

He Must Kill the Children Before He Dies

By Mark Edgemon

Edley Barrows was born into this world on February 8, 1968 to middle income parents and lived a normal life for the most part, or at least as far as everyone thought. He was a loner, who often would sit in darkness and only went out into the 'real world' when he absolutely had to. But it was his first encounter with the blood of innocence that christened his departure from society and transformed him into the monstrous servant of evil that he would soon become.

He drove himself to depravity through the consumption of violent films and graphic crime novels, always identifying himself with the murderer in the story and wondered what it would be like to take the life of the innocent, while watching their lives drain from their eyes, knowing they would be helpless to save themselves.

Driving home from work one particular day, he saw a dog lying in a ditch that had been hit by a car and was obviously in agony, struggling to take each breath. Edley pulled over to the side of the road, got out of the car and kneeled down to observe the poor animal in it's suffering without so much as the slightest willingness to help relieve the dog's fear and torment.

"Come now fellow, how does it feel," Edley remarked as he searched the dog's eyes to connect with the terror the animal felt.

An hour later, the ordeal was over. With one final agonizing breath, the dog slipped into unconsciousness and it was time for Edley to move on.

Edley was energized from this experience and was now primed and ready to consume more of the suffering he enjoyed. He decided to record on videotape the next encounter with his would be victims, so that he could enjoy the heinous scenes of death at his leisure.

He fashioned a coffin out of some old crates and fixed video monitors in stationary positions on the inside of the lid, so he might record the last gruesome moments of soon to be victims who he planned to bury...alive.

Driving across town, he discovered an elementary school not far from the interstate, which he needed for a quick getaway. He parked across the street from the school behind a clump of trees, so he could watch the children play at recess. He was high with nervous anticipation.

Tense, but determined, Edley strolled onto the school property heading for a boy he spied earlier of around twelve years of age who he heard referred to as Martin. Without a word, he grabbed him by the hand and headed for his car. He acted like he knew the boy and hoped that he would believe him to be a teacher until he could shove him into his car and drive off.

"Hello Mr. Blaisley," Edley heard someone call out to him from behind, obviously confusing him with the boy's father.

He kept moving at the same pace, so as to not draw attention to himself or give the impression that anything was amiss. He threw up his hand in an abrupt wave without looking to see whom it was who had spoken to him and kept walking until he got to his car. He opened the passenger side door and pushed the boy inside.

The boy didn't resist or show emotion as Edley sped off. He was focused on his next task; get back to his house, handcuff the boy and bury him deep in his backyard. He figured he had about 3 to 5 minutes before the boy would suffocate and so everything had to be just right for him to capture the desired effect on tape.

When he got home he hurriedly rushed the boy to his basement where his plan was coming together as he had envisioned it. While the boy stood behind him, Edley attached some lights to the inside of the coffin lid in order to light the drama that was about to unfold when suddenly, a burning, searing pain was felt in Edley's lower back causing him to jerk around abruptly. The boy had found an old rusted, wood carving knife on a dilapidated workbench and without warning, shoved it once again into Edley, this time into his stomach, still holding on to the knife's handle.

As Edley watched, the boy twisted the knife causing him to scream in excruciating pain. After a moment, the boy leaned forward glaring into Edley's eyes so he could see him flinch with each turn of the knife.

"How does it feel, mister?" the boy asked with soulless indifference. "How does it feel? Does it hurt? Are you in pain?" he asked as he leaned forward to peer into Edley's eyes, eager to savor his captor's last agonizing moments.

Edley's life was slipping away, but he fought back the best he could, but to no avail for the young boy was relentlessly gouging him with the knife until Edley's lifeless body fell to the floor.

There was a reason twelve-year-old Martin didn't resist his abduction. The boy had an even greater evil in mind for this pale, gaunt kidnapper, who he thought would make the perfect victim.

He pulled his cell phone camera out of his pocket and took pictures of his latest victim, focusing particularly on the bloody wound that he was especially pleased with. The boy had a fascination with killing and even more so, the photographing of death and suffering. It made him feel alive!

He would add these new photos to his growing collection. There will be more.

The End