



Sara Michelle

The Others

Book 3

Day 14

9:55 a.m.

When I was in fourth grade, I was tormented by the class bully, Jeffery Hugh. He was a husky kid with bright orange hair and freckles everywhere. He always told me that I was stupid or fat. But what hurt me the most was when he told me that when the world ended, I was going to be the only one left behind. I never thought that he would be right.

My thoughts drifted back to the events of last night. I remember Renee coming in to wish us a good night's sleep. And I remember snuggling with Ryan and getting ready to fall asleep. Then we heard the scream. I was completely terrified. We were defenseless.

When we opened the door, the screaming continued. Ryan grabbed the lamp. I was honestly terrified. I knew Ryan was too because when I grabbed his hand, it was shaking. If you think rationally, it was ridiculous for teenagers to deal with this kind of threat. We'd already witnessed the world falling to pieces. We'd lost everyone and everything we loved. We'd both been dreadfully ill. Who knew what was going to hit us next?

We followed the scream, and it led us into the living area with the two couches and broken TV. We peeked around the corner and what we saw made my stomach seize. Renee was facing Jason. She was talking madly and gesturing wildly. I didn't realize why until I saw what Jason was holding in his hand. One of the butcher knives from the kitchen was firmly in his right hand. His face looked smug, slightly annoyed, and almost threatening. Renee continued her ranting.

“Who the *hell* do you think you are, walking around like some crazed man with a knife in your hand? This is supposed to be a place of refuge! There are children here!” she continued on.

Ryan squeezed my hand. He put

down the lamp before walking out of the kitchen and toward the pair.

“Ryan, no!” I whispered loudly. He shook his head and continued forward. I wanted to cry. We had no idea how crazy Jason could be. I wished I’d listened to Ryan when he voiced his suspicions earlier.

“Hey, guys what’s going on here?” Ryan asked quietly.

Renee turned and looked at Ryan. Her face was a pale and her eyes were dilated.

“I come out of the bedroom to get some water from the kitchen, and I find this man walking around here with a butcher knife! He claims to be on the lookout. But he fails to realize that there is nothing in the world to

lookout for,” she huffed.

I watched Ryan take a deep breath and turn his head toward Jason.

“What the heck are you doing, man? There are kids here. You’d scare them if they saw you,” Ryan said.

Jason laughed. “Maybe that’s the point!”

Renee and Ryan looked at each other worriedly. They looked back at Jason. He rolled his eyes.

“God, I’m kidding. I just want to keep a lookout on the place. In case some wild survivor comes barging in. Or an animal. Or God knows what,” Jason snarked.

Renee’s anger returned. “The only wild survivor to be fearful of is you!” She pointed a finger at his chest and

gave him a shove.

I had to give her props, she definitely had guts. But then again, after all we'd been through the past few weeks, what was one more deadly threat?

Jason glared at Renee. That's when Ryan decided to get between them. He put his hands on both Renee and Jason. I could tell that he was aggravated.

"Jason, I don't care how old or big you are. I knew you were trouble the minute I met you. We found this shelter. It's my responsibility. And it's under my control. I can't have you walking around the shelter with a weapon. I don't care what you say you're doing it for," Ryan stated.

At this Jason began chuckling. First a soft giggle, and then a loud laugh.

“Kid, you slay me. I felt that from the moment I laid eyes on you.” Shaking his head, he handed the knife to Ryan and began to walk down the hallway toward me. I pressed my back against the kitchen wall, praying he wouldn’t see me.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Ryan yelled.

I gasped. I’d never heard Ryan raise his voice like that before. I peeked around the corner and saw Jason stop in his tracks. He slowly turned his head around to face Ryan again. I gulped. I was just glad that Ryan had the knife now.

“Excuse me?” Jason almost whispered.

I began to shake. Ryan was pushing

it. That I could tell.

Ryan met Jason's tone and whispered back, "I said, where do you think you're going?"

Jason didn't move for a moment. It seemed like he was trying to decide what to say to Ryan.

"Well, I was planning on going back to my room to sleep since nobody needs my help out here."

Ryan shook his head. "I don't think so."

Jason laughed nervously. "What are you going to do? Stab me?"

Renee gave Ryan a look that indicated that she didn't seem to think stabbing Jason was a bad idea. I knew Ryan didn't have the guts to do it. And if he did, then I didn't really know him

like I thought I did.

“I am not a murderer. But I want you to leave the shelter,” Ryan said.

I dropped my jaw. It was the middle of the night. It was freezing outside. There was nothing. And there was nowhere to go. I almost wanted to admit that stabbing him was probably kinder than sending him away.

Jason crossed his arms over his chest. He resembled a child who had just been given a timeout.

“You can’t make me leave, kid,” he said firmly. There was uncertainty in his voice.

Ryan held up the knife threateningly. “Oh really?”

I wanted to laugh. Where were the cameras? Were we in a bad movie?

Jason shook his head. “You’re really going to make me leave? Where am I supposed to go?” he whined.

Ryan lowered the knife. He wasn’t a mean person. But Jason really posed a threat to all of us. We all had received an “I’m crazy” vibe from him.

“Look, Jason, it’s not that I want to send you out there. Now I have to think about everyone’s safety, not just my own. We can’t have you here with us,” Ryan stated.

Jason shook his head. “You’re a heartless kid. You really are. Do I get to keep the knife to protect myself with?”

“Protect yourself against what? No way, man. You are on your own.”

Jason shook his head. “All right kid, whatever. I’ll get out of your hair for

now. But this doesn't mean I won't be back. Remember that," he threatened.

Ignoring his threat, I tiptoed over to the pantry and grabbed two water bottles and some crackers. Taking a deep breath, I walked out of the kitchen and toward Renee and Ryan who were walking Jason toward the stairs.

"Jason, wait," I said.

Ryan and Renee stopped and turned around. They looked bewildered.

Then Jason turned around too. Anger glistened in his eyes, but I could also see fear. I really did feel bad for him.

"I thought you may want this stuff. Just in case you can't find anything else," I mumbled.

"What is this? Some pity gift?" he asked, snatching the supplies out of