

Bloody Mary

by **Adina Rath**

He screamed.

He wanted to run but his legs felt numb. Everything was red. Splattered all over the floor. Dripping off the girl standing there.

Finally, he was able to tear his eyes from the gruesome scene. He slowly backed away until he suddenly spun around and started running.

Sprinting through the dark corridors he passed dusty armours and old paintings that seemed to watch his every move until he reached sunlight.

Mary sighed and started cleaning up the tomato sauce she had spilled.