

Trapped

Thump. Thump. Thump. I let my axe hit each step as I climbed down to the basement, just so she could know I was coming for her. She was hiding somewhere down here and there was no way out but these stairs. “Jenna.” I whispered to the basement. “You shouldn’t have looked in my closet without asking.”

She stepped out into the open, “I was looking for towels like you asked for, how was supposed to know you had a closet full of ex-girlfriend pictures and bones?”

“Next time ask which closet it is instead of just looking through everything.”

“Were you just going to keep that stuff forever? What if I moved in?”

“Are we really having this conversation in the middle of me trying to kill you?”

“Yes, because normal people talk it out instead of going straight to killing other.”

I started laughing, “So if we talked it out you wouldn’t have gone to the police to turn me in?”

“I didn’t say that.”

I took a step towards her, “Exactly so just talking about my feelings wouldn’t have changed the fact that I’m a killer.”

“No it wouldn’t have but at least you could work out some issues you have.”

With that I started to charge at her. She swerved around some old boxes and I lost her to the mountains of crap in my basement. Out of pure rage I began to cut down the piles of boxes around me in the hope that I would hit her in the process. After hitting the last large pile of boxes

near me, I realize she's not in this room anymore. She must have snuck into the hallway around the corner next to me.

“Jenna, you can't hide down here forever. I'll find you eventually.”

I try to listen carefully for breathing as I walk down the hallway. There are three rooms down this way. A room on the right comes up first then another on the left, and at the very end of the hallway is a room staring me down. Each door was open so she could be in any of them. Slowly I creep down the hallway listening for any hint of where she is. I need just a hint of where she is. I can't let her get out of here alive.

I come up on the first room on the right side of the hallway, and put my axe forward ready to strike once I see movement. Slowly I enter into the room, this room is the most empty. Without a closet and no boxes this made it easier to clear this room with a quick glance around. I can't hear anything in this room besides the beating of my own heart, which is racing like crazy. Slowly I back out into the hallway to move on to the next room. Thankfully this is a very narrow hallway.

The second room had a few small boxes with old family documents and a closet. It's sad that this small room in the basement has the best closet in the house. Not a sound still. Quickly and quietly I walk up and open the closet. Nothing. The small walk-in closet held nothing in there but a singular wire hanger. I turn around to look at the rest of the room. No shadows or breathing to give away where she is. So on to the last room.

“Jenna, I'm on to the last room so you should stop playing hide and seek with me.”

Still no response or movement to reply back to me. This last room is the creepiest since this one doesn't have a window, so the room is coated in darkness. As I come upon the doorway

I hear a foot step behind me. Before I could turn around there was a knife in my back. As the knife was taken out of my back I turned to face my attacker, and there Jenna stood, bloody knife in hand.

“You should’ve checked behind the door in that first room.” She whispered.

“How? I didn’t hear your breathing.”

Jenna stabbed me again in the chest, and that took me off my feet. “It’s called holding my breath.”

All I could do was scream in pain. “You know you shouldn’t jump to conclusions. If you would’ve stopped for a moment you would’ve found out you’re dating an ex killer as well.”

“What?”

“You kill ex-girlfriends but I kill ex-boyfriends. We could’ve been two peas in a pod but you just started attacking before I could explain.”

She stabbed my chest again, and again, and again. Blood was splattering all over her and the narrow walls closing us in. She stabbed me one last time and really leaned into this last attack. The last thing I saw before I closed my eyes for good was Jenna’s blood splattered face smiling down at me.