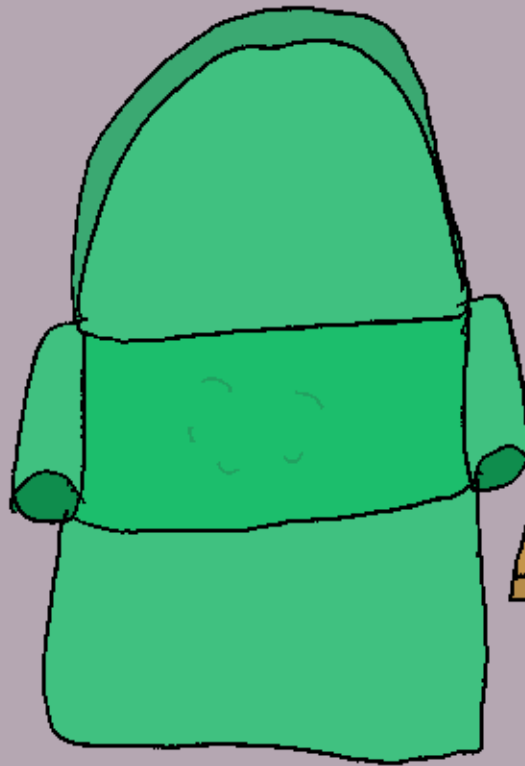


# scary tales.



the unsuspected  
by chris read

1 It was a dark and stormy night. Detective Bob Jenkins was washing his clothes when all of a sudden he heard two gunshots and a woman screaming. So he rushed to the scene. All he found though was a dead woman with two gunshot wounds. Being a detective, Bob investigated the room where the murder happened. He dusted for prints. He looked at the woman. He looked all around but no killer was to be found. So he called 911.

2 There didn't seem to be any breaks in the case, until someone reported someone running away from the scene. Bob interviewed him.

“Where were you on the night of February 29?” Bob asked.

“I was out for a run,” said Stan Dupp, the man who was reported running away from the scene.

“Why were you running?” asked Bob.

“Running is good exercise,” answered Stan.

“It's also good for trying to leave the scene of a murder really fast,” replied Bob.

“Murder? What murder?” asked Stan.

“The murder of this woman,” Bob said. Bob held up her picture. “You killed this woman, didn't you?”

“I've never seen her in my entire life! But man, she has big boobs!” said Stan.

“Listen, you were near the scene, running away from it, you live in the vicinity of the shooting, you like her boobies...” Bob started when he was interrupted by Stan.

“I DIDN'T KILL HER!” yelled Stan.

# 3

“What happened to the guy who was caught fleeing the scene?” asked Bob.

“We had to let him go,” replied Bob’s boss, Police Chief Feihc.

“What? Why?!” asked Bob.

“The fingerprints didn’t match up,” said Feihc.

“Well then whose are they?” asked Bob.

“We still don’t know yet. It’s a lot of work trying to identify fingerprints when there are a million people in the whole vicinity,” answered Feihc.

“Geez, I knew I shouldn’t have moved to Manhattan,” said Bob.

# 4

Days turned into weeks. It was one week, actually. One week later, someone at the laboratory had done it. Some guy named Sid Doun had eaten his lunch. He went back to work trying to match fingerprints from the fingerprint database.

“Hoe goes the murder investigation?” asked Sid’s coworker, a guy named Stacy Tidd.

“Oh man oh man, I am so sick of looking at fingerprints, I could vomit. I see them everywhere. In my coffee, in the clouds, I’m imagining them everywhere,” replied Sid.

He went back to work matching fingerprint after fingerprint in the computer. And then something shocking happened. Sid looked at it closely. Could all his assumptions have been correct all along?

“I think I discovered who did it!” Sid exclaimed.

5 Bob Jenkins was asleep when he got the call. “We have found the killer. Please come and be with us,” said Chief Feihc.

“Not now, I’m asleep,” said Bob.

“Fine then, we’ll come to you,” said the chief.

“No, no, that’s quite all right...” Bob tried to talk, but he got a dial tone.

“Oh no, they’re coming over here and all I have on are my pajamas!” said Bob. Then he went back to sleep.

Then a knock was on the door. It was Publisher’s Clearing House informing him that he had won a million dollars.

“If I don’t answer it, maybe they’ll realize how stupid they are for coming over to my house at 2 in the morning,” Bob said. The knocking stopped. Bob went back to sleep.

6 Bob woke up. He found a bunch of strangers, Chief Feihc, and a few police officers. The strangers were all relatives of the deceased woman. All the women had small boobs. The woman’s butler looked increasingly nervous.

“We have found out who the killer is. The killer is someone in this very room,” announced Feihc. Everyone gasped. Then they all looked at each other. Each one of the people, including the butler, was wondering who it was. Everyone seemed so nice and polite, but someone in that room was the killer of the woman.

“The killer is...”

7 ...the spider climbing up that wall!” announced Feihc. Everyone turned their heads and did indeed see a spider climbing up the wall.

“But how could such a tiny spider kill a woman?” asked the butler. The spider then grew about ten feet tall, with huge fangs.

“Well, that explains it then,” said the butler.

“No, not yet. The gunshot wounds on the woman,” said Bob.

“Those weren’t gunshot wounds, they were bite marks,” said Sid. “You see, I had my suspicions that it wasn’t really a human because my brother is one of those guys who studies arachnids.”

“But...there were gunshot noises!” Bob said.

“Of course! You’d try to shoot a ten foot spider that was trying to eat you!” Feihc said.

8 The spider had grown so big that it was now twenty foot tall. And the ceiling was only 7 foot tall. So it busted out the ceiling of the apartment above. Everything in it came crashing down. But no people.

“Where is the guy who lived there?” asked Bob.

“Maybe he went to work at 2 a.m.” answered the butler.

“No, he worked at Macy’s. They’re not open at 5 in the morning,” answered Bob.

Then a look of terror hit him like a ton of bricks.

“I have some grave matters to discuss. Everyone in this room shall die,” Bob said.

“Why?” asked the butler. Then the spider ate the butler. And then it ate everyone in the entire room. And then it exploded. And then a giant meteor smashed into the planet and every living thing on Earth died.

*The End.*

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