

The Faceless Man

The rusty truck door creaked loudly as the man opened it. He gently pulled the black trash bag out of the passenger side and allowed it to thud on dirt ground. Every few minutes he jumped when a car's headlights briefly passed his face as it journeyed along the highway, exposing a dirty unshaven tired face. Waiting until it left his sight would he then slowly move the heavy bag a few more feet. He did not have trouble seeing though, for the moon showed the tall grass and trees with an utterly chilling glow. As he moved farther and farther away from the road, he began to hear the sounds of the night all around him. He felt like he was being watched, someone witnessing his sin. Feeling satisfied with where the body lay, knowing no one would see it, he quickened his pace back to the truck to get the shovel. Grabbing the shovel with his right hand, and a flashlight in his left, he started to go back over to finish the job. Before his first step, he heard tires crunching on the dry, rocky dirt. As he turned around, he set eyes on a white squad car. A tall thin man stepped out of his car and his utility belt jingled. As he shined the light in the man's eyes, he said loudly, "Having some trouble?"

"Jus' hada flat," stuttered the man as cold sweat dripped down his face.

"Then what are you doing with a shovel? What's your name?" the officer demanded.

"Uhh... Uhh," The man panicked and swung the shovel hitting the officer's left face. A crack sounded, and he dropped on the dirt dead with dark blood oozing from his mouth. Still holding on hard to the shovel, the man realized what he did and dropped the bloody object. He crept up to body, now under a thick puddle of blood. He knelt down, turned the body over, and felt his pulse, nothing. He wiped off his hands on the officer's uniform, but his eyes still saw blood, seeping through his skin, staining them for eternity. The man stood up and thought, thought for a long time before he grabbed the officer's ankle and dragged him to the place where he dug before. He carried back the bloody shovel and dug the hole six feet longer and two feet wider. He threw the body in with the shovel and pushed in the dirt to bury the bodies. The man hurried back to his truck and pulled out an old tarp to cover the police car. It did not cover the entire car, but enough that passing cars would not see. He jumped into his old brown truck and slowly emerged onto the dark highway, knowing that his wife will never again cheat on him. Not twenty minutes later, his headlights shown upon a faceless figure in the road, wearing all black. The man slammed on his breaks, and motioned the figure to get out of the road. The figure slowly walked to his car, and stopped at the driver's window. He stood still as he spoke,

"You have been an evil man all your life, that is why your heart is failing; but because of this deed, your judgment will come sooner." In his hand, he took out a simple coin, the value of which is unimportant. As he spoke, he rolled the coin between his fingers, "I am going to leave your judgment to chance; heads, you die of heart failure and tails."

"That story is not scary at all!" Jimmy said as he sat up from bed.

"Well. bedtime stories are not scary, they are exciting with chills and thrills," replied his father.

"You owe me a real scary story."

"Fine, I'll tell you one when I get back. alright?"

"Ok." Jimmy's father rose from the bedside chair, kissed his son's forehead, and closed the door as he left. He went downstairs and out the door. He hopped in a brown rusty truck and turned on a dark highway, with a trash bag on the passenger side.

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