

Killers Behind Closed Doors

By: Gaige Broughton

Copyright by Gaige Broughton 2018
All Rights Reserved

First Smashwords Edition

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

ISBN: 9780463683484

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Info](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[Jerry](#)

Jerry

The truck lights illuminate the inside of the decrepit house. I hold the hatchet wound in my shoulder and look at my options. The broken stairs, the dusty living room, or a dirty kitchen. The old truck's door creaks open. I grab a lone coat on the coat rack as I form a plan.

I collect the blood to my hand from my shoulder and squeeze my hand to drip it across the walkway, towards the kitchen. I grab a rusty knife to start my things-that-save-me collection. Using the coat, I keep my wound from dripping.

The truck door slams shut with little effort.

My breath steady, I walk to the other side of the walkway. I hide behind the couch, and I make sure the couch shadow covers mine.

The floorboards creak under his muddy boots. He looks down at the blood. I cover my nose and mouth to make less noise. The muddy boots thud across the walkway towards the kitchen. Listening carefully, I wait.

Nothing.

The truck lights beam through the open doorway. I make my way to the light. I hope to god that I do not make a sound. The wood floor is rough under my bare feet. A creak of the floorboards stops me. The muddy boots begin to shuffle, and I run outside. I get to the truck and pull the door closed.

There's always a particular smell to old pickup trucks. This one seems to have a hint of blood. I set the rusty knife on the cloth seat. There's half a tank of gas.

"This should be good enough to get me the fuck out of here," I say as I shift the stick.

The slam of a hatchet into the hood of the truck startles me. It takes a few pulls, but he removes the hatchet and walks towards the side of the vehicle. I punch the gas and reverse my way out of his clutch. Turning the wheel, the truck now faces the road leading into the forest. He watches me through the rearview mirror. I wince as I pull the coat closer.

The headlights flicker.

"No, no, fuck no."

The speed begins to fall. 40. 38. 35. I keep hitting the gas, but nothing happens.

"Please, God, no."

30. 28. 25. There's not a clearing of the forest in sight. Tears form in my eye.

“I’m so close.”

20. 18. 15. I try everything, I shift the stick, I hit the gas, I slam my hands on the wheel.
Nothing.

10. 8. 5. I put my head back and try to breathe.

“It’s not the end of the world, yet.”

Yet. God forbid I get lost, or worse, he catches me.

I bring the truck to the side of the road and button up my new coat. I hop out of the vehicle. I slam the truck door and reach into my pockets. I pat my body and panic.

“Where’s my knife?”

I realize it’s in the truck and pull on the door. It’s stuck. I try again, but it won’t budge.

“Damn it.”

I scurry around the front of the truck and pull on the passenger side door. It’s jammed.

“No.” I pull.

“Goddamnit.” I pull again.

I grunt as I pull with all my might. I hit my head on the door with shame.

“Fuck.” I take a deep breath and turn to the road. Leaving the one item in my things-that-save-me collection, I walk away from the truck.

Along the way, I find a small tan house in the middle of the woods. A few bushes grow in the front next to the sidewalk leading to the side driveway.

The lights are out.

“Maybe I’ll find help or a phone.” Anything to help me get away from my “friend.”

I get to the door where a welcome mat that says “Welcome to my humble abode” sits. I bang on the door and put my ear next to it to listen.

Nothing.

I open the door. I walk through a hallway that leads to another door. I find a set of stairs leading to the basement.

“I’m not going down there.”

A door opens in another room. I decide to hide on the stairs. I get into position so that I can see through the crack in the bottom of the floor. Light shines through the crack in the bottom of the door, and I see two muddy boots walk into view.