

# Suspicious

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## Kapitel 4: Tonight

Your beautiful deep sleep was abruptly ended, when the front door flew open. You jumped up from the couch in shock, looking around you, still half asleep. The clock said it was 12:43 PM. When you entered the kitchen again, you found your two roommates. Debra was standing next to Tina, who was sitting on a chair, wiping something out of her friend's face, with a wet cloth. Tina looked horrible. Her blue pullover was covered with dirt and dust, her shoes and lower legs drenched in mud. She was pale as a sheet, her expression almost blank. There was fear in her eyes though, and as you came a step closer you noticed, that what Debra was trying to clean off of Tina's face, was blood. What you saw made you freeze. It was everywhere. All over her face, in her blonde hair, on her shoulders.

»...come on...Tina...« Debra was trembling almost as much as Tina.  
»What the hell happened?? Where have you been?«

You slowly made it to the table, to sit on another chair.

»W-what is going on...?« You had to swallow.

Debra gave you a desperate look.

»I don't know. Tina called me an hour ago. I picked her up on Oak Street, at the other side of the city.

On the phone she... she was in panic.«

»In panic? Why?«

You turned your head to Tina, who had suddenly started crying. Her lower lip was shaking.

»B-B... Bryan....he....«

Debra's face turned into a frown.

»What? What did he do?? Did *he* do this to you?!« Anger filled her voice.

But Tina was shaking her head, crying even more.

»...he's *dead!*«

Debra took a look at you, completely in shock. But your face looked the same.

»Woah... what do you mean he's...*dead??*« You tried to meet Tina's eyes, but it was impossible.

»W-we were... in...in the woods... we...took a walk and...« The terror in her expression grew even further.

»...it... it was... *him*.«

»Him?? Him, who?« Debra put a hand on Tina's shoulder, who lifted her hand, trying to adumbrate something.

»That big guy... w-with the... hockey mask.«

»What??«

»With the.... the machete.«

Your eyes widened in disbelieve.

»You mean... *Jason??*«

»Yes!!« Tina cried out, tears rolling down her face.

Debra looked like she felt spoofed now.

»A fictional horror-film monster.... killed Bryan??«

»It is true!! He suddenly just stood there! He was giant!! And the next thing I saw was Bryan's head being chopped off!! Blood splashing everywhere!!«

»O-okay....uh...« Debra stood up.

»I... will take you to the police. They will... find out...what happened.«

It was hard to tell what Debra was thinking right now. In a way you knew that she tried to believe Tina after all. But it was hard for her to do. It was even harder to tell if she rather hoped for Bryan to be alive or actually dead. After the two had left the apartment again, you opened up your laptop to write a mail. This was way too weird to be a coincidence. Snakes and movie murderers? Something was wrong here. You wrote down the whole Jason story and sent it to Dan.

Was there really something... *supernatural* going on here?

Or were Tina and the professor just a little crazy? Both? It just didn't make any sense. You downed a big glass of cold coke and tried to think straight. There was an explanation to everything. Right?

Ten minutes later you received an answer.

'Hey lady,

that is very interesting, considering what I just found out myself. Remember the student that was sent to the asylum? I managed to speak to one of his old friends. Guess why he went to the nuthouse?

He had told the police, the headless horseman beheaded his friends and chased him through the park.

The other guys have never been found.

There's something going on here. I've got some theories, but I could use some more information. The college's library is really good. Better than most libraries. But the really old, valuable books, they don't let any student touch. If I could only get my hands on some of those. It's a shame. :-(

Your brain ran like a machine. The library. In the college.

Before you even realized it, you were on your way to the campus. It was such a dumb idea. What were you even about to do? Well, people were dying. As if you could stop that! What if it hit you one day? Like the others? Why Tina? And the professor? Why not you? It could happen. So... it was some sort of self-defense, right? After all you probably were mostly curious. Everything was spinning around, but soon you stood in front of the entrance to the main building. Of course there was no way of getting through these doors. So you sneaked around the corner, hiding behind the bushes. It took like forever until you finally got lucky. There was a little cellar window that wasn't locked properly. One last time you considered letting it be. But it was too late now. You pushed the window open, as silent as possible and climbed in, feet first.

When your feet hit the ground, you found yourself in a little storage room, filled with old chairs and tables. Luckily, the door wasn't locked, so you could go on with your crazy trip. You turned on the light of your cellphone and quietly walked through the basement. There was no denying this was the creepiest thing you had ever done. And the riskiest. And dumbest. On the other hand you had been here before when it was almost as dark and spooky. At least it was dry now. You soon found the stairs to go up to the ground floor. From there, the library was just a few steps away. The biggest problem though, you realized when you found it was locked. Of course it was. Okay, think. You are so close. How do you get in there? With a key. Good. Who has a key to all the doors in here...?

You didn't like the answer to this. But you knew it was the only chance you had.

Good thing you had seen his little room already. You quickly found it again, and just as you remembered, it had one of those simple doors without a lock. It was obvious this room wasn't meant to be an office. But you knew it was used as one. It was probably the college's stinginess. Or maybe the guy was just as crazy as you thought. You opened the door and stepped in to look around. It didn't take you long to find the

board with keys on the wall, next to the door. Once you found the library key, you quickly rushed back to it. Damn, you could be one successful burglar. The whole thrill of it had made you forget that you indeed just broke into your college to steal a book. You unlocked the door and finally stood in the library. You already imagined Dan's face. To get to the older books you had to reach the very end of the long room and open a sliding gate. There you were.

It took you at least ten minutes and you almost gave up, when you finally held something interesting in your hands. It was a very old-looking book covered in brown leather. There was nothing but a strange symbol on the front side, but the index said something about magic entities, deities and spirits. It was the best thing you could find, so you put it into your bag, ready to get the hell out of here. You turned around to leave, when the brightness of a flashlight in your face made you jump back in shock. You hit the shelf behind you hard, a few books fell to the floor. Damn. You couldn't see anything before the person in front of you moved the light out of your sight.

»Can't get enough of school, sugar?«

Impossible. It is Friday night, so what the hell...?

»G-Gabriel....?« You tried to smile innocently, but that wasn't exactly your strength.  
»It's the weekend...hehe... what do you do here...?«

He grinned slightly, pointing up.

»I live in the same building, sweetheart.«

For Christ's sake. What curse had been laid on you? Either way you had to come up with a good excuse now. Quick.

»Uhh....look...« You breathed out, as if you surrendered.  
»I... I try to make... friends here...and...«

He gave you an asking face, waiting for your story.

»This... is... something like... a dare.« You tried to look sorry.  
»You know... get in here... get a random book... get out with it.«

He was still looking at you, waiting.

Okay, you had to give it your all. You stepped a bit closer to him, folding your hands, begging.

»P-please don't tell anyone! I would have given it back! I'm not a thief! I know it was a bad idea...and...«

You lowered your head.

»I'm sorry.«

There was a moment of complete silence.

»You... broke into the building, entered my office, stole a key out of it and got into the library to steal a book... and you want me to just let you get away with it... Hmh.«

You waited like a minute, not daring to look up again. Your heart had dropped somewhere you couldn't feel it anymore. What the hell had you been thinking? By tomorrow you'd be kicked. All for that stupid child's play.

»Fine.«

You blinked.

»F-fine...?« Finally you looked at him again.

»Yeah. Well... on one condition.«

Uh-oh. Now he got you. You had a feeling like a nightmare was about to start. What could he possibly want from you? Your lunch money? A bag of candy every day? Wiping the floors for him every morning?

»You are asking for a lot. But as you know, I'm generous. All I want is... three little favors.«

Gabriel was smiling as if he was having fun.

»Three... favors?«

Your lunch money, a bag of candy every day *AND* Wiping the floors for him every morning?

»Jupp. When I need them. The first one... you can grant me... *tonight*.«