

# Goodbye *child*

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old abandoned cathedral.

I was watching her through the branches. She was 5. Perfect eyes.  
Shame.

Skipping, but slowly like a snail.

I now need her to go to the wooden shed. Just my luck, my victim has done what I wished.

Now to murder her.

I push her up to the shed.

She opens the door to find moving shadows. Bloodthirsty moving shadows.

The hairs on her back were pricking up.

The whispers of the island were leading her astray. I must bring her back.

“In the chest is a legend, a legend to make all the bad spirits disappear,” I whisper in quiet cunning voice that sounds too desperate to kill her but I keep that feeling undercover.

The ignorant fool, she walks forward, opens the chest and... nothing happened.

Her soul was crushed. She was horrified.

A knife came to a thud into her chest.

My work was done.

Goodbye child.