

HORROR
ON
22ND STREET

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DEDICATION

To God be the glory

CHAPTER 1

She cradles her infant with guardian arms as her stone-cold bare feet chase her lover down 22nd street pass the Manhattan Casino. He runs because he does not want the obligation of raising a child. Her copper hair is sliced short from depression. Her slinky ox-blood dress falls beneath her feet causing her to stumble a few times. She is meticulous not to bruise her already mosquito bitten legs. Her child bellows petrified by the screech of the near by train. Her lover crosses the railroad tracks on 5th avenue south and never looks back. Her obsessed eyes ignore the impending train only to focus on her lover. Her bottom ruffles are stolen by the railroad tracks. She plummets to her knees holding her baby in her right arm and reaching for her lover with her left. She faces death. Her spirit scattered from her sky blue eyes. Facial skin split from her alabaster bones. Her neck strained to catch up with her brain. Her skeletal legs buckled against her upper torso. Her left arm is torn from her shoulder bone. Muscle flies across the tracks. Her eyeballs stick to wet mud. Shock keeps them alive and dancing for a few seconds. Her bloody remains falls beneath the trains roaring wheels. Fifty years have passed and dried remains are left coated on the tracks for all sinners to see. The elderly sit on their porches parallel to abandoned houses. They sit waiting to worn the next naive couple. A slender young woman with a chocolate brown complexion, in her late twenties, approaches 22nd street with an impenetrable grip on her lover's hand. Her scalp holds tight to her hair. Her daffodil sundress compliments her glowing skin. Her legs lengthen her height of six feet. Her lover remains a few inches below her. His eyeglasses give him a look of

intellect. The elderly hear shouts of elation. The realtor sneaks away with an abashed face. The elderly immediately form a town rendezvous. The best approach needs to be taken in order to warn the new couple. The soles of the town's members bare feet tingle as they pass the grave sight located on the side of their meeting hall. The hall barely stands on all fours. Termites bit away at the rust wood. The ceiling reveals the roofs decayed cavities. The stench of rodents creeps the aisles. Hands raise, voices screech.

"Quiet down please!" Mrs. Jackson says. Mrs. Jackson sees herself as the town's mayor. She makes it her responsibility to learn of all new tenants, and with the strength of her 400-pound weight, no one disagrees.

"Those houses should be torn down! We've watched too many people die on that street!"

"Houses don't kill people. People kill people!"

"It's not the houses! It's that street! That's where she died!"

"Awe come on man. You don't believe that horror tale do you?"

"You calling me a fool? You were just a young child then. You don't know."

"Settle down now. This is a meeting," Mrs. Jackson says.

"We better warn her before she has a child in that house!"

"You people crazy. I'll see you later."

"He doesn't stay on 20th, he doesn't know. We see everything past our backyards."

"Some one should invite them over and break the bad news."

"What bad news? I agree with George, you all crazy!"

Every town member watches without words as Mr. Smiths back turns to exit the snow cold room.

"Maybe he's right. Maybe we are jumping too soon."

The oldest member of the town, Gloria Jackson, rises from her wheel chair. Women rush to her side to protect her from falling. She saunters to the front of the room. Everyone's inquisitive eyes follow with preeminent admiration.

"My daughters idea to form this meeting today is not crazy. I've watched as he turned his back on her leaving her stuck in between those railroad tracks. He never looked back." Her pupils bathe in sorrow.

"That poor child. There have been several murders along 22nd street. All men killed. That is not a coincidence. They become her! Now there has been enough foolishness here today. Another person will not die as long as I'm alive. Now somethin' has to be done!"