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Gunman Slays 4 At Texas Church, Then Kills Self

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GUNMAN SLAYS 4 AT TEXAS CHURCH, THEN KILLS SELF

ALEXIS BROWN

They were laughing at me, I knew it. I brushed the sweat off of my brow and looked forward at the tall looming steeple that had haunted my dreams for the better part of a year. I could see their false angelic faces staring back at me, mocking me, waiting to see if I would complete my mission.

As I placed my hand and on the cold knob of this “church” I wondered how many of them I would have to slay. Two, perhaps twenty of them all waiting for me behind that door. I heard the rumble of an engine purr on the street behind me. A blond and a brunette pair of girls pulled up in a cherry red ford mustang and whistled to me. I looked around and suddenly I saw a flash. A beam of light illuminated them and I saw the contorted faces of my prey. Maggots covered their putrid rotting flash and crawled in and out of their eye sockets. Their wings looked a mile tall and wide, swept across the street covering everything in a decaying quagmire of slime.

A bullet wound appeared in the blonde’s neck. Blood spurted for a moment, causing the girl to gurgle something unintelligible. She was probably amazed that I could see right through her flimsy rouse. The brunette looked at her counterpart in silent horror and a single tear fell from her eye. A bullet soon replaced that tear and she fell over, just as silently as before.

I know I had seen their faces before, as clear as day, in my nightmares. I knew that I was destined for a greater path. The demons could test me all they wanted, but I would prevail. Right after they slaughtered my littlest one I knew that I had to react. An angel with bright luminescent wings told me that they would strike again if I didn’t do anything. It was up to me to end their war on the innocent. I couldn’t let anyone else feel their entire being be swept away from them. She was too young; she hadn’t even seen the world. They said it was an accident. A freak accident. How often does a piece of metal fall off a jet and hit a car? Never, that’s my point. She was pinpointed, for some heinous plot. She was going to be somebody important one day, and they couldn’t let that happen. So they murdered her. I knew though, I knew.

I first saw the church in my dreams and then it was on TV one day during a Sunday televised worship. I watched as those stinking flesh bags sat in the audience unknowing of the evil they were apart of. I would stop this madness though.

As I stood in front of the bloody car I turned toward the church. I didn’t have to

open the door because a man wearing a long white and gold robe opened it. I raised the gun and took three shots at him and the inhabitants inside. They wouldn't plague me or anyone else any longer.

"Please, please," the pastor beast cried, "you don't have to do this." But there was no need to talk, not anymore, so I shot him in the jaw and watched him bleed. I was done, there was nothing left. I could sleep now.

No, not now.

I heard a whimper come from beneath a pew. I crept beside it looking for its owner and a little girl, no more than how old she used to be, stood up. Looking into her eyes I could see the mistake I had made. Her innocence was familiar. It talked to me and soothed my pain. Through her eyes, I saw my daughter and her grief over the malevolence I had caused. I kneeled to her in supplication, awaiting my fate. The death and murder was wrong, just bait to do the bidding of something wicked. I knew that now. Her tear filled eyes at me in pity and that's when she put her hand right through my heart.