

The Voice

Somewhere in Norway. Present day.

Kristian's mother was sitting in the living room, watching her son with love.

He was a very handsome and clever boy, though he had only recently turned ten. She had been deeply frightened when doctors mistakenly diagnosed him with autism after his birth, but it had all turned out fine: he was simply a little withdrawn, especially around strangers, and not very sociable with his peers.

Kristian attended a regular school and had no issues with his studies, and the lack of friends did not bother him at all.

It felt a little unsettling to her when their eyes met — those eyes gray as ice. She sensed his emotional coldness and wondered how much he had changed and matured inside over the past few months.

Then Greta, his younger sister, ran in with cheerful laughter. Once again, the mother felt the contrast between her daughter — quick as a bird — and her son, cold as an iceberg.

"Mom, let's go for a walk! It's snowing again! Dad's already getting dressed downstairs and got the sled out! Hurry up!"

She ran up to her brother and gave him a playful nudge.

"Don't sleep, you'll freeze. Come on!"

"I don't want to, Greta," Kristian smiled only with his lips. "You go without me."

Turning away, he continued to watch the snow falling outside the window.

The snowfall was growing stronger, and as he watched the drifting flakes, Kristian kept listening to the internal Voice.

"Well, folks, are we ready?" came his father's voice from downstairs.

"Yes, yes!" Greta shouted happily and ran off to get dressed.

His mother hugged him, kissed his cowlick, and asked:

"Maybe you'll change your mind?"

"No, Mom, I really don't want to. I have homework. You know how hard it is to be an honors student."

"Kristian, if you get a four instead of a six even once, nothing terrible will happen."

Kristian said nothing.

"I love you, Kristian," she said softly.

"I love you too, Mom," he replied quietly and went to his room.

"Kristian, we're leaving!" the family called cheerfully, and with heavy steps they went outside.

"Did you see how that old bitch looked at you?" the Voice hissed maliciously.

"She looked at you like you were dirt and regretted not flushing you down the toilet. And then she says, 'I love you'! But she only loves your sister — that tiny, fussy little brat!"

"Yes," Kristian agreed unconditionally.

The Voice had appeared quite recently, and Kristian had immediately accepted it as a friend and advisor.

It always suggested the right solution — from homework to predicting and influencing the behavior of those around him, as if it knew all their steps in advance.

It was so amusing and fascinating that the Voice had seamlessly entered his life, and he could no longer imagine himself without it.

And now these damned parents were plotting something against him.

"But he has..." he thought to himself. At that very second, the hissing Voice interrupted him:

"We, Kristian — we have a plan to counteract this."

The "Saboteur's Kit," as the Voice called it, was hidden under his bed, waiting for its time.

Kristian pulled it out and examined it: a knife, a long nail, a rolling pin, a spool of fishing line.

Nothing superfluous — only the firm resolve to eliminate the enemy.

"The plan will be executed flawlessly," the Voice sang with delight, and Kristian smiled warmly.

If his mother had seen him now, she would have thought this was how his love manifested.

"See how clever you are," the Voice purred approvingly as Kristian gently touched the kit.

"Tonight we'll enter the battle with the enemy, and no one — no one — will stop us!"

If Kristian had been well-versed in the early history of the Second World War, he would have immediately recognized whose Voice was speaking in his head.

The Voice that hoarsely laughed over the fires of the Inquisition... The Voice that guffawed and demanded higher quotas in concentration and labor camps...

The Voice that clapped its hands over mass graves...

And outside, the snow kept falling harder and harder — as if it wished to hide, not to witness the approaching horror.

After a cheerful family dinner and karaoke, everyone went to their rooms to sleep.

Kristian and Greta slept separately.

Kristian waited for the hour when all would be asleep. His parents still stirred — he could hear their bed creaking quietly and

rhythmically.

The Voice had already explained to him in detail what his parents and other adults did at night, and now, apart from disgust and righteous anger, he felt nothing.

“It is time,” the Voice whispered.

Kristian slid out of bed like a snake.

Putting on a black hoodie and pants, he carefully distributed the kit among his pockets, tucked the rolling pin into his waistband, gripped the knife in his right hand, and confidently began the operation.

His shadow crept through the hallway under the encouragement of the Voice — straight into Greta’s room.

“You know what to do, my boy. Do everything just as I taught you.”

Kristian approached his younger sister’s bed and watched for a while as she peacefully, childishly, snored in her sleep.

Then, with a swift motion, he clamped his palm over her mouth and slashed her throat with all his strength.

Hot blood sprayed everywhere — covering him, the walls, and the gasping face of his dying sister.

He pressed her head into the pillow and held it, staring into her eyes until she grew still.

“Yes... yesss... how good, my boy,” the Voice moaned in ecstasy.

Kristian’s eyes gleamed eerily in the half-dark as he watched Greta’s fleeting agony.

Stretching his blood-soaked lips into a twisted grin, he wiped the knife on the blanket so it wouldn’t slip and, nodding with satisfaction, walked toward his parents’ room.

Kristian had switched off the phone, electricity, and Wi-Fi — just in case something went wrong.

He strung the fishing line across the stairs and hallway, checked the tension, and only then crept up to the door.

Quietly, slowly, he pushed it open and stepped inside.

“You have infiltrated the enemy headquarters — the very lair of the foe. May your hand not tremble, my son,” the Voice whispered menacingly.

“Do everything correctly, my boy. I am with you.”

Closing the door, Kristian crouched like a spider beside the bed on his father’s side.

He pulled out the nail and began warming it in his fist.

“That’s right — so it doesn’t feel cold,” the Voice hissed approvingly. “How clever you are. You have no equal.”

The room was dark; if his mother woke and panicked, he would have time to stab her with the knife.

Kristian smiled and took out the rolling pin.

Hovering over his peacefully sleeping father, he inserted the nail into his ear and struck it hard with the rolling pin.

A soft crunch — the nail went in like butter.

His father twitched slightly and died instantly.

“A beautiful death, my son,” the Voice purred approvingly, just as his mother stirred in bed and, sensing something wrong, tried to turn on the light.

Click-click — darkness.

“It is time to die, bye-bye,” the Voice hissed viciously.

Kristian silently leaped onto the bed with the knife and began stabbing the defenseless woman — in the face, neck, chest.

She tried to shield herself with her arms from the thing that had attacked her, but without success.

What had once been Kristian could no longer stop.

Her faint, dying cry only fueled the hunger for violence.

He calmed down only after he had torn the body apart.

Throwing the knife aside, Kristian breathed heavily, quietly moaning with satisfaction at what he had done, lying on the blood-drenched bed beside his dead parents.

“We did it, my boy! Yesss!” the Voice rejoiced.

“You are a true saboteur! I am proud of you!

You do remember that another assignment awaits us tomorrow, don’t you?”

Kristian nodded, rubbed his sleepy eyes, and smiled that terrible smile.

Then, reluctantly getting up, he went to the shower.

He needed rest — for another important assignment awaited him tomorrow.

And for that, he needed to prepare a new “Saboteur’s Kit” for his school backpack.

The End

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