

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a woman's face. She has light-colored skin with numerous small freckles. Her eyes are a vibrant green with distinct blue pupils. Her hair is dark brown and appears slightly messy. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her facial features against a dark background.

**It all started
at the end**

Anusha

It all started at the end

Anusha

© Anusha

Anusha Choudhary

20204032

1st year CSE

*I had never given much thought on how I would die
But I sure didn't see this coming.*

Prologue

Port Angeles was recently been reporting mysterious murders and people suddenly disappearing, soon we found out that people with green eyes where behind all these strange events. About the green eyed people: Green eyed people are cursed by the evil spirits. They hunt human beings for fun, they like messing and playing death games with them. This has to be stopped, and it's only possible if we find the original green eyed man whose cursing and converting other people to be like him. But the million dollar question, who is THE ORIGINAL?

Chapter 1



“It feels the year 1989. Home to the evil”

I've been sitting on my desk the whole day, skimming through the newspapers and case files. I let my mind wander. I was seven years old when my teacher David told me that the most colourful insects were also the most venomous ones and I was eighteen years old when I looked into his green eyes and realised that he had been right all along. I'm twenty six now and the chief of Police here at Port Angeles. I've been here since I was three and serving Port Angeles since five years. Port Angeles has been a home to evil for the past few years, increasing murders and people disappearing suspiciously . There is something mysterious about the concept of green eyes, the department and I are still figuring it out. I feel it's kind of some kind of evil spell going on, but other people of the dept. think I'm crazy. I still couldn't find the man. But I can't tell anyone the secret about green eyes I was told by my dad who was a chief too.



“Chief Molly!!” Someone shoots up at the door in horror interrupting my thoughts

“There's been one more, at the hem of the mount!” The officer pants, I stand up in shock and pick up my pace behind him grabbing my gun and jacket. This is the sixth Murder this month, and we still have no reason why they're being killed or who they're been killed by. We're driving to the spot

where the dead body had been found. Our town is in grave danger, all these conspiracy theories coming up in the news.

Before I reach there the place had been sealed with police tape. We reach there and I take over the crime scene. I nod to the sheriff who was talking to the deputy officer about something, I can't hear. It's a man's body, age approx. 22, fair and it seems, he was with a girl as there's a lady's purse next to him, who happens to be missing.

"This is seriously getting out of hand, we all gotta do something" the sheriff whispers close to me.

"I know, we've been looking into the matter, and we still don't have any clue" I'm numb, and have't even blinked my eyes. "Chief, he was a good man." She almost sobs.



It's dusk already, everyone leaves the crime spot, the evidence has been collected, and case has been registered for the missing lady. I decide to stay here and sit a little far from the scene. I feel blue, I feel guilty as if I let it happen.

I could have done better, this feeling is killing me. I remember how my teacher David taught me never to give up, and never fear to support the truth. He died last year in a car crash. He was there to support me through all, my bad times or good. I miss him. I need to find who is playing the master mind, who is doing all this and why and what's he planning?

All of a sudden, something moves at the corner of my eyes, I turn to see, there are two men exactly at the spot where the dead body was found, I hide back, and peep. They're trying to find something, but seems they couldn't, they look around and started walking away.

Chapter 2



I will learn how to fight with swords next time.

I follow them into the alley, it's getting dark, they stop at the end of the alley and they meet two more, I couldn't fail to notice they had green eyes as well! They all had swords with them tied to their backs, which is strange I don't know why. They start to talk about something. I start recording their arguments, and what I ended up recording was my own murder.

My heart skips a beat, and then spikes up. I'm completely blank, their heads turn, they look in my direction and I try to stick at the tree trunk and not move or even breath for a few seconds, I peek a minute later, they're busy planning more, I can't hear. I send an emergency text to my department to know my location and send force. I look up after I'm done and As I peek, And shoot my phone slips out of my hand, making a thud sound, making them notice, they see me.



They huddle up and they are super fast, within a matter of a few seconds, they have their swords in their hands and they've surrounded me. "Chief , how come you're here?-Oh no, you heard we were gonna kill you-didn't you?". I, as a reflex, take out my pistol and shoot one of them in the

middle of his head, and at same time the second guy swirls his sword in air and to my neck, but I bend, get up and kick him back, “Damn, that was some move!” I say to myself and pick up the dead guy’s sword and I defend myself against all the other swords, one of the guy backs out and lets other two fight, as if he’s enjoying the show. They both circle away from me, keeping their swords in motion and continually changing their guard and stance. And suddenly one of them attacks me, and my sword slips out of my hand, dammit! I step back, balancing my weight on my left foot, and throw my right fist out in a curved punch at his temple. Turning ninety degrees to the side, he bring his right forearm up to counter the blow, formed a fist with his left, and throw it at my outstretched jaw. I am in trouble. He makes me kneel down and my hands tied at my back, And punches me in my face, and then my gut.



I’m so tired of being the lady with the swords... The musketeer, the one to save everyone. Just for once I don’t want to fight. I want to be fought for. But it might be asking for too much, But suddenly, someone appears from thin air, it’s too dark to see anything. It’s too hard to keep my eyes open. I feel sick. My all inner energy has drained. I hear the anonymous guy fight, I can hear him grunt. I can’t see them, but I hear the clashing sounds of swords, few minutes later everything was silent, I could hear a thing.

“Hey! Molly!! Can you hear me? Molly?!” He says shaking my face. My eyes flutter open and I see him

“Well, I have to go, the cops will be here soon. And you need to know something important. The original you’re looking for is, down the alley in dilapidated mansion. Take

care” and he leaves me and disappears in thin air, just as he came. THE ORIGINAL, if we get him and kill him, all this will come to a halt.

I see sheriff and the other cops running towards me and cars screeching behind, I get up hazy, but I ignore, my head bleeds but I don’t care.

“Chief, are you okay?” Sheriff asks , I nod, And I order three officers to follow me to the old dilapidated mansion. While sheriff is clearing out the dead bodies with others. We reach down the alley. We turn on our torches and we get into the old barren mansion. The last time someone came here was in the year 1923. We quietly search all rooms except the last one, all empty but a lot of scripts and papers.



We are so lost going through the scripts and planners, all covered with murder events that took place or were going to take place, We hear someone talking over the phone. We head to the last room. we all take our combat position and As I kick open the door ‘thud!’, with my gun in shooting position and loaded I burst inside. My eyes alert. As my head turns I stare in shock . I never expected this, It’s not possible! No! I’m horrified, all the blood drains out my face. I have seen him before, those are the same green eyes!

The Original is my teacher. David.

‘But you were dead!’ I mutter to myself, fighting back my tears. I don’t stop aiming at him and it all started in the end.