Short stories

Mrs Smith is sitting in the office talking to her co-worker The colleague is the young new Dr Drake He replaced Dr Hope who retired last week  
Dr Drake asks Mrs Smith what her biggest fear is  
She replies Losing one of my children  
Drake asks What do you mean when you say losing one of your children Are you talking about misplacing one of them or someone taking them  
She sits there for just the briefest of moments before saying  
Either I mean either I cant really see myself misplacing them However that would be bad be also I guess I worry more about someone taking them

Hello my name is Shreeya Ruia.

Dr Drake I am glad you started working here with us However it is time to go home now I want to beat that Friday night traffic so I can cook for my children and give my mom a break  
Dr Drake says Thats fine Mrs Smith yo  
As she cuts in and says Dr Drake you can call me Sally  
Dr Drake replies Thank you Maybe once I get to know you better I will Sally just stands there looking and smiling at him for a moment or two She was musing over what he had just said to her Dr Drake says (as she lurched bringing her back from deep thought) I hope you have a good weekend Goodbye

As Sally walks out to her white BMW she felt a little spurned from Dr Drakes refusal to call her Sally She surmised that he just didnt like her That is why he wouldnt call her by her first name As she climbs in her car Sally starts to quibble with herself about why Dr Drake doesnt like her Sally puts on her seat belt and drives off She turns on the radio and starts to unwind with some easy listening jazz She just wants to forget about it so she doesnt build any animosity toward him Then she remembers that she has to stop and get something for dinner She stops and picks up things for spaghetti because it is little Johnnys turn to pick what they have for dinner and he wants spaghetti   
  
She walks through the living room to get to the kitchen so she can start dinner Sally sees her mother lying on the couch asleep Sally asks herself How can you be watching my kids if you are asleep So she starts to get things ready to cook when she realizes the children havent came to give her a hug She looks out the back door Where she sees her moms new boyfriend doing something with a shovel in the back corner of the yard She stands there looking at him for a moment or two thinking she didnt trust this man

There is no sign of the children out back So she heads up stairs and looks in the bedrooms She doesnt find the children She starts to panic and yells Johnny Troy! as she runs around the house looking for her kids Her mom wakes up and yells for Frank to come in the house Frank comes running Just as Frank gets in the house he hears Sally yelling at the top of her lungs Where are my children He rushes into the living room where he sees Sally standing over her mom with a knife yelling Where are my children Frank runs over and grabs the knife and knocks Sally unconscious

Meanwhile at the office Dr Drake is finishing up some paper work as his assistant walks in the office and asks Do you want me to file Mrs Smith paper work  
The Dr says Yeah here it is  
The assistant stops and asks Dr I know you cant say much but do you think Mrs Smith will ever except that she doesnt works here and that her children are a figment of her imagination

Created on March

Answering Machine

The answering machine flashed red in the darkness of her apartment She watched it blink incessantly never wavering in its pulsating crimson warning that there was a message waiting to be heard It was probably from him Just the thought of hearing that quiet whispery voice reverberating through the room was enough to send a cold wave of fear down her spine

The front door was shut coat and keys were hung on their proper hooks and galoshes were left out to dry She did not touch the machine A quick trip to the kitchen resulted in the kettle being turned on and a slice of raisin bread in the toaster The answering machine was carefully avoided Pajamas were put on fuzzy brown slippers were put on chilled feet and a good book was taken off the shelf Still the little red light flashed on and off on and off

It wasnt until she had settled down with a steaming cup of chamomile tea and raisin toast that she hesitantly walked over to her answering machine and pushed play A cheerful beep started the tape She held her breath

Hey Freddy its me An exasperated female voice instantly untied the knot in her stomach Listen I need a huge favor from you; Marcus and I have to go to this stupid faculty dinner party on Saturday night and our babysitter has a final Could you please watch Doug for us that night It would mean the world to us Give me a call later even if its to say no

She chuckled to herself There went her wild weekend plans Oh well Doug was a great kid even if he did take a perverse joy in kicking her butt at Mortal Kombat She wrote herself a reminder to make a return call later and snuggled into the couch There was bliss for a few moments as she munched her toast and delved into her book The phone rang and the delight was shattered

Six times Her phone always rang six times before the machine picked up This gave her enough time to answer if she was sleeping or in another room and discouraged telemarketers from leaving pointless messages She froze like a deer in headlights as she mentally counted the rings Each one seemed to last an eternity; the digital jangle stretching out before her like the path to the guillotine The sixth chime tolled a tiny click and whir signaled the start of the tape and her own sunny voice escaped the black box to mock her

The good news is youve reached Freddy Bates The bad news is I cant answer your call in person Leave me a message so we can keep in touch There was a short chuckle Dont forget to wait for the beep ok This was followed by a brief pause and then a merry beep

The rain outside of her window seemed to hush for a moment as though it too were waiting to hear what sound would slither from the bowels of that innocuous black box There was nothing at first; and then those three words that she feared more than anything snuck up and assaulted her senses

Hello little girl His voice was as usual powder soft and smooth as glass and it held that cutting edge of disapproval that always seemed to accompany that particular greeting It was his way of subtly chastising her but it cut like a knife every time

Are you going to pick up the phone Fredrika I would like it very much if you did She found herself shaking her head and shrinking into the couch It was ridiculous but it was a reflexive action nonetheless A tiny sigh escaped the box; she could almost see his eye close in irritation

All right We will do things your way for now I must say that I am growing weary of catering to your whims She choked a little Whims! Her leaving was by no means a whim It was months of gathering the willpower to pack a bag and move across town Gaining her freedom was certainly not a whim She could feel the fire of defiance building in her chest as she glared at the machine

Can you hear the rain Fredrika The voice reached out to her the sharp edge temporarily covered by velvet I can imagine you now in the slippers I got you last winter Your feet get cold so easily She peered down at her feet shivered and sent them flying with two short kicks It is a soft rainthe sort you used to love best when I would take you to the rooftop so we could waltz to the music of the drops falling on the tin roof Do you remember

That was a hit below the belt She buried her head in her arms to try and block out the sound Why did he do this to her The memories were beautiful ones yes but they were painful because they covered up the ugliness that writhed underneath And yet that relentlessly gentle voice kept going driving spikes into her heart with every word

Are you listening little girl I want you to play close attention to what I am about to say Her head turned so that one ear was lifted towards the voice I know about him That man you have been seeing His name is Bryan isnt it Her eyes widened in terror Oh yes I know all about him The sword edge was revealed once more this time dripping with bitterness He took you to dinner a few times and yet it was always a goodnight-kiss at the door and no further Good girl I am proud of you She could feel acid and bile rising in her throat He was following her He was watching her He knew

I know all about him and yet I forgive you You are weak Fredrika weak and lost and deep down you know that he cannot heal your soul the way I can He cannot keep the night terrors away like I do He cannot save you little girl She whimpered and scooted as far into the corner of the couch as she could go She did not need saving She wasnt weak It was the mantra that let her escape; the desperate hope that broke the chains binding her to him She repeated it now although it only had half strength when faced with the crushing coils of his clever words

Do not forget he murmured tenderly that you belong to me and you always will You could run to the other side of the world and your soul would cry out for me You know that it is my embrace and mine alone that can bring you true peace My possession of you is eternal

Her breath came out in harsh panting sobs She was biting her lip; the inside of her mouth tasted of copper and tea She couldnt give in Not now Not after all the progress shed made not after coming so very far!

Pick up the phone Fredrika There it was that serenely commanding tone that used to make her run to obey Even now she found herself half-stumbling to the receiver fingertips brushing the cool plastic even as they trembled She couldnt do it; it would mean the end of everything shed fought so hard for Still the instinctual need for his approval his forgiveness his protection from enemies unknown was powerful

Three loud beeps shattered the tension in the room The tape stopped The time limit had been reached She jerked her hand away from the phone as though it had caught fire The answering machine flashed red once again Her heartbeat slowly returned to normal

She took the miniature tape out of the machine and stalked over to the window feeling as though a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders The window was thrown open and she hurled the tape out into the street taking a great deal of pleasure in seeing it crushed under the wheel of an SUV The rain gently caressed her face and she closed her eyes and took a deep breath She was going to be all right after all As she shut the window again she failed to see a pale man looking up at her window smiling quietly to himself as he planned the next level of the game

Short stories Suspense

Created on March

The Butterfly Pin

The accused stood motionless nothing on his face betrayed any emotion It was this same lack of expression that had worried the attorney assigned to represent the man throughout the case Charged with robbing an elderly woman and beating her to death the defendant had shown no remorse indeed he had seemed completely unconcerned even when faced with the crime photos

The lawyer knew his clients demeanor made the jury uncomfortable Hell it made him uncomfortable faced with such a blank stare every day Professionally Hal knew that there was a marked lack of hard evidence against his client The most damning thing during the whole proceeding had been a witness who identified David Rawlins as fleeing the scene Hal had been able to cast doubt on the witnesss testimony because the man had just left a bar

Whoever committed this crime had been smart enough to leave no physical evidence behind It was the same MO as four other crimes that had plagued the community in recent months Hal felt confident that his client would be found not guilty In his closing arguments he had pointed out the similarities between the serial murders stressing the fact that anything the police had was merely circumstantial not enough to convict

Indeed ladies and gentlemen of the jury while we sit here today arguing this case against David Rawlins the real criminal is still out there waiting to attack again That last had caused the lead detective on the case to shift uncomfortably in his seat

With quiet respect Hal had attended the memorial service for the victim In the front of the church stood a large photo of the woman It showed everyones grandmother small and frail with a sweet face Alva Spence had been graced with an abundance of thick grey hair that she wore in a coiled braid on top of her head fixed by a butterfly-shaped hairpin She looked as though she were ready for Bingo

Now the trial was over The jury had only deliberated for hours before notifying the judge they were ready with a verdict As the bailiff approached the bench with the small slip of paper containing his clients future he glanced at the man next to him Rawlins stood calmly staring straight ahead completely unconcerned Hal felt exasperated was the other man completely incapable of emotion

We the jury find the defendant Not guilty

An anguished wail erupted from the back of the courtroom Hal barely listened to the judges instructions as he placed his paperwork into the briefcase on the table in front of him He knew this part by heart from long experience

Turning to congratulate Rawlins he changed his mind at the closed face looking back at him David Rawlins walked steadily from the courtroom ignoring the victims sobbing granddaughter Hal shook his head and followed him down the hall and out of the courthouse They started down the stairs then Rawlins paused Reaching out he gave Hals lapel a tug Hal felt his mouth go dry as Davids face was suddenly lit with a huge smile It reminded the attorney of something from a horror film Before Hal could react Rawlins was gone lost in the courthouse traffic

Shaken by that horrible smile after months of no emotion at all Hal looked down at himself His briefcase slid slowly from his trembling numbed fingers and down the steps

There in his lapel glistening in the late afternoon sunlight was a hairpin shaped like a butterfly

Short stories Suspense

by Blake Anderson

Created on February

The ceiling was white and nearly featureless at first I knew somehow that I was under the influence of drugs I recognized the feelings but could not remember why It required several minutes of lazy concentration for me to determine that the ceiling was made of white acoustical tiles on a white metal framework Some of the tiles were waterstaind Others were translucent plastic for the soft fluorescent lighting There was something tied under my nose and after a moment I began to feel cool gas tracing into my nostrils My other senses began to report in one at a time Expanding radially down from my head they began to explore my body and reported reluctantly to my brain As if each sense was an officer of my command coming back and giving me a detailed report of where the perpetrators hid My head feltdidnt really feel at all I felt like I was laying on a soft delicate cloud high up in the heavens My body felt weightless soaring above the skies A clear sign that I was heavily drugged  
A hospital I decided after several minutes Why am I in a hospital It took an indeterminate period of concentration for me to remember why I was here Then in a blink a slide show of mental pictures ran before my eyes Starting from the last morning I awoke and ending til the last time I closed my eyes The question now that arose from all the other questions lingering in my head was how long had I been out for Momentarily forgetting I was in a hospital In search for an [alarm clock](http://humor.helium.com/topic/4944-alarm-clock) I turned my head slowly to the right A bottle of IV fluids was hanging on a metal stand next to the bed its rubber hose trailing under the sheet where my arm was tied down I tried to feel the prick of the catheter that had to be inside my forearm but couldnt My mouth was cotton dry A dry desert lingering in the blazing sun cracked and broken skin lay acoustical across my tongue My saliva oasis dried out Nothing to relieve my mouth from its dry hell Next I tried to turn my head to the left but something soft but very firm prevented it I wasnt able to care very much about it For some reason my surroundings seemed much more interesting than my own body Looking directly up I saw a TV-like instrument along with some other electronic stuff none of which I could make out EKG readout Something like that I decided It all figured I was in a surgical recovery room wired up like an astronaut while the staff decided if Id live or not The drugs helped me to consider the question with marvelous objectivity  
I hear a voice from my left protected from the object blocking my sight  
Ah up now as a young pretty nurse walks up to my left side insight now  
Ive felt better But Im ok I Say  
While shoving an electronic thermometer into my mouth and glancing up to a monitor behind my bed Good  
Let me check your temperature and heart rate She says   
Im not stopping you I Smirk  
Yanking the thermometer out of my mouth she smiles Then walking over to a clipboard fastened to my medical bed she scribbles something down  
 Howd my test go I say  
She smiles and makes her way to the door before leaving she says My name is Lucy Ill be your nurse for the day ring me on the remote laying next to you if you need anything  
Just press the green cross on the left  
Itd be a good idea if you got some sleep she says  
Im all slept out thank you though I say  
She smiles and leaves the room I hate hospitals theyre always so lonely and no one ever tells you whats going on especially if its about you I lay there alone without sound and nothing to occupy my mind I soon become finicky Anxiety begins to build the dripping of the IV aggravates me to my edge The helpful fluid drips and drips My ability of hearing becomes toned it produces vivid sound wave pictures in my mind almost like from a computer detecting sound breaks I can see the waves as they radially pulsate out into my cold room The epicenter of the waves is the IV fluid With each drop a wave is sent out into the room ricocheting off the multitude of objects in my room My unhuman vision and mental pictures is broken by a familiar voice but I cant exactly place who it is A massive man arises from behind the object to my left His relaxing voice with the fiery strength to melt a woman says I told you Id see you again Our conversation continues but the words begin to fade without recognition A new voice begins to erupt and come into acknowledgeable volume My vision goes black  
 Mitzie are you there  
Are you ok  
Hello anyone one in that beautiful head  
My eyes break from the blackness and into bright vibrant light That police officer Chris Henderson Is staring at me with a concerned look on his face My vision slowly returns to norm as my eyes blink My vision fades in and out for several moments I get a head rush im suddenly light headed Both Chris and Jake have worried puzzled expressions on their attractive faces I open my eyes wide in the hope to relief the weightlessness of my head trying to grasp equilibrium My train of thought reaches me once again  
Huh I Say  
She gets these moments where she flashes back to memories or other scenarios Jake tells Chris  
O interesting Chris replies  
Well should I show you the crime scene Chris States  
Yes that would be good Jake says  
Lead the way Jake adds  
We walk to the front door along the concrete slabs strewn on the side of the building Instantly Jake and I go into what we like to call detective mode where we zone everyone out and inspect our surroundings looking for anything that may stand out of place to help make our behavioral analyses some what easier as well as looking for anything the officers might have had over-looked Dried quarter sized blood drops lead a path to the front door A collection of blood droplets lay dried and crusted on the concrete slab in front of the window next to the door I conclude the suspect was bleeding and or had something that was before he looked into the window to see if the victim was home before entering  
There was no forced entry to the home or anything to show a struggle at the front door Says Chris  
 The victim must have had known the suspect or trusted him Jake says  
Wait Jake we know this is Slot Machine why are we acting as if this is someone else we know its him I Say  
Mitzie we dont know for sure we cant be so quickly to make our evaluation and assume its him Jake says  
Chris is the victims eye missing I Say  
Yes matter in fact it is He says  
Is there anything in the eye I Say  
Something shiny but we were told not to touch anything before you two arrived  
I open the door and walk past Jake with a smirk on my face I say A quarter  
I walk past him leaving a sweet seductive aroma from my perfume behind Jake smiles and follows me in Chris behind  
What room chris I Say  
Kitchen He says

Short stories Suspense

by Benny D

Created on October   Last Updated October

Night Visitor

Its nine oclock on Sunday night and time for bed So Mrs D tucks in her youngest son John

Sleep tight Johnny You have school tomorrow Get some rest

Night Mom

She flicks off the light and closes the door The streetlights glimmer enters the second story windows of their South Philadelphia row-home Johnny watches shadows bounce around the walls They dance in unison with the shaking trees outside He listens to the moans and creeks of the house Theyre nothing new Its an old house and hes gotten used to the once frightening sounds At years old hes seen it all and is afraid of nothing Squeezing his stuffed stegosaurus he closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep

A door slams

Johnnys eyes pop open He tries to focus in the dark room He glances at his Mickey alarm clock am

Mom

He lies still and silent That was the front door he thinks But his thoughts are interrupted by heavy footsteps Johnny listens Clip clop Clip clop

The tapping of hard soles moves slowly but forcefully away from the front door and toward the kitchen Johnny looks at his dinosaur as if its spiked tail and plates of armor will protect him Clip clop Clip clop The footsteps circle the kitchen The back door creaks open and whines closed again

Now theres a mans voice Johnny stays quiet Where is the broom I told you to clean up that mess says the voice

Dad Johnny strains to whisper Dad is that you

Where did you put my broom kid says the voice

Jack calm down Hell find it

Stay out of this Helen Kid the broom

Johnny yanks the covers up over his mouth and nose barely leaving his eyes free to watch his door Hello

The voice goes quiet but the footsteps move once more Clip clop Johnny listens as the footsteps cover the first floor They move from the kitchen into the dining room and through to the living room They clip clop toward the cellar door over to the coat closet and back into the living room They stop at the foot of the stairs It is quiet

Johnny tries his best to keep silent but his heart is pumping and his lungs cant get enough air Where did he go Whats he doing now

A floorboard squeaks under pressure Its the first step Johnny knows that sound better than any other Normally its his cue that Mom and Dad are coming to bed and that he should put his army men away and pretend to be sleeping

Nothing Johnny hears the dull sound of a car engine passing in the distance Branches from the tree out front scratch at his window All of the sounds he doesnt want to hear flood his ears and distract him from the one sound that matters

Clip clop

The person has moved up just one step but up and closer to his room Johnny waits

Clip clop Clip clop

The footsteps move up another step And another How many steps are there Twelve Eleven Fourteen Johnny tries to count in his head

Clip clop

Another step closer

Clip clop

Clip clop

They have to be halfway up

Clip clop clip clop clip clop

Johnny pulls the last of the blankets over his head and closes his eyes even though the he cant see through the sheets He tightens his grip on stegosaurus threatening its seams

The footsteps get closer and closer Johnnys breaths are quick but useless He waits for the inevitable

Clip clop clip clop It stops

Johnny pulls his knees into his chest and does his best armadillo He listens for his door to open Is he standing outside my door What is he waiting for Come in Get it over with

Nothing

Johnny sits up still under the covers His doorknob creaks and spins The door cracks open

Mom help