

Death Awaits

Elizabeth Carver had always had a fortunate life .On Halloween night with her husband, Thomas; they lay on the couch watching TV. Suddenly, the power shut off. Thomas went to check the router outside and was gone for hours. Elizabeth grew worried, so she went to check on him and to her biggest surprise she saw Thomas kissing an elegant woman in the full moon light. She still had the knife in her hand from cutting the Halloween cake. She stabbed her husband several times in the heart as she wailed in agony. She ran back to her house, snatched a lighter from the kitchen drawer, and burned the house down, as she died with it. She tightly gripped the very knife she killed her husband with. Someone called the firefighters, they successfully stopped the house from burning, but they never found her body. Just blood stains spelled "Death Awaits."

Leah was walking across the street excited that her parents finally let her go trick or treating by herself. As she walked across the abandoned house that Elizabeth Carver had once lived in, her heart pounded rapidly. That is when it all happened. The door of the house suddenly opened, and an invisible force tugged her shirt and pulled her into the house. She fought the force but she was losing. Cries of agony arose from the house. Just as she was pulled into the house, she smelled the slightest hint of death. That's when her heart skipped a beat.

The force let her go, but when she turned to leave, the door slammed shut in her face. Clueless of what just happened, she went further into the house. That's when the darkness hit her. It wasn't just endless blackness in the house, but she felt as if the air around her was pure evil. A shiver went down Leah's spine. She walked deeper into the house when she saw a small flash. The flash was so small it was barely noticeable, but it was surely there. Ignoring what she saw, she continued to search for a way out. As she walked across the staircase she saw eyes. Not just normal eyes, but dead, bloodshot eyes. Leah stumbled and fell on the ground from shock.

The eyes of the dead one were tattooed into her brain. She was in so much shock she didn't have the voice to scream. It was as if the pupils of her eyes had damaged her vocal cords. Suddenly pain was shot through her body. It was as if a shard of glass was impaling through her heart and lungs. She was crying when she noticed something. Her hands were wet and so were her legs. In fact her entire body was wet. When a small beam of light coming from where she got hit, she saw red. Not bright and warm red, but a wicked red. It was pure blood. At this point Leah was screaming at the top of her lungs as she was dying.

Then a raspy, metallic voice spoke in her mind. *Oh young one, how miserable you must feel. Dying here all alone with nothing but me, Elizabeth Carver. You see, I was never cruel when*

blood was still circulating through my very alive body, but horrible things happened to me. Things people may say were just mere mistakes. And now here you're sitting in a puddle of your own blood. Now would you call the horrible things that happened to me a mistake? Elizabeth Carver appeared from the darkness barely visible and ghost-like, and took out the knife she clutched the day of her death.

Then her cold voice spoke again in Leah's mind. *I am truly sorry for this, but I have no intention in saving lives, because nobody ever saved mine. Oh my young Leah, death awaits you and perhaps you will join me here.* And there Leah sat in her blood holding onto the faintest of hope. Elizabeth Carver approached her so gracefully as if adrenaline was shot through her dead body. She pulled the knife closer, and Leah closed her eyes. The cruel ghost positioned the knife toward Leah's still pumping heart. Each sound of a beat from her heart made the ghost flinch. *One, Two.* Elizabeth counted in Leah's head. *Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine...* Leah cried in pain, screaming for help. Each beat from her heart slowed down until there was no beat left. Leah was gone.

Elizabeth backed up from the body, clutching on to the bloody knife. She could never stop this. She craved blood. She started laughing or perhaps it was cries from the dead. As for now, death awaits for Elizabeth Carver's next victim.