

The Rock *My Tales from Alcatraz*

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By : Katniss

My Stories from Alcatraz. This is the story of how I ended up in Alcatraz. The old huanted federal prison now reopened. How I escaped Alcatraz. The seemingly high tech security prison that no one can escape. The story of how I fell in love with the very person who led me to Alcatraz.



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Chapter 1: Intro/Chapter One

The Rock- Chapter One

I walked out of my house and looked around. They found me, and now they're here to take me away. The first girl and the youngest person to ever go to that hell hole.

"Please leave the porch ma'am." The officer said. I took a step, but didn't leave the stairs. "All the way, ma'am." He said again.

I smirked. "Do you really expect me to do what you tell me to do? I'm a fifteen year old 'scared' girl. You should be surprised I haven't fainted yet." I tried. I seem to always do this when I get caught. I try to act as if I'm not scared, but in my heart, I'm terrified.

A gust of wind blew my red dyed hair in my face. I looked to my left and saw the sun setting; a reminder to people to get to the safety of their house, or any indoor place for that matter. After the sun is down, everyone should be in their house; otherwise they'll face the Cleaners. The Cleaners are ruthless killers that show no mercy for others. They kill anyone out on the streets, sad thing is, I'm one of them.

~*~*~

I was drafted last year, while out clubbing with my friends. I didn't notice them, but my friends did. They ran off silently, leaving me hanging. I turned around to check on them after I noticed they were quiet. I easily could identify the three crew members. The first, and tallest, one had on a black biker style jacket and long black jeans. Everything about him was black, except a necklace that was a simple silver chain with a golden Celtic knot pendant that had a black pearl like center. The guy on the right of him wore just a simple black T-shirt and slacks. The last guy on the left of the leader had a long black overcoat on, and I'm pretty sure he held the weapons.

"Well, look at what we've found here." The leader started. "A cute little girl out past her curfew, huh?" He laughed.

I just simply rolled my eyes. "Look Mr. Cleaner, I do not have time for this, so either you kill me now, or I'll be on my way." I said, looking him in his sharp, black looking eyes.

"Feisty one, aren't you?" He scoffed. "Well, maybe this one's worth keeping!" He said as he flung his arms out and turned towards his minions.

"But she's a fucking girl!" The one in the T-shirt exclaimed.

The boss elbowed him in the ribs, then said: "She's still a fighter, and that's what we need, a fighter." He stepped towards me and was now under the streetlight. What I was now seeing was a handsome boy, stuck in this horrible street life. His ice blue eyes accompanying his auburn hair which stops about half an inch above his shoulders; a bang that sweeps across his face and partially covering his left eye.

"What would happen if I were to get caught?" I asked, hoping my nervousness didn't beam through my voice.

"You'd either go to the local prison, or even worse, The Rock." The guy with the overcoat on said.

"The Rock?" I exclaimed, getting scared out of my mind. "That can't happen, I'm way too young."

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"Don't you remember? The law has no exceptions nowadays; I mean why do you think they opened Alca-trash back up?" The leader explained to me.

"Hah, that makes sense. I thought they just got tired of the murderers rooming with the thieves." I said, then thought about my real occurring predicament. "Fine, I'll join you." *Well, consider yourself a Cleaner now*, I thought to myself. "So, who are you guys anyway?" I asked, looking around, making sure there weren't any witnesses.

"I'm Kenny." The short one said agitatedly. He obviously didn't like me, but I didn't care.

The guy wearing the over coat then spoke. "I'm Skar, spelled with a 'k'." His voice sounded like he smoked a pack of cigarettes a day, and I wasn't doubting that. Anyone who thought of themselves as a Hard-core individual would smoke because they thought it was "cool" these days.

The leader then spoke with a softness that I haven't heard at all tonight. "My name is Kellin." He took my hand and gripped it as he led me down the street. "There's no way I'm letting you go." He whispered into my ear. I knew, from then on, my life would be way more exciting.

Chapter 2

Chapter Two

I settled into bed in a comfortable position, curling up like a cocooned insect. The bed was surprisingly soft, while the outside of the house looked trashy, the inside was a luxury.

"Hey," Kellin started as he sat in the couch in the corner of the room. "I never got your name." He said; his voice softer than before. Soft like rain, almost. There was something almost dark behind it though. Like demented memories followed him every step of his life.

Act like you're sleeping, he'll go away, I repeated in my head a few dozen times while deepening my breaths and trying to make it seem like I was sleeping. "I know you're awake, stop faking it." I could feel his eyes rolling without even having to look at him. *Maybe if you don't respond, he'll leave you alone*. A long minute passed, and I could still feel his eyes on my back. "Alright then, I'll just kiss you and maybe do some other stuff you don't want me to do." *You're threats are meaningless right now, leave me alone*. "Okay, you asked for it." *Your breath smells good*. Wait, breath? That means he was right in front of me, which meant he was going to oh crap, this is so not happening. *Just keep faking, he'll leave you alone, he won't really kiss you*. Warmer, I can feel his body heat. *Be strong, he'll leave you alone if you don't give him the reaction he wants*. "You're very stubborn, you know that right." I grinned when he said that and rolled over. "So, you are awake?" He wrapped his arms around my waist and I let him for a few moments.

But then I remembered he had the hands of a killer. "Let go of me." I said slowly through gritted teeth.

"Tell me your name then." He said; his smirk so loud I didn't even have to look at him to know it was on his face.

"Lilith. My bloody name is Lilith. Now, remove your hands from my waist and no harm will be done to your pretty boy face." I snickered at the last bit I said. His arms slowly moved from around me and I immediately felt colder. I bit the inside of my cheek softly and tried to get sleep.

He's still in the room, a voice told me. And it was right, for when I rolled back over I saw him staring at me intently from a chair in the corner. The way he was staring at me somehow gave me butterflies, but I shook all thoughts from my head by saying one word: "Pedo."

"I'm not even eighteen yet, I'm actually just fifteen." My eyes widened with shock. I knew he wasn't eighteen, but I didn't expect him to be only a year older than me. I actually expected him to be somewhere in his twenties, since most Cleaners are around that age.

"Okay fine, you're a creep." I said. He chuckled and shook his head. He didn't move, he just continued staring at me.

"Goodnight, Lilith." He said. I started to drift off and he knew.

"Goodnight, Kellin. And if you aren't out of my room when I wake up, you'll be hurting in places you haven't hurt before." I threatened.

Again I feel him close to my face. *Go away, go away, go away! Get out of the room. I'm a girl, I need privacy*. Those thoughts and many more ran through my head while he whispered to me: "I've hurt almost everywhere physically possible." *Well thanks for sharing, although I didn't really need to know that*.

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I finally started to fall asleep, and before I was completely out, I felt someone kiss my cheek ever so lightly.

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