

Orphanage Horror

It's New Years! Oh my God, today is going to be so much fun.

Knock. Knock. It's my mom of course. "Hi, sweetie, Dad and I are going out tonight. Are you going to do okay here alone?" she asked.

"Yes mom," I muttered. "Bye." She left and it felt so good to be alone for once. No nagging little brothers, it was amazing. I turned up my music and lied down. Ah yes. This right here, is what I live for.

I was suddenly awoken by my phone ringing. Weird, I don't remember falling asleep. Well that must just mean I slept really well.

I answered it. "Hello?" I mumbled in my half-asleep voice.

"Hello. Emily Scott?" said a voice I didn't recognize.

"This is her speaking," I replied.

"Okay, I'm a policeman from Portsmouth and I'm required to inform you that the club your parents, Mr. and Mrs. Scott went to, was just bombed by someone. I'm so very sorry. Your parents are injured, I do know that, but I don't know the extent of it. They're staying at the New Hampshire State Medical hospital though, if you'd like to stop by," the officer told me.

"Oh my God," I said in awe. "I'm leaving right now."

I got in my car so fast and zoomed over to the hospital. As soon as the secretaries told me the room number, I darted off to it and ran through the door.

I didn't know what I expected, but it wasn't this. Mom and Dad looked horrible. Mom had shards of glass stuck in her head and chest. Dad though, had terrible looking burn scars all over his entire body.

I just wanted to cry. Seeing my parents like this was the worst thing I've ever experienced. I thought they were asleep so "Please don't die," was all I whispered to both of them.

Suddenly, the piercing sound of their heart monitors flat lining blared on both screens. Did something malfunction? They can't just die simultaneously, that's not possible!

Quickly, nurses rushed in and, sure enough, both IV bags that held their blood and other nutrients had been disconnected from the needle.

"Move, move, out of the way people!" is what one of the nurses barked at the others. She got another nurse to clean up the mess and a group of doctors used a defibrillator on both Mom and Dad to perform CPR. Nothing happened though, it was too late. The monitors still showed no response.

"Time of death: 11:19," one of the doctors muttered with no emotion.

I sat down on one of the couches in the hospital room with my head in my hands. I couldn't help it, I just started sobbing. How was this real? Everything was happening so fast. They were perfectly fine a few hours ago, they were perfectly happy!

A policeman roughly took me by my arm and dragged me out into the hall.

"I'm truly sorry for your loss, Miss Emily Scott. By law though, we are required immediately to bring you to a foster home. I'll bring you in my car to Applewoods Home," he patted me on the shoulder and bent down. "You'll like it there, I promise," he told me with a hopeful smile.

I was nowhere near ready to go away from my parents, but I didn't want to get in trouble with the law, so I followed him to his car. We were there in eight minutes.

I stepped out of the car and dreaded going inside. Immediately, I sensed that something was wrong. I couldn't say what it was though, but it was really creeping me out.

When we walked inside, the officer signed some papers and left me with the secretary. She brought me to my room: room 117. The room was dusty and grimy. It looked like it hasn't been clean for ages.

I lied down on the cot and took a nap. I wanted to just get everything off of my mind. I slept so bad though. My nightmares were terrifying, and the bed was disgusting.

Jerking awake, I realized that it was time for dinner. I went out and into the dining hall and almost fainted when I saw everyone. They were all mauled; they were mutilated! It was horrifying. Every person, besides some of the newcomers like me, had their eyeballs gouged out, leaving just rotting sockets, with their lips sewn shut. I wanted to throw up right then and there. Seeing those people was utterly *disgusting*.

I bought some food, not that I would eat it anyway, but I sat down next to one of the girls with a...still well face. We started off with a typical small talk conversation but I had to ask her why the people here were so deformed like that.

"Well, the foster parents are like, out of their minds. They're sadists, so they enjoy the pain of the children here," she explained to me. "The reason they choose the eyes and mouth to distort, is because they don't want any outside communication from us prisoners here."

As soon as I heard that, I bolted out the door. I'm not staying here another second to get mutilated like that. This was such a mistake, everything is going so wrong.

When I went outside though, I couldn't leave. It was like everything was gone except this orphanage. The entire world was a void of white nothingness.

I ran back inside so nothing bad happened to me out there either. I darted into the bathroom to stay safe.

I heard footsteps and then the bathroom door slammed open. *They found me*. They yelled something to me that I didn't hear well, and dragged me to a dark room. They slammed me on a table and strapped me down. Oh no, they were gonna ruin my face.

"No! Don't hurt me," I screamed. They brought a scalpel to my face, so I screamed louder.

Right as the blade grazed over my closed eyelid, an also not yet mutilated boy ran into the room. He must have heard my screams. He pushed the foster parents off of me and dug his nails into their skin.

"Do not touch her!" he yelled. He cut their skin open with the scalpel, but not deep, just to get his point across.

He unstrapped me and we ran so quickly out of that room. We didn't want the foster parents getting up and catching us.

We bolted out of the front doors. He took my hand in his and ran so fast across the parking lot.

I stopped running. "Wait, nothing was here earlier, it was all white," I mumbled to myself confused.

"It was probably just the drugs they put you on," he said in a comforting way. "Everything is here now."

I smiled so much and hugged him. I couldn't explain how thankful I was that he saved me from getting practically killed. "Thank you so much for saving me in there, uh, what's your name?" is what I asked him.

"Of course. I heard your screams, and when I realized it was you, I couldn't let your pretty face get messed up like the other ones, so I came in to save you. Oh and my name is Alex," he said with a shy smile.

We never let go of each other's hands and kept walking. I felt so secure with him. I didn't know where we were going, I just wanted to be as far away from Applewoods Home as I could.

In the distant background, I heard the unmistakeable yells of my foster parents. No no no, they found us!

"Run! Now!" Alex screamed at me, but it was too late. I heard gunshots and seconds later, everything was black.

Everything was white, and now, everything is black. Everything is black, forever.

Written by Heidi Muttscheler