

# Perfect Little Liars

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old, abandoned cathedral. The roaring waves splashed against the edge of the island pulling the sea snails into the ocean. My heart raced as I opened the rotting wooden doors and stepped through, following my own shadow into the cathedral. The paint was peeling off the stained crushed walls and the roof was falling in. I had to work my way over dead branches covering the floor. It was certainly living up to the legends I'd been told.

They said they'd be here. They said they would finally tell me the truth.

They lied...

Cold fingers brushed against my ankle. I spun around to look at the corner. The walls were drenched in blood. In the corner sat a deranged little girl grinning menacingly at me, her blue eyes dead yet unmistakably bloodthirsty.

“Who are you?”

“I'm the truth,” she giggled

“Who-who- whose blood is that?”

“The perfect little liars. They never came to play with me. Will you?”

