

Cayey Students Write

College Horror

Stories

“Where there is no imagination there is no horror.”

-Arthur Conan Doyle

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Cayey Students Write joins the creative writing of talented students in the form of a newsletter. With the purpose to publish their works, so people like you can enjoy.

About the team




Most of our collaborators at Cayey Students Write are Sigma Tau Delta members. Sigma Tau Delta is an International English Honor Society.

But First...A Word from the Sponsor:

Cayey Students Write...Once Again!

First of all I wish to extend greetings to all readers of the English Department Newsletter: “Cayey Students Write—the English department’s Creative Newsletter,” which returns after a brief and forced hiatus in what was the anomalous academic term that was 2017–18. During the never-ending term of the previous year, plagued by the historic and most extensive forced interruption and disruption of the university’s history due to the twin-headed-sisters or natural disasters known as Hurricanes Irma---later known as the redoubtable—and her elder fearful twin, Maria—the atmospheric behemoth, which dropkicked and stagnated operations, to the point our university campus was practically destroyed and its...its very existence believed jeopardized in the aftermath of events that transpired during the month of September 2017, which kept almost everyone out, particularly our students, until the month of November. From September 6th to November 6th were sixty days where lives were in shambles. Yet, when students returned to campus for the restart of the semester, circumstances had changed substantially: a campus devoid of its luster and verdure. Hallways accentuated by darkness, classes held with opened doors and opened windows, classes held in the dark with students lighting rooms with miniature flashlights or those from recharged cell phones, faculty’s voices competing across the hall and adjacent classrooms, faculty awaiting the arrivals of students left incommunicado or simply absentee, without knowing if they had fled, like hundreds (if not thousands) of others in the aftermath of destruction, desolation, and desperation Maria left in many souls, if they simply gave up, or worse...were lost forever. Under these circumstances it was that we returned to attempt to resume our daily activities in our *alma mater*, which was now greatly transformed, as much as we all were—specters of our former selves (?).



With a first semester that extended into February and a second semester that culminated in early July where time was discombobulated and we were out of sync, we concluded the term as best we could. For many, it took extensive time to adapt, adjust to this new reality, and return to relative normalcy. Many were the activities we had to postpone or forego, among these the publication of our newsletter. Despite the fact that our Deltans attempted to fulfill its goal of issuing an edition of “Cayey Students Write”, students apparently were simply not moved to respond and submit papers for it when the calls for papers were emitted—several attempts actually managed to receive only two confirmed submissions. Thus, the newsletter was never published. The department faculty nonetheless embarked on the production of student narratives about their hurricane experiences, writing competitions, community service projects, and creative research projects in their courses, as therapeutic measures of venting and coping, but also for sharing experiences and garnering support, as well as developing writing skills; works that will subsequently be published in forthcoming publications spearheaded by several faculty and students from our program.

However, this year, our Sigma Tau Delta chapter (Alpha Zeta Alpha) has vowed to make 2018–19 productive in terms of the return of the English department newsletter, alongside the other ongoing writing and publishing ventures. For this current issue they have selected a popular theme among students, the theme of *College Horror Stories*. The response has been overwhelming, and the end result is that this issue becomes the most extensive issue ever produced, with roughly more than 50 pages of short stories written and submitted by students from English as well as from other programs. Even though several submissions had to be excluded from the current publication either due to its extent or editorial decisions made by student editors’ board— which likewise increased substantially, and bodes well for future publications because it serves as a venue providing them with experience in editing, proofreading,

approaching submissions critically and analytically, and eventually selecting the best samples for this issue—the final crop of stories included what our students felt were the best in accordance with the theme. The experience exposes them to another viable area of professional potential/career option once they conclude their B.A., the publishing, editing field.

College Horror Stories consists of an array of fictional stories (mostly), but which may exhibit some qualities of reality in the lives of Post-Irma/Maria UPR-Cayey students, of that same barren campus they returned to back in November 2017 that since then has resuscitated in greenness, or tales that echo its mythic and mysterious lore; even when some of these stories are not set in our campus, and the fact that some may spark controversy, disbelief, intrigue, suspense, joy (anyone?), identification with characters or persons and settings that might even become additional “Torito-lore” in the future—Which are those actual or metaphoric ROOMS!, that mysterious friend, that diabolical dean/deacon/rector/professor...that floor of DOOM!?—Of course, the stories might even sound realistic, but they remain grounded in fiction, and any similarities with actual persons, situations, events, places and experiences (especially yours) are mere coincidence, if not figments of the author’s...and maybe your...imagination. So without further adieu, I welcome, urge, and dare you to read the nine stories selected for this issue of *Cayey Students Write*, with hope that you be unable to desist perusing until reaching the END...of the issue, of course...And as for our student contributors and editorial board, may *Cayey Students Write* cease (its) production... “NEVERMORE!”

By: Dr. David Lizardi Sierra
Sigma Tau Delta-Alpha Zeta Alpha
Sponsor



Editor's Letter

Dear readers, thank you for taking the time to read this edition of *Cayey Students Write* that the members of Sigma tau Delta have worked so hard on putting together. I'd also like to take this opportunity to thank anyone who might have taken time to write something for this newsletter, and submit it. I hope you all enjoy this, and the many editions to come!

Adriana S. Alvarez

Editor in Chief



Cayey Students Write

On behalf of the English Department faculty we want to congratulate our students-writers. The inspiration, motivation and effort you put into writing the stories included in this edition show your limitless potential! Blank pages turned into “places” where destiny, faith, ghosts, and loneliness converged provoking multiple emotions in the readers.

The scenes described in the stories are vivid and the plots invite the readers to visit and revisit them while exploring, feeling and enjoying their mysterious and unpredictable content.

We want to encourage you to keep writing, to explore different genres and enjoy the process. Believe in the transforming power of words and believe in yourselves. Words can change any scenario! Start impacting others and getting others engaged in the process of telling their stories. Words can go from the paper, to the mind and into the reader’s heart.

We will be anxiously waiting for the next newsletter because we know it will be another open door to the wonderful things you can create! You definitely make us proud! Hope the following quotes will serve as inspiration.

"You can make anything by writing."--C.S. Lewis.


"A word after a word after a word is power."--Margaret Atwood

Dr. Carmen González-Alfano
Interim Director
English Department



When you open the door of a mysteriously lonely place, you feel a certain chill going down your spine. It is a feeling of a maleficent organism crawling up to your body and surrounding you with its evil presence. You try to not get near this diabolical specter that you cannot see, but you know it is there. We all feel this when we are in places that give us fear that something bad may happen to us. In my case, that's how I feel every time I use a public restroom, like the ones on this campus. The lack of hygiene in the university restrooms has disgusted many of its visitors who always complain about the status of it.

The germ-infested restrooms have been an awful terror to many of those who use its facilities. By just entering, you are slapped by an arrogant smell of unflushed urine and hints of bleach that have tried to cover up the stench, but have not prevailed to succeed. That smell, sometimes compared to sulfur, has made you think that under the toilet pumps you will find the infernal gateway to your doom. You feel the odor crawling up your nose, intoxicating your thoughts, weakening your strength, making you feel like you will faint. It smells like a bladder exploded in here! You still fear falling to the floor, knowing that unimaginable demon germs may crawl into your flesh and devour you. The floors are more flooded than the toilets themselves, which makes the odor express its sinister poison towards our respiratory system. Smelling these malodorous aromas is quite disturbing, but seeing where it comes from is just plain disgusting.



Everything that you see has an eerie stain that creeps out every hair in your body. The sinks that used to be white now are more surrounded by moldy lines created by the water that flows when open. Some of the metal found on the door-locks are all moldy and tearing down, and they don't guarantee that you will have a private moment with a partly-open entrance. These restrooms have been invaded by graffiti artists who have expressed their darkest and most personal desires, sometimes too personal. One weird example that I read was "La profe de Biología está bien buena". These messages tend, also, to reflect the frustrations and angers of the students towards other people, like professors or enemy peers. It is bad enough you have to see the mistreated facility be so torn apart, but it stinks (pun intended) when you have to touch the malevolent objects.

The last thing you want to do in this situation is put your hands on anything! By just looking at it you know it's not safe, but once the need comes to go, well, we are lucky that bacteria doesn't kill at a very fast pace, as far as we know. It becomes so disgusting, you are afraid of using the toilet, thinking that those germs might attack you like an angry octopus were to drag you down the drain. If the restroom was a scary movie, red blood would pour out from the sink. It gets worse! Some of these restrooms have no toilet paper, nor drying paper towels, but at least they have soap that make you feel halfway clean afterwards. The Devil himself would be afraid of this macabre materialization of pure evil.

Many students have told and retold their experiences in these awful public lavatory. Two peers, a male and a female, have described the situations they find themselves in when they are in these restrooms. The male student, tired of stepping on other people's urine, has the following statement: "Guys who get accepted into the University should have as an application task that if they don't know how to aim at the toilet while they're peeing, they should not get into college!" The female student has told me a quite different, but utterly gross description of the women's restroom. Not only had she complained about the wide-open sanitary towels with menstrual blood obvious to see, but also she was curious to find on the floor a quarter. Now this quarter had a disturbing fact that has made me rethink about sanctity in sanitation. The coin resembling the face of the first U.S. president was covered in blood. Either someone slit George Washington by the throat, or that quarter was in an unusual piggy bank. Whatever the explanation is, I don't see how leaving a public facility with one's segregations on places that should be clean make us moral human beings. The word savage wouldn't even describe the type of people uncleanly enough to respect public property.


This true story is a happy haunting that is gathered by those phantasmal beings we cannot see, knowing they can see us. The way that they torture us will always make us feel vulnerable when we go to a public restroom, because we know that we will be attacked. At a certain moment, you don't know how to feel, because you know that you are not safe, yet you agree and accept the sacrifice to be in a public restroom just for the reason of natural necessities. It is, however, traumatizing to see these necessities been covering the image of a place that should be more clean than a kitchen. I don't believe anyone in the world wants to feel unsafe in a public restroom. Sometimes we might undermine the fact that it is lack of cleanliness from the sanitation engineers, but even if this were true, we restroom users don't appreciate the service that is given to us. At the end, we turn it into something even worse than a haunted house, we make it a germ-room.



Saddie

College has always been intriguing, we meet people from every unimaginable place. In my case, these days have been pretty hectic, everyone is moving around finishing papers and dwelling into their own minds and worlds. But, since I prefer lonely places, so I can study successfully, my days are a little more enjoyable. Stress does not bother me so deeply. Well, my name is Chloe Rosethorn, and this is my third year of studies in this erratic, but mesmerizing, college. What I mean with 'erratic', is that some bizarre things occur once in a while, in different spots of inside our campus. We don't give so much importance to those things, but they clearly affect us, somehow. The things I am mentioning are a little bit scary and worrisome. Three years back, at my first Halloween's Freshmen Party, a girl was found dead in the bathroom of the cafeteria. Some say that she hung herself because she felt so much of mental pressure during

midterm season but, I don't think she did that, she was a very happy and kind girl. Well, these are only my thoughts after all, maybe I'm right or maybe I'm wrong. The truth is, that these creepy things keep on happening. Many people have seen ghosts in one of the campus's oldest buildings, and that's not a coincidence that the building is intended for the medical science students' projects. Science is not my forte, but I thought I would give it a try, so I am part of that group of mentally haggard youngsters. Recently, I saw one ghost myself. I was working in a Biology class experiment, and my group had to stay working past six-o'clock in the evening. The building looked really scary, but since we were six students, I think that bravery was by our side. The experiment was completed successfully, the data was gathered and collected, so finally we prepared to go back home. When suddenly, out of nowhere, a terrible noise came out of one of the unoccupied classrooms on the central corridor. None of us wanted to see what was going on there, so we decided to climb down the stairs and find the exit. While climbing down, a terrifying and breathy female voice murmured "Saddie"; that voice seemed to chase us in the air! So, we started to run towards the exit, only to find that the doors were already locked! I thought that to hide in one of the other unlocked classrooms was a better idea, so we did that, and cried out of impotence. A slim and crooked silhouette was clearly seen from behind the piece of glass encrusted into the classroom's door. It seemed like a hand was trying to draw a letter on the glass. I couldn't see it so clearly but, in my opinion, that letter was an S followed by a letter D. The silhouette started to fade away slowly, when the classroom's door started to shake. It was like someone wanted to forcibly open it. In that moment, I grabbed a piece of steel




that I found in the corner, and I was ready to hit whatever that was behind that door, even if it was ghost.

As terrified as we all were, we waited for the evil to overthrow the door, and enter the room but, instead of our macabre expectations, the dean (who was also mysterious) made his way into the darkness to help us scape. How did he notice we were trapped inside the building? Why was he still at the campus? Anyway, I rather consider it is better to ignore those questions, so I can keep my peace of mind. After that horrific experience, I never spoke about it with anyone. Days passed, and I could not return to that building, even if I had classes to attend. Bravery is a must, I had to be brave and find strength to enter the building and complete my responsibilities. If I was a little introvert before, I became extremely introverted after this encounter with the supernatural world. My five classmates also changed, they became silent and absent minded; something was troubling them, and I knew what it was, we had something in common. Weeks later, the death anniversary of that girl whom I mentioned before, the one who was found dead on campus, was being remembered in a special gathering at an open area near the cafeteria. I was not so fun of these kinds of gatherings but, it was part of my duty to bring support to those who knew her as I also did. Her family, classmates, friends and professors were present. The girl's mother spoke about her, and let her sister continue with the eulogy, but unfortunately for us, she concluded by saying "And we all fondly knew her as Sddie".



I miss beautiful sounds. The sound of the gentle rain hitting a glass window. The sound of autumn leaves crunching under my feet. I miss the sound of my cello. At least, I think I played. I can't seem to remember anything beyond being in this dark room. Whenever I try, I can feel an immense pain in my heart, and not in an emotional way. It feels like a hand squishes my heart to a pulp whenever I attempt to remember anything besides the room I currently reside. I've tried everything, but I find my heart feels just fine remembering sounds. If I'm honest, I don't remember who I am or what I look like. Sometimes I get fragments of long, dark, curly hair. And red. Lots of red. Right now, I'm what I call asleep. I'm not always like this. Sometimes I'm able to move around. Until my body suddenly shuts down and I fall onto the floor. Sometimes I have no way of telling if my eyes are open or closed, since all I see all is darkness. It's all I've known thus far. So, when the doors began to open I felt as scared as ever. I realized my eyes were open all this time. I realized I had forgotten what light even looked like.

My body is released from its slumber, but I'm terrified to move. However, I'm even more scared of the door closing and never getting this chance again. I walk quickly out and find myself in an even bigger room. This one, on the contrary, had four more doors.



The whole place looked grey and musty, as if the entire building was made of dark concrete. I looked back at my room, but the door was already closed. I'll never know what it even looked like. I stood alone for a while, examining my surroundings, when someone else emerged from the room adjacent to mine. He was slightly shorter in stature, with dirty blonde hair. He seemed to be alright with the circumstances he was currently in. At least, until the tears came. He knelt onto the floor, sobbing. He probably knew more than me, but, before I could utter a word, two other people came out of their rooms. Two more boys. One tan skinned; the other, dark skinned. Both tall and muscular. Both serious. We heard crying in the last room. The room next to where mine. I was the closest, so I approached it carefully. Inside I found a brightly lit, spotless room, which looked was different that my hellish room, and I found another girl. Her hair was short, straight, and blonde. Could she be related to the blonde boy? She was inconsolable; her petite frame shaking with every breath she took. I extended my hand to her, but she swatted it away.

"I won't hurt you" I said, surprised at the sound of my own voice. It sounded different than the one in my head. She looked up at me, and I took a small step back. Her eyes struck me as unusual. One looked normal. Bright green; it was crying. The other, the blue one, wouldn't shed a tear. It didn't even look-

"Ah" I exclaimed, clutching at my heart. It hurt. The imaginary hand squeezed at it harder than usual. I think I scared her; she keeps scooting to the corner of that little room. Did I look scary? I wouldn't know. I put my hands in my pockets and leaned against the wall, not knowing if I should leave her alone or convince her somehow. For the first time, I take into consideration what I'm wearing. A dark grey, shapeless jumpsuit. I notice she isn't wearing the same thing as me. Her jumpsuit is tighter than mine; it's the color of bone. She also had a number on it. The boys came into the room. They all wore the same jumpsuits as her each with their own number.

"Who are you, guys?" the girl, number three, asked.

“I don’t know” replied number four, the blonde boy approached the girl cautiously. I noticed immediately that they are the mirror images of each other. His eyes, one green and the other purple, looked for answers in our faces. An attempt to understand what’s going on, which clearly was for naught. The girl seemed more comforted at the sight of the boys, so I decided to leave the room and think. Number two, the dark-skinned boy, stayed behind to help coax the girl from her room; number one came with me. His dark hair covered the right part of his face, so I could only see one eye. A normal dark brown eye. Both a little pool of honey, and a black hole. A paradox of color. I felt my cheeks warm.

“What is this place?” he asked, concerned. “Do you know your name?”

I shook my head, “I don’t know anything.”

He looked around the center room connecting all five rooms. He seemed frustrated, searching the walls with his hands. “This doesn’t make sense”


“What’s your name?” I asked.

“I can’t remember”

“Oh”

I didn’t feel helpful. I looked at the concrete floor and then at the wall. I noticed an odd separation between them. I noticed that the dimly lit room seemed to have no source of light. Number one put his hair back, showing his other eye. Purple, like number four’s eye. I wonder what it all means. I see the others emerge from number three’s room; they all look worried. Number three won’t even look at me. I come to the sudden realization that it’s me she’s scared of.

We stand in the middle of the room, I look at everyone’s eyes. All show the same pattern. One normal eye, and one odd eye. Either blue, number three and number two, or purple, number one and four. I don’t know the color of mine, but I think they do. I realize they might not like what they’ve seen. I sense an uneasiness. Tension. I want it to stop.



“You” number four says to me “you don’t have a number”

I remain silent, but unyielding; I don’t want them to think I fear them. I focus my attention on the room again.

“This is messed up” number two says, looking towards me. I can tell he suspects me. They all do.

“She must be part of this” the girl says coldly. I feel anger, but I sympathize with her. We’re all looking for answers. We’re all trapped in this odd and scary place. We all want to get out.

“I don’t know anything” I look to her, unfaltering; she looks away. “I’m the same as your guys. I don’t know who I am or how I got here. I want the same thing as you.”

I look to number one, I see him looking back at me. He’s about to speak when suddenly I hear a voice, clear in my head. I don’t know if they hear it to.

Begin, it says. The floor beneath us begins to descend. It was a sudden jolt that sent us all falling to the ground. I struggle to regain my footing as the floor shakes during its descent. I decide to stay on the ground after many failed attempts. The lower we go, the dimmer the lights become. I lose track of how low we are going, because my body shuts down. I can’t see the rest. I can’t hear them either. All I can do is feel the floor jolt to a stop. It seems we have reached our destination.

I hear it. I don’t recognize the song, but I recognize the instrument straight away. It’s a cello. I can feel a shiver going down my spine. Suddenly I hear the same voice from before. Despite the music playing in my head like a radio, I have no trouble in listening to his words.

Both a blue and a purple. Bend water to your will. Climb any surface, if you please. You were meant for all obstacles. They need you. You don’t.

My body falls back into my control and I stand up quickly. As I examine my surroundings, I find that my comrades are also in that dream-like state. All asleep. The room is

damper that the first one. I look up and see a bright circle of light. A way out? I touch the walls of our new room, and I feel water coursing behind them. A weird tingly feeling that starts at my fingertips all the way to my bones. I hear the others waking up, and I come back to the center of the room, the only part of the room lit up thanks to that light above. Number one jolts awake, and with him, the ceiling begins to close.

“The way out!” I scream in vain, they can’t hear me with the loud sound of metal gears operating the door. The door closes, and the room is lit up again; the light source is unknown.

“Damn it.” I curse silently. Whoever was doing this, they’re toying with us. I touch the walls again, I feel the water moving upward. How?

The others waste no time blaming me for the current situation. They stare at me accusingly. Number four approaches me, with a condemnatory look in his eyes. Well, eye. The other one is lifeless. Number one stands between us.


“Just let us out!” number three cries out to no one. Number two keeps looking at the ceiling.

“She is doing this” number four yells.

“Lay off” number one replies, pushing him backwards “She’s in the same position we are”

All I seem to hear is the sound of the water growing louder and louder. I feel pressure in my head. My brain is being squeezed tightly. And I want it to stop. Suddenly we hear a loud crack. Everyone looks to number three, her blue eye glowing slightly. Same as number two.

That’s when the water started coming down. We all came together, as if we knew what was going on and how to react to it. The water began surrounding us from all sides, but number three and number two pushed the water away from us, and to the walls. The water pressure grew and grew; I could tell they were getting tired. So, I closed my eyes, and focused. I pushed with them. Away from us, against the walls.



More and more, I could feel my head throbbing. I felt my head was going to explode. Then the big wall in front of us collapsed. The water rushed through the open gap until it was completely drained. All that was left of it were some puddles on the ground. Number two and three collapsed, but I didn't.

Number one looked at me, his mouth agape. Number four rushed to the other two. We checked their pulse. They were certainly alive. But honestly, I didn't feel anything.

They awoke at the same time, as if an electric shock woke them up. They looked confused.

"They don't remember" I thought out loud. To my dismay, number four heard me.

"What do you mean they don't remember?"

"Look at them"

Certainly, they look hazy and disarrayed.

"What happened?" she asked, never looking at me.

The three of us filled them in on what they had just accomplished; they could hardly believe it themselves. What had happened?

Trial one complete

The voice seemed closer than ever. I shut my eyes to help me focus should it say anything else. It didn't. We were left to the sound of dripping water and the echoes of the strange room. After what seemed like an eternity of silence, number two suggested we enter the gape where the wall had been.

"It's like they're leading us somewhere"

"Where?" number four rebutted, "and why?"

He didn't have an answer to that question, but we agreed with him. We walked through together, with number two leading the way and number one behind the group. It was a dark tunnel lit up, strangely enough, by torches.

“It’s a dead end” I heard number two say. We all stopped to see the wall that awaited us at the end of the long tunnel. Before we could say anything, however, the floor started to tilt downwards. We all braced ourselves, but only number two and three began to slip. I found I was able to stick to the wall. Number four and one also stuck to the wall. We tried to grab onto them, but they kept sliding until they landed on the dead-end wall, which to them was now the floor.

“We’ll come get you” number four yelled. We frantically began our descent. Number two looked hurt; his leg bent in an unnatural angle. He cushioned number three’s fall. Number four was so close, and that’s when the spikes came out. Their bodies were horribly speared; there was nothing we could do. The boys screamed excruciatingly; I could only stare vacantly. I saw number three’s painful breathing. Number two was already lifeless. I could only feel sorry for her. She let out a whimper, and she too passed. The spikes withdrew, and the floor slanted back to its original state.

Trial two failed, the voice stated, subjects two and three deceased.

I felt sick. We walked out of the tunnel and back to the room we were in. Or so we thought. The boys were too distraught to notice, but this room was different than the one we were in before. The floor was made of a clear material. Maybe glass? I could see a room beneath.


“We-”, number four said suddenly, “we didn’t even know their names.”

We stood in silence. I clutched at my heart. I remembered a violin. Harmonizing with the cello. Then after a while, I couldn’t remember what it sounded like anymore. Number one offered him comfort.

“We need to leave”, he told him, “for them.”

Number four regained his composure, too suddenly if you ask me. As if something switched inside him. As if-

“Shit”, I clutched at my heart. Again. The squeezing. I want it to go away.



Choose, the voice said loud and clear. I was caught off guard by the mysterious entity in my head. I looked to the others. I think they heard it too.

“Choose what?”

We looked around the room. This new room looked more like number three’s room. It was brightly lit and spotless. From the looks of it, they wanted us to go to the room below. The room the glass separates us from. But how? We explore the room cautiously. Number one and I find a weird mechanism. It looked like it was meant to analyze fingerprints. I put my index finger onto the screen.

“No fingerprint detected”, the keypad’s robotic monotone voice states. Number one tries and gets the same response.

“Initiating eye scan”, the robotic voice says. The green scanner scans my left eye. I try not to stare directly at it.

“Welcome, -”, the robotic voice suddenly becomes distorted. Number one eyes me and for the first time, he looks distrustful. I don’t tell him, but it hurt. An elevator door opens.

“Number four we found the way out” he calls to him. Number four looks up; slowly he begins walking toward us. We step into the elevator and hold the door open. But the door closes suddenly, despite our attempts to stop it. The elevator takes us down and opens again. We immediately run out to find we were in the room beneath number four’s. He looks strangely calm. That is, until he notices the ceiling of his room going down. He suddenly looked paler than normal. He starts to freak out.

“Guys, guys help me” he pleads “Please help me”

Number one and I immediately climb to the ceiling and start trying to punch the glass. We realized it wasn’t glass at all. It felt like steel against our knuckles. We kept trying though. Punching, screaming, crying, and trying frantically to break through. We kept going until our knuckles bled. We kept going until number one passed out from exhaustion. Number four looked into my eyes. Only his left eye crying, the right one

(the purple one) started back at me. "I don't want to die" he told me. He repeated it over and over. My bloody knuckles kept punching against the glass-like steel separating us. Number four gave up. The ceiling pressed against his body. He started screaming. It was unbearable. I kept punching.

"Stop!" I yelled to no avail, "Please stop this!"

I couldn't even hear myself over number four's wails of pain. I could hear his bones cracking slowly. The pressure growing more and more against him. I kept punching.

Again.

And again.

And again.

I could see his head breaking open.

Again.

And again.

I closed my eyes


He screamed for the last time.

Suddenly I heard a loud crack. I didn't want to look. I couldn't look. But I opened my eyes. What had been number four's body has been crushed to a red pulp; the echo of his last scream resounding across the room. I collapsed; my body fell back onto the floor right next to Number one's.

Trial three failed. Subject number four deceased.

The red blotch on the ceiling grew more and more each second. I looked at number one. His eyes stared blankly at the ceiling. Suddenly his eyes opened wide. He looked at me; he was scared. I reached out to him, but he pushed me away.

"What's wrong?" I asked him.



“Stay back” he warned.

We both stood in silence. His was fearful; mine, worried. His brown eye looked anguished; his purple one looked lifeless. It began losing its color. It turned grey. Almost white.

“Look what they’ve done.” he said. “To me... to you”

He’s looking behind me now. I turn to face myself. A mirror. I look upon my face for the first time ever. I have long, curly, black hair. Not loose curls, as I thought I remembered, but heavy curls. Perfect curls... far too perfect. I looked at my eyes. One blue and the other purple. Neither lifeless, both hurt. I was fair skinned. My skin was perfect; it didn’t have scars, blotches, acne marks... I recognize myself, but I am a stranger to myself. It was me. But it wasn’t. My heart begins to hurt more than ever. I clutch at my chest and tried to cling to him.

Evacuate experiment.

“Help.” I implore “help me”

He comes to me and holds me steady. I stare into his eyes

“It’s me” he whispers “It’s me...”

His white eye turns black, and his normal brown eye becomes lifeless. I gasp as he falls onto the floor. I cling to his lifeless body. His honey-colored eye lost its flavor. I was alone. My body shuts down next to his. I see nothing. I feel nothing.

I hear everything. Metal scraping against metal. The sound of drills. People. Other people are here, but I can’t speak.

Memory reset initiated.

No. I don’t want to forget. I can’t forget them. I can’t forget myself.

Five.

Stop!

Four.

Please. Please, stop.

Three.

What did I do?

Two.

...

One.

I miss beautiful sounds. The sound of the gentle rain hitting a glass window. The sound of autumn leaves crunching under my feet. I miss the sound of my cello. At least, I think I played. I can't seem to remember anything beyond being in this dark room...



They were boarding us into the ship. Everyone knew what they had to do. The plan had to work. Our destination was the South, but we were sure that, that was about to change. When everyone was finally aboard, the fight began. All of the slaves started to scream, fighting the masters and crew members and running before we navigated away from the dock. Part of my job was to fight, but all I could think of was escaping. There was a moment in which everyone seemed busy, so I decided to make a run for it. As I ran, I looked back and noticed that two members had seen me leave and were now following me. It was the last I saw of the ship. I never knew if we won the battle or if we had failed. I kept running, thinking it would never end. On the way of my escape, I noticed that we were getting closer to the swamp. Some people had told me how others had escaped and survived years in the swamp. I would be free, and that was what mattered. For a moment I felt like I was running alone. "I lost them,"

I thought. I didn't stop running though. I needed to get as far away as possible. In a sudden move, I tripped on a tree root and fell over a squishy thing into the water. Everything went black for some seconds, so I swam to get to the surface. Oddly, I heard voices of people on the other side of the swamp. Instead of going the other way and run, I decide to see the people I heard. There was a strange sensation in this part of the swamp. I kept walking and came across a white master, so I crouched just in case he would hurt me; but something I never expected happened... "Is there something you need master?" the man asked. I stared at him completely puzzled at the question he just made. I just walked away to finally understand what was happening. "Are my eyes deceiving me?" I asked to myself. Whites were the ones tied, sold and abused of. "Whites are slaves and blacks are masters!" I realized. "How could this be? This is justice for all that they had done to us. The battle in the ship... we were victorious!" I thought to myself. Something did not feel right. We shouldn't commit the same mistakes they did. On the other hand, if I stood here, I would be free. Suddenly, I started feeling dizzy. I don't know why I started running towards the swamp. I fell and sat by a tree, still feeling my head going in circles. I looked at the people, but each time they looked more like trees to me. The voices were still in my head. When, out of nowhere, I saw this little red frog jumping away. I don't know what he was doing there, but maybe he was part of the hallucination I was having.



In the heavy burdens of life and expectations, darkness reigns supreme.

For when darkness overtakes you,

No light or glory will shine.

“Please... I need to get out...” Faith gasped for air, as her legs were crushed underneath the heavy metal of the monster's palm. She could not feel it at all, except for the sandy sensation as the bones were pulverized with relative ease. Her thoughts seemed to come and go, grinding her nails along the board of the flooring, and the gallows creaking and playing the music of the harrowing hymns of death so near, for no light nor hope was shining tonight.


“I'm going to die here tonight... why, why me...” Faith waited her life to end, the thoughts of screaming inside of her mind, not accepting that she would meet such a gruesome end, instead of dying of age, but somehow, that time never came.

The monster, this lifeless automaton, with the face of a human being who's gone through such extreme measures of pain, and the nightmarish twisted skeletal features along its entire body, who yearned for her life so eagerly, was moving no longer. Why did it stop?

Faith didn't want to know the reason, she wanted to escape with what little piece of her body she could keep. She pushed as much as she could, with many futile attempts, and her strength slowly leaving her body. Her eyes closed, her mind escaping her body, memories of sunny days and laughter along those so dear to her, flowing out of her consciousness like a tranquil river at autumn's eve. Finally, Faith's consciousness had faded.

She awoke some time later with thoughts of spending her life doing all she ever wanted and striving to come back to her friends and family. Faith's fingertips managed to dance along a leathery surface.

"Here? Of all places?" Faith's breathing began to normalize, ever so slightly. She felt a strange cylindrical object within the wavy silks of the pages, and realizing what it was, she reached for what seemed to be a lighter, and lit the area around her. As she expected, there was nothing but wooden flooring around her, now stained with blood and bone; broken gallows up high and the absence of this building's rustic clock tower, the smell of iron and rotten pieces of wood that engulfed her nostrils. Ropes hung, unused for God knows how long in this shadowy world. Her phone was not the answer for her to seek help; neither, as it revealed many disturbing images: strange, cryptic messages, lost to the ages and individuals with grins filled with malice. Such poor luck for little Faith. Tears streamed down her face,



as she realized that she may not have the opportunity to go back to all of the things she wanted, thoughts of a never-ending darkness, where the sun does not shine, and the wind grows hollow.

“It’s over... someone needs to know...” Faith laid the lighter gently next to the journal, in such a manner to shed some light upon the worn-out pages of the journal. The pages and its textures seemed to be from old ages, stained with time, and teared in some of its edges. She held no pen, nor were there any close to her, to write her final moments among this cold world, unless...

Faith reached down towards her legs, running her fingers along the wet wooden flooring, as the scent became too much for her to handle, making her eyes burn. It did not bother her as much, given that she has lost so much already to this automaton. She rubbed her thumb and index finger together, her flesh and blood transformed into broken ink and quill, a last will to travel in the night, the will of a wisp.

“It all started a few weeks ago... I was accepted late into this university... Prosperity University, at around late September. My parents managed to pull some strings with the deacon, so I could have a place here and try to make some semblance of effort in my life. I know they only want the best for me, but... I can’t, I simply can’t. All they ever wanted was for me to follow some shallow ideology that the only way to succeed is to aim high, to go for things like business, technology, and all manners of things that I find torturing.”

Faith whimpered, the pain along her legs appearing almost instantly. She yelped and stopped writing midway, yet, she felt relief after she heard creaking noises coming from the automaton, its iron grip slowly rising from her broken limbs, giving her enough space to nudge herself through. She held the journal close to


to her chest, putting it away inside her purple jacket, and used the lighter to make her way through the room. The farthest wall became Faith's only companion, away from the automaton, and the moon slipping through the gallows of the clock tower, revealing the monster itself, gazing upon her with doll-like eyes, no glimmer or purity, only one sinister desire.

There were no indications of any escape, nor holes to slip by where the monster couldn't reach her. Faith couldn't help but continue writing, with the currency that life had given her. She breathed into her hands, trying her best to keep warm, as she wrote further into the strange journal, as it emanated a soft purple hue that comforted her wounds.

Faith sniffled, observing the monster nearby. She swallowed and fiddled with a small flower pendant around her neck, slightly staining it.

"I could go on and on, being pathetic about how these types of classes are beating me up... but that isn't why I'm writing this. I was warped into this nightmarish hell, with no sign of reality. I was naïve to think that I had slept for so long, but the stains of rotten, liquid red iron littered the floors, dominated the walls of the dormitory, while strange circular bags hung against each door-knob, with... accessories? Or memories of those that lived there? I wasn't so sure, I wasn't going to find out what was inside of them.

The college itself... it's empty... no students, no workers, just no one exists, it's like they disappeared into thin air. My only friends... most likely killed by this behemoth of misery and heartlessness, who's eyes lack any sympathy. I shouldn't have slept with the music... I should have followed my friend, Lucinda, when she asked me to go out for some drinks, even if I never really had any urge to drink alcohol. All I wanted to do was sleep... with my music and forget how big of a



failure I've become, as I've failed most of what they've given for work, and now... it feels like I'm paying the ultimate price. I could have spoken up, urging them that my future is inside books, through paintings, writing, and above all... music.

I will die here... Try as I may, the darkness creeps closer, and my life is slowly fading. I'm alone... I'm cold... I miss my mother and father, I miss my friends... Why did I have to be accepted into this god forsaken university... I didn't want to be forced to come here."

Scuttling of footsteps was heard across the room. Faith's heart began to slowly sink, as the moonlight faded, and nothing could be seen. This movement was, unfortunately, all too familiar to her, she could remember every small detail of her bones breaking. She hastened her writing, dipping more blood into her fingertips.

"I'm a coward... I should have spoken out. I should have left before I had the chance after seeing so much prestige inside the college, and how much they value this sense of accomplishment and progress. I really haven't made any progress that they would be proud of, or any that I would be for neither..."

A large thump was heard before her, with large steps coming slowly towards her. Her heart began to beat harder and louder, making it seem like it would come out of her chest at any given moment. The automaton leaned forward, revealing its newly formed face through the small light of the lighter, distorting from a young child's face on the right side, and the mixture of the faces of the damned. Those that had arrived before her on the left side of its face. Faith cried, trying to stay as far away as she can from the monster. It spoke to her, but not in its usual husk-like growl and screech, that would fuel any sane human being with fear.

"Write..." The monster grew closer to her. Its voice was appealing to the ears, even

human if the source is unseen, but only the truth is known about its nature, now disfigured tones and inhumanity in its terrifying demeanor, and voices clashing with one another. Faith looked away, feeling the enlarged fingers of it caress her face. She screamed, letting the cries of fear echo through the room. Tears hit the pages of the journal, and the purple hue quickly dissipated.

“I should have done what they wanted...!” Faith found difficulty in maintaining her composure, as the monster roared high to the gallows. Its iron palms slammed unto the lower part of her body. Faith tried to escape, the nails on her hand breaking with each grind against the floor, her legs no longer hers to name her own, the journal toppling over, her writing becoming stained and distorted as she grasped it harshly, and the lighter falling coldly to the floor. She was dragged into the dark abyss, as the monsters screeched continued to echo and merge with hers, and the pendant along her neck, snapping cleanly in half. The light faded, and the screams were no more, only a trail of blood, and the dying dreams of faith, as evidence of light and freedom, become overtaken by darkness and ill-expectations.

For there is Light and Hope

There is also Darkness and Selfishness

Lucinda yawned as she entered the dorm room. She noticed the empty bed nearby, cleared from all belongings.

“Faith?” She checked the bed for any notes, or sign from her friend. She went outside, asking other girls from the dorm if they had seen where Faith had gone.

“I heard that it was too much for her.” One of the girls expressed. “She was-



“That’s ridiculous...” Lucinda frowned. “I could have helped her with anything... all she needed to do was ask.”

“Well, who knows what she was thinking.” The second girl sighed and left with her friend. “Come on, we’ll be late for class.”

“I guess...” Lucinda grew worried. Where did her little friend Faith go?

The director observed out the window of his office. The day was rather gloomy to say the least. He hummed a humble tune, whistling in between moments of it. He reached into his pocket, and ran his hand along his hair, while fiddling with a small, peculiar flower pendant.


“For when we want progress, we’ll weed out the negativities... For Prosperity University, we’ll get rid of inequity...” He sang and chuckled.

THE ARRIVAL



Weeks old trash flowed with the rain down the battered forgotten city street. The rats and crows gathered around the headless human corpse that lied on the sidewalk. The rats didn't attack the crows to get rid of the extra beaks and the crows didn't make additional snacks of the stray rats. Though the menacing large birds could've easily feasted on the small wingless rodents, they were smart enough to recognize that this measure would mean the extinction of their species.

After the arrival, the food chain was severely destroyed, and humans feasted on anything they could find. Government food reserves were the first to go, after this, humans fought among themselves for their stocked-up goods and, later, for what little they could salvage from stores. When desperation and hunger crept in, puppies, kitties, hamsters, lovebirds, and all animals that were once



deemed unfit for human consumption, went extinct, except the rats. These pesky creatures were far too cunning to wither away. They hid in old basements, feces infested sewers, in the crevices of apartment buildings, and in any place where humans would not dare search for. They hid well and survived only on scraps.


When the stench of death filled the war-torn city, the rats resurfaced and feasted on death itself. The sight of the once thought extinct animals brought hope to the remaining humans. After so many years, they would finally savor on meat, but, to their demise, rodent meat had become poisonous. This wasn't the only change in the food chain for the stench of death brought the arrival of the crows. Once the symbol of death, the bird became the representation of a full belly. Humans hunted the crows for some time, but the black birds learned. They kept to the skies and noticed how the bipeds never ate the rats. In fact, they ignored them. So, the birds of prey followed the rats to find food and let them feast on the outer skin, since, it was a tedious and slow endeavor to destroy with their beaks. Once that layer was removed, they ravaged and grabbed all the organs and flew away to a safe distance from humans. Without the consciousness humans have, both species, adapted to put differences aside for the sake of survival. However, as animals adapted, humans also adapted.

Jimmy Johnson's life had been reduced to a secluded monotonous life with his sister and grandmother in the basement of an old abandoned tenement building. His earliest memory has him waking up before the sun shone on the dingy tattered yellow walls. Jimmy's dusty feet were programmed to skillfully

maneuver the broken-down staircase until he reached the building roof's door. As soon as he opened it, the smell of manure and decomposition guided him towards the vegetable garden. Out of the dirt mounds sprouted faintly fluorescent orange lilies.

The four-year old's dim eyes were no longer amazed at the flower's glow and he no longer wondered about the how's and whys of the flowers growth. Jimmy, without hesitation, strangled and pulled the lily with all his might, until, the dark gray roots leapt out of the mound. With the dangling lily in hand, he made his way back to the basement to wake up the resting family. "Ma', Ken, roots ready!" yelled Jimmy. Both woke up with a blank gaze and Mama Johnson hastily boiled the liver shaped root for breakfast, lunch and dinner. "Today will be great a day kids, the roots taste better than yesterday" said grandma with a full smile on her face. Every day she uttered these words and everyday Mackenzie rolled her eyes while Jimmy forced the dirt root with a gulp of rusty flavored water.

The rest of the day was spent listening to grandma's stories of better times before the arrival. "On the days of my youth we lived on the land where the air flows through our silky-smooth blonde hair, the water keeps our orange skin wrinkle free, and where the sun makes our blue eyes glitter with joy. Our family owned the biggest lily garden in the country, but, they weren't like the ones upstairs. Oh no! You see, back then, they grew as tall as you Jimmy and the roots doubled the size of what we have now. The flowers shined as if the ground had given birth to stars and the roots ported colors of yellow and



orange. They were special and only people of gifted status feasted on the scrumptious root. Of course, we didn't only eat roots, we accompanied them with chicken, pork, duck or even cow. I don't think you ever saw them..." with the mention of meat Jimmy was wandering off to the other side of the room where a window laid. With Mama Johnson's banter and Ken's occasional question or comment as background noise, Jimmy observed the garbage infested front, he wondered about the other orange people that he had never seen that lived in the other buildings, and he studied the interactions of the crows and rats. It wasn't a great view, but, even admiring the trash infested front of the building gave him hope that one day he'll be able explore the outside and savor the juicy, salty animal meat his Ma' always talks about.


Jimmy's lucky day arrived on one of his many routine mornings. As he was ripping the lily from the ground, his round blue eyes diverted towards an unusual flowerless tall thick mound. The thirteen-year-old boy knew he hadn't yet planted the seeds in that spot and, as he gazed towards the corner of the building, he couldn't recall when the last time he had plucked that area was. Is there something hidden inside the dirt? If there is; how did it get there? Who or what placed it? On the back of his mind a little voiced whispered "Don't go. Call Ken and Ma'. You don't know what's there. Don't be stupid!" but, reason couldn't beat curiosity and he moved forward.

Jimmy carefully planted one foot after the other on the mushy dirt path so that it covered the heels and muffled all sound. His bony arms pushed the overlapping green leaves out of his path. Slowly and steadily the boy made it

halfway. The lily path became thicker and the glow obscured the small mound. As Jimmy closed his eyes, until the hazy silhouette became clear, he couldn't help but to wonder, when the last time he worked that area was.

The mound became bigger and clearer until he finally arrived. A cold breeze traveled through Jimmy's thin, pointy nose. It took all his will to hold the vomit that rushed through his throat. He had never smelled something similar. "What's inside?" he wondered. It was as tall as him. Dry branches and thin lily roots sprouted out and his gardening experience told him that the soil was recently messed with. A pickaxe stuck out of the dirt and the boy's instincts got a hold of it. Jimmy pulled with all his might, but, when the tool jerked, a flood of shrieking rodents came racing out of the mound that made the boy fall on his back. His heart pumped with such ferocity that Jimmy felt it was going to rip open his rib cage. With the pick axe in hand, and with the crows lining up in the building's corner, he struck the dirt with all his strength. It came tumbling down and exposed a headless rotting body.

Jimmy stood there as if the world had disappeared. The only things in existence were his staring gaze and the decomposing body. There wasn't fear. Mama Johnson had told him what the creatures of the arrival had done with his kind. Jimmy looked around; knowing that the only way to reach the roof was his usual route and he heard Ma's voice, "We couldn't see them. Their bodies that is. One second, they appear. The other, multiple skull heads spewing blue flames came out. Screaming, laughing, taunting us to run...knowing damn well that we couldn't escape." He noticed the deep wounds in the stomach and he




felt the cracking in Ma's voice, "Some slit our necks immediately and others stabbed us until we bled out. We never found out what happened to the dead." Panic sipped in, goose bumps ran through his body, and Jimmy looked around once more. Fear was taking a hold him. He bantered with himself, "There ain't no way they done it. They can't have gotten up here. They just stories! God's finally helping us, and this body will help us catch crows for a nice eating." With the orange hue creeping in the city's horizon, Jimmy dragged the body towards the corner of the building and he sent it falling. He uttered the words triumphantly, "She ain't taking this away from me" and continued his day. Little did he know that they were watching.

The boy observed through the dirty green tinted windows how the corpse got drowned by the gray rats. He knew that he needed to act soon. The rats first finished with the arms. After, they disappeared from the legs and only a blot gray was left on the torso. Jimmy grabbed a dusty sheet he found when he descended from the roof and whispered to Ken, "Keep her distracted. We eating meat for lunch and dinner." The twelve year old didn't have time to refuse the request or ask questions, because, when she looked up, her brother was gone. Crow thighs, drumsticks, breasts, wings, and meat was all that he thought about. Jimmy walked smiling until he reached the building's entrance. He thought about how many he would catch with the throw of his sheet. He tried thinking of the flavor Mama Johnson had, in so many occasions, reminisced about, but, he couldn't for he had never ate it. Saliva dripped down his thin lips. Only a few steps away from his first good meal. The boy grabbed the fungi

filled handle, turned it and slowly opened the door. Left the door wide open and cautiously descended the concrete stairs. He moved as the lions' grandma talks about; keeping to the ground and never taking his sight off the prey. Almost no rats left, and the organs were beginning to show, but, he was almost there. Jimmy took deep breaths and slow exhales through the nose in order to keep calm. He's almost there. The crow's song flew above the trash can he was hidden behind. "Time's for some crow eating" he thought. The sheet was spread and ready to be thrown. Jimmy's face peaked, and he saw when the last crow gave him its back. "Now!" his mind told him, but, just before his body launched forward, something grabbed him by his golden hair.

Mama Johnson had never been so furious. Green veins popped in her hands, arms, upper chest, and in the center of her forehead. Screaming so loud that dots of red appeared in her face. Ken stood hidden away in a corner, meanwhile, Jimmy just sat on his chair. He had never seen or heard the scolding grandma was giving him now. "Plain stupid, that's what you are! What were you hoping to achieve? What was your plan after you captured them? Humor me because I know damn well you don't know what to do with them!" But, the boy stood quiet at grandma's request. "Answer boy! Cats got your tongue? You've doomed us all. When we die at their hands, carry it in your soul that it's your goddamned fault!" Mama Johnson's voice started breaking when she finished the sentence and Jimmy answered back "Shut up Ma'!" As soon as he said this, a hand like lightning landed on his right cheek, afterwards, a burning sensation. With tears held back the boy said "Smack me all you want. This ain't my fault,




We tired of all the fake stories. Theys just stories to make us stay here. All day and every day, Ken and me is tired of the goddamned roots. There is meat outside the world but the invisible people... the arrival... theys gone get us. We ain't never seen one of them Ma'." Grandma lifted her hand as if to smack him again and yelled "Enough!". Silence filled the room and the fight finished with Mama calmly stating, "I should've let you grabbed the crows... we're not surviving the night". The kids rolled their eyes, but, grandma was right. The invisible people were already inside.

The moon hid, and the sky decided to wear its ugliest clouds that night. The basement would've been as dark as the outside if Mama Johnson wouldn't had placed the handmade candle on the center table. However, the candle wasn't enough to warm up the room. Grandma and the kids bundled together with the sheet Jimmy found, but, it wasn't large enough for the three of them. The boy volunteered to sleep without it. Quiet reigned in the room. The only sounds that could be heard were Ma's heavy breaths and, occasionally, Ken's whispers. Jimmy slept like a rock, he was convinced that nothing would happen.

The crows arranged themselves to cover the basement's window. Midnight arrived, and it was welcomed with the birds grating cawing. Jimmy woke up and wondered about the rare singing in the death of night. He marched towards the window, but, a crash in the upper floors deviated his attention. "I guess them rats hate the cold too.", reasoned Jimmy. The sound of dragging creaks and cracks followed after. His sight followed the sound until it reached were the stairs were supposed to be. "If somethings coming..." and the boy's train

of thought was broken by a thunder crash. A bright flash lit the room and shadows of violent wing flaps projected on the walls. Absolute silence filled the room once more, but, something felt wrong. Jimmy couldn't shake the sensation of being watched. A cold breeze ran from his neck to his spine causing goose bumps throughout his body. "Something's up. Is they here?" thought Jimmy anxiously. He spun around from left to right and from right to left searching for something out of place. Suddenly, the silence was gone, and he felt as if a door had opened. A slight whoosh traveled from the door to the boys' ears. His body jerked towards the door and he focused his sight. Nothing but a faint door silhouette could be seen. With hands clenched he approached the door. The click of the doors handle was heard. The candle's flame went out. "Theys here! Wake up!", cried the boy and a scrambled static voice ordered "Now!"

On the corners appeared four flamed skulls that illuminated the whole room. They laughed like hyenas on the hunt. Flashing in and out of existence. Jimmy ran towards his screaming family however, he was pushed back by an invisible force. The air felt thick and his hairs stood up as he felt something surrounding him. One second it was the hairs in his arms. The other, the ones on the back of his neck. As more time passed, the closer he felt the presence, however, it never touched him. The boy's eyes looked around frantically hoping that a miracle would happen. His hairs stopped tingling. A blinding flash startled him. A knife caught his left arm. Jimmy threw a wild punch. He missed. They moved as cockroaches when they see light. The air felt thick. Haste steps and faint eerie static voices could be heard. They were barely discernible.



Mackenzie understood “Woman...her...” She grabbed Ma’ Johnson and guided her towards her grandson. Two steps and they were shoved to the right. Another two steps and the women felt arms placed over their shoulders. A slow appearing skull stared at Ken. She screamed, and it vanished. Escaping felt useless. They appeared wherever they moved.


Grandma felt the cutlery she uses to prepare the roots at her feet. She seized it and determined, pointed it straight-ahead. The four blue skulls appeared surrounding them. They flashed in out. With every flash they got closer and closer. Expressionless they moved. The highest of them stood over Mama Johnson. She felt the burn of the skull’s deep black holes and tighten her grip on Ken’s arm. “We have to push through Ma”, pleaded Mackenzie, but, it was useless. She had become dead weight. The knife shook vigorously. A slow voice commanded “Lady... first...”. The highest of them ripped the tool and slit Mama Johnson’s throat in two. Blood gushed out. It dripped on the poor granddaughter that held on to the woman that gave her life.

Jimmy took short steps. His dilated eyes never lost contact of the blood-soaked body. Dead as the corpse he had thrown from the building. Jimmy looked at the tears falling from his sister’s face and couldn’t stand the sight of it all. “My fault” he thought, and a choking sensation ran through his throat. He wanted to cry, but, couldn’t. They’re still there enjoying the chaos they’ve caused. Jimmy ran his hand through his sister’s white gold hair as he carefully grabbed the bloody knife in the floor. “We gots to go lil’ sis” Jimmy said as he stood up, however, his sister’s arm stayed outstretched. He caught a sharp noise.

A floating match fell, and the basement caught fire.

There was no time to think. Just react. Jimmy ran holding his sister's scrawny arms as strong as he could. Echoes of chuckles followed them. They building's front door was in sight. "Follow..." a chilling voice said. Five feet away from freedom. A skull popped out breathing blood red fire. The sister let out a painful shriek, for, she wasn't fast enough. No time to think. Just react. Jimmy ran back towards the place he knew best. He didn't think of the beings his eyes couldn't see. He didn't hear the constant shrills as he climbed the stairs. He ignored the pain of the constant slashes he didn't see coming. "I ain't dying and you ain't dying either!" he stopped running and opened the roof's door. Jimmy placed his hands on his sister's cheek and looked deep in her eyes and said, "We making it." He handed the knife to his sister and broke the water system.


The older brother guided his sister towards the mound he previously broke. Grabbed the now soaked pickaxe and firmly grabbed the handle. Ready to kill. They both felt as the water covered their heels. Suddenly, multiple splashes were heard. "Don't move. Theys coming to us" he commanded. Shaking of leaves came next. They were closer. Jimmy flipped his sister and placed his back against hers. One of them appeared in Mackenzie's direction, scared she cried "There Jay!", and her brother rotated their bodies towards her direction. Again, another appeared in front the girl. Again, they turned, but, Jimmy stopped midway for a third appeared. Flashing in and out of existence as they did in the basement. Only one could be seen at a time, but, in unison they



chanted “Kill...kill...kill...”. It was as if they were summoning Satan himself. Closer and closer they got. Ken saw flashes of Mama Johnson dying in her arms. “We’s going to die!” and she ran off towards the roof’s edge forgetting that there wasn’t a fire escape. Jimmy followed. She got to the edge. Frantically looked for an escape. None could be found. She turned around and she couldn’t find her brother. “Jay! Help!” she shrieked. Fear took over her. “Kill... kill... Kill!” on the final word they flashed together and in the blink of an eye disappeared. From the edge of the roof flew a skull. Grabbed Mackenzie from the back. Stabbed the stomach until the smell of feces ran in the air. “Jimmy..., Jimmy...” she cried, but, it was more like a whisper. The skull let her fall in the rotting mud. Floated towards her, so, that his face of death would be the final image she would see. The knife slowly entered her torso. No expression from the aggressor. It didn’t care for the blood-filled gasps the girl took attempting to breathe, nor, the fear in her eyes. When she drew her last breath, the skull looked towards the sky and moaned while his whole body shook. It took too long for Jimmy had nothing to lose anymore. The boy didn’t fear them anymore. He crept behind the skull and swung the pickaxe, smashing a hole into the blue flame. “No!” yelled one of the skulls. The boy felt a sting in his neck. Jimmy’s legs became wobbly and he struggled to keep standing. He fell on the mud leaving the pickaxe stuck on the skull. Eyes half open. Ears half listening. He was able to listen a click that produced a sound as if something was powering off. He could see three figures, each, with two arms and two legs. “He is coming with us” said a composed voice that dragged. It walked towards Jimmy and a strong kick knocked the boy out. Some time passed until Jimmy woke up.

When he did, he drowsily noticed that his arms were outstretched and tied. However, he didn't know where, for, it was pitch black. A cold breeze penetrated the wounds that decorated his chest, arms and legs. The stinging pain made him notice that he no longer had clothes. "What's going on?" he wandered. Slow constant steps on a wooden floor were heard and his senses came back to him. Images of Ken dying appeared in front of his eyes. He jerked and pulled his body, but the knots were well made. The boy tried screaming, but, when he tried, his mouth ached so much that he couldn't even try. He savored on the metallic taste of blood. He tried cleaning the insides of his teeth. Short after, moans of the letter M echoed where he was. He jerked aggressively. He was terrified, since, he had no tongue.

More creatures approached Jimmy and by the steps heard, it seemed to be three. A composed voice that dragged started talking. It pronounced vowels differently. When it spoke, it sounded like it skipped some final letters. "Tell me, Johnny. That is your name, no? That's what I heard from that geron girl." Jimmy desperately moaned the only letter he could, but, he was interrupted by the draggy-suave voice. "Anyway, it matters not. Would you kindly, Johnny, tell me, does it feel good? Does it feel good to kill one of us? Does it give you pleasure?" He chuckled with the back of his mouth "No answer, eh?" Jimmy wasn't quiet though. He tried communicating to plead for his life, or to have his suffering done with already, but, only moans and high pitch sounds came from his mouth. The man in the dark didn't care. "Your people enjoyed mocking us, torturing us... killing us. We struggled under you gerons. But, being raised on the



stories of my family... I still don't understand it. We were no threat. I would say that you and your people are the threat, eh. See, you arrived, and you took over everything. The ones left, though different in some things, had one thing in common, the lilies." The man approached Jimmy and held his arm still and whispered in his ear "Would you kindly, Johnny, stop shaking? You'll want to hear this, eh." He lightly slapped Jimmy's face and carried on. "Blue as a cloudless sky. Blue as a summer time ocean. Bright so intense, that any star would be put to shame. Absolutely beautiful, eh. Healthy too, it kept us alive. See, we couldn't afford anything else. We lived a rough life, but, we were happy." He chuckled again. This time more cynical. "But you gerons, eh. You were smart. You saw all the different people getting along and being happy. Someone started saying that our roots, which, you ate too, were poisoning your people, eh. The only way of mending the problem was to study the plant and create a new species. Smart, no? You needed the lands to study and create. Tried to bargain with unjust conditions. You tried to fit us like fingers on a hand, but our fingers did not match. When that didn't work, you forcibly removed us. When we protested; we got killed, trapped or even burned alive. For you, we were all the same, all hated on. Pushed and pushed and pushed back, until, we just gave up. We mainly hid underground, others, in the mountains, but eventually, us different people got together." Jimmy started moaning and kicking his feet wildly. Maybe the momentum would help him escape. The man snapped, and two people tied the legs while he continued his story.

He paced and calmly continued "During that time we studied what made you

gerons so strong. Clearly it wasn't the numbers. We outnumbered you. So, it was the unity you showed. The hatred towards us. So, we learned and understood each other. Created a new world where we never eliminated a way of life, unless, it proved absolutely essential for survival." The man got closer to the strapped boy so that he felt his breathing on his face. "Years upon years changed us, until, the color of our skin united us." As he finished, he stepped behind Jimmy and snapped his fingers causing a large crash that brought light.

The boy smelled the cleanest air he had ever experienced. His hair flowed like a crow's wing in the sky. Once his sight got adjusted to the brightness, Jimmy noticed the plantation of gigantic bright blue lilies that doubled his size. Opposite to this, a white mansion made completely out of wood. He had never seen such a beautiful place. "Beautiful isn't it, Johnny? It's amazing the wonders life has in store without you gerons in our life, Johnny.", with these words Jimmy stood completely still. A tall blue man stood in front of him. He couldn't help but notice how different his face was. Large round nose, thick lips, green eyes, black long beard, and short cut black hair. Jimmy looked further back and was even more astonished. It was another blue man, but, this time the nose and lips were thin, the eyes brown, and the breeze couldn't move his thick rough hair. The final one was a slightly lighter blue woman with long straight black hair, slanted brown eyes, round nose and thin lips.

The bearded man interrupted Jimmy's staring. "The only thing we all share is the color of our skin and our goal, eh. See, when we arrived, we took over. We took back our acres, we destroyed the camps you imprisoned us in, we



burned your buildings like you did to ours, and we brought down the wall. Slowly we got rid of the pest. After all the events, we made a promise to never let our tragedy repeat itself. We will eliminate you.” The bearded man grinned and grabbed a knife from his back pocket. With the blades dull side, he started running it through Jimmy’s face. With a penetrating gaze and serene voice, he told the boy his fate. “This is what will happen to you. My family, no, our community, Johnny, will observe you for a while and will do with you as they please. They could cut your face”, he slashed his right cheek. “They could punch your wounds”, and he pounded on his ribcage, breaking one or two ribs in the process. “Or, who knows? They are creative people, eh. You gerons are scarce now.” The blue tall man gave him his back, dried the sweat from his face and continued “This a whole event. My kids have never seen a geron, eh! It’s a great world we’re living!” He snapped, and his mates walked away with him towards the mansion ignoring the pleads of a boy unworthy of his fate.




I went on and on for what it seemed hours. I couldn't die right now. Not after witnessing what happened to my friend. It was horrible. I do not want to experience it firsthand.

I ran up the stairs in the Morales Carrion building, skipping to steps at a time. I didn't know if he was behind me or not. I just wanted to escape his scythe.

"Why are you running, Eric?" inquired Death in his sweet and horrendous voice. "You know that no one escapes me."

"I know, but it's worth the try." I said, running across the English hall.



"Don't get too cocky. I am not a product of your imagination. I am a real menace."

I ran towards the far end, then went up the stairs towards the third floor. After passing the Pedagogy Department, I sprinted to the exit. Chills ran down my back. I tensed as I asked myself if I should look back or not. Suddenly, as if by a sixth sense, I ducked.

Swoosh!!

I saw the glimpse of the scythe passing where my head should've been. Rolling to the side, I tried to catch my breath, but it was difficult after barely surviving. I backed down a bit, trying to distance myself from Death.

He turned to me and spoke in a woman's voice: "Now, now. Don't be afraid Eric. I know it makes you nervous, but you won't feel a thing. The next time you open your eyes it will be in the afterlife."

"Uh-hu. What makes you think I'd believe that? I saw what happened to Krystal. You won't do the same thing to me, you dead-meat."

He chuckled. "Oh, you're a funny one. Shame your time is up."

He raised his scythe to kill me, but I rolled again and kept ran to the exit, reaching the back of the building. For a split second, I wondered where I should go.

I opted to go to the theater. I ran towards the House of Histriones without looking back. I hated this. However, it's not like I have an option.


Ever since I was little, I had this... 'ability', to see spirits. I could see what appeared to be the 'soul'. I saw ghosts in the street, the malls, the neighborhoods and even here at college. Some wander around, some try to make impossible amends, some are just waiting for Death's arrival.

This is not the first time I've seen Death. Usually, I saw him on the sidelines of an accident or a funeral, waiting to reap the soul. Sometimes, he would take a spirit by the hand and take it elsewhere. I never saw his appearance either. He wore a cloak that covered him completely. The only part of the body that I've seen where his arms. The left one was a man's burned arm, while the right was an old woman's. It was weird.

I passed the House of Histriones, wondering if I could truly survive this. In a way, Death was right. There was no escape from him. And yet, I didn't want to die. Not yet. Not now.

"Eric!" called Death. "Just accept it! Don't run from me!"

I stumbled and fell, rolling a couple of times before



coming to a dizzying stop. I sat and my head began to spin. I couldn't walk. Not like this. Suddenly, two warm hands steadied my body. I looked towards them and saw Death behind me.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHH!!! Get away!!!"

Death sighed, then took out the scythe. "You don't understand. Stalling won't do you any favors. Just accept death."

"Ac-cc-cept death?" I repeated, feeling like my body was jelly. "I don't want to die yet!! I'm too young!! I haven't done anything worth dying for!! Why would I die now?!"

"Because He called for you." Death replied, raising his scythe. "He wants you back in his realm."

"Who is He? God? Hades? Osiris?" I inquired, stepping back slowly to keep distance. "Why?"

"My job is to reap souls, not to give descriptions of things that aren't my business."

He swung his scythe straight down. I dove to the left, then ran for dear life to the theater. Upon reaching it, I tried to open the doors but all of them were closed. I look back and saw that Death was taking his time. As if he had already won. By some miracle, it was still open. I ran

towards the fifth floor and went under a table. I didn't care if it was a good hiding place or not. I was too afraid to try something else. After a few seconds of catching my breath, I started to cry. I cried because of Krystal's death. I cried because I was next. I cried because I had no escape at all.

I thought of Krystal and wondered how is she. Is she is in heaven? Hell? Purgatory? A wall? In the nothingness? I wondered how was death for her. Was it painful or painless? It was hard to know since her soul was in some sort of sleeping state.

When Death came for her, she was lying on her bed. She had recently bathed and was about to take her medicine to sleep. When I went to her room to check if she was sleeping, I saw Death standing on the footbed in silence. I stood still, asking myself what would he want. Then he went towards my girl and raised his scythe. She was sleeping peacefully. Not a sign of worry or pain. I realized what he was going to do and cried "NO!".

Ignoring my plea, he lowered his weapon, separating the soul from the body. Then he took her soul in his arms and muttered something. Krystal's soul took the form of a sphere and disappeared. Then he turned to me and said "Come, Eric. You are the next one on my list." Eyes wide,



I turned and ran.

I didn't want to believe what I saw. However, deep inside my heart, I knew, somehow, that it was time for her to die. She was very sick, falling apart because of her frail heart. My mind refused to believe it, yet there was no other explanation. I took a deep breath and dried my eyes. Death was right. There was no use in running. It delayed my death for a few minutes at most. Nevertheless, I am going to die anyway.

"I see that you've calmed down." Said a man's voice.

I jumped in place and banged my head against the table. I rubbed my newly swollen head and groaned in pain. Death just looked at me, sitting by my side without his deadly scythe.

"What are you doing here?" I asked bitterly.

"Isn't it obvious? I'm here to reap your soul."

"Why?" I inquired, looking at him directly. "Why do you have to do it?"

He sighed softly. Then he took off his hood, looking at the horizon. He had a black man's face with cuts in his cheek, a bite mark in his neck and piercings in his eyebrow. He licked his thin lips and spoke in a soft tone:

"I often wonder the same thing myself. Honestly,

it's just part of the job. I only do what He asks me to do and that's it. Sometimes I question the purpose of reaping souls. Most of the time I end up shrugging away my doubts and let He work everything out."

"But who's He?" I scooted a little farther. Just because we were talking didn't mean that I trusted him.

"He is... how to explain it?" He scratched his chin with his female hand, then answered. "I guess He is the concept of everything and nothing, the beginning and the end, life and death and so on."

"Does He have a name?"

"His name varies for each person since it's all of the person's beliefs together in one supernatural being."

"So, He's nameless?"


"He's whatever name you call him. So long it's a good name."

"A good name?"

"Yeah, I mean, don't call him the devil, Apophis, Hades, etc. etc. He is a whole being represented by different concepts. The bad names are a representation of the absence of His being."

"Huh..."

We stayed in silence for a few minutes. For some



strange reason, I suddenly felt peace. Even though I had Death next to me, I felt I was next to a nice stranger and not a psychopathic killer.

I felt Death's burned hand on my shoulder. "You ready?"

"No." I muttered. "Who is?"

He chuckled. "You're finally understanding. Well then, let's make this quick."

His scythe appeared in his hand. For some reason, I panicked at its sight. I felt fear all over again. It was time for me to go... yet not to the heavens, but far away from Death.

"No!" I got out from underneath the table and ran. This time, Death was right behind me. He didn't let me run away.

"Come on, Eric! You're way past your death time! Let me reap your soul!"

"No!!"

I ran left, but he blocked my exit with his scythe. I tried right but he blocked my route again. I tried to reach for the stairs, but he wouldn't let me. We ended up face to face, and I got my first good look (more like bad look) at him. The left side was a man's face, but the

right side was a young female's face. A blue eye looked at me with a trail of mascara tears running down the clawed cheek. The ear had an earring and a small tattoo decorated the neck. It was such a contrast from the left side, I wondered how he's able to keep everything together.

"Eric don't make this harder on yourself. Just come with me and you'll be better."

"How can I be better if I'm dead? That's impossible!" I cried, stepping back.

"Believe me, you'll be better once I reap your soul and--"

"That's ridiculous." I said, stepping into the broken balcony. "There's no way I'll be better."

Suddenly Death opened his eyes wide and reached for me. "Eric--"

"I don't want to die." I said, stepping away.


"Eric--" he reached closer.

"I don't want to leave..." Another step back for me.

"Eric--" He's closer.

"Leave me alone!" I yelled, turning to run.

"Watch out!!" called Death, reaching for my hand.



When I turned around, I saw that there was nothing save a vast empty space. I began to fall from the library's fifth floor, with nothing to save me. I knew that I was definitely going to die now. As I came to terms with the obvious, I saw the floor getting closer and closer until-

THUD!!!

...

...

...

"Hey." called a familiar female voice.

...

"Hey, wake up."

I opened my eyes and found myself in the border of the green field in front of the library looking towards the Morales Carrion building. For a moment, I wondered if by some miracle I survived. Then I looked down and realized I was wrong.

My body looked the same as it was in life, except that now it had a half-transparent look. I could see through it no matter where or how I was. The rest of my body disappeared beneath a long white robe. I couldn't feel it, but knew my body was there. It felt weird.

"You should've let me reap your soul after our little chat." Commented a female voice next to me. "It would've been less painful."

I looked at the source and found a beautiful woman beside me. She was dressed in a white gown and had a pair of majestic wings on her back. She looked at me with tender eyes and said, smiling, "Of course, that would've meant that you had to be brave and accept death. But that's impossible. Everyone fears death."

"Ummm... who are you?"


She chuckled and gave me another smile. "Why, I'm Death, Eric. The same Death that you tried to avoid not so long ago."

I stared at her. "What?"

She laughed. "I know I look different, but it's still me."

"How? I mean, it's not possible."

"Have you ever seen a seed, Eric? At first, they're small. They go through changes that completely break what they are. But once they grow out of the shell, they become a beautiful flower or a delicious fruit. Same goes for the souls. The souls are tested through life. They go through changes that help them grow. Once they reached



their purpose, they are ready to be reaped. That's when I pick them up and bring them to the afterlife."

"There's an afterlife?"

"It depends on what you believe in. But yeah, you could say there is one."

"Interesting."

This made me think. I mean, I never believed in anything. I always thought though that there was something else for us at the end of our lives. Something other than death. Well, I guess I would find out soon.

"By the way, what happened to my body?" Death winced.

"Best if you forgot about it. Not a pretty scene."

I frowned, a little irritated. "Tell me. I want to know."

She sighed, then nodded to something in front of her. I stood and turned around to see. I almost regretted doing so.

My body laid in a pool of blood. It was lying on the right side, with blood all around the left side of my head and my lips. My eyes were fully open, staring into the unknown, void of any light. My arms and legs appeared to be intact, but I didn't want to find out if I was right or wrong. All the blood that came out of my head went to

All the blood that came out of my head went to under the misplaced tiles. It made a nasty scarlet circle around my upper body. I was creeped out at the sight of myself.

I looked back towards Death and noticed that her image had changed. Now she was a young man. Quite handsome, if I dare say so myself. He looked at me with pity, then said in a deep, soft voice "I'm sorry. I tried to grab you, but I can't touch the living unless it is to take the soul."

"It's ok." I said, somehow without shaking.. "I was going to die anyway."


He shrugged. "I figured as much, so I took away your soul before you crashed." He explained, walking up to me. "A painless death was the least that I could do."

I stood there contemplating the concept. Painless death? LOL. Although, I didn't feel anything, which was good (I think), but, at the same time, it's weird.

"Ready to go?" he said, looking at me in the eyes.

"Gosh, seriously? Does it look like I have a damn option?" I replied. He laughed. "Come one, let's go."

He took my hand and opened his wings. A staff appeared in his other hand. He opened a hole in the sky out to a black nothingness. As I wondered if it was visible



in the real world, we went up to the sky. I held on to his hand as we went up and up and up till there was nothing of the earth in sight.

I looked down, then up. In the distance, I saw a small light. As we got closer, I realized that it was Krystal, waiting for me with a smile. Somehow, I felt at peace. I don't know if I'm ready for what comes next, but oh well. In any case, I'm glad I'm not a wondering ghost in earth. I'm glad that Death came.

Yeah, I'm glad he came.



Today, will be the day. I will make a friend, I know I will!


Since I entered University, I have always been alone. It's not that people avoid me, or they hate me, it's just that, I preferred it that way. Doing my own things with no interruption, or having to interact with someone... but lately, I have been feeling empty, and it has become a feeling that won't go away. It has been a while since I have been feeling this, so I sat down and thought about what it might be, and I figured out what it was!

While walking around campus, I noticed people walking in groups or pairs, the ones that were alone, were waiting for people or going to someone...

It clicked in my head!!

I wanted a friend!!

So, I went out and talked to people, but for some reason they didn't talk back



to me. It's like they didn't even notice me... I kept trying for days, weeks and even months, but no one ever talked back... I was losing hope of ever having a friend.

One day I was sitting on a bench near a tree, just enjoying the calmness and the beautiful day... I wanted to enjoy this day with someone... the sadness got too much, and I started crying really loudly, and couldn't stop.

“Hey, are you okay?”

I heard someone speak but didn't care to look around, it was obviously not to me... no one ever talked to me, not even when I approached them.

“Hey, miss are you okay? Why are you crying?”

I looked up, and to my surprise, there was a girl right in front of me! I looked around to see if she was talking to someone else, and there was no one, only me.

“Are you talking to me?”

“Of course I am! You're the only one here. I see crying, are you okay?”

In that moment I couldn't believe what was happening, **SOMEONE WAS TALKING TO ME!**

“Yes, I'm fine, I was just sad because I haven't been able to make a friend, everyone ignores me...”

“That's weird the people in this college are very friendly... How about I become your friend?”

“**YOU MEAN IT?! YOU WILL REALLY BE MY FRIEND?**” I was so excited that I jumped from my seat and almost tackled her!

She laughed and excitedly said “Yes, I’ll be your friend. I just finished my classes, so I’ll see you tomorrow!”

“Yes, but where do I meet you?”

“Right here tomorrow at 12:00pm?”

“Yes, tomorrow afternoon!!”

I was so excited I finally made a friend!!! I waved to her until I couldn’t see her anymore.

Two months have passed

IT HAS BEEN FANTASTIC!!


We have become the best of friends!! She always comes and talks to me on any free hour she has. She talks to me about her other friends, family and love life! It’s so exciting. Today I’m waiting for her again at our usual spot. I’m so excited to see her!

Two weeks have passed

It has been two weeks and she has not come again... did she leave me, or does she hate me? ... why did she abandon me? ... These thoughts have been haunting me ever since she left, my last best friend did the same thing to me... why do they always leave me? ...

I left our usual spot and walked around campus, when suddenly I hear two girls speaking about a student that committed suicide.

Two girls talking:

- 
-
- “Hey, did you see the news yesterday?”
 - “YES!!, The girl that always used to sit alone in the tree committed suicide!!”
 - “Apparently, she couldn’t take the pressure of her classes and personal life, so she started talking to herself!”
 - “That’s what I heard! But, one day, I walked past that tree and she was talking as if there was someone there, like a living person!! But the only thing I saw was a black shadow... I got so freaked out that I power walked away from there!!”
 - “... Hey, do you remember Zack?”
 - “Of course!! He was the sweetest guy ever, I cried when I heard he committed suicide...”
 - “Well someone I know said something similar to me... that he was talking to this girl that was always sitting next to that tree and that she was really sad because she didn’t have a friend, so he became her friend... and sometime later he committed suicide... it’s been over a year since he died.”

They stood up and got further away from me. I guess they’re going to class... So, she killed herself. Now I’m alone again... I guess I’ll have to make a new friend.



Credits



Stories

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
The Ghost of Microbe Mephitis

Héctor Iván Luna Torres

Saddie

Madyanis Santiago

The Rooms

Genevieve

Chad's Destiny

Ema N. Rosario Desardén

Loss of Faith

José G. Pagán Rivera

The Arrival

Luis A. Renta

Death

Anaklusmosj

Friendly Ghost

Valeria Rodríguez Merced

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We're on the web!

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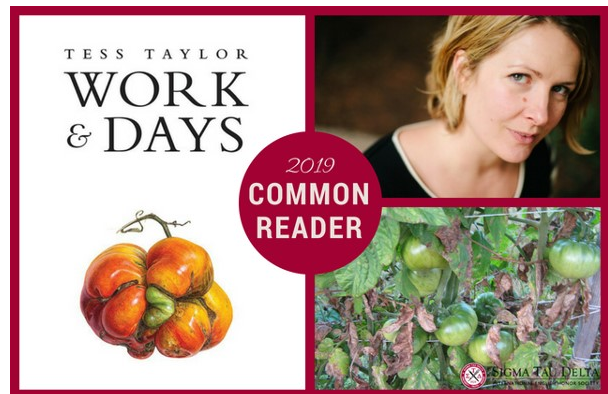
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