

# Lillians side

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*She was the oddball in her family, the one exception  
Lillian the blood craved killer, the insane patient, the one to doom them all.  
This is her tale.*

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# 1 - The New arrival

"Harold, I..." "Martha, think of the baby"

Grasping the bar between her fragile hands, Martha's tears remained trailing down her stained cheek as her husband pulled her away from her suicidal break.

"Its going to be alright honey, the baby can't be that bad."

## Lillian's Side.

*Chapter One*  
*The new arrival.*

*Date: May 16th, 1985 Time: 6:06 P.M*

The day that the doctors had allowed the child go home was nothing more than a blessing or in other terms a relief.

Lillian was her given name, little baby Lillian Jane Huston. Her eyes as blue as the day they were made, yearned out at her surroundings as her previous need for sleep knocked the child out.

"Daddy is baby here?" came the startled whisper of the four year old that had suddenly appeared from behind her father's side. Her Curly blond hair was no match to her curious state of mind, not to mention the sudden fascination she was starting to show when her tired stranded mother handed the infant to her companion.

Lowering himself onto one of his knees, Harold roughly the age of 28, had than proceeded on showing his loving girl her little sister. Now while this was going on, Martha was previously keeping herself occupied with their two year old son Jeremy who seemed to have been given his grandma a rather hard time.

Lowering the baby girl into her soon to be imprisonment, Harold quietly tucked his newly found procession in before tenderly bidding her a fare well. Watching quietly as her father left the darkened room, Rose the previous daughters of theirs, had motionlessly snuck into the room in order to get a better glimpse at the baby.

Peeping her nose in between the bars of the crib, Rose timidly rose to her tiptoes before the awful pinching had suddenly grasped her nose. Wide eyed and screaming out, the girl than flung herself away from grasp of the laughing baby before the sudden flicker of the light switch left the girl in a confused state of mind.

Cluttered around the door, the parents than preceded to separate in their own ways as one went to

comfort the crying infant and the sniffing tot. "In heavens name child, what did you do?" Barked Martha before realizing that her need for rest was starting to interfere with her thinking.

"The baby hurt me mama," Rose had begun before her half hearted crocodile tears began to flow, "She pushed me!" Now as we probably both know, The parents of the children were starting to give each other obvious looks before the sudden mention of lying came into hand.

How could a hardly week old infant attack somebody anyways, it was nearly impossible. Closing the case and setting the girl in a timeout for fibbing, the parents than preceded on comforting Lillian as they finally thought they got her back to sleep.

What was astounding was that Rose wasn't lying about Lillian attacking her, about the odd looks the baby kept giving her every time the family was turned around, about the sudden chill she always got whenever she was left alone with the inhuman infant.