

The day we all died:

Jennifer was a very sick child, she had a bad mental illness. Sometimes on her bad days she got a fever and had to stay in bed. It all started 10 years ago when Jennifer was just a baby. Her mother never paid enough attention to her, she claimed it was her fault. Her father got mad when she cried, he claimed it was his fault. Really it was no one's fault, she was born with this condition. Jennifer had always wished she could be normal and go to school like any other kid. Jennifer remembered when she was four and fell down, she had to go to the hospital and that's when they found out her condition was a lot worse than they thought. Today is one of her bad days and she is stuck in bed. She is now thinking about the day I died. This was five years ago. When I was 15 we took a stroll in the woods. We suddenly came face to face with a tiger, we slowly started backing away, but the tiger wanted to pounce and Jennifer started screaming, the tiger pounced on me. The last thing she saw of me before the hospital took me away, was blood and teeth marks. She doesn't know that I'm alive. Jennifer was crying in her bed. I quietly waited. I knew what to do when the time would be right. Jennifer's mother came upstairs and felt Jennifer's head. You could tell from her mother's face that she had a fever. Jennifer then thought about how when she was just a baby our dog died. She watched Cupcake as Blood slowly seeped out of him until he was all gone. Thinking of that Jennifer started to drift off to sleep. Her mother slowly hummed to her, not realizing that Jennifer would never wake up. Jennifer's mother felt Jennifer's pulse and let out a spine chilling scream. Quietly, I locked the doors and suddenly her mother banged against the door trying to get out quickly. I crept into the room and hid in one of Jennifer's big dresser drawers. Suddenly, I heard the door click and open. Jennifer's father had come up the stairs and opened the door with a key Jennifer's father found Jennifer's mother laying on the floor unconscious and assumed the worst that she was dead. He also saw Jennifer laying in bed with no pulse, not breathing and very limp. He grabbed a weapon that had two bullets he committed suicide. The bang was loud. It woke up Jennifer's mother. I quietly slid out of the drawer, but a little too early and Jennifer's mother shot me and instead of herself, and I died this time I was really dead. Jennifer's mother was now stuck in the locked room with no food, water or any way to get out. She died of hunger in that room. The police didn't find them for 10 years. The only thing the police did find though was clothes off of bodies bones. Blood. And then they all lived happily ever after.