

The Storyteller's Collection

Story 6



Night Predator

By Don Boivin

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(Note: This is a short excerpt from the full short story.)

As the cool night breeze drifted down the narrow streets and alleyways of this quiet coastal northern Michigan town, the smells of the nearby pizza kitchen fill the air. The dreary clouds wandering sluggishly in the night skies seem to be playing a hide and seek game with the bright fullness of the moon. The moon's translucent rays pierced forcefully through the gaps of the slowly moving clouds, causing a glowing effect that illuminates the ground. As quickly as the rays appeared, they suddenly vanish as the clouds smothered them out. The soft rustling of the leaves from the nearby trees creates a whispering sound that blends with the faint sounds of the nearby traffic, echoing its way down the lonely back streets.

As the last few businesses were closing their doors for the night, Sally Smith, a waitress from the corner pub -Johnny's Place-, was just getting off work. She said goodnight to her boss as she walked

through the side door stepping down into the small alleyway that separates the pub from Papa's Pizza Kitchen. Walking a few steps towards the main street, she stops to light up a cigarette for the walk home. Sally lives in a near-by apartment on the second floor over the local hardware store, just a few blocks from her job at the pub. As she starts to walk towards the main street again, a sound from behind startles her. Sally turned quickly, but could not see anything through the darkness of the alleyway. "Oh great, out here in a dark alley and hearing things... It must have been a cat or something." She mumbled to herself as she turned back towards the main street. She walked a few more steps and heard another sound behind her. "OK... This is getting creepy... Who's there?" She said as she turned around once again.

Suddenly from out of the shadows rushed a tall hooded creature growling like an animal that is ready to attack its prey. Its red devilish eyes angrily piercing through the darkness of the alleyway and its drooling mouth quivering for its next meal. The Predator reaching out quickly, grabbed Sally by the throat pulling her towards him. As she fought to free herself from his strong grip, he pulled her head to the side, revealing her soft tender neck. He tipped his head upward opening his mouth. Large fang shaped teeth glistening through the drooling hunger of his bloodthirsty frenzy, suddenly thrust them deep into her neck... Blood from the savage bite flowed from her wounds soaking her blouse as it spread quickly across her body. Sally kept fighting to get free, but soon her body went limp and lifeless. The Predator kept sucking the life force of blood out of her with the intensity of a mad man... Then after a few minutes of his violent feeding frenzy, he suddenly stopped. He raised his head back from Sally's throat, blood still dripping from his mouth as he slowly lowered her bloody limp body to the cooling concrete street below.

The Predator stood up slowly looking to his left and then to his right. With his powerful legs, he quickly leaped straight up onto the dumpster that is next to Sally's lifeless body and looked around the small alleyway again for any intruders... He then jumped over the other dumpster, running quickly through the darkness of the alleyway, crossing a back street into another alley. The Night Predator vanished quickly into the dark shadows, leaving only the echoing sounds of a neighborhood dog barking through the lonely back streets...

As the morning sun started to brighten up the skies, a garbage truck turned into the alleyway between the pub and the pizza kitchen to empty the large dumpsters that lined the alley walls. The driver of the truck slammed on the brakes when he saw the young girl lying slightly behind one of the dumpsters. He quickly jumped out of the truck and could not believe his eyes, for there lying on the concrete was a young girl covered in blood. Her lifeless body somewhat pale in appearance lay there with her throat ripped open. The driver suddenly turned and threw up his morning breakfast over by the dumpsters... After he got a grip on himself, he went back to the truck and called 911. It was not too long before the police arrived at the scene and taped off the surrounding area.

The owners for the surrounding business area were called and the police found out from John Kirkland, who owned the pub -Johnny's Place- that the young girl worked for him. He told them that her name was Sally Smith and she has been working for him for around one year. As the police went on with their investigation with Mr. Kirkland, they also continued searching the neighborhood for any eyewitnesses...

At the other end of town, some morning classes were starting at the local college and one of the morning classes just starting was a computer class on programming. As the teacher was asking, some questions about coding scripts that were running the commands for a vital part of a program extremely slow, a hand went up in the back of the class from a young male student. As the convenient student stood his six-foot body frame upright and brushed his dark hair away from his blue eyes, he stood there with a big smile on his face.

"Yes Mr. Stone what do we have on our mind this morning?" Said Mr. Stewart, the head programmer and teacher of the computer class.

"Well, one of the reasons these coding scripts are running so slow is the fact that the programming for these scripts we are working on are over done. What I mean, is it needs to be leaned out so it flows faster instead of the language tripping over itself and making the program run so slow." Replied Ian Stone, as he farther explained the problems with the way it was written.

If you like this short excerpt from the full story, this story plus five other eerie stories are in my new book - "Storytellers Realm Collection of Fiction Quest Stories". You can get more information or order my book or ebook from the Storyteller's Realm Website - www.storytellersrealm.com. Thank you again for reading this excerpt - Night Predator.

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