

My brother, a not so clever killer

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1 - Soon, the story will begin

Prologue

I woke up, early in the morning. I looked out through the window. it was dark outside, only some streetlights shone. It was quiet, very quiet. Then I looked up, I nearly shouted, but when I saw it was my big brother, I felt safe. He looked deep into my blue eyes and said with fear in his voice, - Melody, I did it again. he was hopeless, he had killed, as many times before. Lock him up in a madhouse, you maybe think. But no, he's my brother, my only brother, and I love him.

Soon, the story will begin

He isn't that mad, actually. He just react strange, OK, very strange when he smells cheese. When he smells cheese, he kills the one who is responsible for the 'annoying' smell. That means we never can go to McDonald's (why would we, anyway? It's just junk in boxes.) or eat in public, if someone, SOMEONE would pick up cheese. Then the police would come in some minutes, then Paul (that's my big brothers name, I don't think I mentioned that) would need a lawyer in the court, and, probably, fail, wich meant he would go to the madhouse. We always eat at home. We live in a deep forest, the nearest neighbors live 20 kilometres away from us. It's actually not that bad, pretty fun! In fact, we can do whatever we want without anyone see us! We've painted the house in pink with green dots and yellow squares! If you would be able to see it, you would laugh your @\$\$ off, but don't tell anyone, that's our secret! But, back to serious busness. He's gotta stop, before he kills anyone who means much to us, like Sue, she's like our mum, she took care of us when we were kids. Mum and dad died when Paul was two and I one years old. So, I don't remember a shoot and don't miss 'em. Same with Paul. Now when ya know pretty much everything 'bout us, I can tell you the story. The story of never giving up hope.