



# A Negative

*The Bloodbath*

A.P. HARESH

Chapter 1: Gone. is my blissful ignorance.

New York City, New York, USA

March 23rd 2024

Damn.

It's a *torrent* outside.

I shift the beige curtain and peer out from my flat at The Equestrian At Pelham Parkway.

The rain. God, it crashed like bullets, as the wind added force like gunpowder. Thunder was visible and definitely audible, as if Zeus was clapping at this dramatic theater of weather and misery. When was the last time NYC had a storm like this?! Irene?!

*PLIP!* My phone chirps, and the screen flashes on as I see the notification.

I pick it up, adjusting my frames. Huh, looks like my cousin Jordan has finally left his house after all. I should call him, for being an idiot driving in this bloody weather! What if he crashes?! Not like I care about him anyways, but the "Family matters most Fiona! Even if they're absolute selfish pricks who never supported you!" type of bullshit will sooner or later pull up. So I might as well plaster on a perfect-miss-Fiona mask for now, like a good little hostess. Hell, I even understood the game pacing back and forth between the family at age 9.

I sigh and, grudgingly, I finally decide to give him a ring on my cell.  
Here's how it goes:

**BRRRRRRRING RING**

*"Hi, you've reached an automated voicemail. Thanks for calling. I can't answer your call at the moment, but just leave the name for me, I'll get back to you as soon as possible. But if it's you, Fiona, just spare me sympathy will you?~"*

*Damn voicemail- did he really?!-...bloody bastard.*

I ring it over again, waiting for a reply. Though I know it isn't coming. Dinner's getting cold and I have to wait for the selfish prick, the tendency to never tell when you are coming runs in my dad's side (though it never got to him, thankfully.)

I'll wait.

Okay. Maybe I'm a *bit* impatient.

To ease my overactive mind and body's tendency to never sit still, I decided to turn on the LYNX news channel as I cleaned the place a bit. It's been a while since I've tried to, thanks

to **med school**. It looked as if racoons had come through and thrown a damn trash party. So I better get to work before he comes. I hate being teased. So I tie my ash-blonde hair into a swift messy bun as I get to work on the glass table.

‘Hm. A new reporter? Strange.’ I think to myself as I lift the vase of violets that Eve has given me a few days ago after a girl’s day at a new cafe, a lovely bunch really. My childhood friend knows me, almost too well. The thought makes me chuckle.

The new chipper newswoman speaks, “Hello people of New York City! I am your new reporter for LYNX Non-Partisan news. Unfortunately, Adele Polimer was tragically *killed* last night. Leading to today’s news story.”

...

*Well this is interesting.* I look up for a minute, stopping my miserable attempt at a cleaning job, trying to battle the streaks of the glass.

“There has been a link of murders chained to a certain people. Most were observed to be individuals of the blood type, A negative. Evidence of this was the blood samples taken from the dismantled and disfigured corpses, as well as the fact that the blood bank had been thieved of its files on **those certain individuals**. There will now be a broadcasted victim count. Please take caution in your everyday lives, as we are unaware if the blood slaughter will continue to apply to only those with an A- blood type. I’m Tabatha Rose.”

Wait...could that be why?- No, I didn’t want to finish the thought-

Too late.

I stop midtrack, as I see the gory and terrifying image on screen. A dismantled corpse, with the face slashed unrecognizable. Bloody ribs severed from the spine protruding out of it, and lungs pulled through the opening to create a pair of "wings". The eyes were dangling from the sockets, hanging by fleshy threads, I wanted to throw up but I couldn’t stop looking. The arms had such deep cuts..the bone was visible, there- there was blood *everywhere*. Jaw hanging on by a couple of nerves. That’s when I saw the name...Jordan Tillburg **my cousin...**

And behind his slaughtered corpse, on the brick wall of the alleyway, was a pentagram traced in blood. *His* blood. The written words, “Suffer, Spawn of Satan.”....

What. The. Fuck.

My hands shook at my sides, the vase dropped and shattered, but I didn’t hear. All I hear are the could-be-scream of my cousin, and the ringing in my ears, god, it was sickening-

I felt dizzy and lightheaded as I clutched the glass table, ‘*How- How could this be- disgusting-*’

