

Felix Vasquez Jr.

“That little girl, man. That little girl.”

“What little girl?” the soldier asked. The witness sat on the floor, blood splattered on either sides of him as there loomed nothing but silence all around him and the splash of the soldiers’ heavy boots hitting against the blood puddles. Murphy was one of the few surviving soldiers who’d made it through the massacre, and though he was a witness, he wasn’t much of one. How do you depend on a loon as a witness?

“That little girl,” he muttered on his knees looking down in sheer shock.

“What is this idiot talking about?” a soldier asked whispering to his general.

“I have no idea,” he replied, “He looks out of it, that’s for sure.”

“This is how we found him?” asked the soldier.

“Afraid so,” the general replied, “He was on his knees looking down at his hands.”

“What girl are you talking about?” asked the general.

“Did you kill this girl?” asked the soldier pressing him anxiously.

“No,” he whispered looking up at them with wide beady eyes, the only kind of beady eyes that could signal an awe inducing sight.

“It’s her,” he whispered standing up. They flinched back drawing their guns.

“Get back down on your knees,” the general warned.

“Wait,” he said holding his hands up, “Don’t kill me.”

“Get down on your knees,” the general warned, “Now.” He sighed and dropped to his knees feeling the cold blood along his calves.

“This guy is psycho,” the soldier whispered.

“I’m not,” he replied with a growl looking up at them, “And I’m not the one you should be worried about... trust me,” he whispered, “I’m the least of your worries. It’s too late, now. You’re already in the belly of the beast. She’ll come for each of you.”

“She who?” asked the soldier growing irate.

“The girl walking on the ceiling,” he replied with an insane cackle, “The girl on the ceiling. And her eyes... my god... her dark eyes. She’s... she’s evil... and her creations...” He gave a frightened whimper, “It’s too late. You’re already dead. She’s marked you, your souls are tarnished.” They all gave a gasp as shrieks and cries echoed through the halls, and the lights slowly began to turn off one by one around them.

“What the...? General...?” the soldier asked alarmed.

“It’s beginning,” Murphy whispered with a chuckle, “It’s too late.” Low growls emerged from within the darkness of the room, and now they really knew. It was too later, after all. There was no turning back.