

## Short Story Contest Winners

Nikki Robles:

### Eyes

My hair stood on end, a shiver raced down my spine and a lump came to my throat. It was him, I saw his twisted smile, his bloody appearance shocked me, the axe, he looked like a horror movie character. Yet his eyes, it was his eyes that truly scared me, they seemed gone, far from any reality I knew, like his soul had left his body and all that was left was the husk that once was, my father. I guess I understood him in a sick and twisted way, my mother was the only thing that kept him on the bay of sanity, her eyes always calmed him down, there were truly perfect, ocean blue, always shining, they sparkled in the daylight, I could see how that could keep one sane for so many years. My mother was dead now, he blamed me, he said if I didn't exist mom would have never got into that car crash trying to drop me off to school because I missed my bus. He said that the wrong person died that day and he would do anything to change that. I guess all with all that anger and pain built up inside him, and with no lovely eyes to stare into, telling him it was all ok, he went mental after a while. That didn't matter now though, what mattered was that he had an axe, seemed crazy, and had nothing to lose.

I scanned the room for an escape as he slowly approached me, twisted smile, eyes still lost, dangerous, mad. I clung to Andrew, even if he was dad's favorite, I don't think that applied much to my father anymore. Then I remembered the laundry shoot, my father threw Alice down it once, I comforted her, that made my father mad, and I got in trouble too. Yet seeing father go outside with Alice and hearing the scream of agony that came from her voice, I knew Alice was most likely with mom now. I guess that was a blessing for me, I wouldn't want her to see dad like this, with his cold, dead, far gone eyes. Even so, I wasn't going to have her death go in vain, not after I could see her blood on my own fathers shirt. Father was close now, I could see the glint of his axe and the whites of his eyes, although you could hardly call them white now, they were bloodshot and dead now.

With the raise of his axe, I was clinging onto Andrew's hand and let myself trip over the laundry shoot opening. The fall had certainly taken its toll on me, Andrew seemed fine though, besides his tear faced eyes, they reminded me of my mothers so much, but there was no time to think about that now, I needed to get us out of here. My father locked me in the basement often, so I knew there was a window just big enough to fit me and my brother into. I would have a lot more trouble, but I would manage. I looked around, I could hear my father, slowly, coming down the stairs, almost like he was taunting us, thinking we wouldn't be able to get out in time, but that was ok with me, it gave me more time to get out of this hell house. I grabbed my mothers favorite vase, forgotten, beautiful just like my mother, and shattered the window with the once lovely piece of art. My brother was outside when my father got there, he ran towards me, his lost eyes, his smile now into a menacing frown and his brows arched. I jumped, he fell, and I leapt

onto the washing machine out the window and into the outside world, me and my brother ran as we heard my father scream in anguish, nothing in particular, just screaming, pure, dead, terrible screaming.

Arushima Swaroop:

I go to bingo every Saturday but nothing like this has ever happened. I could not take my eyes off him. He was beautiful. He was handing out a pamphlet to an old lady. His bright, white, smile sparkled in the light. As his perfect teeth showed through, a dimple appeared on each side of his cheeks. His jawline was as sharp as the edge of a knife. His bright green eyes cut through me. I could look into them forever. The tips of his hair on the top of his head came together to form a short spike held together with hair gel. His nose was straight and delicate. I suddenly snapped back to reality and realized I had a metallic taste in my mouth. I was biting my lower lip. He was walking towards me. I could never walk like that. The silver metal chain on his neck matched with the bracelet on his right wrist. It bobbed up and down as he came to me. I looked around and realized everything was in slow motion.

"Hello? Earth to Sophie?" he said while waving the stacking of pamphlets in my face.

"He knows my name?" I accidentally say it out loud.

"Yeah, of course," he said in a deep devouring voice. I get lost in his eyes again.

"Anyways, here is some info about today's bingo event, make sure to look over it!" he chimes.

"Yeah, I will!" I exclaim as he walks away.

What the heck did he just say.

I run over to him, "Hey, I never got your name."

"It's Noah," he says while showing off his perfect smile.

"By any chance would you like to go out with me?" I hesitantly ask, making a jump for it.

"Oh, I'm sorry Sophie, I'm already dating someone."

"Oh, it's... okay, see you around then," I say with a crack in my voice while walking away from him. Ouch.

But who cares, as he walks out of church later in the evening I follow him anyways. He opens the church door while texting someone on his iPhone. He puts the phone back in his pocket and continues walking. He makes a few more turns. I run to catch up to him and peek around the corner. It's a dark alleyway with a large garbage can and a white tesla. He walks over and flips the yellow lid open. He pulls a hand and soon, a whole body. She looks dead. It's a young girl, maybe in her 20s. He carries her to the back of his tesla. The tesla's trunk automatically opens and he pushes the girl into the car, putting her body in a painful-looking position. He then gets into the driver's seat and drives away. I don't know what I should do. That night I walked home feeling guilty and crawled into my bed. The next morning, the top headline was that a girl in her 20s went missing last night and that her family was looking for her. What if that was me?

AHHH! I flinch. Someone's at the door.

"Hello, Sophie, It's Noah?" he said while knocking on the door repeatedly.

"Maybe we could rethink our relationship."

He kept pounding and pounding and tried to convince me to get together with him until... the door broke.

Adrian Chavez:

My hair stood on end, a shiver raced down my spine and a lump came to my throat. It was him. The man I dreaded to see most in my life, the one who haunted my dreams. My husband. He was standing outside in a gray shirt that's sleeves went far down his arms, his hair was being thrown around by the wind that was howling outside, the rain that woke me up was beating down on him. I wanted to scream, to do anything, but all I could do was watch in fear as he walked up to the front door and started to knock. I couldn't hear it at first but as he continued to knock it became louder and louder until he finally banged what sounded like a hole in the door. Hearing this, I snapped out of my trance and rushed out of bed to my daughters room. She was already awake and started asking me questions rapid fire. "Whats going on? What was that sound? Why do you look scared" I look down at her and said, " We need to go, now, grab nothing and get out of the window, quietly." she opened her mouth to protest but I covered it with my hand, " Don't speak, just go." I said, my voice barely a whisper. She reluctantly rushed to the window looking terrified at not knowing the information. I heard the door downstairs creak open, meaning that he was in the house. Sophie, my daughter heard it too and looked at me with wide eyes. I mouthed to her to hurry up and she finally got the window open enough for us to crawl out. As I was almost done crawling out the window my daughter gave a scream while looking behind me. I doubled my efforts and quickly turned around, he was in the doorway looking murderous. He started to rush towards the window and made an effort to grab me. I quickly kicked his arm and he gave a grunt of pain, with the kick I lost my balance on the slippery tiles of my house and landed in the brush bellow my house, my head hitting the ground. I woke up in a hospital bed, my daughter was looking relieved to see me and the doctor reassuring me that my husband was back in jail and that I was alright. I barely heard his words after that and put my head on a pillow, staring up at the white ceiling, and closed my eyes.