a definition, and classify someone as weak. You don't know what goes on inside their head. Weak is describing a wooden beam thats been outside in rain. Emotional is not weak. And don't let people tell you any difference. You know your limitations. You know what YOU are cable of. You know how to stand on your own too feet and walk.

Awakened (Prologue)

I awakened with bright lights blinding my eyes, and unfamiliar voices hovering over me. I looked around the room, it resembles a hospital room. Oh God! What am I doing in the hospital?! "She's awake doctor!" A younger looking nurse yelled. A doctor came running a few short moments later. "Ma'am can you hear me?" I nodded to his question. "We're doing everything we can to help you and your baby." He replied, motioning a nurse over with an IV in hand. I watched her hook it up to the machine and run it into my vein. Baby? I'm not pregnant... I felt whatever was in the IV kick in, slowly dosing off to sleep. "That's when everything came flooding back. My husband... My wedding. Our bad relationship... The fights... The fight on our wedding day... The wreck coming home that night... Everyone in the car hauled over the bridge into the water. The screaming. The water burning my throat. More screaming... God the screaming! The glass shattering.. Then it went all black...

Awakened (chapter One)

Eight hours Earlier

"Shut the fuck up!" Ray shouted at Paul. "I don't give a fuck if you're my stepdaughters girlfriend, I'm not letting you drag her away to get married!" Ray shouted back. I slouch further into my chair, watching these two brawl it out. Ray may not be much of a stepfather, but I've got to give him credit he's a good man at heart. "I'm a motherfucking man! Do I have to pull down my fucking pants, and pull my dick out for you to see?!" Paul barked back. I let out a snicker. Bad idea. Paul walked over, and swang his hand hard against my cheek. "Don't you dare laugh at me again woman." Paul yelled. Tears run down my face, watching him walk back to my step dad. "Boy, you do that in the privacy of your own home. Don't do it in my house." Ray yelled, clenching his fists. I take that back Ray is a horrible person. End of story. "So when is this so called wedding happening?" Ray asked slightly polite. "Today. At two o'clock to be exact." Paul replied. But Ray slammed his fist into his chin, before he could say anything else. "Fuck you Ray." Pauls words slurred. "No thanks. I like pussy, but you too much of one." Ray punched back. "You're both eighteen. Too young to marry. I thought you wanted to go to college, Trina." Ray said, turning towards me. I crossed my legs under my dress, and stared at Ray blankly. I could feel my cheek burning from Pauls hand. "No wife of mine will be going to college." Paul got off of the floor, and slung me over his shoulders. I fought until we got to the truck. My stepdad was close behind us. Paul threw me into the cab, causing me to hit my head on the dashboard. I felt blood trickle down my nose. As I wiped it off, I saw Ray had a baseball bat in hand. He was smashing up Pauls truck, until Paul gunned the engine and black smoke blew out onto Ray. I laid my hands in my lap, letting my nose bleed down my face. I looked over at Paul, who's nose was also bleeding. In eight hours we'll be married. I don't even think I love him. Like Ray said. We're too young. I watched the world around me disappear, as I fell asleep. Sleep is my only escape.

Awakened (chapter two)

Paul pulled the truck into the parking lot of the church. Five hours left. I had a plan. And I hoped it would work. We got out of the truck, and walked inside the church. And to my surprise it didn't burn down with him in it. I stifled a laugh, as my little joke amused me. Inside our friends were decorating the benches, and tables. Paul dragged me closer to them. I jumped back in terror, all of their faces. My mouth dropped. Their faces were blue, like they suffocated. Some were caked in blood. Others were normal. I fell to the floor, mouth wide open. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them I was back in Paul's truck. We were parked in front of a gas station, and Paul wasn't in the truck. I sighed, and sat up straight. Paul came back with two bags in hand. I slid over the console and opened his door. "Thanks." He growled. He threw the bags at me, and I sat them on the floor board. His cheeks were swollen, and he had dried blood on the side of his mouth. "Let's get to the church. We have to prepare the altar." He whined. I sat back, bewildered by my nightmare. It was so real. I stayed silent the whole drive there. Fear was bestowed upon my mind, I had a bad gut wrenching feeling in the pit of my stomach. And it wasn't going away anytime soon.

Awakened (chapter three)

Chapter Three

As I walked into the church, everyone turned their heads towards us. To my relief they were normal. Maya Witfeild, my best friend ran up to me with a worried face. "My God Trina! What happened to your nose?! And why is your dress caked with your blood?" Her voice was scratchy. "Him again?" She said softer. I nodded. "Come with me." She said, grabbing my hand and leading me through a hallway. Inside the bathroom, Maya helped me clean my face, and some of the stain on my dress. "What happened this time?" She asked softly rubbing the fabric. "We went to go tell Ray about the wedding, it didn't go so well." My face dropped. Maya just nodded, and sat the rag down on the sink. "Are you sure you wanna go threw with this? I mean, we're eighteen. They'll be a lot more guys. More decent guys, I don't know like Chad Richards." Maya said peeking out the door of the restroom. I sighed. Maya has been trying to set me up with Chad since freshman year. But every time I came close to saying yes to him, Paul and I made up and got back together again. Paul, is like an old blanket. You hate it, but you can't live without it. I took a deep breath, maybe my plan will work. "I've got a plan. But I'm worried it's gonna go completely wrong." I whispered. "What's your plan?" Maya asked, still peeking out the door. I opened my mouth to speak, but it slammed shut. If I tell her, there's a chance she'll tell Paul's sister. And his sister will tell Paul, and I don't need that. "By the way. Did you know Chad was coming to the wedding?" Maya hesitated as she spoke. I shoved her out of the way, and stuck my head out the bathroom door. There he was, wearing jeans a t-shirt. Looking hot as always. "Shit!" I spit out. I shoved opened the door, and walked back into the chapel. I was walking towards Chad, when I felt a hand grip tight around my shoulder. I turned and saw Paul, his face was blank. "An airplane ticket to Tokyo?! You were gonna leave me to go to a damn art school overseas?!" He growled, he tightened his grip around my shoulder. All the heads turned towards us. I gave Chad a worrisome look. I chewed on my lower lip, how did he find out? I hid the plane ticket at Rays. Fuck! Ray you ignorant bastard, you were going through my things and found it didn't you?! "Fuck me." I whispered. "What was that, you mumbled? 'Fuck you'? You want me to fuck you right here in front of these people?! Would that show I care about you enough to fucking marry you, and to want to spend my life with you?. Fine your wish will come true." Paul pushed me onto the ground, and sat on my back where I couldn't move. I heard him unzip his pants, and the tearing of my dress. Tears ran down my cheeks. No one would help stop him, not even Maya. "Ah come on babe, you know you crying gets me off faster. So stop you fucking crying already! No one's gonna help you sweetheart, my daddy owns half of this Godforsaken town. And since he's on bed rest, dying a slow death you know who gets this town? Me." He said pulling down my panties. More and more tears ran down my face. I looked up, and saw that Chad was no longer there. After ramming into my ass a third time, I heard a loud smack. And realize Paul was no longer straddling me. I turned over onto my back, and saw Paul laying there on the white floor. Blood coming from his head. He slowly got up, and onto his feet. He pulled up his pants, and zipped them up. Hovering above me, Chad offered me a hand. "Chad behind you!" I yelped. But not in time, Paul attacked Chad. Punching him repeatedly, I screamed. Blood poured out of Chad's mouth. Paul's punching slowed down, and Chad didn't move. I covered my mouth with my hands, clasping tightly. Screaming, as tears rolled down my hands. He's dead. He's not moving. Paul's chest heaved up and down, as he stood up catching his breath. I watched as Paul turned to the preacher. "Get on with it father, we have some place to be." He barked. "Dearly beloved, we stand here today to join these to in holy matrimony..." Paul cut in. "Skip the chit chat father. We're all going to hell any way, just get on with it." The preacher's lips quivered. "I now pronounce you husband and wife, you may

kiss the bride." The preacher ended. Paul walked over to me, Chad's blood smeared on his clothes. I looked him in the eyes. He had no regret. No remorse of what he's done. He removed my hands, and kissed my lips. I move away quickly. "Congratulations." The preacher quivered once more. Tears ran down my face, as I stared at the guests. Some were crying. Others frozen in time. I sighed. I hate my life. I'm glad my mother did not survive long enough to see this. Paul hauled me over his shoulder, like a sack of potatoes. "The people who are riding with us to go to the bar, come on." Paul growled. Maya, and a couple of our other friends followed behind us. We all stuffed into the small truck, and silence over ridden us. Paul gunned the engine, and took off down the road. "How did you find out about the ticket." I grumbled. "Ray was packing your stuff, he found it in a tampa box. And he showed me at the chapel, he thought I had a change of heart. An congratulated me. I told him to go on home, and I went to find you." He spit. I didn't reply. Paul's lead foot, spiked the odometer towards 90 mph. Maya and the others held screamed. "You think you can leave me? You think you can escape, like I am a prison? That's where you're wrong." Paul pressed harder onto the gas pedal. He turned towards me, not watching the road. "So Trina. What will it be? Me? You and our friends lives? Or art school? It's a pretty easy choice. Is it not?" Paul yelled over the revving of the engine. I opened my mouth, and grabbed onto the dashboard. My eyes widened, watching as a semi truck jackknifes in the middle of the bridge. Paul slams his foot onto the brake, pumping it. "Shit! Shit!" He yelled. We were about two hundred feet away from the trailer, going 95 mph. "Don't tell me you forgot to fix the brakes dear?!" I screamed sarcastically. "Fuck!!!!!" He screeched. Both of his feet planted onto the pedals. I ducked, and Paul swerved the truck into the guardrail. The truck ripped through the metal like a can of vegetables. Hitting the water, you can hear the glass shattering. Everyone screaming. My head slammed against the dashboard. My mouth opened, swallowing the water, burning my lungs. I had no fight left. I let it all go black.

Hide

Hide your fears. Hide your flaws. Hide your feelings. Hide who you are. Become society. Become someone you are not. Society's messed up. But it's up to the people. The citizens, to defy this standard. To stand against the hate. To stand up for what you believe in.

My Fault

I cant grasp my reality. My hands reach out into the darkness, and it devours me. The small glimmer of hope crushed with the weight of all the pain. Words circle around my head, dreams swarm my conscious mind. The ground beneath me, the objects in front of me... All feel fake, no longer there. Im not destined to be here. Music helps, writing helps... But nothing cures my pain. People around me.... Surround me with guilt... Its all my fault... Its all my fault...

Till' Death Do Us Part

She sat there on her knees, with tears running down her cheeks. With her hands planted in the dirt, she prayed to God. But God couldn't save her from the evil spirit that arose at her own fault.

The blood seeping from her hands began to dry, she stared at them with confusion. She slowly looked upon a guys lifeless body, frightened. She stood up from her knees, now hovering over his body. "What have I done?" She whispered to herself.

The bleeding from his head formed a puddle around her feet. She screamed, and ran back to her house. She couldn't remember anything from that morning, let alone who she was. Who am I? Where am I? Did I really kill that guy? Her mind was boggled. Help me! Her brain screamed.

Inside the house she saw it was trashed. Furniture fallen on the floor, pictures shattered. She picked up a picture and stared at it for a moment. It was her and the dead guy. She now knew that he was her husband. Tears ran down her face, as the picture slipped slowly out of her hand onto the floor. The glass shattered into pieces onto the carpet, hidden by other pieces of dismembered picture frames. She fell to her knees, and began to sob. Startled by a loud crash, she opened her eyes, a handsome man stood in front of her. Speechless she stood up, and cried out to him, glass crunch in underneath her shoe.

"Help me please, my husbands dead. And I think I killed him.." She rambled. He raised his right hand, motioning her to stop. "I came here to offer you a bargain per say. If you agree, you get to see your husband again and regain all lost memories. But if you refuse. You walk out of here with no memories of your life. But either way I get your soul." The man replied, lowering his right hand. "Who are you? What do I have to do?" Her words spilled out into slurs.

"I'm the devil honey, and you just have to come over here and kiss me on the lips." He said, taking a step forward. She lost her balance, and landed on the floor. The glass digging into her back, causing pain. The devil bent down, and now face to face she panicked. "The devil? You sure don't look like him." She spoke, winching. The devil laughed. "Stupid girl. I can do anything I want, even take your soul to devour." He said planting a strong hand onto her shoulder, pushing her into the glass. Puncturing her skin, blood seeped onto the glass. "Fine! I'll do it. I'll do it." She screamed in pain. He leaned down and kissed her lips. All her memories came flooding back, her husband stood in front of her reaching for her hand. She took it, smiling. They walked together hand in hand towards a red brass gate. The gate opened up, and fire flowed towards them. Standing in the fire, stood the devil. The same man, who offered her life back. Her husband turned to her, she gasped and dropped his hand. His head was bashed in, blood caked on the side of his face. "You said you would give me my life back!" She yelled at the devil, crying. "I did no such thing. I offered you, your memories and to see your husband again. I said nothing about your life." His eyes burned firey red as he stared at her. She tried to drop to her knees, but her husband. No he was no longer her husband, but the devils messenger. Squeezed her hand, not letting her drop. "You did this to me. Like I did that stuff to you. Now we both burn in hell." He said dragging her towards the gate. She tried to get away, remembering all those times he dragged her into their bedroom and had his way with her without her consent. All those times he shoved her into the stove, burning her hand. She didnt deserve this. She looked up at the fire before her, and stared at the devil. "You chose wrong didn't you? I gave you a choice." His voice boomed louder than a speaker. Her eyes widened as the gates opened more, revealing burning corpses. Their souls screaming reached her ears, making them bleed. She failed trying to escape, now she never will. She closed her eyes and screamed as the gate closed, trapping her behind it. In the distance she herd her husbands laughter. "Theres no escaping now."

The Town That Fell Silent

Come one, come all. Vist this near town. You can find it by crossing them train tracks, over yonder. But make sure to be prepared, this town isnt for the faint of heart. When the clock strikes midnight, follow these here instructions if you want to visit this unknown town. You'll only need a working flashlight and a pair of feet in order for this to work. Step onto them train tracks, set the flashlight down gently. Now the light should of lit up some of the tracks, right? Now close your eyes, and count till you hear the train in the far distance. You should be facing the train, keep on counting now. Don't stop for anything.

Once the train draws closer, close enough you can go deaf from the horn. Open your eyes. Stare that train in its eyes. Let it pass threw you, it wont hurt you. Once its done passing you, you'll feel faint. But look around, the scenery is different. Its dead silent, and now daylight. Go on, wonder around the town. You'll find no one waitng up in their homes, or even the store. You're all alone. In this silent town. How does it feel? To be completley alone? Go to the old Christan Church, the old one down by the stream.

Go on, take a peak inside. What do you see? These dead bodies may it be? You look terrified, look up at the ceiling and it all will go away. Or maybe not, fore you chose this to be. Your deepest desire, was to be forever alone. So here you go, your friends and family are here with you of course. Look towards the alter, each hanging from a rope. Aw, trying to run back to the traintrack i see. Better hurry as for its getting dark. The nighttime is no place for the living. No the nighttime is when the dead rise up from their graves.

You wanted this remember? You wanted to be alone. But i have no control over the dead. As the moon shines bright above the sky, look at your body. Look at your hands. You are dead. Theres no going back now.

Our world

Familiar sites and smells make us feel humble.
Pain makes us feel alive.
Our spirit stays straggling through heartache.
Although.
When your heart feels heavy.
When your heart feels heavy.
When your heart feels weak enough to shatter.
Don't fret, good days will come.
We just got to wait.
One wrong step.
We get back up.
We stay strong.
We plummet back down.
Each painful memory replaying itself.
All have their reasons.
This.
Makes us human.
Beauty beholds the world.
Waiting for the right eye.
Nothing is too damaged.
Nothing is forgotten.
It lies between the cracks.
Wars carry on.
Peace never found.
We never frown.
We stand up.
Just to fall down.
This.
Is.
Life.
A baby born.
An old man dying.
A life taken far too soon from this world.

People making mistakes.
Wrong choices.
But freedom to choose.
It all connects.
Our world.
Far from perfect.
Far from weak.
We stand divided.
We stand united.
We stand to conquer.
Making history.
Making mistakes.
Marking our world.
Marking our fate.
But even in its faults.
We love this world.
We have to.
For its our only world.
Our home

Chapter one murderer in wedlock

"The police got report of the body being found, around three a.m. on Saturday morning. Word has it a young woman came upon the body walking home from an nearby club. The body was identified as a white male in his mid twenties, cause of death? Examiners say blunt force trauma to the back of the skull.

However multiple stab wounds and what appeared to be burns; were also found on the victims body. The wound on the back of the head, most likely was the cause of death. However their not ruling anything out.

The body was found outside an abandoned house on Southwest Main St. About five miles away from the bar the witness was said to be coming from. Officer Jack Destial, was the first cop upon the scene. And was reported to be intoxicated himself. A local cop, and former high school football star. Makes the topping on this news reporters cake. As Destial is the first cop in our towns history to have shown up to every scene intoxicated.. .. "

Destial hit the power button on the remote, slamming it down on his coffee table.

"Intoxicated my ass! Fucking reporters. " He muttered under his breath. "More worried about me drinking than a murderer on the loose. Fuck! A good way to keep your priorities straight, dumb asses. " He slammed his head backwards, throwing his arms over the couch.

Closing his eyes, he concentrated on his headache. But was soon jolted from his trance, by the sound of knocking at the door. He mentally debated on whether or not to answer it. Sighing, he pushed himself off of the couch. Wiping his face with his left hand, he wobbled over to the door.

"Who is it? You know what Fucking time it is?! " He grumbled, turning the door knob. "U'm. Hello sir, I would like to confess to a murder. I'm the one who killed that man on the news. "

Standing before him, a tall slender young woman stood up with pride. Before he knew it he was laughing. He looked at the woman, trying to contain his amusement. Her face showed that she was serious, she meant busniess. "I take offense to your laughter, sir. Do you think, due to the fact that I am a woman, I can't be the killer? "

She asked crossing her arms over her chest. He watched as she shifted upon her feet, she was nervous. He pondered whether or not to believe her. "Ma'm? No offense but hypothetically speaking, if you were the killer. And that's a big if. Why show up to my house to confess? You could've went down to the station, and they would've booked you right then.

So Ma'm, what are you doing here? " He replied, yawning. "Well sir, looks can be deceiving." She replied, smirking from ear to ear. "Look behind you. " She almost whispered .

Staring at her face, he began to feel uncomfortable. He turned towards his living room, nothing out of the ordinary. When he turned back to the door, the woman was gone. "Why do I always get the crazy ones? " He mumbled under his breath.

Closing the door, he walked towards the kitchen, deciding to grab something to eat. The pale insides of the fridge stared back at him, as his stomach growled. Grocery shopping it it is. He reminded himself.

Sighing, he walked over to the sink, and turned on the water. Next he opened up a cupboard, and grabbed a glass. Filling it up, he reached out for a drink.

He let the glass slip from his hands and lips, causing it to shatter. "In other news, police have identified the vandlist who carved up the local highschool." The TV blared. Scared, he swore to

himself. Maybe he didn't turn it off? But that's impossible, he would've heard it. But he was too busy talking to that crazy woman.

Quietly he slipped his left hand into the top drawer, carefully pulling out a knife. Gently he slid it towards the back of his arm, concealing it from others sight. Slowly he walked back towards the living room, looking over every detail.

"Show yourself. I'm a cop, and breaking an entering is a crime. So I'm going to say it again. Show yourself. " Destial yelled into the empty room. "I know who you are, sir. But you were so rude to me earlier, we're you not? I think it's only fair that I be rude back. " It was that woman's voice, and it was coming from the hallway.

"What do you want? " He asked clutching the knife as he strood down the hallway. No response was giving, as he found the hallway was empty. She must've gone into one of the rooms, he thought to himself.

Entering the first room, and checking it thoroughly he found nothing. He continued checking the next rooms, also finding nothing. The only room left was his at the end of the hallway. Steadily he walked towards the room, trying to stay silent. Gripping the door handle, he turned it slowly. Ready for anything to happen.

Once inside, he dropped the knife out of his hands. What sat before him almost gave him a heart attack. If it wasn't for the three years of being a cop, he probably would have had one. Sitting in a pool of blood, that was soaking the bed. The woman sat crossed legged. And behind her on the bed was several body parts.

Their fresh blood pooling across his sheets. The woman stood up, an met him halfway. Blood caked most of her clothes and hair, she looked like she took a shower with their blood.

"Speechless? Not surprised. Most men are, when they found out their gonna be killed by a woman. " Her voice was chipper, and filled with excitement. She reached for something inside her pants pocket, as he stood there frozen to the floor.

"Why me? What have I done to you? " He asks, standing perfectly still. The woman chuckled, and grinned. Slowly she walked closer to him, hand burried in her pocket. Her eyes were dark, and had no emotion. "Humanity needs a wake up call. And in order to send the message I want. I have to kill men. And you so happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. " She pulled her hand out of her pocket, revealing a small pocket knife.

"Fun fact. Dip a knife into snake venom make it ten times more dangerous. However once you cut someone with it, the venom works just as well as a bite. " She replied, turning the knife in her palm.

He took a deep breath, and jumped towards her; hand reaching for the knife. Successfully, he pinned her down to the floor with ease.

"You women talk to much. " He laughed, clutching her left wrist that held the knife. In the back of his mind, something felt wrong. She wasn't resisting, however she wasn't ready to comply. The grin was still on her face, and it creeps him out.

"You men, always have to be in control. And that is your down fall, you never think things threw. So. Jack, that's why we chose you to be our voice. " She replied tilting her head to the side.

He sat there dumbfounded, "we"? Voice? Chosen? What the fuck was she talking about! "Sorry to cut this short, but I have somewhere I need to be. " She replied, as something heavy hit against the back of his head. His body fell to the side, as she slid out from under him.

"Good job honey, now help me get him into the truck. We have to get to your sisters house by three. " She spoke to a tall broad figure standing over her and Jacks body.

"Yes ma'am." The voice was husky, and deep. He picked up Jacks arms as she picked up his legs.

Together they took him out the back door, to their truck. "You did well dear. " The voice broke the silence as they slid his body into the backseat.

"We did good, honey. " She replied grabbing his face and pulling him in for a kiss. The blood on hers smeared across his lips and cheeks. Breaking the kiss, she locked their hands together and quickly unlocked them.

I watched as all of this happened right from my computer. Security cameras were easy to hack, and made good shows to sit and watch. I watched as the broad man jumped into the drivers seat, her in the passenger drive off down the road.

Standing up, I walk over to another desktop to see a red dot blinking on the screen. My tracker was successful. I knew where they were and where they were heading. I sat back down in my chair, and grabbed my cellphone off of the desk and dialed a number.

"Their heading east towards Riverside. Yes. I'm on it. Goodbye. " As I hung up the phone, I close my eyes. And let sleep over come me.