

## The Stalker by Ken Kriho

Allison Mayweather is a blessed 19 year old girl from Fayetteville, North Carolina; she is smart, beautiful, and athletic (she has won numerous awards for track and field) and is blessed to have a loving family to support her every step of the way. Her father, Michael, is an IT engineer, and her mother, Jill is a nurse at Cape Fear Valley Medical Center. Her 13 year old brother, James, is longing to be a writer, in hopes of working alongside his sister. Her boyfriend of two years Cliff, age 22, a motorcycle mechanic, is the man she plans to marry someday. She has a full time job at a craft store, as she is saving up to go to Bennett College for women, in hopes of majoring in theater, so she can pursue a career as an actress. Life is going smoothly for Allison until a phone call changed everything.

“Allison, time to get up, dear” her mother called.

“I’m getting up, mother” she snapped as her brother entered her room, and sprayed her with a squirt gun. “JAMES!! You little schmuck!” she yelled as James bolted out the door of her room. As she got up, her cell phone rang. “Hello?” she answered.

“Hello, Allison. Do you know what day this is today?”

“Um...Wednesday?”

“No, Allison; today is the day Cliff proposes to you.”

“How do you know all this?” she asked as the phone went dead. She went through her list of calls to find the number, but was not listed. Allison started to get a bad feeling in her stomach like she was being watched. She nervously threw on a lily colored blouse and a red knee length skirt, and applied makeup on as she got ready for work. Moments later, the phone rang again, and Allison answered “Hello?”

“Ah, Allison, you look as lovely as ever.”

“Seriously, why are you calling me?”

“Why? Because Allison, I know you all too well...”

“If this is who I think it is, I’m calling the police and placing a...”

“And place what? A restraining order on someone who you don’t know? What’s the matter, Allison? Afraid of dealing with your own problems? Having to get help from someone just because you’re too much of a coward?” The phone went dead, and Allison called the Fayetteville Police to see if they could trace the call.

“Fayetteville Police Department.”

“Hello, I’ve had two really creepy calls within the last five minutes, and I believe someone’s stalking me.”

“Do you know who the person is? Did you get a clear reception to his voice? Was it calm? Angry?”

"The voice was calm, but I couldn't guess if it was male or female. It was too warped. I've tried to find the number in my calls list, but nothing shows up. Can you trace the call?"

"Yes, ma'am; we'll have an officer dispatched to your place." Allison hung up, and ten seconds later, the phone rang again.

"Hello?"

"Allison, we both know it was stupid of you to call the cops."

"I'm going to find you, you bastard, and you're going to jail. I've got the number this time and..."

"And what? Trace the call to an address that the cops can't find? Face it Allison, you're going to find out the hard way of what happens when you fuck with the wrong people." The phone went dead, and the police arrived. The cop knocked at the door, and James answered it.

"Hello, son. We've got a call regarding a stalker."

"Oh, that's me" Allison said as she shoed James out of the room. "I've got three creepy phone calls, and I managed to snag the number of 910-232-8712."

"910-232-8712? Let me see where the address is. I'll be right back." As the officer left to trace the call, Allison's phone rang.

"Look, I'm tired of you calling me. Stop this right now, as I've got an officer here and..."

"Whoa, Allison. Calm down. It's me Mike."

"Mike? I'm so sorry, but I've got a big problem right now. Can you call me back in a bit?"

"No problem, Allison." Mike hung up, and a few seconds later, her phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Allison, Allison, Allison. I'm shocked by your behavior. Lashing out at your friend Mike like that. It sounds like I'm getting to you, aren't I? You're so paranoid."

"Paranoid?! Look, you asshole, I don't know who you are, but one way or another, I will find you, and I'm going to put an end to all this."

"Good luck." The phone went dead, and the officer returned.

"Ma'am, I've got some bad news. The number you gave us doesn't exist in our directory. I'm sorry I couldn't help you any further." The officer left, and Allison turned pale in fear, knowing that the next caller could be her stalker.

"Allison, why were the police here? Are you alright? Did Cliff hurt you in anyway?"

"No, mom, I thought I saw...a rabid raccoon" Allison said with a tone that she couldn't hide forever.

“Honey, are you sure you’re feeling alright?” her mother asked as both her and Allison went inside.

“I said I’m fine, mother” Allison snapped.

“Well, you need to get going. You’re going to be late for work. Hurry up and eat.” As Allison went to the kitchen to eat her oatmeal, her phone rang, but Allison was hesitant to pick up.

“Hey, Allison, it’s Mike. Cliff and I we’re wondering if you and Denise want to go see ‘Dead Among Us’ tonight? Give me a call when you can.” Allison knew that she wanted to go see the movie tonight with Mike, Cliff and Denise, but because she has a problem with a mysterious caller harassing her whenever possible, this made answering the phone more of a fright than a normal routine.

“I’m going to work now” Allison said as she took in one last spoonful of oatmeal.

“Have a wonderful day, hon” her mother said as she told James to get ready for school. Her father took his place at the kitchen table.

“What was all the commotion about? I saw the police here, and I was wondering if someone broke out of jail.”

“It was nothing, dear. Now eat up or you’re going to be late for work as well.” While the commotion inside the house was going on, Allison entered her 2005 Dark Green Buick, put the key in the ignition, and started the car. As she put the car in reverse, she saw a shadowy figure appear. Surprised, she turned her head to the right, and didn’t see anything.

“I’m not getting frightened” she thought to herself as she took a few deep breaths to relax, and backed out of the driveway. When the car exited the driveway, she put the car in drive, and drove off to Hobby Lobby. A mile later, her phone rang. She knew that it was stupid to answer the phone while driving, but she is expecting a call from Mike.

“Hey, Allison, it’s Mike. I’m still waiting regarding our plans for tonight. Call me whenever you can.” That moment Allison breathed a little sigh of relief. Ten seconds later, her phone rang again, but this time, she answered.

“Hello?”

“Ready for another day of work, I see?”

“Will you please leave me alone? I don’t know who you are, or why you’re calling, but this has got to stop.”

“Allison, you know you’re going to hit that pedestrian if you don’t move.” With that said, she sees a man crossing the street, and Allison slammed on her breaks. The man cursed at her to watch where she’s driving.

“Why did you do that? I’ve could’ve killed him!”

“I wasn’t the one being irresponsible while driving. Let this be a lesson to you, Allison; keep your eyes on the road.” The phone went dead, and Allison regained control of the car. She arrived at Hobby Lobby, with a thought of “how does he know my every move?” echoing.

“Good morning, Allison. How’s it going?” her co-worker Beth said.

“Hello, Beth. I’ve been better. I’ve gotten some really creepy phone calls this morning.”

“Was it Cliff playing prank calls again?”

“No. I’ve told him to grow up, and he did. This was WAY beyond anything Cliff does.”

“Really? What were the calls?”

“The calls were really creepy. The person talking to me knows exactly what I’m doing.”

“Did you manage to get the number and call the police?”

“I did, but they were no help. I hope my shift goes for the rest of the day without a hitch.”

Allison clocked in for the day, and noticed a strange man in a fedora and trench coat. Not one willing to take chances, she asked Beth to see if he needed any help.

“Can I help you with something, sir?” Beth asked. The man didn’t say a word, and moved on. Beth returned to Allison and told her to keep an eye on him. She reluctantly followed the man to make sure he didn’t shoplift. Minutes later, the man was gone, and Allison didn’t know what to think about it. Four hours later, Allison took her lunch break, and checked her phone for messages. She saw Mike left a message. She gave Mike a call and said that plans for seeing ‘Dead Among Us’ is still on for tonight. A minute later, her phone rang again. “Hello?”

“Enjoying your lunch break?”

“You’ve really got to stop calling me. I’m sick and tired of you calling me whenever you see fit.”

“Ha ha ha.”

“What’s so funny? You’re making my life miserable.”

“I can make it worse...”

“That does it. I’m calling the police. This time, your number won’t be hidden, and they will find you.”

“Good luck, Allison.”

Within seconds, Allison calls 911 as she heads outside.

“911, what’s your emergency?”

“I’ve been getting some really disturbing calls from someone I don’t know.”

“Do you have the number with you?”

“Yes, it’s 910-304-8799.”

“Okay, we’ll trace the call and have a squad car sent to 1345 Cedar Street.”

Allison breathed another sigh of relief in hopes this will all end. Within minutes, a squad car arrived at 1345 Cedar Street. The place was a worn down two story house, with broken windows, chipped paint, and warped stairs. Two officers got out of the car, and knocked on the door.

“Hello? Anybody home? We got an anonymous call from someone that you’ve been harassing her with unwanted calls. If you can step outside, we’d like to talk.” Within seconds, one of the officers gently opened the door, and the two officers drew their guns, readying themselves for anything. “Be careful, partner; we don’t know what we’re walking into.” One officer checked the first floor, while the other went downstairs. The first officer looked around the kitchen in hopes of finding someone.

“Fayetteville Police Department; if anyone is home, please respond.” But got no answer. The first officer continued his search for someone when a creaking sound echoed from the dark hallway. He nervously looked around the living room, and when he turned around, a dark hand enveloped his face, and the officer let loose a muffled scream. Then in an instant, a sharp knife entered the officer’s abdomen, blood and viscera spilled out, and the officer dropped to the floor. The dark figure dragged the body into another room. The second officer had no luck finding anything, and went back upstairs to see how his partner was doing.

“How’s it going, partner? Did you find...” he said as he noticed the blood on the floor. He wasn’t sure if it was his partner’s or not. “Whoever did this is one fucked up son of a bitch.” The officer started following the blood, which led him into another room. “This is the Fayetteville Police Department; come out with your hands up high, and open.” He readied his pistol in case someone had a weapon. He looked in every single room, but couldn’t find anything, not even his partner. The pulse of the second officer ran even faster, knowing something wasn’t right. He started to breathe even heavier. “I’m going to find you, you sick fuck,” he declared.

“Is that so?” the shadowy figure said as he grabbed the gun from the officer and shot him twice in the head. Brain matter scattered all across the wall, and blood painted onto the floor.

Back at Hobby Lobby, Allison was getting ready to end her shift for the day.

“What a day,” she said.

“I know. The vast majority of them are art students getting supplies,” Beth said. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Bye, Beth,” Allison said as she went out into her car. Her cell phone rang, but Allison wasn’t sure if she should answer, or anticipate another message. When she didn’t answer, the voice mail played. She looked at her phone, and recognized the number as her home phone.

“Hello, Allison, this is your mother; can you do me a favor and pick up some milk? I forgot to get some the other day, and I won’t have enough for dinner tonight.”

“Alright, mother” she said under her breath. A few seconds later, her phone rang again, but this time she answered in a calm, mellow voice. “Hello?”

“Your stupidity got two officers killed. I did say I can make things worse for you, and now the games have begun.”

“Why are you doing this? What do you want from me?” she answered hysterically, but the phone went dead. She tried very calmly to enter her car, but her hands were so shaken, they look like they were going to fall off. She took in several very heavy deep breaths. “It’s going to be okay, Allison, calm down. I just got to run to the store and pick up some milk.” She went over to the dairy section, when a voice from behind said “Allison!” and she jumped two feet into the air, turned around, and saw it was only Eric, her next door neighbor. “Eric! Why did you do that? You almost gave me a fucking heart attack!”

“I’m sorry Allison, I haven’t seen in you in a while. How’s it going?”

“I’ve had better days. Someone keeps calling me, and is driving me crazy! Whenever I don’t answer my phone, it’s either my friends or my family, and when I do answer, it’s some creepy person.”

“Have you tried to get information from the caller?”

“Yeah, but for some odd reason, the number doesn’t appear on my phone.”

“That’s not supposed to happen. How about getting a different phone?”

“I tried it, but the same thing keeps happening.”

“Hmm...I don’t know what to say” Eric said as Allison’s phone rings. “Let me answer it. Hello?”

“Hello? Who is this?”

“This is Eric. Who’s calling?”

“This is Cliff. Is Allison there?”

“Yeah, she’s right here. It’s Cliff,” Eric said as he gave Allison her phone.

“Hello, Cliffy.”

“Hey, are we still on for ‘Dead Among Us’ tonight?”

“I’m sorry Cliff, but I’m not in the mood right now. I had a long day at work.”

“I see. Perhaps some other time?”

“Yes, that would be great” she said as she hung up the phone. After she got some milk, she turned around and saw a dark figure straight across from her. She looked at him, and the figure started to run off. Not even thinking for a second, Allison started chasing after him, but by the time she got to the exit, the figure was long gone. “Damn” she thought to herself. She went back inside, got her milk, paid, and started for home. A mile later, the phone rang. She let the voice mail answer.

“Hey, Allison, this is your dad speaking. Can you do me a favor and pick up your brother from detention?” Allison shrugged in frustration, and muttered fine. So Allison went to Fayetteville Middle School, and went to the principal’s office.

“Ah, Allison, your brother got caught peeping into the girl’s locker room.”

“JAMES! How could you?!”

“It was on a dare” he tried to explain.

“I’ve arranged a meeting with your parents for this Friday at 3:15.”

“He’ll be there” Allison said without a second thought. Allison and James went to the car and started driving away. “I can’t believe that you would do something so perverted. I’m ashamed of you!”

“It wasn’t my fault. Ryan and Joe set me up.”

“Uh huh, sure. While it is normal that you’re going through puberty, you also have to keep those emotions under control. You’re starting to become a man, and I think after this Friday, you’ll be one step closer to being a real man.”

“Don’t tell Mom and Dad about this.”

“Hey, you were the one who got in trouble. Don’t drag me into...” she said as she noticed a body on the road. “HOLY SHIT!” she yelled to the top of her lungs. She stopped the car, and both she and James ran out to see if the victim needed any help. James remembered his Boy Scout days of first aid, and placed two fingers on his neck.

“Look, he’s breathing,” James said to Allison. To both of their surprise, the body springs to life, and with knife in tow, brutally assaults James. Allison stepped in to her brother’s defense, and threw a punch to the attacker’s jaw, and the attacker dropped his knife and fled, but the damage has been done, and James’ body becomes a corpse, and Allison looks on in horror and anger as the person runs off. Allison started chasing after the attacker, but disappeared shortly after. Allison returned to her brother’s side, and frantically calls 911.

“911, what’s your emergency?”

“My brother’s been attacked, and he’s not responding” she said with a warped voice.

“Ma’am, calm down. Did you get a good look at the figure?”

“No. He was just lying on the road, and I thought he needed help.”

“Where are you at?”

“I’m just three blocks from the Middle School. 1800 A-Wilson Parkway.”

“Okay, ma’am, I have paramedics on the way.”

“Thank you” she said while sobbing. Seconds later, Allison phones her parents. “Mom, dad, it’s me. James’ been murdered. I’m only a few blocks from the Middle School.” Her parents were heart broken when they heard the news. “I can’t explain this over the phone.” She hung up, and three seconds later, the phone rings again. With a nervous look in her eyes, and a shaky hand, she answers her phone. “Hello?” she said in a warped voice.

“I did say that I can make things worse, and look what happened.”

“YOU FUCKING SON OF A BITCH!!! WHY DID YOU MURDER MY BROTHER?!”

“Who said I did the murder?”

“You were in the middle of the road, I almost ran you down. I should’ve run you over.”

“You do that, and YOU’D be the murderer, and more importantly, how do you know it was me?” The phone went dead, and paramedics and police arrived 20 minutes later.

“What happened?” one of the officers asked. A forensics team arrived to setup a crime scene, and gather evidence.

“Oh my baby” her mother sobbed as she ran to Allison. “Allison, what happened? Are you hurt as well?”

“No, mother, I’m not hurt. I was just picking up James from school, like dad asked me to, and we saw a body on the road. We went over to investigate to see if he needed help, but he sprang to life, and stabbed James several times, and ran off.” The officer walked back to Allison and her parents and told them the bad news.

“Mr. and Mrs. Mayweather, your son James is dead.” That kind of news brought tears into their eyes. Allison felt both sorrow and pique, as vengeance was on her mind. She looked at her dead brother, and then looked upward into the sky, and vowed to find and kill whoever murdered her brother.

Two years had passed since that day; Allison has ended her relationship with Cliff, the family moved to Greensboro, North Carolina, Allison is under a witness protection program, and Allison got accepted into Bennett College, but had to put her academics on hold, as she is still emotionally unwell to attend school. Her stalker was still on the loose, but the entire state of North Carolina was still at work finding him. When she woke up from her sleep in her room, her new phone rang.

“Hello, Allison. How have these two years treated you?”

“Look, buddy, I don’t why you keep calling me, but because of you, I’ve had to live with the haunting memory of you murdering my brother,” she wept as she went to a portrait of James in his soccer uniform, ran her right index finger gently over the glass, and gave the portrait a soft kiss. “Oh James, my little brother, I still miss you to this day.” She placed the picture in her hands, and gently embraced the picture, and started to cry. She picked up the phone, as the conversation wasn’t over.

“Boo hoo! Your brother is dead. And you accuse me of murder. What evidence do you have that I was the attacker, hm?” the voice said mockingly.

“When you least expect it, I’ll be looking for you, and I’ll kill you myself.”

“Making threats, aren’t we? Maybe I should call the police, and place YOU in jail.”

Allison hung up, and started to look at James once more. “Oh James, your death will be avenged. That’s what a sister is there for.”

She got a new job at Four Seasons Town Centre. She ran into her new boyfriend, Patrick, an ethical hacker/computer programmer who travels through Greensboro to detect weak and vulnerable signals from their internet ports, and offers to fix their connections. They met while Allison was being interviewed for the job.

“Hey, Patrick, how are you?” she said with a smile.

“I’m doing quite well. Are we still on for tonight?”

“You know it.”

“Great. I can’t wait to see you,” Patrick said as he gave her a kiss goodbye. After work, Allison returned home, got into her new black dress, and met Patrick at the front door.

“Hey, babe, you ready?” she said with excitement.

“Yeah. There’s a great restaurant not far from my place. Let’s go.” Allison and Patrick drove off to Green Valley Grill, and sat down to dinner.

“Listen. I was wondering if you can do me a favor” she asked.

“What sort of favor?”

“I’ve been getting creepy calls for the last two years, and now I’ve already gotten one today. Is there ANY way possible for you to trace the call?”

“With my backgrounds in Information Technology and Computer Science, this shouldn’t be a problem.” After dinner, they returned to Patrick’s house, which was full of computers that would drive any retailer crazy. So Patrick took Allison’s phone, and hooked it up to his computer. “Now we play the waiting game” he said. Four hours have passed, and not a single call. “Man, whoever this caller is, he knows what he’s doing,” Patrick said with concern.

“I’m not going to give up on this and neither should you,” Allison said with vigor. Another two hours pass, and still nothing. But as luck would have it, the phone rang.

“You answer it” Patrick said.

“Hello?”

“Hello, Allison. Are you enjoying your time with Patrick?” With that conversation going on, Patrick got to work on tracing the call.

“Come on” Patrick said impatiently. Within a few minutes, he got the address. “Bingo!” he shouted.

“Where is the call coming from?” While Allison was excited with news, Patrick wasn’t.

“You’re not going to believe this...but remember that car dealership that went out of business a few years back?”

“Yeah, I remember.”

“It’s now an abandoned lot, and nobody’s bothered buying it. Now that we’ve got the address, I’m going to call the police and...”

“No, I’m going to end this here and now. It’s my problem, I’m dealing with it.” So Allison got into her Buick, and drove off to the abandoned car dealership. Patrick knew that Allison doesn’t have the experience that SWAT has, so he got into his Explorer and started following her to the abandoned lot. Allison pulled into the lot, which had seen better days. The building in front of her looked like it could collapse at any moment. She gets out of her car, popped the trunk open, and pulled out a Walther PPK. She walks to the door, opens it and enters inside. It was pitch black, and Allison couldn’t see two feet in front of her.

“Welcome, Allison. I’ve been expecting you.”

“Okay, you fucking son of a bitch, I’m tired of you stalking me with your crude phone calls, harassing me, my friends, and my family. Today is the day that I end your wicked ways.”

“Such bold words coming from someone whom I’ve driven to madness.”

“You’re full of shit. Your threats have no effect on me. Now come on out, or are you afraid of facing a girl like a REAL man?!” The mystery person laughs with glee.

“Aren’t we arrogant? But before you try ANYTHING stupid, you might want to head to the bathroom.” Allison walked into the bathroom, and sees a monitor glowing before her.

“Now, change the channel to channel 1.” Allison flips the switch to channel 1, and sees her father entering the front door.

“Watch the monitor closely.”

She watches the monitor with intent as she sees her father open the closet door to put his jacket away, and out comes a hatchet, and it lands on his head, dead center. He drops to the floor, and Allison was in awe by what she saw.

“JESUS!! You sick bastard!!! Why did you do this to him? What has he done to you?!” she said with a roar that would tame a lion. “Father...no...” she said as she broke down into tears.

“Allison, it sounds like I’m getting to you even more. Face it, kid, you can’t save them or yourself.” Allison starts looking around for where the mystery figure could be hiding, but had no luck. “Oh, so you want to play hide n seek? Okay, we can do that. Good luck finding me. But before we continue the game, switch the channel to 2.” Allison turned the monitor to channel 2, and saw her mother preparing cookies. As she puts the cookies into the oven, she turned the oven to 350 degrees, and a few seconds later, BOOM! The oven explodes, and her mother was blasted into the back of the kitchen sink, and her lumbar snapped like a branch, along with her neck which snapped back on impact, breaking instantly. Allison saw her mother’s lifeless body on the floor.

“MOTHER!!! What the FUCK?! OKAY, BUDDY, IT’S JUST YOU AND ME!!!” she said with authority. With her teeth clenched together, Allison continued her search. She checks the offices, but didn’t find anything. She went into the garage, but couldn’t find anything.

“Are we having fun yet?” the voice said over the P.A.

“No, I’m not. Now tell me where you are right now. I’m losing my patience.”

“You’re on your own, kid.” The P.A. went dead, and Allison continued her search some more. Her heart started to race faster and her breath started to get heavier and heavier. She kept her eyes open, as he could be anywhere. She started to walk backwards towards the door, when she bumped into a dark figure, so she turned around, shot the figure three times, and the body went to the floor. The lights came on, and when Allison walked over to see who she shot, she couldn’t believe that she shot Patrick in the abdomen a few times.

“PATRICK!!!” she said loudly. As she dropped the gun, ran to his lifeless corpse, and hugged him. “Oh Patrick, I’m so sorry...” she said as she shed tears onto her new dress, and his corpse.

“So much for your new beau. Tell me, Allison, how do you feel right now?”

“I just want to find you, kill you, and go home” she said hysterically. But she knew that she couldn’t let him win. If he did, God knows what he’ll do to her...or anyone else. Just as fast the lights came on, the lights went out again. She picked up the gun, and continued her search.

“The only place I haven’t been to is the security room” she thought to herself, so she went down to the security room. She got to the door, placed her left hand on the knob, turned it quietly, and slowly opened the door. Inside there were monitors flickering like candles. Allison entered the room stealthily; tip toed across the floor, and gave the figure a precise shot to the back of the head. In an instant, the body dropped across the controls, blood splattered along the wall, and blood oozed onto the floor. Realizing what she’s done, she started to smile and laughs like a drunken hyena.

“FINALLY! My nightmares are over” she said as she started to hear her cell phone ring.