The Fly In the Window

By : K Cub

... there is nothing to say about this story but if you want to read it it's fine with me

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/K Cub

Copyright © K Cub, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

The Fly In the Window

I was only 15 going on 16 at the time of the murderâ ¦

Splat went the fly on the wall as it fell onto the counter. I checked it to see if it made the fall but the fly was dead on impact.

I looked out the window to see the sun shinning as brightly as ever: the green, green trees still growing deep into the dark brown soilâ ¦ but then I seen something no one should ever have to seeâ ¦

another fly blocking my view of a perfect day. You may think so what, but I bet youâ ll never say that to my faceâ ¦ why? You ask your selfâ ¦Iâ LL TELL YOU WHY!!! I swatted at the beast as it fell into a clear glass on the window seal. I grabbed the cup just to find out that the monster livedâ ¦

So I wanted to play a little game I like to call *â fly away.â* I watched as the fly, thinking it could get away, flat on itâ s back circling the cup trying to escape from my hand. I thought to my self for a moment and came to the conclusion to go easy on it this time, so I slowly turned on the water â drip, drip, drip, dripâ till the fly was on itâ s belly trying to swim itâ s way out â HA! You make laugh.â I said as I took the devilâ s smile upon my own.

I took the end of the fly swat and dipped it into the icy water and pulled out the fly. I laid the dripping fly on the counter thinking it was dead but after I took a good look I saw its beastly nose moving so I ripped one of its wings off its back and grabbed a dull knife and slowly smashed the flyâ s belly open. I found out a lot about *her,* like for one thing *she* was pregnant. So to spare the eggs, I crushed them in front of the mother her self, only to find out the monster lived!

After careful consideration I cut the motherâ s head trying to decapitate her with the dull knife. When I finely finish her I watched the red in her eyes fade away like it was finely over but even in death I killed her even moreâ ¦

I washed away her red blood stains down the drain, then I wash her away with the smashed eggs falling be hindâ ¦

Donâ t ask me if this is true, not because the truth will always hurt, good or bad itâ s like mixing poison with love, it = death with in the soul of the beating heart.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-09-03 22:16:12