

I never should have opened the door. Early this morning, I had skipped happily to school, but the weather began to get worse. Thunder and lightning boomed! Sirens wailed! Everyone headed down to the school basement for the tornado warning. Except me. I was in the bathroom. When I headed back to my classroom, it was empty. The rain pattered eerily against the windows, hail just starting to fall. A tiny radio sat on my teacher's desk. I turned it on, hoping for advice, or at least some information on what was going on.

“And here's Lisa with the weather.”

“Thank you, John. A tornado is rushing across the Valley. All people are advised to stay indoors. Wait.. This just in, the power has gone out at the downtown sanatorium. A man by the name of Fred D. Jason has escaped! Everyone lock your-” The batteries died. I looked around the room and ran to the front office. Nobody was in there, either. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Thinking it was a worried parent, I opened it. Lightning struck through the sky, and there stood a figure. He wore a white hospital gown and held on to the rail with so much force, his knuckles were white and the rail bent beneath his grip. Suddenly, he lunged at me. I screamed as he rushed in the building. I soon realized who it was. It was Fred D. Jason, the deranged serial killer. He really had escaped, and he was here! In this school! He turned to look down the hall I had just traveled, and glared at me.

“Come here, girlie, I have a present for you!” He chuckled maniacally, moving closer with every distorted laugh. I scrambled to my feet, pushing the nearest chair down in the hallway in an attempt to slow him down. I ran past the bathrooms, past the gym, and past the classrooms, but he still followed close behind. Finally, I reached the end of the hall, only the door to the basement, remained as a possible escape route. But I was too slow. He lunged, but stopped mid-pounce. I heard laughter and whispering from behind the door.

*That was where everyone went, I thought to myself. Maybe I could- My*

thoughts were cut short. Fred passed me and opened the door, snickering menacingly. Only then did I realize that he was holding something. He held to a piece of the railing with that same iron grip. It seemed as if he had sharpened the end, anticipating this moment.

He crept inside, as if he was a cat stalking a mouse, and slid out of my view. I waited outside, wondering what I should do. I was filled with anxious agony on what I had possibly set my peers up to. As I waited, it was silent. *What was he doing??*

Then, screams rang out. Bloodcurdling, earshattering screams of pain and agony. What was he doing? There was a small window on the basement door. Just as I started to peek through it, some kid with a deformed expression of pain and shock pressed their face against the window.

“Move your head, kid!” I screamed. But the kid fell back abruptly. Soon I realized that it was no longer a kid, but a severed head. It oozed down the window, leaving a trail of fresh blood. There were more screams. The storm outside was growing ominously worse. Sounds of rain, wind, hail, sirens, and slaughter flooded my ears. The sound was sickening, and the odor of fresh blood made me lose my lunch. The sounds disgusted me, and the stench never receded. Finally, I took a deep breath and opened the door to the basement with great caution. Everything was quiet. I crept in, trying my best to be absolutely silent. Footsteps faded in the distance of the basement. Was it Fred? Or was there a possible survivor? I glanced around and started down the stairs and pulled out my small emergency flashlight. When I stepped off the last step, I heard a splash, and my shoe flooded with a warm liquid. I looked down, only to find a large puddle of blood, still trickling out of my algebra teacher’s neck. The disturbance caused the stench of the blood to rise to my nose, causing me to lose what remained in my stomach. Suddenly, all the lights went out, except a single floodlight at the end of the hall-like basement. I heard a quiet, but menacing snicker behind me. I turned around quickly, shining my flashlight into the eerie darkness. There was nothing. I stepped forward cautiously,

anticipating Fred to come up soon. I crept down the hall towards the light. It was the only exit besides the stairs to the main part of the building. Just outside of the flood of dimming light, I could make out a vague figure. It suddenly burst in to running towards me. I turned to run, but as soon as he caught my arm, I knew who it was. The same iron grip that broke the railing to start this horrid nightmare, was holding my arm and pulling me closer. His long, unkept fingernails dug in to my arm. I tried to scream as his nails broke my skin and blood ran down my arm, but nothing came out. He uttered a short, but demonic sounding chant and started shaking me. I finally broke out of my trance of shock and struck him over the head with a hard book that I found. I ran with all I had when Fred let go and stumbled back. He quickly came to his abnormal sense and ran after me. I ran towards the door, and almost slipped in blood. When I reached the door, I soon found out it was locked. I turned my back against the door and stared wide eyed at my pursuer. As he entered the pool of light, his features became clear. It wasn't Fred D. Jason. No, not at all. He pressed closer.

"Dad, please don't hurt me. Why did you kill all my friends?" I squeaked with obvious fear. He kept coming closer, so I hit him with my book again, and watched as he fell unconscious, splashing in to a puddle of blood. I fled the building as fast as I could. I ran down the street, looking for someone to help, but stumbled across the real Fred D. Jason. He was walking along the road, still in his restraints, he almost looked harmless. I was the only survivor of the mass murder of Whitesburg.

Written by - Dana