

The Perfect Day

By Anwyn Foreman

We were walking on the sidewalk, all chatting about the normal gossip Farin had gathered throughout our day. The sun was shining, birds were cheerfully chirping. The three of us were walking down the sidewalk, on our way home from middle school. Our steps were in sync, our uniforms all crisp and clean, our bags hanging over the right side of our shoulders, same designs and patterns. We all wore the same hair style, same friendship bracelets that Kayla had made for us during the third grade. It was our fifth year anniversary of being BFFs, down to the exact day. Throughout elementary school, all up to this eighth grade year. School had started a few days ago, and I was already bored of it. As we walked down the sidewalk, a cloud covered the sun, making a large shadow over us. Three black ravens flew over us.

“Oh no! Bad luck comes in threes! Be careful everyone,” Kayla exclaimed, being very superstitious. Farin rolled her eyes, and I laughed behind my hand.

It was the perfect day.
Then it wasn't.

Fog started rolling towards us, and suddenly day turned to night. We all stopped walking, puzzled. All of a sudden Kayla dropped her bag and started sprinting towards our houses. A figure in black stepped in front of her, and she tripped. Farin screamed, and ran to help her friend. We picked her back up, and started running again, until we had been surrounded. We stood in the middle of the circle, the middle of a parking lot. Farin's bun had loosened, red hair was hanging limply next to her face, a bright contrast to her pale skin. Kayla's bright blue eyes hurriedly scanned our tormentors. I was holding on to Farin, and casting glances at my house, a few hundred yards away, trying to figure out how to escape. The cloaked figure in my sight stepped forward.

“Don't!” I cried out. “Don't c.. come any closer,” my stutter revealing how terrified I was. The figure laughed, and replied in a deep, gruff voice, “You commanded all this, girl. We are just following orders.” I was bewildered, I don't know what he was talking about. I looked at my friends, their positions didn't change, like they didn't hear what happened.

All of a sudden, the four figures raised their hands, and I fell into a deep dark pit, I felt like I was drowning. I tried to swim up to the surface, but just before I did, I was pulled back, back into this living nightmare.

When I woke, I was strapped into a bed, my friends facing me. It was dark, but a candle sat next to our beds. From the light, I could make out enough to know that we were in a warehouse. It looked to be old, and obviously, abandoned. I roamed my eyes over the warehouse, until I saw Kayla was moving. She was shaking her head, and her eyes opened. Her eyes calmly swept the room, until they locked with mine. When I looked into her eyes, I saw something I had never seen before.

Fear.

Kayla was the only one of us to be not afraid of anything, she kept us sane.

We kept eye contact, until I heard Farin moaning. I moved my eyes, only to my horror to see Farin being carried by two figures. I screamed her name, the words raw on my throat from screaming earlier. Kayla started screaming, Farin was kicking, and twisting, trying to get out of their grip. They had tied up her legs and arms, and she was screaming. She kept screaming, and then I saw where they were going. A lone noose limply hung in the open, I stopped screaming her name. Kayla must have seen what I just saw, and started screaming her name even louder, trying to get out of the bed. They stood Farin on the stool, directly under the noose. One figure held her still, while the other attached the noose to her neck. Her red hair swaying against the movement. She locked eyes with me, her green eyes sparkling against the candle light, and muttered a single word, "Killer."

And then the stool got kicked out from under her.

I turned my head away, wishing I could undo what I just witnessed. Kayla froze, staring in shock at her friend, hanging, swaying in a slight breeze. She then turned to me, eyes narrowed into slits. "What did she call you?" She fiercely whispered. I couldn't answer, still confused at why she would call me that, she must have heard the figures. "She called you a killer. What does that mean? Are you behind this?" She started screaming at me, tears falling down my face, overwhelmed. Someone came, and took Kayla out of the bed. She was still screaming at me, even as they led her into another room. I heard a whiplash, and a harsh scream. I flinched, hearing more and more whiplashes, then suddenly, nothing. I sob, freely now. I don't know what happened to my friends to think that I could do this.

The figures saunter over, and untie me. When I am free, I push past them and run to where I saw Kayla get taken. I scream, and bolt upright, panting. Kayla's back had been shredded, seeing her bones, gleaming white in the darkness, I tried to shake my head to clear the image. It is still dark outside, the air is still, holding its breath. I look around, somehow I am in my bedroom. I look over at my clock, and reads 6:24 a.m.

"Crazy nightmare, that was so weird," I mutter to myself, steadying my breath, and lying back in bed, trying to fall back asleep. On my nightstand, next to my bed, my phone buzzes a tune that I marked for Farin's mom. "There's been an accident, come to the warehouse."