

A Blood Stained Straight Jacket (Start Maybe)

By : Jane Tehan

This is the start of a story im thinking of writing please Comment and Like if u think i shld continue :) xx

Published on
Booksie

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I sat there, in the corner of the room, my eyes to the floor and my hands in my messy hair. Their bodies lay on the floor in front of me; all bloody and broken. My mother chest was cut open and I could see her insides. My father however was less gruesome; His neck was sliced open. But I had to kill my parents, they were demons. Their heads turned around like in the exorcist and there was blood dripping from their mouths. I suddenly heard a knock at the door and immediately got up and started walking down the hallway. I opened the door and there stood Mr and Mrs Benson from across the road; they looked shocked. I looked down at my clothes; they were covered in blood. I looked back up at them. "Dianne! We heard screaming is it! Is everything ok?" asked Mrs Benson nervously. I looked at them both then muttered "I had to you see, they were going to eat me. Cut me open and feed on my insides". Mr Benson pushed his way past me and I fell to my knees; I stared at the mat in front of my house. "Welcome All" it said. I heard Mr Benson yell to his wife who was standing in front of me. "Call the police Kath! Call the police!!" She rushed toward her house and before I knew it the police were there. "Ms Stone, what happened here?" he asked as he sat down next to me. "I had to kill them you see; they were going to eat me. Cut me open and feed on my insides." I looked up at the officer's face; it was horrible. Its long, sharp teeth were covered in blood; its eyes were glowing red and wide open. I screamed; I got up and ran towards my room as quick as I could. I could hear their footsteps behind me but I gave it all I had; I locked the door behind me and sat in the corner of my room. "Ms Stone! Ms Stone! Let us in we won't hurt you! We just want to help!" "NO! You're going to fuck me! You're going to fuck me and eat me! Just like my parents! They were going to eat me!" I yelled. They rammed the door over and over again, they were going to come into my room and slice me open, I knew that for a fact. I heard a lock crack then the door flew open; three police men rushed in and grabbed me; I screamed and screamed as they forced me out of the house and toward their large, dark blue van. I saw the faces off the neighbours as they carried me into the van; shock and sadness. I started to cry as I struggled in their arms; "Please help! Help they're going to rape me! Help please!" I cried out to the large crowd surrounding the house but no one came.

They shoved me into the back of the van and I sat down on the hard, metal floor. I was so scared; I knew they were going to touch me. I knew that they were going to eat me, chop me up and eat me for dinner. The van started to move and they drove for about fifteen minutes then it stopped. My heart was beating fast as the doors opened slowly; a man's body slowly made its way in front of the door. "Now Dianne, can you please come with us?" he asked calmly. "Where are you going to take me?" I asked. "We're going to somewhere safe and comfortable". It was a terrible line but he sounded like he was telling the truth. I stepped out of the van and I cloth grasped my face; it smelt funny and I started to feel dizzy. My eyes felt heavy and I started to sway then I felt nothing.

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