

Blood in the Clothesline

By : **MyHeartIsARadio**

Charlieze Day remembers the day that the one person she loved was suddenly torn from her hands, even though it was done by choice. A month later, in a freak thunderstorm that cuts the electricity off in Charlieze's house, she is forced to let the clothes dry on a clothesline. But once she takes off the clothes, she finds messages written with blood on them. What do they mean? Will it be too late for Charlieze to solve the mystery behind them and what happened in the disappearance in her ex-boyfriend?



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I remember the day he left. The one person that actually understood, loved, and seemingly cared for me was torn away. But by his on doing. There was a thunderstorm that night—strangely how these sudden thunderstorms seem to drastically change my life in radical ways that I never get to understand. But I remember it being cold, and how fast-paced it seemed. It happened too fast, that what the situations in our lives that change them always seem: fast.

One moment, the T.V. was on, and he suddenly snapped it off. I opened my mouth to ask what was wrong, because he suddenly wasn't lying next to me anymore; he was standing in the doorway, facing away from me, like he was already leaving without saying anything.

"Scott!" Even then, I could tell something was wrong, just by the body language he was radiating off. "Are you leaving?"

He cleared his throat, as if just a few seconds ago, he hadn't been talking with me easily. "Charlie—Charlieze," He corrected himself, as though he wasn't allowed to call me by my nickname anymore. "I want to break-up."

It wasn't an exact blow to the heart; it took me more than a few seconds just to see what if he said was true. I was taken aback, and it took every part of my willpower not to just topple over and feel broken. Because Scott always said what was on his mind, unlike me. When he said things—he didn't bluff. He just needed time to explain himself, explain what he meant to me, because even though he was straight-forward, I needed to know why he would say such a thing.

"Break-up?" I echoed, feeling my voice and hands shake a little as I repeated him. "What do you mean? Is that code for something?" I tried to keep my voice from trembling, but it broke on the word "code".

He didn't even bother to put up with my nonsense; another great thing about Scott: he didn't beat around the bush. He didn't talk bullshit. He was truthful and honest, yet here I was, losing him as he ripped himself away from my arms.

"I'm breaking up with you. And my family is moving. To Seattle."

I looked up at him, now that he had finally turned around instead of facing the front door, like he was already leaving me. He was. And he didn't care, at least like I thought he had. I was a fool, trying to fight for something that was already gone.

"Seattle?" My voice raised an octave to my dismay. "What's in Seattle?" What I really wanted to say was, "But I'm not in Seattle!"

"Family," He said, clearing his throat once again as if they made up for the entire situation. Like it gave him a reason to break-up with me, like we were total strangers even though we had been dating for two years; ninth and tenth grade. "I'm leaving tomorrow. I have to go!" He said.

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It was suddenly aware to me that he thought I was holding him down, like an anchor. Had things had sunk down so low, I hadn't even noticed them? Was I that oblivious to my surroundings? Because I had felt that everything seemed well between us. We'd all thought he loved me. I guess he didn't. Or at least, he used to.

"So leave." I said, feeling an oncoming wave of tears, but I didn't let them fall. Not in front of him. Not while I was still trying to comprehend what was happening. "Did you ever even care?" I suddenly blurted, thinking it in my mind but not wanting to say it. I covered my hand with my mouth, and felt tears fall down my cheeks. I knew he didn't want to see my cry; I knew that he wasn't that heartless, wanting to see a girl cry because of his projected feelings towards me.

Instead of comforting me, or just explaining the burning question of WHY, he didn't even explain. He turned away from me, his back blocking his face that had once touched me; breathed in my neck, his arms that used to hold me while our lips met—they were gone. Gone in a flash, before I could learn to keep myself together, and not fall apart.

"I used to love you." He said softly, before grabbing his jacket off my dresser and walking out the door, away from me, away from my life, and into a different one in Seattle, Washington. Where I, Charlieze Day, was not. Yet Scott Mescudi was. He was leaving me behind; he didn't love me anymore, not like how I still had feelings for him, because he said "loved", not "love".

Those were the only words he said to me, that still mattered after he left.

Loved. Not love.

The Present

That had been a month ago. A long time ago, months seemed longer, but this time it only felt like a week. August 23rd, and today, it was September 23rd. It had been a month since Scott since *he* had left me here, to rot, it seems. No texts, emails, Facebook messages, or even any letters, even though I highly doubted that he would write, were sent to me from him. Yet, his friends at school (Dominic Knight, Parker Lee, or Dexter Mayner) talked with him the few weeks after he'd left. I was mutual friends with Dexter, and he updated me on what Scott was doing, because I had asked.

According to Dexter, Scott was safe and definitely happy in Seattle. Again, without me. He left, without me. He didn't care about me. And it was out of the blue, after I had thought that he loved me just as much as I had loved him. He'd said it to me a couple of times, *he* was the first one to say it; I was his first and he was mine—yet that didn't even matter to him. He just left.

And it was on this anniversary that we had broken up. How strange, the word anniversary seemed too happy for a solemn occasion like this. That's why I had stayed home instead of going to school a day, a reason that my mother resented me for.

"Why aren't you dressed yet?" She asked me sharply, her black-rimmed eyes from the eyeliner she used seemed to extenuate just how dark her brown eyes were. On the other hand, she was already dressed in her dress of white top and the bottom skirt part that was black. Unlike my mother, I would never want to wear dresses and pumps every day to work like she did.

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“I’m not going to school,” I mumbled, half-heartedly afraid of her wrath. I grabbed a box of Apple Jacks from the top of the fridge and sat it down on the table, trying not to notice as she stared me down.

Her neck snapped up as she looked to me. “Why are you not going to school?” She turned around in her chair to look at the calendar on the refrigerator. She rolled her eyes. “Oh God. It’s because of that *boy* again, isn’t it?” She sneered.

“Mother, don’t even start,” I countered back, giving her a serious look. She had never liked Scott, and when he had moved away and left me, all she had was distaste for him. Even though it was completely wrong of him to just up and leave me like that, and I still hadn’t found a reason as to move on, I didn’t need hear her talking about him and referring to him as *that boy*.

“You’re going to school, Charlieze,” She said simply in a no-nonsense tone as she put her coffee mug in the sink. “I don’t care if it’s about that,” I sent her a sharp look, and she re-worded her sentence. “About *him*, but you need to go to school. The opposite sex should not affect your education.” She said with her nose pointed slightly in the air. According to my mother, it would be absolutely horrible if I went to any other place than Harvard or Julliard.

“Fine,” I said bitterly before smashing my bowl onto the table, milk splashing over the sides.

She merely rolled her eyebrows at my little temper tantrum. “Get ready. The bus will be here in only 15 minutes.” She dismissed herself by bending down to give me a kiss on the cheek, while I turned away, trying to avoid it. As she went in the back to her room, I wiped off the bright red lipstick with my hand and looked at it with disgust. It had been a while since I had liked my mother.

I quickly got dressed, and as I was boarding the bus, my mother gave me a fake smile and waved as she got into her BMW. I rolled my eyes, resisting the urge to just flat out flip her off and stomped up the stairs. The bus driver, Mr. Ulysses, smiled at me, and I gave him a genuine smile back before walking down the aisle and plopping into a seat in the way back. I didn’t feel like being bothered by anyone that day.

After the bus ride and listening to the annoying sixth graders talk nothing but complete and total B.S., I walked up the stone steps of my high school, Obsidian High. Most of the girls here were total prisses; stuffing their bras, putting on about a pound of make-up, and putting out with the little they had. I was sick of it; sick of it all. Sick of *life*.

But then again, my life is not the story of a teenage girl who had her heart broken by the love of her life, and seeming as though she had nothing to do afterwards. It was just that, well, a part of me was taken away once Scott left. We had been friends long before we started dating, and he was always there for me, even if there was stuff going on in his life, too. I know, a lame excuse for moping around for a whole month, but I couldn’t. I had foolishly given all of my love away, and now I couldn’t get it back. Boohoo for me.

The first four periods of school went by fast, the whole time I was able to doge from the concerned faces of Dexter and two my friends Brenda and Nikky. I didn’t feel like talking to anyone lately, and I knew sooner or later my friends would be tired of dealing with my bullcrap and would leave me to deal with it myself, and I had come to terms with that. I didn’t even know what it was like to be happy anymore, I couldn’t see the point of living.

By the time lunch rolled around, I knew it was safe for me to skip the rest of the remaining four periods. I walked by the lunchroom, and Brenda flashed me a bright smile, beckoning for me to come join her and the rest of my used to be friends. I plastered on a fake smile for own sake and mouthed “locker”.

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She mouthed back to me, "Want me to come?" But I shook my hands and gave her thumbs up, right before walking outside the front doors and the two miles back to my house.

The rest of the day was uneventful. I received a few texts from Dexter and Nikky, but none from Brenda. First one down that was tired of my horseshit; two to go. I did nothing that day, for that stupid anniversary. I had the T.V. and radio on, just to drown out my loud sorrows. I couldn't help but repeat over and over again in my head, *why did he leave me? What did I do? Did he just get tired; is that why he left? Did he ever love me in the first place? Why can't I get over him? Does he regret breaking up with me? And if he does, why didn't he ever call or email? He knows how to contact me yet he hasn't yet. And again: Why doesn't he love me anymore?*

I hated crying, I hated the fact that I was so obsessed with him, and I hated that fact that I was in love with him even though he obviously didn't love me back, and I couldn't get over him. I was so distraught in self-pity that I dropped to the ground, rubbing my arms that still had scars on them from the few weeks ago that I had cut. I hadn't cut since since my father had died.

I think that's when my mother had changed for the worse; after my father's car accident. The break lines had been so old and worn out that they wouldn't work as he was crossing the street, and he was smashed by a semi. I strangely wasn't outwardly affected by the whole thing, but I was still sad and distraught of course. But I knew that my father was in a good place, because he was a good man, and I knew that he wouldn't want me moping around and he couldn't help me. My mother on the other hand, she didn't care.

She became distant; she didn't talk to me that much anymore unless I caused trouble at school or my grades started to slip a little. Instead, my mother completely ignored me and changed her work hours at her law firm from 7 AM to 8 PM, and now I barely see her because by the time she gets home, she's too tired to talk and retires back to her bedroom. It used to be the guest room, but she moved out of the master bedroom after Dad's death. She still hasn't changed the room one bit since his accident; the bed wasn't made and his shape was still embedded inside the mattress. She rarely went in there anymore, but sometimes, I snuck in and would lie by the bed, thinking back to when my dad was still alive. It comforted me.

It was around 6, and still avoiding the computer and my cell phone, I padded into the bathroom slowly, a razor blade in hand. I stepped into the shower, slumped over with my head bent down, let the water run down my back and trickle into my eyes, making a stinging pang that bothered me. That was good; I needed pain. I was a selfish son of a bitch; I didn't deserve to be alive, when there were others out there deserved a life more than I did.

I drew the razor blade down my arm, watching as blood slowly oozed and trickled out in a nice, thin line. "Die," I whispered, watching as the blood mixed in with the water on me, turning into a light pink mess. "Why can't I die?" I whined and whispered, staring at my other hand as the razor blade dragged on silently. I was in hell. I was already dead. According to my mother, over some boy.

He was more than a boy. I whispered in my mind, feeling a new wave of tears prick at my eyes. *He was my best friend. My better half. My one and only love. My first; for everything. And now he's just gone. Without a trace.*

"Why?" I sobbed over and over, dropping the razor blade, listening to it clatter against the floor and split open my toe. "Why?" I repeated.

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“Charlieze?” I heard my mother’s voice say, cutting through the noise of my crying along with the running water and the loud stereo and T.V. “Why do you have the radio and television turned so loud?”

I quickly washed away the blood, wincing as the stinging pain spread through my arms and split-open toe like fire. I stepped out the shower after turning off the water and wrapping around in my white towel and stepped into the living room, where my mother was standing, turning off the T.V.

“Sorry Mother,” I apologized quickly.

She turned, and gasped. “Charlieze! What happened to your arm?” There was actually an ounce of sadness and emotion in her voice.

I looked down, and saw that my arm was still leaking blood against my white towel. “I cut it” I said quickly, thinking of a lie.

“What, are you daft? Get your arm off my towel. Those were shipped in from Brazil!” She cried, yanking the towel and unraveling me in my nakedness.

I covered myself immediately, feeling the cold draft run over my body. I gave her a leering glare before running as fast as I could back to my room, collapsing on my bed, not caring that I was getting my bed wet. I heard my mother turn off the fan in the bathroom before closing the door to her room.

Why do I have to be alive? I groaned to myself in my head.

Later on that night, I had a nightmare. I was running through gray hallways, away from something, but I didn’t know what it was. When I finally fell onto the cold, hard linoleum floor, scraping my knee, I turned around to see that it was no other than Scott with a frightened look on his face. His skin was pale, his usually beautiful green eyes wide with fear, as he breathed out the words in a quiet voice, “Save me!”

I was confused, and I was surprised to find that there were tears running down my cheeks. I reached out to grab him, to help him, but he fell on me before I could, and I could see that there was a knife lodged in his back, and I started to scream bloody murder until I could wake myself up.

“Charlieze!” I heard my mother say in her disapproving voice. I woke up on the floor, since I had decided not to sleep in my drenching wet bed, and found her looking down on me, looking especially creepy. She had on those green facials with cucumbers in her hands, and she had shaved her eyebrows since she decided that she was going to try to draw them on, so she looked pretty creepy, shaking my shoulders with no eyebrows drawn on yet.

She gave me a disapproving look. “Go back to sleep. You only have three hours until your chores start.” Was the only thing she said before walking out of my room and back to her own.

I lifted myself up slowly, and looked to the floor in confusion. In blood, were the words written: HELP ME.

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It took a long time to wash out the blood with bleach, since I had a white carpet, but I could get most of it, and I was sure that if I waited a little bit, I could definitely get the rest out. Saturday was always a chore day for me, so that meant cleaning all around the house including the kitchen, den area, bathrooms, and my room. I started at 6 in the morning, and finished around 8:45 or so. Mother had already left to go do her recon work on the law firm office so I wouldn't be seeing her until probably 5 or 6. Today, I wasn't as moody since I had just cut last night, and I was able to vent out all of my worries and sorrows.

I briefly had a four-way IM chat with Dexter, Dominic, and Nikky, who told me the obvious: that Brenda was seriously pissed at me and would start talking to me once again when I stopped being a bitch and we could be friends again. I didn't blame Brenda for being mad at me, and I didn't mind it that much. So I went on Facebook and posted a video clip from *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* where the character on there named Charlie Kelly makes a commercial ad for something called "Kitten Mittons". Yes, mittons instead of mittens. It was an inside joke between the two of us, and I knew after watching it, she wouldn't be too angry with me anymore.

The rest of the day was like usual; uneventful. Most of the day I played Kingdom Hearts: Chain of Memories on PS2 and successfully finished it. In a way, I was finally starting to get over Scott, but definitely not all the way yet. By Monday, I probably would be more sorrowful like I typically was.

Around 5, Mother called to tell me that she was off in Seattle for the next few days when she said Seattle, it created a lump in a throat, making it hard for me to reply and that there was food in the fridge. That was literally all she said. I checked the fridge after she called, and found that there was three expired Yoplait yogurts, a lemon, a lime, half a liter of Cherry Coke, and a mysterious box of take-out that was probably moldy. Which meant I was going to have to go to the little grocery store up the block.

While walking there, this 50 year old or so neighbor of mine, Mr. Bullocks, was standing outside, attending to the lilies in the front of his house. When he saw me walk by, he immediately dropped his hose and tried to follow me. I gave him a friendly hi, thinking he would leave me alone, and he did stop walking after replying hello, but I didn't like the way his eyes followed the back of me. He creeped me out; it was unsettling.

When I arrived at the little store, there was an unexpected thunderstorm that briefly cut off the electricity. So instead of being there for a few minutes like I had planned, I was there for an hour and a half, since they had to reroute the system in order for the check out stations to work correctly. By the time I had trudged back home, it was around 8 o'clock, and I had seen Mr. Bullocks watching me out of his window. He waved and I nodded back, but I still didn't like the way his eyes seemed to focus mainly on my chest and backside.

I got home, and the electricity wasn't working. I seriously needed to wash some clothes though, so I decided to tough it out and light a candle so I could hand-wash the necessary clothes in the bathtub. I finished about three loads around 10 PM, and decided I was tired. I dropped into bed, completely exhausted, and fell asleep as soon as the back of my head touched my pillow.

Last night, after I had finished washing my clothes, I had hung them to dry outside on the clothesline, and when I woke up that morning, I went outside to hurriedly take them down. Personally, I didn't really want to have my underwear hanging out to dry on the backyard when Mr. Bullocks was out there, staring at teenage girls as they passed. God, he was so creepy.

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I took down the clothes and waved to my neighbor Leighton Thomas, a girl who went to the local college. She was going out for an early morning jog with her boyfriend Liam. I usually didn't like seeing Liam since that was Scott's middle name. Scott. I still wasn't over him, no matter how hard I tried. But I loved him so much, it was so hard for me not to understand why he did not love me back anymore.

I took down the clothes, and after moping around in my bedroom once I was finished looking up songs on YouTube, I decided to go out for a walk at the park that Scott and I used to walk to. Maybe, just maybe, I could somehow channel my feelings for him and finally let go. Maybe I could finally get over him.

I reached over to get a blue plaid short sleeved shirt from my pile of newly dried clothes, when I noticed something different about it. Hesitantly, I reached for it, and then gasped in shock once I had flipped it to the back.

There, in fresh new blood, was spelled out HELP ME. Frantically, I rifled through my other pile of clothes and found a pair of pants that said I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I DID, a pair of shorts that said I'M BURIED IN THE WOODS, and another shirt that said, I STILL LOVE YOU. They were all written in fresh blood, even though I had just taken them off the clothesline. I didn't understand what they meant and what they meant, but I was seriously creeped out.

I lay out on my bed and curled into fetal position, trying not to keep myself from crying. Who had done these things? Why would someone want to do this to me? What had I done to anyone to make them want to make me do this to me? Why would someone try to pose as Scott and write out messages in blood on my clothes? Who wanted me to be even more hurt than I already was? I ended up crying myself to sleep as I tried to ease my racing thoughts, and ended up having another nightmare about Scott.

I didn't know where I was, but it was just a wide open expanse of white. Just space that went on and on, and I was standing in the middle of it. I was confused, and I just wished that I could wake up so that I could cut, and then probably burn my entire wardrobe. I could never wear those clothes again. Not only because the blood had already dried and was stuck, but because I couldn't bear the pieces of clothing that someone had tried to torture me with; acting they were Scott or something. They couldn't have been trying to do anything else since they had written I STILL LOVE YOU, and I've only had one boyfriend in my entire life. And he's left, but in all other forms than physically, he keeps reappearing.

"Hello?" I whispered, my voice quiet and shaky. It echoed for a few seconds and was then followed by silence. I turned around, trying to look in every angle, but I still didn't see anyone.

"Charlieze!" I heard a voice whisper, right next to my ear. I whipped around, and almost cried on impact as my hand flew to my mouth.

"Scott?" I gasped. He was in my dreams now; my lucid dreams? I wasn't going forwards, I was backtracking if that was the case!

He looked exactly the same as the day he'd left, the same plain black T-shirt and jeans. Most of everything looked the same except for his face. There were dark circles under his eyes, and he was pale. His eyes were drooping as he tried to focus on me, but it looked like he was going to collapse in any minute.

"I need your help!" He said, pausing to take a breath. He still wasn't fully looking at me. "I'm dead. I was murdered. By Mr. Bullocks."

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“What?” I shrieked. That couldn’t be true; that wasn’t possible. Even if Mr. Bullocks had done such a thing, it would have been all over the news that Scott was dead. “Scott, you’re not dead.” I said, feeling a strange pang in my chest. Something told me that he really was, like he was actually telling the truth, but I didn’t want to believe him.

“Not much time!” He gasped, his knees bending weakly. “He buried me in the woods. Wrote down everything in a black journal with gold trim on the cover. It’s in his house. You need to tell the police, Charlie,” Scott said breathlessly. I whimpered a little when he used my nickname; it had been so long since he had called me that, and it broke my heart to know that he was dead, and I would never hear him say it again.

I went forward to touch him, and was surprised to see that when I made physical contact with him, instead of going right through him like I had expected. He looked up to me, his beautiful green eyes, the only thing about him that looked *exactly* the same, and he let me fall into his arms. The arms of the guy had broken my heart, and yet I was falling into him again. Like a trap, I was being foolish. I shouldn’t hug him, this wasn’t right!

“Scott, no,” I whispered, pushing him away. It hurt me, physically hurt me hurt to push him away, a part of my mind was screaming profanities at myself for letting him go. I dropped my eyes down to the gray floor, knowing that I would be silly putty in his hands if I looked into his. “I can’t help you. I just can’t.”

“But you have to!” He pleaded, grabbing onto my hands while the other lifted up my chin to look at him. “Not just for me, but for you, and everyone else who lives here. He’s going to strike again, Charlieze. He’s already trying to get you.” He whispered. He didn’t even wait for me to say anything else as he pulled me into a tight hug.

I closed my eyes a let a few tears slide out. I couldn’t say no to Scott. Because he really was sorry. He didn’t mean to hurt me, just like I had suspected. I could ask more questions later, right? He came to me in spirit form now, what was stopping him from another time.

We pulled away from each other and he stroked the side of my face with his hand. “I love you, Charlieze. I didn’t want to leave you. But I knew that Mr. Bullocks would come after you if I didn’t sacrifice myself. So I did. Please take him in, Charlieze. I know you can do it.” He gave me a reassuring smile.

I nodded, not saying anything more. When I noticed that he was starting to get paler and fading away, I blurted out, “I love you!” And he smiled at me before he vanished completely and I woke up.

I awoke with cold sweat running down my neck and back, after the nightmare. I knew that the dream I’d had was real. I knew for a *fact* that Mr. Bullocks had killed Scott. And if I didn’t turn him in, he would be coming after me. I padded out of bed, opened the window, and let the cool air wash over my face. As I peered outside, I looked at Mr. Bullocks house, which just three down from mine. I felt a determined look cross over my face as I gazed. I knew exactly what to do.

After dressing completely in black and taking a few deep breaths, I snuck out of my bedroom window and slowly crept across the other backyards to Mr. Bullocks’s. I even jumped over the small fences. It gave me a little excited thrill in the pit of my stomach; I felt like Catwoman or something. Except, actually, I’m allergic to cats, so I guess more like Superwoman or something like that.

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I crept around the side of Mr. Bullocks's house, and just like I had suspected, the stupid bastard had a flower between the opening of a window, like I had seen once when I was playing in the backyard with Scott, when we were little kids. Whenever I felt a deep pang of fear in my stomach, I reminded myself that this was for Scott, and his killer needed to put sent to prison.

I carefully and slowly took out the potted plant before sneaking inside, holding the window open with one hand. I lifted my leg and head through, and brought the rest of my body in. I was in his living room, which was made of the blasé colors of brown and cream. It was odd, how quaint and homely his house seemed, yet it held a killer inside. I snuck in on my tippy toes down the hallway, passing by a bathroom and noticing a closed door at the end.

With years of practice of opening doors so that I wouldn't be heard (especially so that I wouldn't face the wrath of my eyebrow-less mom after sneaking in late), I slowly turned the knob, making sure it didn't make a sound as I turned it. I then creaked open the door, and saw Mr. Bullocks lying there with his gigantic beer belly in the middle of his bed, his mouth wide open. I swallowed bile in my throat as I was even more sickened by his appearance.

What am I looking for again? I asked myself in my head, pausing at the door with fear written all across my face. *Oh yes, a black journal with cold trim on the cover. Mr. Bullocks's journal, where he apparently wrote down what he did to Scott.* I slowly searched the expanse of the dresser, only to find a wallet and some left over change. I was hesitant as I walked over to the end table, as I didn't want to wake him, and yet there it was; sitting right next to a lamp and still open with a black pen lying on top.

I quickly scanned the date before the most recent entry: August 23rd. Mr. Bullocks had really killed Scott. Resisting the urge not to just flat out pimp slap him, I gingerly reached down for the journal when my foot slipped on the rug, sending my chin crashing into the end table, which also caused the lamp to topple over and break, instantly awaking Mr. Bullocks. His beady eyes flashed to me, and I began to run like hell after almost pissing in my pants.

Oh shit! Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit!! I screamed in my head. I began to run faster than I ever had in my entire life down the hallway, almost tripping over another rug (why did this man have so many f-ing rugs???) and threw the journal out of the window that I planned to escape through. I already had my first leg through the window when I felt a tug on my hair, and turned to see that it was Mr. Bullocks, looking angry as ever.

No! I shrieked in my head. I tried to jerk away from him, but his hand was still firmly gripped around my hair, and it sent me flying out the window and crashing into the wall. I hurriedly tried to scramble back to my feet, but by then, Mr. Bullocks was speed-walking at an amazing speed for his size, and punched me square in the face, subduing me. I cried out in pain, but he quickly smothered my screams by covering my mouth with his sweaty palms. He sent another punch to my jaw, and I heard a crack.

No, no!! Not this way! I pleaded in my head. Mr. Bullocks smiled at me as he could see the fear in my eyes, and wrapped his thick hands around my neck. He squeezed, starting to strangle me, and I could feel the oxygen being cut off from my lungs. I kicked, but it was useless as he pinned me down with his knees. I started to see stars, and knew that if I didn't do something soon, I was going to die.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a lilac colored vase fly up from an end table next to a dark cream colored couch, and hit Mr. Bullocks square in the head. He tumbled over, a little dazed, and I took the chance I could get. I picked up the small coffee table and smashed it over his head again and again, until he started to profusely bleed from his scalp. I didn't stop until he was completely knocked out, and stopped to catch my breath.

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I felt a cold wind behind me, and I turned to see Scott, looking at me with worried eyes. He was there in his physical form, and I collapsed into his arms as he showered my face with kisses. I hung onto him for dear life, crying tears of joy and sadness. I knew that after this, I probably wouldn't see Scott anymore.

"That was you with the vase, wasn't it?" I asked as he brushed a tear away with his thumb.

He nodded back eagerly at me. "Yeah. It was." He paused a second, and to my astonishment, a few tears ran out of his eyes. "I love you, Charlie." He said, before giving me a deep kiss that I could feel in my toes.

"I love you too, Scott." I replied, and then I could feel him vanish and slip between my fingers as the police sirens sounded off in the distance. I turned to look, and could see the blue and red lights flashing against the houses. When I turned around, Scott was gone.

"I love you." I repeated, and then slumped down on the wall, completely exhausted.

I could move on now, because I knew that Scott was resting in peace. Scott Mescudi, the boy that I will always love.

And I'm okay with that.

The End.

Blood in the Clothesline

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