I Promise Not To Hurt You

By Mila Snow

As the policemen walked into the house, the smell of rotting flesh reached their nostrils. Gagging, a one of the men yelled “Mr. Banks. Are you here?”

“Let’s go up the stairs and look around,” the chief said.

All the men traipsed up the stairs, plugging their noses from the stench leaking down. After they came to the landing, the chief turned to the men.

“Alright men. Let’s split up; McKnight and Anderson check the rooms down the hall. Peterson grab samples from everything, and Rodgers and I will search this room, gesturing towards the door closest to them. “Yell if you find anything.”

McKnight walked down the hall, in front of Anderson, pushing open the pink door at the end of the hall.

“Stay behind me, Jr. You never know what could happen,” McKnight said, hearing Andersons sound of protest.

The door was partially open but the hinges still squeaked when McKnight pushed the door open. A wave of putrid scent washed over them. Glad that their gagging reflex was still holding up, they found a little girl laying on her stomach, her nightdress ripped to pieces. Eggs had been hatched in the cuts in her back; maggots were wiggling trying to get more flesh. The only other thing in the room that had as much blood covering was a doll, sitting on the bed.

“Ahhh!!” Anderson screamed, and scrambled back to the door.

“Anderson, get back here! Anderson! He acts like he’s never a murder scene,” McKnight yelled at Anderson’s retreating back. “Oh goodness. What happened here?”

A week before…

Father had just gotten home from a long day at the bank. Her mother had made his favorite for dinner; roast beef, mashed potatoes, and apple pie for dessert. When father had gotten home, he sat in the den with his favorite slippers on and a glass of scotch.

Little Billy came in with two gloves and a baseball, “Hey Daddy… Do ya’ wanna’ toss the ball with me in the yard for a while?”

“What have I told you when you are speaking to me?!?” Father demanded.

“ No mumbling, use proper words, and… Ummm … And…”

“And what!?!”

“I must call you father at all times, nothing else,” said Billy, almost in tears.

“Exactly. Now you may go, and play somewhere else,” Father ordered. Billy shuffled out, with his head down, and shoulders drooping in shame.

“Darling! Is that you?” Mother said oblivious to her tearful son.

“Who else would it be?” Father muttered to himself.

“What? Did you say something?”

“Oh… Uh, No!! Nothing Dear,” Father replied.

Mother was the perfect women, in Fathers eyes. She cooked and cleaned till her hearts content, and she loved to shop. She had gone to a thrift store, didn’t tell Father, and found a beautiful doll. *Perfect for Victoria.* Susie looked brand new; perfect curls, flawless skin, she even had those eyes that open and close. But there was a peculiar dark stain on the back of her skirt. Mother just shrugged off the stain, thinking *Probably just some grape juice*. That comes out in a jiff, and bought Susie.

During dinner, Mother blabbered on about the neighborhood gossip, and Father just sat there, pushing his mashed potatoes around on his plate, deep in thought. Billy and Victoria sat, and ate quietly. Father had enforced the rule “Children must be seen and not heard at the dinner table,” ever since Victoria had been born. After dinner, Mother presented a large box with a pink bow towards Victoria. She opened the box with some trepidation, as she had learned her mother tends to give her some adventurous presents. When Victoria opened the box, all she saw was these creepy, blue eyes blinking at her.

“Oh it’s a doll!! Thank you Mother!! Oh thank you so much!!” Victoria said eagerly.

“Oh it’s nothing honey. But I will need to wash the dress, to get that stain out.” Mother informed Victoria,” You can still play with her though.”

Victoria started playing with Susie almost instantly. Those blinking eyes were so memorizing, she couldn’t stop making Susie blink. This was new doll technology for Victoria. She had to show everyone. Father could have cared less about the doll, but Billy was fascinated by Susie. Victoria let Billy touch Susie only for a minute; she didn’t want to have his chubby, sweaty little hands all over her new doll.

She said,” Billy. You must go and play with your trucks. I must go set up a tea party for all my dolls.”

After going upstairs, and laying Susie down, Victoria skipped back down the stairs, to prepare the tea party.

Susie sat up, rubbed her neck, and walked around the bed. She looked around, and thought to herself, *Too much pink. I’ll turn it red. This whole family will perish*. She froze, and listened. Victoria was coming back up the stairs! Susie scurried back to her spot on the bed. “Oh good. You didn’t move anywhere. I think that you should meet all of my dollies,” Victoria said. “This is Petunia,” holding up a doll stuffed into a frilly, pink dress. “Mr. Teddy, Princess, and Barbie,” she listed off these names, holding each toy up in turn. Susie sat there, unblinkingly, thinking, *I mustn’t blow this yet. Just wait for a few more hours.*

After a very exciting tea party, Victoria had to go and take a bath. When she was done, she walked back into her room, rubbed dry by the towel. She saw Susie on the ground, as if she had slipped off the bed. “That’s strange. Why is she on the floor? BILLY!! Why did you touch Susie?” yelled Victoria, down the hall. “Well. I’ll just talk to him tomorrow. I need to go to bed, or I will be in trouble.” Victoria turned off the lights and slipped into her bed. She grabbed Susie and held her tight to her chest.

Susie’s eyes opened very slowly, glowing red. “I have some time to kill.” She walked down the stairs, and towards the kitchen, “Knives, knives. Where are the knives?” She skipped into the kitchen, and saw the drying board. In it was a cutting board, and a large butcher knife, that Mother had used to cut the roast beef. “Perfect,” Susie whispered, into the dark.

Mother had woken with a start. “What is it? What’s wrong?” Father asked. “Oh nothing. I just thought I heard something. It’s probably nothing,” Mother replied. “Just go back to sleep.”

“1,2 I’m coming for you”

“3,4 Better close your door”

“5,6 You won’t be fixed”

“7,8 Welcome to Hells Gates”

The door creaked open, and a shadow grew lengthy against the wall. The silhouette was small, but had a strange object in its left hand. Susie started to climb the bed skirt. She creeped onto the bed spread. She raised the knife over her head, and plunged in into Mothers chest. Blood splattered everywhere, covering the walls, her face, and Father’s face. Now we can’t forget Father, can we? Susie wrenched the knife out of Mother, and jammed it in his forehead. Neither of them had any time to scream out in surprise, or pain. *Perfect. Now onto the children*.

As she walked down the carpeted hallway, she wiped her bloody hands along the wall, leaving small hand swipes everywhere. She came upon a closed door that had childish writing in blue crayon, saying “BiLlys RooM.” *Perfect, the little squirt. This shall be fun*. The doorknob was too high for Susie to reach, she needed to jump a few times to finally catch onto the doorknob. With a mighty swing of her body, the door swung open. He was sleeping with his back towards the door, his sides rising and falling. Susie started singing…

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Billy didn’t hear her, he was too deep in sleep, but he rolled over so he was on his back. Susie saw him clinging to a worn-out teddy bear as if it were his life line. The teddy bear’s ears had no fur at all, and were slightly soggy. It looks as if he had been sucking on them. Better put that bear down. *May he rest in pieces.* Susie yanked Teddy out of Billy’s hands, and started violently ripping him into pieces. Billy woke up, and started to whimper when he couldn’t find Teddy. When Billy looked up he saw the blood covered Susie standing over him, with remnants of Teddy in her teeth and hands. Susie picked up the butchers knife off the foot of the bed, and began stalking towards Billy. She forced the knife through the blanket and into his leg. Billy began to cry out in terror and pain. Susie forcefully pulled the knife out of his leg, and began to advance towards Billy. She was walking on his chest, and could feel the panic beating of a scared heart. *Now for the main event*. Susie slit Billy’s throat in one quick movement. *Hey Ho. Only one more to go.*

Susie began to saunter down the hallway, waving the blood coated knife around in the air. *Oh sweet Victoria. What to do when your whole family is dead? I’ve only know you for a little bit, but it feels like forever*, Susie thought to herself. Victoria’s door was still open from earlier that night. Susie strolled in as if she had all the time in the world. Victoria hadn’t moved, except for the breath of air leaving and entering her lungs.

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Victoria, who was a light sleeper, had actually been faking sleep. She had heard Billy’s crying, and the footsteps of someone coming down the hallway and entering her room. Then she heard this weird little rhyme, sung in a high pitch, girly voice. Victoria sat up, startling the shadowed form in the doorway. The person was shorter than average, almost doll size.

“Now don’t try anything, or else you will have the fate as everyone else,” the voice squeaked out of the shadows.

Then, Victoria heard a scuttling noise across the floor, like mice when frightened.

“Don’t be afraid. I’m here to help.”

Victoria strained her eyes to find where the voice was coming from. All she saw were some glowing red eye, staring unblinkingly at her. Then Susie pounced at Victoria. After tussling for a few minutes, Susie had Victoria on her stomach with her arm pinned behind her back. Susie was cackling with glee. “Guess who caught the final one? Me! I did! I killed you mother, father and brother, and now I’m going to kill you!” and started to carve into Victoria’s back with the knife. “Scream, I dare you. No one is around to hear you anymore,” hissed Susie into Victoria’s ear. Victoria stopped protesting, and just whimpered there in pain. Susie plunged the knife into the small of Victoria’s back and yanked around the knife until Victoria stopped moving at all.

Susie dipped her hand into the pools of blood surrounding Victoria’s still body, and started to write on the wall. It said “I killed them. I know I did. But try to find me. I bet you never will. I am the type of person who doesn’t toy around.” *That should confuse the police. Good.* She then threw the knife in Victoria’s closet, and climbed onto the bed, waiting.