

Die-ary of a Homicidal Maniac

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Johnny C. is a disturbed individual- but how did he ever get like that?

Based off an amazing picture on DeviantArt.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/NnysFavoriteStalker/49662/Die-ary-of-Homicidal-Maniac>

Chapter 1 - Start Of Insanity

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1 - Start Of Insanity

Little Johnny C lay on his stomach surrounded by crayons and paper. He was a rather happy little boy; he had food, shelter, parents- though they could've been a bit more attentive toward him, and little Johnny hated it when daddy came home drunk.

Still, life was good. He had what he needed.

But one day, as little Johnny was drawing stick figures (as usual) he suddenly heard a scream.

The boy was alarmed; no one but his parents were home. Was something wrong with them?

There was yet another scream, and then the sound of something smashing into a glass surface.

Johnny was frightened, but he just had to know what was going on.

The little boy silently walked to his parent's bedroom. Before he entered, he saw shadows on the red wall. The shapes were a bit hard to figure out at first... a crouching person... a tall figure... a knife?

Little Johnny realized that one of the figures was female- his mother. He couldn't bear to watch the tall figure strike her with a knife.

Afraid, Johnny ran around the house searching for his dad- perhaps he was still alive. As he entered the kitchen he heard another horrified scream- a plea for help. And then he saw his father. He lay dead under the table, blood covered the gleaming black and white tiled floor.

Standing in front of little Johnny was a man- a tall, skinny man with long black greasy hair, a long thin hooked nose, black piercing eyes full of malice, and a crooked toothy smile.

Oh, that damn smile- it would haunt Johnny for years. Those damn yellow crooked teeth were now engraved in his mind, smiling for God's sake! Johnny questioned how anyone could grin after killing the only two people who ever showed any kindness in a little boy's life.

"Well, hello there, little boy." the scrawny man said, his voice bitter and mocking. He crouched down until he was face to face with Johnny. His hot breath smelled of cigarettes and alcohol.

Little Johnny was paralyzed with fear. What was he to do now? He had no way of defending himself- a scrawny little boy against a tall grown murderer. And now the two people who could've protected him were gone forever.

"What to do, what to do..." the man spoke as he wiped some blood off his black shirt.

Johnny wondered if he was going to kill him as well. Part of him hoped he would- with his parents gone, no one else would care for him now. So what was a little boy to do in a cold, dark world? Johnny admitted to himself he was better off dead.

The man stood up slowly. He was still smiling at the little boy. Those eyes seemed to penetrate his soul. Johnny found himself cornered. He was completely vulnerable. He prayed to whatever godly figure there was that if he was about to die, it would be quick and painless.

He shut his eyes tightly, not wanting to see the weapon strike him. But instead of killing the boy, the man threw the knife across the floor and walked away.

"No... I think I'll let you live. That should be fun, now, huh?" his eyes were mocking and sinister.

"Have fun." and with that, he casually walked out the door, laughing.

Tears started falling from Johnny's dark brown eyes. He cried silently for a while, for more reasons than one. Then as he wiped the tears from his face, he stared at the blood stained knife a few feet away. Little Johnny picked it up. As he ran his small, thin fingers across the gleaming red stained silver blade he stopped crying. No longer sad, all he felt now was anger and hatred; furious at the world.

Little did Johnny know that this was the start of a new life- a horrible, painful, insane life.