

THE 31ST OF OCTOBER

On the 31st of October, every year, kids would go trick or treating roaming through the city. Every year a young girl or boy would be murdered by an anonymous man. Nobody knows who the killer is. Which means that every year a family will be mourning the loss of a kid.

Well, nobody knows except me. Last year I spent Halloween night running through the city trying to find him. And you can bet I found him, because this year he is going to regret touching those kids. He has spent all this years telling teenage girls who had been raped crazy, he has called me crazy, and everybody in this city has followed him like a lost puppy. But not for long.

I told my mum, and she said that it was a bad idea. I told my dad, he told me to focus on moving on. I told my witchy auntie, she told me to not play on the 31st night.

But I didn't care, I had a plan, and I was going to commit it, no matter what. My little sister told me it was a bad idea. It is a bad idea, right?

So I put on my pink shoes and I went to his house. He was still inside. I get in by the window, with my knife in hand and as I kill him I hear a knock on the door. I got out running, I heard the police siren, the neighbours had seen me.

That is why I'm here telling you this, and apparently they say that I killed an innocent man. Everybody is crying about his loss, but I know I bloody saw that man kill a little girl. But the officers say that I am crazy. So now tell me, who would you rather be, the next victim or the crazy teenage girl who killed a bloody wanker that has killed your kids?