

The Woods

Abraham's father had warned him multiple times not to go into the woods. He had warned him of all the dangers that lurked inside of the woods, and told him just not to go, especially because he was only eleven years old. But he was going to go to the woods. He called his friend Jacob, and expected him to want to go with him. "Shouldn't you listen to your dad?" his friend Jacob asked him. "I heard there's a killer on the loose in our area. Maybe it's best if we all stay home." Abraham just laughed. There was absolutely no way that there was a killer lurking in the woods, right? His friends were probably just trying to get him not to go, he thought. "Just come with me," Abraham insisted. "It'll be fun." Jacob was hesitant, but he wasn't in the mood to argue with him. "Fine," he sighed. "I'll tell the rest of the group." Abraham couldn't help but smile. "Good," Abraham said. "We're going tonight, okay?" Jacob didn't even get to say anything, but if Abraham had already made up his mind, then he couldn't do anything about it. He called their two other friends, Connor and Maya. Jacob knew they wouldn't want to come, but Abraham was expecting them to be there. "Of course it was Abraham's idea," Connor mumbled to himself. When he turned on his TV, an alarming report was being read. "There's a new killer on the loose, and they're calling him the Killer of the Woods," the newswoman said. "Multiple children have gone missing, and they all went to the woods at night. Parents, teenagers, children, please stay home. The Killer of the Woods is dangerous." Connor turned the TV off. He had to tell everyone! "Are you trying to make me change my plans?" Abraham asked, annoyed. "I already told you guys, we're going *tonight*." Everyone just sighed. They *knew* it wasn't safe. But they couldn't argue with Abraham. "9:00 P.M.?" Abraham asked. "Or do you guys want to go later than that?" That sent shivers up everyone's spines. There was no way that they were going to go any later than 9:00. "N-No, let's go at 9:00," Maya insisted. Abraham thought they were all scared, but it was the only way that they would go with him. They met at 9:00 P.M., as he had planned. It was too dark to see anything, and there was no moon to illuminate the darkness. "The Killer of the Woods is probably out here," Connor whispered to Maya. "You're making me scared!" Maya exclaimed, giving him a shove. "No fighting!" Jacob ordered. "Especially when we're about to walk through the woods at night." Well, now Jacob wasn't helping. Abraham was walking around like he was in his house. "How are you so comfortable walking around here?" Jacob asked. "It's *just* the woods," Abraham replied. "I don't understand why you're being so lame." Jacob looked behind him, and he didn't see Connor or Maya. This was getting scary. He could only see a white face, staring at him with glowing eyes. That must have been the Killer of the Woods. It wasn't even a human! They needed to leave the woods, right at that second. "Abraham, I think someone is following us, and Connor and Maya are gone!" Jacob explained. "They probably are just checking out what the woods have to offer," Abraham argued, not even turning around to look at him. Jacob was getting sick and tired of

Abraham being arrogant and ignorant. Jacob was going to leave the woods, whether Abraham liked it or not. Jacob started to walk back to where they came from. Abraham wasn't even paying attention. When Jacob *thought* that he was going to escape the woods, he saw *lumps*. Lumps of grass? No, they didn't look like grass. He felt the lumps, and he felt clothing...and a body? There were two lumps. Two bodies. Two people. Two lumps that weren't there before. He felt an energy pass behind him. "Wh-Where are you?" Jacob asked, turning around to look behind. Show yourself! I *know* you killed Connor and Maya!" Then, the white face appeared again. It was at least eight feet tall. Jacob knew at that exact moment that he was going to die. "Now...it's *your* turn!" The Killer said in a creepy way. He pulled out his knife and stabbed him several times. "Three down, one to go." The Killer of the Woods would now go for Abraham, since he was the only one left. Abraham heard Jacob's screams, and it sent a shiver down his spine. "Jacob?" he asked. What's going on? Are you playing some kind of sick joke on me?" He got no answer, and it made him feel like no one else was there, which was true. He decided that he should look for everyone else, and after that they would go home. He had realized that what he had made his friends do was terrible. He shouldn't have forced them to come. Something wasn't right here, and he would apologize to them when he found them. Then, he saw the lumps. But this time, there were *three* lumps. "What kind of grass lumps are those?" Abraham asked, walking towards the lumps. It was too dark to see what the lumps really were, and all he could do was touch them. "Why does it feel like someone's body?" he asked himself. He pulled the grass from the lumps, and found his three friends. He looked at his hands, and they were covered in blood. He turned around, and was afraid of what he would see. "Have you found what you were looking for?" the Killer of the Woods asked, sharpening his knife. "W-Who are you?" Abraham exclaimed. Why are you doing this? They were my friends!" The cold blooded killer just laughed. Abraham knew it was his fault for making them come, but they shouldn't have died! "You are the cause of this," the killer declared. You and I both know that, so I think you should be punished for your actions." Before Abraham knew it, his life was about to end. As the Killer of the Woods pulled his knife out, Abraham closed his eyes and screamed.