

When there's nothing to be afraid of but fear itself, be afraid, be very afraid!

fear



By Randall Brooks

Hi, I have a very complicated story to tell, a story that is very hard for me to tell, even though it's still fresh in my memory. It's just that it is such a horrifying story. I can't promise that you won't be scared while reading this, but I can reassure you that you will be safe; or so I would hope.

I'll try to recall everything that happened on the lake during the July 4th celebration, so bear with me if some of the details are a little hazy. I can't really remember all of it, but there's enough there to still haunt me for the rest of my life.

First, I guess I should tell you a little about myself. I'm a first year art student and journalist also majoring in Psychology who just turned 19 on my last birthday, and I live alone in a two bedroom apartment not too far away from Carson Newman campus. I'm single, just getting out of a bad relationship two months ago.

I hate when someone I consider to be a Prince among men turns out to be just another red neck toad. And that has happened a few times in my lifetime unfortunately. But, then again, I have met my share of red neck toads who turned out to be Princes among men, so it all kind of balances out I guess. Now, don't tell me I don't have good taste in men, and I have tasted some good men too, don't judge me! And, it don't really matter, tall men, short men, they all stand tall before me when I'm kneeling.

People have always asked me how I've managed to end up in relationships with so many straight guys, and I guess the answer is because I enjoy stroking their egos, and as I've learned, after you do that for a while, most men will let you stroke them other places as well. True story!

You know, I used to tell straight guys I took to the Carousel (or Trumps), a local gay bar in Knoxville, that whenever they got hit on, to simply say "I'm with someone" instead of saying "I'm not gay", because telling them you're not gay usually presented a "challenge", but if you say you're with someone, people usually back off and show respect.

My last boyfriend Patrick was someone I met, and eventually moved in with me when I first moved away from home and into my first apartment last year. He was so cute, I didn't mind that he played with Hotwheel cars and wore fucking diapers, and one time brought fleas into my apartment, don't judge me! Yeah, he's cute, but stupider than Nutter Butter. Hey, he made the cover of Job Corps recruiting magazine, so he must have been doing something right!?

Ever see a man you would just want to date rape the hell out of you a few times then leave you for dead? Well, that was Patrick in a nutshell. Swear to God!

I've always thought that it makes life so much nicer to pay someone a compliment. If you think someone is pretty/handsome, smart, funny, talented, etc etc, tell them! Life is too short to not be positive to one another and help build each other up. So try it sometime and see how good it makes you feel to say to someone "you look great today", or "you are doing such a great job!" I know it always makes me feel good to give someone else a deserved compliment.

I know it can be off-putting to some people, but as an artist and a writer, I sometimes have to innocently obsess on some things and people to help create my art. Once the art is created, the obsession usually dies away, but my gratitude lives on forever to those that inspired me.

I have always admired beauty, whether that be the beauty of a person, place, or thing, and have always enjoyed sharing it with the world. And I especially like to share the beauty I

find in those that have inspired me in some way over the years.

Why is it that 500 people can tell you they love you, worship you, adore you, can't live without you, would kill themselves if you didn't exist, but you can only focus on the ONE person that may not like you?

As most people already can see about me, when I like someone, especially a man I find attractive, I will move Heaven and Earth to do pretty much anything I can for them.

Anything I can do to help them! But, if I don't like them then I wouldn't waste a match to set them on fire. Just saying...

You know it wears me out that I don't have a single damn picture of myself whenever I lost weight over the years, but whenever I put weight back on, oh hell, the fucking cameras came flying out like Jedi Ninjas!

Something I HATE is for someone to pop up at my home unannounced. Sorry, but if you don't call (or let me know some other way) to tell me you're coming by, I will not open the door. You can stand there and knock until your hand falls off. I do not care. True story.

But, anyways, enough about me and my likes and dislikes. I have a story to tell. A very scary and shocking story at that. I just hope you can take it. But, at the same time, I am wanting to scare the hell out of you, because deep down I feel that is the only way I can deal with what happened, and maybe make myself feel a little better.

I can't clearly recall everything in chronological order, but what I do remember, well, there's enough there to haunt me for the rest of my life. As I sit over the keyboard typing this, I can still hear some of my friends' voices and their screams. I especially remember their screams.

Sherry tossed her head back and laughed, gaily, her long red hair flowing down over her big breasts. She was standing on the shore of Cherokee lake with two of her good friends, Mick Monroe and Brian House.

"I know, I can't believe I just said that," Mick said, laughing maniacally along with Sherry and Brian. He was referring to the way he had lowered his voice almost into a whisper when telling Sherry that there was an actress in the movie "Death Proof" that looked a lot like her, even though she was a black girl. "And, worse, I turned my head to see if anyone was looking when I said it," he added, and everyone broke into laughter all over again.

Sherry had stopped laughing long enough to turn her head sideways and whisper in a very low voice, as if saying something secretive and/or shameful: "Black girl."

Brian started laughing so hard he almost fell down on the bank of the lake, his knee's trembling from weakness of laughing so hard.

"I'm so glad I'm no longer smoking weed, I'd fucking die laughing right now," Brian managed to blurt out between gales of laughter, causing everyone around him to laugh even harder.

"Oh shit, I could see it right now, I am laughing so hard I end up having to go to the hospital, and when they ask me what's so funny, I tell them, well, there's this actress who looks just like my friend, Sherry, even though -turn my head and whisper- she's a black girl," Mick was barely able to say, laughing so hard he was doubled over, spittle spraying out of his mouth.

"Damn, what are you guys on?" Mick's girlfriend, Patty Jagger, asked as she approached the trio, giving them a stern look of disapproval at the way they were all almost sprawled

out on the bank of the lake laughing.

"Don't ask, I took half a Darvocet earlier, and between it and my head being all stuffed up from sinuses, sneezing and congestion, I feel like I am dreaming right now. Don't judge me!" Sherry remarked through gales of laughter. "Even though I do look like a," she turned her head to one side, and lowered her voice to a soft whisper, as if whispering a deep, dark shameful secret, "black girl."

Brian and Mick almost fell to the ground laughing.

"Well, you all are a trip and a half, I swear!" Patty remarked, nonchalantly, then turned her attention mainly on Mick. "Hey, wanna come help me set up the picnic area? It's getting a bit late, and people should be arriving any time."

"Sure, I guess," Mick retorted, almost hesitantly, making a mock sad face.

"Who all is gonna be here?" Brian asked, barely being heard over the sudden roar that came from out of nowhere.

"Look, Mommie, there's a little plane in the sky," Sherry said, her voice high-pitched, like a child who had just inhaled helium, causing Mick to fall out laughing all over again.

"Oh, good," Brian said, sounding honestly relieved. "I actually thought it might be one of those hillbillies from 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre' coming out to play. That would be my worst fear for someone to take me and make me squeal like a pig right before they tore into me with a chainsaw."

A small plane flew over head, circled the area a few times, then flew off into the distance, its twin engines puttering loudly.

"To answer your question, Brian, there won't be anyone here you don't like, let me put it that way," Patty said, her voice sounding firm and confident and reassuring. She knew Brian had just broken up with an ex, and was more than likely hoping the person wouldn't show, and that was her way of letting him know the person wasn't invited.

"Oh, that's good to hear," Brian said, sighing with relief.

"Anyways, Mick and I need to go get started setting up the picnic area," Patty said as she turned around and walked back in the direction from which she came, with Mick following close behind.

"Hey, Brian, wanna go burn one?" Sherry asked, wanting to catch a good buzz before too many people were around to prevent her. Sure, it was a going to be a party, but from her recollection, most of the people on the invite list only drank beer, and maybe some hard liquor on special occasions, and most of them had made it clear on several occasions that they didn't like being around a bunch of what they called "potheads".

"Aw, Sherry, you know I stopped smoking that stuff a couple of months ago," Brian said, sounding more like pouting. "But, I don't mind it if you smoke some," he added, throwing a smile her way, letting her know that he was still cool with it even though he no longer did it. "Plus, I guess I should head on over and give Mick and Patty a hand."

"Well, you're missing out on some real good shit, man. This is some of that Purple Haze strand that everyone's been talking about," Sherry said, already pulling a huge marijuana cigarette out of her Marlboro pack and lighting it up. "Just one toke and you'll be in another plane of existence, my good man," she added, and winked, then blew him a kiss, with a trail of smoke billowing toward him.

"Thanks all the same, but no thanks," Brian said, then turned and started walking toward the picnic area, turning around and blowing Sherry a kiss in return. "Hurry up and join us,

I already miss your company.”

“How sweet,” was all Sherry said as she, too, turned and walked off, but in a different direction than the one Brian was heading. She walked over to the edge of the shore and sat down and continued smoking on the joint, already feeling its effect. It didn’t take long before she was good and stoned, and with the effect of the Darvocet she had taken earlier still in full force now combined with premium grade marijuana, she felt her head swaying, feeling light as a feather.

It was just beginning to get dark when she passed out.

And that’s when things started getting weird, taking a turn for the worse, so to speak.

Sherry awoke a couple hours later, shuddering. It was now completely dark, the waves of the lake gently rolling in against the bank, making almost a “whoosh” sound as the water came to shore, and then retreated back out again. She wondered how long she had been out, and better yet why no one had awoken her sooner.

She pulled out a cigarette as she stood on weak legs, her vision a little blurred, still feeling sleepy and groggy, and then proceeded to make her way to the picnic area to meet up with her friends. There was no one there!

She felt herself shuddering all over, this time in a different way, cold shivers climbing her spine at a rapid pace. It didn’t help that the picnic area was in shambles, plates thrown askew, and food smeared into the grooves of one of the tables the campsite provided. And there appeared to be what was either ketchup or blood all over the ground surrounding the table.

Sherry was hoping it was ketchup, but was afraid it was blood.

Damn Brian and his comment about backwood hicks from “The Texas Chainsaw Massacre” coming out and attacking, just something that Sherry also was deathly afraid of, especially since she was originally a city girl and not used to living in the country, especially so deep in it like she was now; nothing but woods and water surrounding her for miles. She shivered again.

Ok, maybe they all just got tired of partying and left, and didn’t bother to let me know, or couldn’t get me awake to tell me, Sherry tried to calm herself thinking, walking slowly around the picnic area, surveying the area like an amateur sleuth, but feeling like a complete idiot.

She was trying to suppress the fact that one of her worst fears would be to find all of her friends dead, hacked to pieces, leaving her a lone survivor to confront some kind of wild knife-wielding psychopath. As soon as the thought crossed her mind, she thought she heard footsteps coming from behind her. Her heart was beating so fast, she was afraid it was going to explode in her chest.

Sherry fainted, everything going black all around her.

“I can’t believe you thought an airplane sounded like a chainsaw. A motorcycle, maybe, but an airplane? Really?” Mick Monroe asked, teasing his friend Brian House, as he and his girlfriend Patty Jagger, along with Brian, walked to his car.

The night had grown late, the time being somewhere around 10:30 P.M., and quite a few people had made it out to the lake to party for the July 4th celebration that Mick, Brian, and Patty had put together. Sure, their friend Sherry had helped somewhat, but then she had passed out on the shore of the lake, and wasn’t able to be awoken by anyone when

they tried, and so they had ended up doing most of the work.

They had been joined at the lake later by some really good friends, Buddy Brown and his fiancée, Fran Drake, as well as Billy Morrison, Chuck Hancock and his girlfriend Jill Downer. Food had been consumed, beer had been flowing, and a good time had been had by all. And, now they decided to all go down the road to a local tavern, Sam's Bar & Grill, and play a round or two of darts, and then come back to the lake and party some more, and set off some fireworks.

Billy walked along the edge of the lake, slowly making his way to his awaiting automobile, as Jill, Chuck, and Buddy followed along behind him. They had tried to awake Sherry to see if she wanted to join them, but had no luck, so they had given up and simply decided to leave her a note letting her know of their whereabouts in case she awoke before they returned.

"Won't be as fun without the doc," Billy said, halfheartedly, as he and his entourage climbed into his small mini-van.

"Plus, it really ain't too cool going off and leaving her here like this," Buddy chimed in.

"Well, do you wanna stay here with her, or what?" Billy asked, sounding a bit impatient as he turned the key in the ignition.

"Yeah, I guess I will stay here with her and keep a check on her," Buddy said as he proceeded to make his way out of the van. "See you guys later."

Billy tooted his horn as he pulled his mini-van out of the parking lot.

Buddy turned around and found himself startled suddenly when he saw a dark figure he almost didn't recognize at first standing right behind him.

"Oh, hey, when did you..." Buddy stammered, his sentence cut off as a large machete swung toward him and lopped his head completely off, decapitating him smoothly, his head falling two or three feet away from his body, his hands reaching out and turning into fists as his headless corpse fell to the ground.

On the other side of the parking lot, not too far away from where Buddy was murdered, Mick, Brian, and Patty were still sitting in Mick's car, still trying to decide on whether to go to Sam's Bar & Grill and leave Sherry behind, unattended, or to stay and watch over her, which they were now beginning to think was the more responsible decision.

"It would be pretty shitty for all of us to go off and leave her here all by herself," Brian said, sitting in the backseat, with his seatbelt already on, but now removing it and preparing to get out of the car.

"Oh, look, Mommie, I think there is another plane up in the sky," Mick said, trying to make his voice sound childlike and innocent, also trying to mimic the way Sherry had sounded when saying the same thing earlier. He was referring to the sound of the sudden humming that was coming from outside the car, sounding as if it was not too far away.

"Oh, will you stop with the Pink Floyd references already?" Brian spat out, his tone taking on a hint of impatience. "Plus, that isn't no plane, that sounds more like a motorcycle."

"You boys are too much," Patty said, slurring her words, being a little intoxicated from drinking a little too much earlier in the evening.

"Goddamn, that thing is pretty loud, whatever it is!" Mick declared, his voice sounding a little more high pitched than he wanted.

The driver's side window crashed in, a huge chainsaw came crashing in, ripping right into Mick, tearing into his flesh, lodging deep in his shoulder and neck region, cutting all the

way to the bone, and then through it as well.

Patty and Brian screamed in unison, both unable to move, they were so frozen with fright. The chainsaw retreated, and then entered the car from a different angle, coming in from the roof this time, and tearing into Patty, cutting into her head, splitting it right down the middle, blood spraying everywhere, her body jerking and convulsing.

Brian was screaming so loud, one of the back windows shattered. He was covered in Mick and Patty's blood, soaked completely from head to toe, his clothes feeling as wet as if he had just jumped into the lake with them on. He reached down and fidgeted some more with the seatbelt, not remembering he had already had taken it off, and now refastening it in his panicked state. Meanwhile, the sound of the chainsaw was getting louder and louder, as whoever was wielding it was obviously circling the car and coming over to Brian's side.

Fighting with the seatbelt, Brian jammed his thumbnail and twisted it, tearing it off, but he didn't feel it in his current state of mind as he wrestled with the belt as fast and furiously as he could, not getting anywhere in his endeavor. He was also losing his voice from screaming so much and so loud, but he didn't care about that at the moment. He just wanted to get out of the car.

Brian breathed out a huge sigh of relief when he heard the chainsaw putter out and die, and then start whirring incessantly as it tried to be restarted, sounding as if it was out of gas. Plus, he had finally been able to get the seatbelt unfastened again, and was beginning to wriggle free of its hold and open the back door of the car.

Just then the chainsaw started back up and came crashing through the roof of the car, right over Brian's head, and came down on him with heavy force, cutting into him with a fierce verocity, chopping his head off and continuing to cut deep into his body.

He was dead within minutes, and whoever was wielding the chainsaw turned it off and walked away from the scene of the crime.

"Seriously, what the fuck is wrong with our society today?! We glorify shit like Jerry Springer and Honey Boo Boo, yet bash on anything with quality, and in the meantime make fun of and belittle the few people left in the world who care about the English language, and want to help people learn how to speak and spell it correctly, yet defend the idiots who don't. Makes sense to me. Not!" Tony Bates was speaking to a friend on his cell phone, sitting in his car which was now parked in a parking area near Cherokee lake. He was more than a little late for the party he had been invited to, but his philosophy had always been better late than never.

Accompanying Tony was his good friend Steve Hancock, who was also the reason Tony was late getting to the lake this evening. Steve worked at a nearby grocery store, and was unable to get the night off, and had had to work until 10:00. It was 10:45 by the time Tony picked him up, made a beer run, and then ended up at the lake.

"Well, I'm at the lake, so let me call you back after while," Tony said, then clicked his phone off.

"Was that who I think it was?" Steve asked, smirking, expressing his disdain for the friend in which Tony had been engaged in phone conversation with a few seconds ago.

"I don't know why you don't like him," Tony said, honestly baffled by Steve's angst against his friend Ron.

"From what I hear he's nothing more than a top notch drunk. Plus, I can't help but think of something someone told me a couple of months ago. That most closeted gay men have ugly wives. And, every damn time since then, every time I've seen him out, I can't help but notice he has the ugliest fucking woman hanging on his arm!" Steve's voice sounded bitter, and had a snarkiness to it that Tony really didn't much care for.

"Damn, man, that's just flat out mean," Tony stated firmly as he turned the car off and opened his door and stepped out, taking in a bit of fresh lake air.

"I will now put my reading glasses back on the table and back away slowly." Steve let out a weird laugh, trying to sound playful, trying to pass what he'd said off as a joke. He then tried to change the subject all-together. "Hey, I thought there was supposed to be a party out here tonight," he said as he and Steve approached the picnic area where his friends Mick and Brian had told him to come.

"This is where they told us it would be," Tony said, sounding honestly baffled by the absence of people, not a sign of life at all around the place. Oh, sure, there were some empty beer cans, a keg or two, and several plates -some with food still on them-, but there wasn't a single person around.

"Maybe they went for a late night swim," Steve said, thinking that to be the logical explanation.

"Well, I'm gonna grab me a beer and drop a hit of acid, and get in the party mood," Tony said, pulling a sheet of paper out of his pocket and licking it, then passing it to Steve, who did the same, but in a different spot. "This is really nice if we were out here all alone."

"Oh, I'm sure you're wishing your little friend Ron was here with us," Steve remarked, hinting at a jealousy that Tony didn't seem to understand at first. "Well, you ought to know I'd go investigate, and he's kind of cute in a fat redneck Eddie Munster kind of way, DON'T JUDGE ME! That guy seriously needs some major help! And, you know, he's not that good looking, matter of fact, he's rather fugly. Kind of like Gomez Addams and Uncle Fester had a baby," Steve said, then burst into gales of laughter.

"Damn, Steve, what is your problem, man? And why do you have such a bitterness toward Ron?" Tony thought he had an idea why, but he wanted to make Steve admit it, and get it out in the open, so to speak.

"Oh, I think you know why, Tony, don't make me have to spell it out for you," Steve said, sounding almost hurt.

By now they had both grabbed a beer and had taken a seat at the picnic table, and Tony was ruffling through a bag of potato chips.

"Hey, I got an idea. Now, it may not be the greatest idea, and it may be the first time I've ever had such an idea, but I just remembered something that I had forgot." In Tony's mind, he was making sense, but that was only because the hit of yellow sunshine he'd taken a little earlier was beginning to take effect, causing him to talk in odd riddles, playing what any sober person would call head games; acting so smart, but being a complete dumb ass.

Steve suddenly burst out laughing so hard he fell off the bench he'd been sitting on, and Tony broke into huge gales of laughter as well as he stood up and walked around to the other side of the table to help Steve stand. But, when Tony reached down and offered Steve a hand, instead of pulling Steve up, Steve pulled Tony down to the ground. Before they knew it, they were embraced in each other's arms, rolling around on the ground,

kissing wildly.

“Oh, yeah, I think I know what you like,” Tony said as he reached out and stroked Steve’s hair, then gently pushed him over onto his stomach, then reaching over and pulling Steve’s pants down a few inches. “And I think you’ll really like what I’m about to do next.”

“Well, it’s about fucking time, I really thought you would never take the hint,” was all Steve said as he reached down and assisted Tony in pulling his pants down, enjoying the feel of the soft grass against his body.

“Oh, I wanna make you squeal like a pig,” was all Tony said as he reached down and unzipped his own pants and proceeded to pull them down, and then lay on top of Steve.

“Oh, yeah, that’s what I’m taking about,” Steve said, his voice all raspy and breathless. Right as Tony entered Steve, they both let out a yelp at the same time. Steve’s was in pleasure, but Tony’s was out of surprise. Surprise because something sharp had pierced him, and then penetrated his rectum right as he penetrated Steve’s.

“Oh, you’ll squeal like a pig alright. Now, squeal, motherfucker, squeal!”

“Who the fuck are you?” Steve asked, not recognizing the voice at first, but knowing it didn’t belong to Tony.

Tony meanwhile had started screaming at the top of his lungs as a spear gun plunged deeper into him, then firing, sending the spear clean through his body, the end coming out of his mouth. His body jerked and convulsed a few times, and then stilled as he died with Steve trapped underneath him.

“What the hell...” Steve said, but was unable to finish because the spear gun was fired again, this time into Tony’s back and straight through and into Steve’s back, piercing right into his spine, severing it right below the rib cage.

“I said squeal, motherfucker!”

The spear gun fired yet another time, again into Tony’s rectum, but this time aimed more downward so it would go through and enter Steve’s rectum, which it did, also piercing through and coming out one of Steve’s testicles. He screamed out as loud as he could, but by this point he was so weak from pain and blood loss, he was barely heard by anyone other than himself.

The killer pulled the spear gun out of Tony and stood in one place, looking at the latest victims, smiling.

Sherry woke up feeling groggy, and with a splitting headache, at first not knowing where she was. It took her a few minutes to familiarize herself with her surroundings. When she stood up, the pain in her head pounded, making her feel nauseous. Ever get one of those headaches where you can feel a pulse thumping in your head? Don’t mean to take you there, or anything, she thought, almost making her laugh at her own humor in the most dire of circumstances.

Where the hell is everybody?! Sherry wondered as she surveyed the picnic area, seeing that there was still no one around. This is just too fucking odd! I feel like I’ve woken up in the damn Twilight Zone or something!

“Where the fuck are you guys?” she called out before she realized she was speaking out loud, but not caring that she did. Plus, isn’t it strange as hell that when I fainted I was near the picnic table, and now I’m closer to the shore again. What. The. Fuck?! Did I dream that I woke up earlier, or am I maybe dreaming now? She pinched herself, and cried out

from the pain she caused herself. Ok, yeah, I'm awake. So what the hell is going on? Maybe everyone just decided to go home earlier than planned? Or maybe they all went a little farther down the lake and are out there swimming, and I'm here like a fucking clueless dumb ass wondering where the hell they are. That last thought made Sherry laugh a little more, cheering herself up just a little as she started walking back toward the shore from which she had first came.

She suddenly remembered Brian and Mick saying something about maybe going to Sam's Bar & Grill to play a round of darts later in the evening if they had time. I bet that's where they all are! she pondered, still strolling along the shore, edging closer and closer to the water.

She glanced at her watch and came to a sudden stop. It read 2:30 A.M.

"Oh, shit, oh shit, oh shit!" Sherry couldn't believe her eyes. It surely couldn't be this late. She then decided to turn around and head for her car and maybe drive to Sam's and see if anyone was there. She was almost in the parking lot when she heard footsteps behind her. She froze! She slowly turned around, and surely enough there was someone standing there. She recognized the person's face right away and started to relax, but then froze all over again when she saw the huge blade.

Sherry then passed out yet again from fear and shock, a dark shadow moving closer to her outstretched body.

If anyone knew Jill Downer, they would know she wasn't a drunk, even though she was drunk off her ass at the given moment in time. She didn't set out to get sloppy to the point of almost being sick, but it had happened pretty quickly after a few shots of Jagermeister chased with a couple beers. She also wanted to be able to drive, being that she was the designated driver for the small group of friends that had traveled from the lake to Sam's Bar & Grill.

Jill was an outdoorsy type girl who had grown up in the country, so it was nothing to her to go outside and around back of the tavern when she had needed to use the restroom and it was occupied. She had caught a quick glimpse of a wall clock on her way out, barely noticing that it was now past midnight, but not caring one little bit.

She had also noticed some cute young guy stealing glances at her pretty much the whole time she'd been there, but she didn't pay that much attention either. Hot damn, that man makes me want to claw at my cat with a ball bat. I think he was smiling at me with that certain look of recognition, and I went flying by him like he didn't even exist. Oh, well. He gives me fever. He makes me sizzle. For rizzle, she thought as she walked a little farther behind the bar, hoping to maybe find a small trail or something to lead her into the woods without getting lost, but not caring if there wasn't because, well, she was a country girl and she knew most wooded areas like the back of her hand in these parts.

I can always tell if someone is a murderer within the first 5 seconds of them stabbing me, crossed her mind for some odd reason, and she broke into drunk nervous laughter. Her laughter immediately died, however, when the thought of there maybe being snakes in the area. She shivered almost uncontrollably at the thought, being that snakes were one of her worst fears.

She found what she figured was as good a spot as any, and began to squat and pull her jeans down. Just then she noticed the biggest spider she thought she'd ever seen in a web

very close to her, appearing to be staring directly at her. Oh, fuck this shit, she thought, almost peeing on herself before she could get her panties down. Hurry, hurry, hurry, was all she could think as the urine began to flow, the whole time she kept her eyes on the spider, making sure it didn't come any closer.

She was petrified of spiders. And she wasn't ashamed to admit it. She hated and feared them worse than she did snakes. The spider appeared to have moved, as if it was climbing down from its web and edging its way closer toward Jill. She hissed at it very loudly as she jumped up to leave, almost forgetting to pull her pants up.

She didn't see the dark figure in front of her until she had ran into it, her eyes suddenly focused on a shiny knife, aimed right at her. Her thoughts again turned to thoughts of fear, to be afraid, and she screamed out as loud as she could again and again, hopelessly going hoarse, being unheard, as she lost her life.

"Neither. Both. Only Calvin. Oh, hell I give up! This is just way too damn complicated. But I prefer the one on the left, but I don't think that was the question..." Chuck and Billy were playing a game of pool, and also playing a game called "Is He Gay Or Straight?", something Chuck had came up with a couple of years ago while still in high school.

"I wouldn't want him to be gay, that would ruin the fun. I want a man to be, well, a man, and do what, well, comes natural to a man," Billy said, referring to a young man wearing a cowboy hat and overalls, playing darts with a few of his friends, not too far out of earshot. "Damn he's so fine he makes me want to do a reverse Chaz Bono. Don't judge me!"

Chuck blurted out, his voice louder than he wanted, almost echoing all around the tavern.

"He is the life of parties he has never attended. If he were to punch you in the face, you'd have to fight off the urge to thank him. Sharks have a week dedicated to him. And his name is..." Billy added as he aimed his stick at the cue ball and made a clear shot into a side pocket. "Whatever happened to that guy you were seeing a while back?" He was referring to a young man Chuck had met at college and had moved in with, and then had a very nasty break up not too soon after.

"Oh, I saw that little bitch on Facebook the other day, and I told him if you don't post some more pics of yourself I am deleting and blocking you, breaking up with you, and never going to stalk you again!" Guess you ought to know there are already three new pics of him posted TODAY! But not like I care. I hate that little motherfucker!" Chuck was steaming mad at the mention of his ex-boyfriend, but laughing all the same, feeling appreciative of Billy keeping him in a good mood this evening. "He's at my house 'doing' me like he always does, so back off! Get your own man!!" he added, playfully, knowing Billy would get the joke, and hoping he'd play along. He did.

"Bring it, bitch. Mud wrestle you for him..." Billy shot Chuck a very playful smile as he made another shot on the table.

"Huh uh, girlie! He be all MINE! You better check yourself before you wreck yourself! I will sling mud, pull hair, gouge eyes, and cut you over him! And that's just playing nice! The man is MINE, woman, and I will hurt you so bad you pray for death if you don't leave him alone! Other than that, love ya though!" Chuck didn't care that they were in a backwoods redneck joint, probably the only two gay guys for miles, and could probably end up the victims of a hate crime, something he normally feared beyond explanation. But tonight, he felt too relaxed and carefree, plus he sensed they were in a friendly

environment, amongst people who didn't care about such trivial matters as what someone's sexuality was.

"Well, I am so glad you are over him. He was such a freak! No lie!" Billy said, almost stuttering, his words getting harder and harder to pronounce the drunker he became. "But, I know I'm not one to talk, being in a relationship with a married man was nothing to brag about, let me tell you." Billy was referring to his recent ex, a straight married man he had accidentally gotten involved with, and then deeply regretted it later. "And I bow on my knees to please Pablo Diablo, as he hollers 'giddyap!' at me, cracking his whip, shoving his hips, telling me to grab hold and get a good grip, and make my loose lips sink his huge ship. Never look down on anybody unless you're helping them up. And always best to only help someone 'up' if you are going to go down on them. It was a nightmare!"

"Sorry to hear you had such a bad experience with him, but also jealous you had him. I don't know whether to envy you or pity you," Chuck said, then busted out laughing.

"And is it just me, or does his wife look like she is cool as hell?! I know, you would think I would hate her, huh? Nope! That's what's kind of neat but weird about me, is that I have always liked the girlfriends or wives of my straight husbands." Billy turned his attention back to the pool table and made another shot, knocking his last ball into a corner pocket, and now about to go for the 8-ball. "My pick up line was I told him I'll buy you a whole plate of bacon if you let me eat your sausage. I couldn't resist."

Chuck started laughing so hard he almost couldn't breathe. "Now, that to me is what makes a real 'Man', someone who knows how to take a compliment, and knows how to joke around with another man, whether he be gay or straight or whatever, and know it's all innocent fun. That to me makes a man even sexier than any physical appearance. But they have to be sexy physically too, or I can't be bothered, don't judge me!"

Billy meanwhile had aimed for the 8-ball, and made the shot without a hitch, then set his stick down beside the table.

"Are you about ready to head back to the lake?" he asked Chuck, grabbing his beer from the table and walking back toward the bar.

"Damn, I didn't realize it was past midnight!" was all Chuck said as he fell in step with Billy and followed him back to the bar, where he stood as Billy finished off his last beer, then set the empty bottle on the bar.

"Hey, where the hell is everyone?" Billy stammered out, his voice slurring even more so than it was five minutes earlier.

"Well, Fran left about an hour ago, but I don't know where the hell Jill is," Chuck answered, glancing all around the interior of the tavern in hopes of spotting Jill somewhere. "Maybe she reeled herself in a good man and caught a ride with him?"

"Could have, you know that bitch is a man magnet! Love her, but if she is already gone for the night, well, then I miss her about like I would miss a headache." Billy snapped his fingers when he finished, trying to put emphasis on what he said. "Sorry, I don't mean to sound catty, but shit, she looks like a Mack truck slammed into her head on tonight."

"Damn, we need to get you out of here before you get anymore vicious and want to start reading some of the patrons here," Chuck said, meanwhile not helping but laughing at what Billy had said about Jill.

They then left the tavern and made their way across the dark parking lot, Billy leaning on Chuck so he wouldn't fall down. It was pitch black outside, and it was very hard at first to

see where they were going, and they almost couldn't find the mini-van for almost five minutes.

Chuck guided Billy to the passenger side of the vehicle, unlocked the door and then helped him into the seat, then proceeded to make his way around to the driver's side. A gloved hand came out of the darkness and grabbed hold of Chuck, then something flashy and shiny came swinging down toward him, and blood started flying everywhere.

He didn't even have time to struggle or fight, it all happened so fast. And before he knew what had happened, Chuck realized he had been castrated, something he feared worse than death itself. He also never had time to wonder how someone was able to do that to him, especially since he had his clothes on, and it being so dark out.

All he could do at this point was lean over and moan as he slowly started bleeding to death. And his attacker wasn't finished! The blade came down and slashed away at him several more times, striking him in a new place each time. He tried to scream out to warn Billy, but his mouth was full of blood, and no words would come out. He died slowly and painfully, his attacker cutting on him the entire time.

Billy, meanwhile had no idea what was taking Chuck so long to get from one side of the van to the other, and was now beginning to worry a little about him, thinking he maybe had slipped and fallen in the dark parking lot and couldn't get up. He heard something smash into the side of the van and figured he had been correct in his summation about Chuck, and that his friend was trying to grab hold of the van to help himself stand.

He rolled his window down and stuck his head out to see if he could see anything, plus he wanted to get a little fresh air, -he was beginning to feel a little queasy- and a large blade came down from out of nowhere. Billy's head dropped to the ground and rolled underneath the van.

Well, I guess I remembered more than I thought I would. Maybe even enough to write a small book out of? Who knows? I sit here thinking how it all could have possibly happened, and why it even occurred. Life sure is a mystery, no doubt about it.

But, for the time being, I have to live with the fact that the worst nightmare that I could only imagine I dreamed had came to be a reality, and that I had lived it.

As I sit here remembering what happened to all my friends, I could just cry. Why did it have to happen? And who, pray tell, could have done such a thing? Well, that answer may shock you more than it did me. The answer is, believe it or not, ME.

Well, that's what was said in court, anyway. The lawyers, the doctors brought in to testify against me, the judge, and the jury, they all seemed to agree that I was the guilty party. They declared, "We find this person guilty as charged, and shall serve a term no shorter than life in prison."

I was shocked and mortified! Was it because I was the only one to survive, I have asked myself over and over so many times I have long since lost count. That's really the only reason I can think of. No other reason makes sense. None!

I'm finally done with trying to piece it all together and figure it all out. I honestly give up. I can't remember every single movement, or every single word muttered by everybody that was involved that night. No way in hell! Luckily, I've been able to gather some stuff from a few different sources. Now, how reliable they are is a different matter all together. But, I trust them, so I'll leave it alone for now.

You have to remember, I was everyone's best friend, so they all told me practically everything about themselves, and they would also tell me everything about everyone else as well. I could trust them that way, and they felt they could trust me in return. Ironical, I know, go figure.

Am I innocent or guilty? Well, that is for you the reader to really decide, now isn't it? Oh, I'm sure you're going to agree with everyone else and come to the same conclusion that they did, that I'm guilty; but you might be wrong. And how would that make you feel? Not good, I am sure. I didn't think so!

I simply still find it hard to believe that there's a possible way this all happened to my friends. I was their best friend, as I already mentioned, and when they all got killed, of course I was the one to blame since I was the only one to survive. Yes, I was the only one left alive, and my reward was to be locked away in some cell for the rest of my life. Very fair, isn't it?!

I've also taken into account on several occasions how I was the only one to survive, so don't think I haven't driven myself crazy wondering about that. And I know I want to get even with the sleazy motherfucking psycho that did this. Yes, I want vengeance now, not later, because even though I survived the night of the 4th, I have been dying inside ever since, and it's their fault.

And, I will exact my revenge someday. It might be a week, a month, a year, or even a decade from now, but I will get my revenge on the person that murdered all my friends. I'll kill the son of a bitch as soon as I get the chance, I swear! I'll show him what it was like having a worst fear delivered.

And, the person I'm talking about was also my best friend, and he also had revealed his worst fear, something I thrived on people sharing with me.

Well, I bet that you're still wondering who it is that I am talking about, not figured out yet who it is that did it, so I'll give you a little while to see if you can guess. I know that by now you've surely guessed who I am. Well, have you?

Yes, I am Sherry. And, in case you're wondering how I survived, well that's really pretty easy to explain as well.

My psychiatrist explained that either I was so high that I really killed everyone and hallucinated someone else doing it, and then didn't remember it later. And that was the story the judge and jury bought. I sure do hope and pray you don't as well.

Anyways, the other theory was that I walked up to one of the cars and when I saw my reflection in the window, and saw that I was holding a bloody knife, I realized what I had done and panicked and fainted. Yet another theory the judge and jury bought into. Please don't be fooled into believing it too!

Because, well, they are all wrong! They're so wrong it's pathetic! Like I've said over and over again ever since the night it all happened, "I did not kill anybody!"

Oh, my doctors also explained some horse shit about possibly multiple personality disorder, and of course the judge and jury bought into that shit as well. I was fucked coming and going, let me tell you! Just because I majored in psychology, and knew enough to make my friends comfortable enough to entrust me with their deepest secrets, deepest desires, and their deepest darkest fears, well, that doesn't make me a bad person with a split personality.

Oh, yes, didn't I tell you? They also claimed since I was everyone's best friend, I delivered

their worst fear, murdering them in brutal ways. Like that could even possibly be true! So, allegedly, the night of the party, when I supposedly passed out or fainted, I actually switched over into a different personality and killed every one of my friends there that night. Wow! Just wow!

I guess I can believe it too if I give it too much thought. But, you see, none of this even really ever happened. I just wanted to write a story, exposing my worst fear: My close friends being murdered and me being accused of doing it.

Wouldn't that be a hell of a twist?!

And, add to that how I just showed how fear can kill you faster than anything else, and damn, you could have a sure winner then! Wish I had thought of that earlier.

Like I said, it's all never even happened. Well, not yet anyway, that is!

See ya!

THE END