

Grades 9–12, Honorable Mention

“The Killer Inside of Me”

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The deadly scream of the dying woman rang out across the Missouri River. After multiple stab wounds, Camryn smiled inside as the woman took her final breath. She dragged the woman’s bloody body over the wet grass and tossed it into the rusty pipe that mysteriously continued underneath the ground. “That will teach you...” Camryn said laughing to herself, “... now on to my next victim.”

I woke up the next morning feeling very strange again. “It’s the third night in a row Sydney, snap out of it!” I thought to myself. I reached for the remote, and turned the channel to Alex’s Morning News. After watching for about 20 minutes, I decided that nothing new had happened, so I started to get ready for work.

I tossed my dirty clothes in the hamper, but something still didn’t feel right. I looked into the hamper, and noticed a bloody t-shirt. My heart began to pound faster than ever, so I slowly picked it up. Noticing that the blood was still damp, I did a quick self-examination; no cuts, no scrapes. Where did this come from? Oh well, I thought as I pitched it into the trash. I shouldn’t worry about it at the time. My body seemed to be fine and besides, it was getting late. I needed to be at work today!

Walking up to my successful business definitely put a smile on my face daily. Sydney’s Suites in brilliant neon lights looked great, and you could see it from miles away. We are known throughout the Midwest, and I was very proud of myself. As I walked through the revolving doors, I happened to spot one of my favorite workers, Elayna.

“Hey you,” I said as I slightly tapped her shoulder. “Hey back at ya,” she said continuing, “I thought I saw you last night by the river. I honked, but you looked so busy or something.” My brain began to scramble, and my expression changed completely. There was an awkward silence. “Huh, you sure it was me?” I asked in confusion. She shook her head up and down, “Yeah, I believe so. You were wearing that old t-shirt that you know I hate, and standing by that old, smelly pipe.”

I couldn’t help but to think about that bloody t- shirt that I had found this morning. Maybe I was busy, or maybe something did go on last night. I instantly began to get more nervous by the second, and my palms began to sweat. “Well girl, I have a lot to do, so I’ll catch up with you around lunch time,” I said trying to hurry off to my office.

I rushed to the office and slammed the door behind me. Exhausted, I reached for a cup to get some water. My hands were now shaking. My brain just kept wondering and wondering. Honestly, I couldn’t even remember leaving my office yesterday evening. “Calm down Sydney, it’s probably nothing just like all the other times,” I said trying to convince myself. “Just like all the other times.”

For as long as I can remember, I've always been the weird one in my family. Weird in school, weird at church, and even weird around my own family. Mama and Daddy were used to it because they knew how to work around it, but I knew that something was wrong with me. There were times when I'd black out and things would happen that they'd say I did, but I couldn't remember a thing. I'd wake up feeling strange and sometimes even smelling funny.

I can remember the first time that I "blacked out." It was my junior year in high school. My boyfriend and I had just broken up because he'd cheated on me with the most popular girl in school. I was so embarrassed and angry when I went to school the next morning. I wanted to give both of them a piece of my mind, but I can't even remember anything after stepping into the building that morning. The only thing that I can remember is waking up in a holding cell. The sheriff had taken me into a private room where he claimed that I would not cooperate with him. When he'd taken me in there the second time, he asked why I had hurt "Ms. Popular." I was instantly lost in the conversation. "Hurt her? I didn't even see her today!" I yelled in my own defense.

Come to find out, I had supposedly hit her across the head with a brick and left her unconscious in the girls' restroom. They charged me with assault and battery. My defense attorney tried to get me to give in. He said that if I admitted to doing the crime that I'd get an easy punishment, but I didn't have a clue as to what crime I had committed. I didn't remember a thing after walking in to Mehlville High that morning. I plead not guilty and "Ms. Popular" was found murdered less than a week later.

The next time that I remember "blacking out" was when I was about 19. A friend of mine, Ambreea and I were in college together. One night we went to a frat party and had a great time. When we got back, her boyfriend was sitting at our door. Anyone could tell how upset he was by how red his face began to turn as we walked up. He reached up to choke Ambreea, and all I remember was patting her on the back at the Kelley University Hospital less than 2 hours later.

Her boyfriend, Tim, had been stabbed over 20 times in the abdomen on the elevator shortly after visiting our dorm room. When she rushed to tell me, I found myself getting out of the shower, and rushing to call an ambulance. The police thought that Ambreea had done the crime in self-defense, but the campus security cameras told otherwise. All they saw was me getting on the elevator and getting off. Good thing there weren't any cameras on the actual elevator or that would've been a dead give-a-way.

Sitting in my office reminiscing on those terrible times, I blacked out. Camryn was back from within. She yawned and instantly knew who her next victim was. "I've got to kill that worker, Elayna," she thought to herself. "She knows too much." She finished up all the work that needed to be done, and lunch was just around the corner.

Just before lunch, she decided to take a quick restroom break to plot the murder out. As she walked through the door, she noticed that Elayna was washing her hands. "Hey Syd,"

she said excitedly. "Where are we headed for lunch today?" Camryn stood there with an evil grin. "I'm not Sydney you little bitch," she said. "Excuse me?" the worker was shocked. Camryn was growing impatient. "Bitch you saw me last night killing that woman, and I feel that you know way too much. Now it's your turn to die." Camryn grabbed her head, and snatched her into the stall. She held her head in the toilet water until the worker's squirming body was lifeless. Camryn felt as if she was on cloud nine. She grabbed her purse and went to lunch, smiling happily to herself.

While I was at lunch, my cell phone rang. I didn't want to answer considering the fact that lunch was my only break away from the office, so I gave the business the button. About two minutes later, my phone was beeping because it had a voice mail. "What now?" I asked myself. Listening to one of my secretaries sounded scary. I could hear the fright in her voice, and my throat began to dry up. "Boss Lady?" she asked, thinking I was on the phone. "Well I thought this was you, but obviously not. There has been a murder at the hotel. Please call or hurry in ASAP." A murder? I dropped my drink and hurried off to the downtown area.

When I got there, I saw the body being taken away. "Who's in there?" I asked. There was a pregnant pause. "Personal information ma'am; we can't say, so please move out of the way." One of the ambulance crew workers responded. I grew angry, "I own this building, so I deserve to know, thank you." He took the sheet off and revealed Elayna's blue face. I was shocked and my body grew weak. I instantly started throwing up all over the place.

I went inside the building and into the bathroom. After continuously throwing up and crying, I wiped my tears and looked in the mirror. Examining my face, I noticed that I'm starting to look different. Camryn came out of Sydney and said, "Look at what you've done to all of these people. You're a murderer and you'll never win. I'm going to take over your body once and for all because I'm so tired of dealing with your boring lifestyle." Sydney couldn't believe what she had just said to herself. She snapped back, "Who the hell are you, and why are you doing this to me?" Camryn laughed out loud, "I am the new you, and I love to kill, so say goodbye to yourself because it's my time to shine." She reached into her purse for the .22 her ex boyfriend had gave her for protection. "Say goodbye Syd." Sydney went back to herself. "No, I am in control here. Give me back my life and stop this." Camryn laughed and placed the gun inside of Sydney's mouth. There was a loud thunder that roared through the facility, and the body fell to the floor, bleeding to death.

One of the hotel workers heard the gunshot, and came rushing inside. He found the gun in Ms. Sydney's hand. She was lying face down in a pool of blood. He let out one of the worst screams ever and then fainted. Sydney was dead and now so was Camryn. No one really knew that Sydney even had another personality. Especially not one who was killing all of these people over the years, and they sure would never find out.