

Nobody ever talked to him. Well, the popular kids did but they would only joke and tease him. And strangely their number began to dwindle down every week...Wearing his tattered ripped clothes, dirt covered laceless shoes, and stain covered backpack everyday he did give off repulsive appearance. In spite of, I decided I would talk to him.

"You're wasting your time..." said my friend Ed

"No I'm not. He just needs a friend" I said

"Well, don't end up missing!" He said this jokingly but it actually somewhat scared me. We were at lunch and I headed over to the table the boy was seated at. Sitting down, I introduced myself:

"What's up? I saw you over here by yourself and you looked kinda sad, everything okay? My name's Paul by the way" I extended my hand. No response. "You can talk to me it's okay really" I said placing my hand on his shoulder. As I did this I felt something shoot through my body. It lasted only a few seconds but, it suddenly made me drowsy. I felt lightheaded and then he finally spoke in a low voice;

"Would you like to see my card collection?" I involuntarily responded "Yes..." and suddenly found myself passing out.

I woke up in a dark, moist room surrounded by nothing but pipes and walls...blood stained walls. Also in the room were two other kids, whom I recognized as some of the people who bullied him. The steel door swung open and the boy stepped in; crowbar in hand. He headed straight for the bullies.

"Not so funny anymore is it?" he said his eyes beaming red. I was scared out of mind but, was glad I wasn't them. He began his assault, the sound of cold metal connecting with human flesh filling my ears. Blood splattering on the wall as the bullies begged him to stop, he said "Did you ever stop?" and continued until their cries of pain ended-permanently. I just knew I was next but to my surprise, he dropped the crowbar and walked over to me, the red in his eyes now gone.

"Now you've seen it for yourself. The bodies go in a trench I've dug behind the building. You can tell the police but if you do, you'll just end up like them." I shuddered. "Or you can forget all about this and remain my one and only friend at the hellhole called school. The choice is yours." Placing his hand on my shoulder I felt the same feeling I experienced earlier....

I awoke to Ed shaking me "Dude wake Up! Lunch is almost over!"
"Never bully anyone dude....ever" I warned him. Looking over, I saw the boy seated a table across the room with some seated next to him. They vanished into thin air several seconds later. "Did you see that?!?!?"
"See what?" he asked.