Adam Kistler

Durham

H. Language Arts

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The Killed and the Killer

I walked down the street

To follow my friend,

But I was too late

He was already dead.

Is this happening?

There he was.

Laying there.

All alone in the street.

I felt the rain on my head

as the blood swept by my feet.

His body, torn to pieces

barely resembling a man.

All the times with him

flashed in my head

All the memories of him

just laying there.

I’m frozen in time

standing right next to him,

paralyzed with fear

not knowing how to comprehend.

But then I saw it

the killer stalking in the dark.

Full of rage I sprint towards him.

Then BOOM!

I’m dead too.

I felt the rain on my head

as my blood swept by my feet.

My body, torn to pieces.

I shot them,

two kids are dead

tearing them to pieces

and for what?

Did I Just kill them both?

I didn’t even know what to do

I raised the gun to my head

the darkness inside consuming.

I just walked down the street

to follow my friend

But I was too late

we were all already dead.