2004-2005
CBC Writing Competition

Senior Level Entry
Category: Fiction
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Out of the Blue

All signs pointed to Carrie. My legs had gone missing, and there she stood: angelic and covered in blood. Tears or no tears, she looked like the angel of death. Pistol held high, she aimed the weapon at my heart. “How did it reach this point?” she said. In one swift movement, she turned the gun on herself and released a bullet that echoed death even after her limp body fell to the floor. I dragged myself to the puddle that once answered to the name of Carrie. After checking her for signs of life, I took a small blade from the pocket of my blood-encrusted jeans and began removing the limbs, which she unjustly stole from me.

Carrie stood in the doorway with a shocked expression on her face. Tears streaked through the thick red spray littering her hollow expression. A pale hand gripped a small pistol as she looked at me. “I did it. I got him.” The pistol fell to the ground with a loud thud as Carrie sank to her knees.
I don’t have knees, I thought to myself.

She began to speak: broken phrases between increasingly loud sobs. “Before I killed him, he begged me not to,” continuing to sob, she looked at my bleeding lower half. “His legs gave out and I almost couldn’t do it.”

I interrupted her with a hoarse “I have no legs. How could you even stop to think about sparing his life when he has ruined mine?” Moving myself toward her, painfully dragging my sawed off stumps, the strange linoleum eerily squeaked behind me. Picking up the gun, I began to see the truth. “You almost couldn’t kill him because you knew he didn’t do it.” Carrie looked up to see sights fixed on her face. “It was you, wasn’t it? You can’t hide it anymore. Tell me why you did this to me,” I yelled. Her breath caught in her throat as I cocked the hammer. With the ferocity of a cornered deer, she lunged at me, knocking the pistol from my hands and across the room. Retrieving the pistol, she walked to the door. There, she stopped.
“I love you Phillip. I love you, and this is what you do to me? Accuse me of cutting off your legs?” After a pause, she quietly lowered her head and, with silent tears streaming down her face, said, “I want a divorce.”

All signs pointed to Carrie. My legs had gone missing, and there she stood: angelic and covered in blood. Tears or no tears, she looked like the angel of death.

The dark alley flew past as Carrie ran after the boy. Darkness covered their chase, hiding the death that would soon befall the boy. Tripping over a trash bin, he fell, finally giving Carrie the opportunity she needed to catch up with him. Catching her prey, Carrie pulled her weapon. The silencer on the end of the gun insured the ignorance of the neighborhood. Panting, the boy pleaded for him life. “I didn’t do it, I swear to you! I only found him! He was already like that!” Carrie eyed his blood stained jacket in disbelief.

“I caught you with the knife.”

“No, you don’t understand!” the boy pleaded, “I found him like that! I tried to stop him!” He began to squeak between his increasingly incomprehensible words as Carrie cocked the gun. “You expect me to believe you over my husband? You sick bastard!” He tried to stand, but his legs wouldn’t support him. Carrie could see the fear in his eyes and for just one moment, believed he was telling the truth. He noticed her sudden reluctance, and began to sob as he tried to wipe the blood off his hands. Carrie saw the blood and all her doubts were put aside as she pulled the trigger. His body fell limply to the ground. Carrie lowered her gun and began to walk home to her husband, Phillip. He was exactly where she left him. Standing in the doorway with a shocked look on her face, tears streaked through a thick red spray covering her uncertain face. Her pale hand gripped the small pistol and she looked at me. “I did it. I got him.”

Carrie walked through the door to her home after a long day at work to find a boy standing over me, her husband, with a knife. We were both covered in blood. “Help me, Carrie! Help me!” I cried and pointed at the knife in his hand and his crimson soaked clothes. Crimson. The color of my blood. The boy looked at me with utter confusion. Carrie screamed after she finally noticed my lack of legs. “You bastard!” Rushing toward the boy, she barely missed him and he bolted through the door. Carrie opened a drawer and pulled out her pistol and a silencer. *When the hell did she get that?* Firmly attaching the silencer to the pistol, she ran out the door. The dark alley flew past as Carrie ran after the boy. Darkness covered their chase, hiding the death that would soon befall the boy.

The door stood ajar. A young man knocked, package in hand, on the open door. Swinging creakily inward, it revealed a man triumphantly holding a knife. Me. Maniacal laughter filled the blood stained kitchen as the young man, horror struck, observed the lunacy. “I finally did it,” I exclaimed rubbing my crimson hands over my sawed off stumps. “Holy fuck!” screamed the man, rushing to the aid of me, the gushing cripple. “What the hell did you do?” He ripped off his brown polo shirt and attempted to tie off my wounds. “We have to stop this bleeding or you are going to die.” Grabbing the knife from my clutching fingers, he cut his now bloody shirt into two pieces.

He was trying to stop my blood. I began to laugh again. “That shit colored shirt of yours isn’t going to stop this.” I wriggle around, causing blood to flow out of my limbs even faster. “Stop that!

You'll kill yourself!" The man, Craig Stanhope, as his bloody shit of a shirt dubbed him, was obviously a fucking genius. He tried to keep me from doing my squeaky dance on the linoleum by pressing his hands down on my shoulders. Knife still in hand, he struggled against me. The only fruit of Craig's effort was to get my precious blood all over his undershirt. *Brilliant Child.*

Suddenly, the familiar sound of tires crushing gravel filled my head. Carrie was home, and I had an idea. I began to fight harder, causing more blood to flow and Craig to put out more effort. Carrie casually opened the door to her home to find a strange man standing over me, her husband, with a knife. We are both covered in blood. "Help me, Carrie! Help me," I cried.

"I hate this job," the man whose polo T-shirt said Craig sighed. "Nothing exciting ever happens." The last package, priority mail, had arrived this morning. *Maybe it's a bomb or something.* Craig always wished something even remotely exciting would happen in his life. The most thrilling thing that had happened to him recently was mounted in the form of a speeding ticket on his refrigerator. Reaching the address printed on the small, brown package, Craig pulled into the driveway. Getting out of his delivery van, he walked to the front door, which stood slightly ajar. Craig knocked, package in hand, on the open door.

Pacing the spotless dining room, I looked for something to clean. Everything seemed to be in its appropriate place. Polished oak floor glistening, I made a final scan of the area before moving to the kitchen. I loath the kitchen. Everyday I clean this damn kitchen only for Carrie to come home and spread filth over every inch of its perfection.

I walk slowly into the shit heap my wife leaves in her wake, and I cringe. Instincts kick in, and nothing can stop me. Scrubbing the countertops, meticulously mopping the linoleum with the toothbrush I save for this daily chore, the kitchen becomes livable. Not much more than an hour before Carrie comes home and destroys my daily masterpiece, I stand and admire my work. *Oh dear god, I missed a spot!* Dropping onto my knees, I scrub at the miniscule speck until it vanishes.

Frantically searching for more missed spots, I see not only one, but three spots. Each spot manages to elude my bristled attack as I furiously chase them around my kitchen. Victorious, I rise. A smug smile playing quietly on my face I back out of the room. Not watching where I was going, I tripped over Carries end table. The end table that holds all of her special potted plants. Before I could even blink, potting soil and terra cotta shards littered my perfect kitchen. *This will take me hours to clean up. Why did this happen? How did I trip?* Looking down at my filthy jeans, I realized the answer to my questions. Quickly standing, I kicked the broken pots out of my way. Once to the cutlery drawer, I chose my weapon, serrated and sharp.

Abruptly sitting in a pile of potting soil, I slice my jeans off at the knees, exposing my calves. The dirt remained. Next layer: epidermis. Gone, but the filth remained. I feel nothing except the warmth of

blood rushing over my eager hands and onto my ruined floor. The final sawing motion of my serrated friend and the deed was done. The dirt was gone. All gone. “Never again will I trip and ruin perfection.” Maniacal laughter filled the bloody kitchen, as I continued to clutch my serrated savior.