

## Misunderstood

The hunchback they call me. A monster from the dark. A monster that felt love once but will never feel it again. A freak! What has my life become? Running away from the children just so I don't KILL THEM! They are right to be afraid of me, afraid of the monster.

My love was so different than me. A girl with sparkling blue eyes could light up a room just being there. With long raven hair always down so the wind could make her hair dance. Her voice was soft and gentle as rose petals. Why?! Why did she fall in love with me? A monster so different from her. Could it be possible that a girl like that could love a monster like me? I loved her but she was taken away in a storm that destroyed my home and my life. A storm that was manmade and was act of pure evil. The man that took her away was the monster, not me. Now I sit here and wonder if she killed me, would she be happy with our little girl. My own twin brother. He took her away and then killed himself because he couldn't look me in the eye and tells me straight that he hated me and loved her. Loved her so much that he would kill her if she wasn't his alone. WHY WOULD MY OWN TWIN BROTHER DO THAT? What did he want from me? Was it my life that he wanted? It was summer when she died. When my love was taken away from me. The day started out normal enough. She was singing in the shower and her singing floated in the bedroom I was still sleeping and then a horrible scream was what i heard I jumped as quickly as i could and went to see what was wrong. What I found was to hunt me every night for the next 30 years the sight of blood everywhere on the bathroom floor was what greeted me when I opened the door. On the mirror Written in blood was a note "If you want to see her alive come and meet me in the old house we used to live in". With that I knew who it was and why that he taken me therefore I killed his girlfriend when we were only fourteen. So I went to the old house were I never to go again and saw her with blood dripping down her arms and cuts and chains on her. My brother was there holding what looked like a farmers knife in his left hand for he lost his right arm in a car accident. Her tears was mixing with the blood and she was pleading for him not to kill her but he just laughed and said in a maniacal voice "If you don't kill him then I'll kill you and your unborn child". A yell was heard and my brother turned to face me and we both charged at each other and fought like cat and dog with both of us throwing dirty punches but he ended up on top and turned to the women we both loved and said in almost a soft caring voice "it's your choice now kill him or be killed." But she just turned her head to look me in the eyes and said "I would die if I couldn't be with the man i love so kill me cause I will never love you". He got up and cut her throat with the knife he got from the table and then turned to me and cut his own throat.

The police found me just sitting there crying and cursing to the gods above asking why over and over again. Cursing everyone and everything. They put me in the back of the ambulance and took me to hospital for my injuries that was over 30 years now. So I ended up in the park because no one wants a freak like me. I hated everyone and everything. So I started killing easy prey old women and men and then I started killing anything that came across my path why should they live when my sunshine couldn't why must they live and love when all I wanted to do was die and see her again. But where am going all I will see is the devil and my brothers were we will fight for the rest of other life in hell.

This is what my life has become. Killing people who are living in sin. I take it upon myself to do God's bidding. Even if it means that I will die and go to hell and never see my love again.

I kill people for their sins and for the bad things they have done in their life. They call me the devil that came back alive to kill me. They say I'm worst than the Black Death that killed so many people. They say I'm the brother of Hitler and that I should be killed. Why then I'm still living if you hate me so much? Let me die and be with them because god can never forgive what I have done. I will go to the deepest part of hell there is.

The gun is heavy in my hands I feel it coldness pressed to my head. This is the end I killed my last person an elderly fellow with long brown hair walking his dog. I just slit his throat open and then his life was over quick and fast. I don't waste time. BANG!

*Nancy Buckley Carter    Cambridgeshire*