

# **Bloody Transference**

**By A.M. Jeans**

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**It's the little things that make me feel that my brother is different. There's something dark inside him. Something afraid to rise to the surface. I only see it select times.**

**"Bobby, have you seen the neighbors cat lately?"**

**"Both of our neighbors have cats."**

**"The Sheffield's cat. The black one."**

**"Didn't it die a while ago?"**

**"It did, but they had a new one. It's been missing for a few days."**

**"Oh, no I haven't seen it."**

**I later found the carcass of a small animal buried beside our flower garden. I wouldn't have noticed if it wasn't for the dirty spade left in the garage. I took the liberty of washing it for him so our parents wouldn't notice.**

**Over the years, I noticed him change. An intrigue in the stories of violent killers. An obsession with blood. And a tendency to be alone with any guest he had. Maybe he was just a teenager doing teenage things.**

**Then came the night of the 25th. I heard him get out of bed at exactly 3:00am. He must have prepared his attire in his room for a quick and easy exit, because he escaped out his window without a sound. By the time I discreetly made it downstairs, he was a fair bit up the street, but I knew where he was going. Jane Sherman, a girl his age, lived at the end of our street. I stayed a bit behind until I saw him enter the backyard of the house. I sped up and by the time I had reached the backyard, one of the kitchen windows had already been carefully opened. I climbed in just as he had done.**

**Jane's parents were on a cruise for their anniversary, and Jane was housesitting for them. Little did they know, Jane had invited her boyfriend over to stay with her, and they were most likely sleeping in her parents bed. I just hoped my brother knew he was here as well. He probably did.**

**As I started my ascent up the stairway I heard the sound of my brother taking Jane's boyfriend by the neck and telling Jane not to move. Clearly he hadn't anticipated the boyfriend's presence. Jane bolted out of the room and as she reached the stairs I was there to greet her. I grabbed both her wrists with one of my hands and put the other over her mouth. I walked her back to the bedroom.**

**My brother's reaction was one of surprise. He was so happy with his plan he couldn't imagine how somebody found out. Consoling him and revealing my intentions, I simply spoke to him from across the bedroom:**

**"Switch?"**

**We switched captives and I lowered Jane's boyfriend to his knees. I lifted his head up as I brought the knife I had taken from the kitchen to the front of me. I pressed and pressed it under his left ear. The boy briefly screaming in agony before losing the ability. Jane wailed like a little girl. I added more pressure as I ran the blade across his neck ear to ear, and when I was finished the cut I let him fall. I looked at my brother who now had a sinister fire in his eyes, staring down at the boy's corpse.**

**"As you were." I whispered. I left the house.**

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