

Charlotte Handley

By Ashley Servin

My name is Charlotte Handley, born March 27, 1949. I am an only child. I was born in a poor white family household. Since my mom and dad weren't that very well off they decided to just stop with one child just to save some money. I have long, bright blond hair with blue eyes from my mom's side. I've always wanted to start my own business in clothing that I make but my parents did not approve of that because they wanted me to marry into a rich family, so I left home at the age of 17 and started working until I had enough money saved to start my own business. One of my favorite hobbies is sewing which is why I decided to make a clothing store.

I own a shop in Ricca, California called Charlotte's Clothing Store built in 1989. The white brick building features the sign "Charlotte's Clothing Store" in the middle and a giant window on each side in the front of the store displaying the latest trending clothing for wealthy people. The entrance is through a wooden door and a golden handle. The interior of the store has bright wooden flooring with floral wallpaper and racks containing different selections of clothing for people to choose from. In the front of the store there are two cashier registers for people to purchase their clothing that they have selected and there's a public restroom in the back of the store. There is also an upstairs room where I live with my two-month-old Maltese dog. The building is located

on the southwest side of the town. There are cameras inside of the store, but not outside.

In 1991, the store was at risk for closing because of the few customers who were shopping at Charlotte's until a famous actress showed up and wrote a great review of my shop. Over the years, the shop has kept growing and growing to what it is today.

We were in the middle of April: flowers started to bloom and the weather grew warmer than ever. It was a Sunday night when I locked up my shop and went to walk my two-month-old Maltese dog named Fluffy. It was also the night of the cast selection at the country club for a new movie that was being filmed in Ricca. I locked up my store and turned on the cameras that I had inside.

*“I should really buy cameras for the outside of my store, but I’ll do that another day.”* Charlotte placed her keys in her purse and grabbed the dog leash while leaving her store.

I went to the west side of the town where there was a forest with a pathway since it was closer to where I live. The sun was setting and I was about to make a turn back to the direction of my home until I heard a voice in the forest saying,

“Help Me,” said the voice.

I turned to the direction of the voice.

“Hello?” I said with worryness in my voice.

I started to get closer and saw two dark figures. It was a boy on the ground with blood on his throat. His throat was slit.

“Help me,” he said with a faint voice.

The sight of the boy shocked me. But that was nothing compared to what I saw next. I looked up to see a woman with brown hair and glasses and stained blood on her hand and clothes.

“Aaaaah!,” I screamed in terror.

After I screamed I began to run away with my dog in my hands, but the woman started to chase me. I was close to the exit of the forest but before I could make it I felt a sharp sting in the back of my leg and I fell to the ground. I turned to see blood coming out of the back of my hamstring. She jumped on me with full force while I was on the ground, but I kicked her with all the strength that I had with my legs. She then fell to the ground. That was my chance to start running. I grabbed my dog. She had fallen down to the ground when I was holding her. When I picked my dog up, I began to run as fast as I could with a limping leg.

“You won’t get away from me, you are going to be next!,” the woman exclaimed, yelling at the top of her lungs.

The good news is that when she slit my leg it wasn’t that deep. There were no places I could go to for help, the only place that was close was my store. Once I got out of the forest I still ran for my life just to get to my store as fast as I could, hoping that the woman did not follow me.

I began to grab my keys to open the entrance of my store and then immediately locked it before anyone could come in. I wanted to call the police, but I was petrified at the fact that she might find me if I do. While I was still shivering and shaking from what had just happened to me, I started to run upstairs to my room, lock the door, and hide in the corner until the sun rose.

It was the next day and I woke up from my bedroom floor hoping it was all just a bad dream. Then I saw the cut in the back of my hamstring, and that's when I started to shake even more. The worst news was that it is now Monday, meaning it is store opening day. I began to get ready to open the store, wondering if the lady followed me to the store, but I think my kick to her abdomen gave me enough time to get out of her sight of vision.

"Good Morning, please ask if you need any help finding anything," I said to the customers walking, greeting them with a smile.

It was just a normal day with customers coming in and out of the store, but I still kept getting chills at how there was a possibility that the lady could find me.

"Hello I need help with finding clothes," said a woman who looked to be around her thirties with brown hair and glasses.

"Yes! Let me show you where the kids clothes section is. What kind of event are your kids going to for you to buy clothes?" I said to the woman with curiosity.

"It is to bring my kids to work, so I wanted to buy them some nice clothes," said the woman, while smiling.

"Well that's nice to hear. We have made it to the kids section, but if you have any questions please do not hesitate to ask." I walked back to the front of the store.

"Yes I will! Thank you for your help," the woman said while waving goodbye. I didn't think much of it because she was looking for clothes for her kids. What kind of parent would be a killer? Who would have thought that I would regret helping that woman.

It was closing time and staff that were scheduled to work for the day had already left and all that was left to do was take out the trash. I went outside in the back of the store where there was an alleyway. I opened the garbage lid. There were footsteps.

I started to get paranoid wondering if the women had already found me. My whole body felt paralyzed when the steps became louder and louder. I turned around and it was just a group of teens walking past the alleyway. I sighed in relief that it wasn't the woman. After calming myself down I finished tossing the garbage bag into the garbage bin.

Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain on my neck which started to turn into an excruciating pain. Right when I knew it, I was on the ground with blood spewing out of my neck.

"Hejhhggglp," I tried to say as my cry for help, but the words just wouldn't come out.

I tried to turn around with the little strength I had left when I saw the woman from the woods holding the same knife that killed the boy in the woods. The woman started to come in a little closer when I realized she was the same woman who came to shop today! I began to cry, hoping someone would rescue me, but slowly my breath started to fade more, and my vision started to blur.

"I told you, you'd be next," the woman said with a sinister voice.

Who knew my death would be near a garbage bin outside of the store that was so hard to build. The last thing I saw was the woman walking away. The last thing I heard was the wind blowing around me, and before my final breath, I thought to myself "*Why didn't I buy those cameras?*"