

The Price of Charity

Hello, you may find it strange talking to me, a ghost, a spirit, but what I am about to tell you is of great value and importance, not only to me but to the many others who suffered my fate as well. This is the story of my death, of my killer. My killer was not a sane man, clever, yet that cleverness would prove to be the death of me. For a sane man would not have been able to devise a plan so devilishly clever as the one my killer has, a sane man would not even dream of what thoughts would pass through his sick twisted mind. He would pose as a blood collector that would rive his truck to any number of places and hold blood drives, but wait there will be no surprises in my tale if I tell it to you now. Wait I will tell you one more thing, any one who wished to donate blood at his drives would learn the price of charity.

Kevin was not a hostile person, but he would prove us all wrong about that. Kevin was never violent in the few years that I knew him; actually now that I look back I never really took the time to get to know him. Kevin was in my class at Harvard medical school. He was not an extraordinary student, but he got fairly good grades. In fact there was only one thing about Kevin that was out of the ordinary, he could not stand the site of blood. As a result of this trait he was constantly teased by other students, he was even patronized by the teacher on occasion. Even though I didn't know him I still felt sorry for him, for every time he would become squeamish the entire class would burst out laughing. When this happened he would normally just hang his head and shuffle back to his eat in the corner, but in the last few weeks of our final year, he would sometimes storm out of the room. Once when this happened I tried to talk to him after class, but all I

got was a burst of anger. That was when I began to lose compassion for Kevin. Going into the final week of our last year this happened again, but when I saw him storming out of the room I found my self laughing with the others. When he looked at me I saw the pain, the loneliness in his face, I immediately stopped laughing, but it was too late. In that single moment in time, in those few seconds that seemed to last a life time, I made the single biggest mistake of my life. In that moment, I realize now, he became the killer that he is today.

On the day we graduated Kevin had no family or friends, only himself. He didn't even come to the after party. None of us would see him for a long time we wouldn't see hi till the day we died. I got a job at a small hospital in New York with another person from my class. Every couple months or so a blood drive truck would come and hold a blob drive in the parking lot. Doctors, inters and even the receptionist were encouraged to go. I normally don't give blood, but this time for some reason unknown to me I decided to donate. I went during my lunch break, there were only three other people so I decided to eat my sandwich while I waited. The line moved fairly quickly, but I still managed to finish half of my sandwich. When it got to me I stepped forward and a voice from the back called, "Just sit down and I'll be right with you." I looked around and saw a dentist style chair. I went over and lay down. The door to the backroom was behind. I looked around; I had never donated blood or even been inside the truck. I was in plain white room with cabinets around the top, a large digital clock that read the date, time and whether or not it's morning or night, a sink in the corner and a small swivel stool. There were two metal poles next to the chair with plastic bags and tubes hanging down from them.

“Hi how are you” said the voice, “I didn’t come for you but you are just a bonus”

Puzzled I tried to get back up, but a hand pushed me back down and stuck a needle in my arm. Then I saw who my assailant was for the first time in three years. It was Kevin.

“Feeling funny Cian, that’s the anesthesia seeping into your nervous system. Soon you will be completely immobile”.

“Why are you doing this?” I said.

“Oh? Like you don’t know. All those years of school being laughed at and taunted, the pain it caused me, but all that time I had one comfort in knowing that there was on person who wasn’t as cold hearted and cruel as those primitive excuses for human beings. That one person who never laughed, the one who at least had some compassion, some pity in their heart for a tortured soul like me. You, but I was wrong, and in my trusting it just made it worse when you laughed on that one fatal day. The day I lost hope I lost the one compassionate person I had ever met. That was the day you crushed me.”

I was worried, I couldn’t move my legs and my left arm, were he stuck the needle was completely numb. Kevin was going through a cupboard to my right, looking for something. He stopped, made a small noise of satisfaction and reached in the cupboard. He pulled out a silver metal box about the size of a tissue box; the box had a small pad with a green, red, yellow and blue button on it, with a series of switches, 5 in all, next to it. Seeing my confused look he began to explain.

“Impressive isn’t it, it’s my own invention. I call it the liquid decompressor. I know the name isn’t very impressive, but its function is amazing. This little silver box can compress up to 10 pints of any liquid in to the size of a golf ball. Of course I could sell

my invention to the government, but I chose to use it for personal gain. Since you're going to die I might as well explain how it works, not internally of course I doubt you have even half the brain power to do that thanks to the anesthesia. None the less I will show you what I am going to do. You see this green button that starts the suction cycle, but as soon as you press the green button you must time the flips of these switches to the right in exact order and timing, this of course I have mastered, but for those less skilled than I the yellow button makes it start as soon as the needle punctures the skin. The red button is stop, although I doubt I needed to tell even you that, and the blue button is compress. That's enough of the science lesson though, back to the more important matters."

"How are you going to get away with this dough?" I said, my bottom lip was numb.

"Make it look like an accident. I mean wouldn't it be the worst luck if I hit an artery, or if I have to go fill out paper work, and just don't realize the danger you're in, or if you're body mysteriously disappeared."

I panicked, I simultaneously tried to move every muscle in my body, I kicked, punched, grabbed and squirmed. In the end all I managed to do was raise my eyebrows.

"Ha, didn't I tell you that the anesthesia has sunken in? Oh well, if memory serves me the artery should be right here." He said while making a small mark with a pen. He began to unravel some tubing from the liquid decompressor and attach it to the bags above my head. With that he took a needle and stuck it into the mark on my arm.

"Have a nice time." he said and left the room. All I could do was sit and watch my blood fill the bags. When the second bag was about half filled I began to lose

consciousness. Once the bag filled I herd an electric hum and saw the blue button flashing. Then I blacked out.

When I woke up some thing was wrong, I was still in the chair at the blood drive. I sat up looked at my legs and moved each one, and continued this process throughout the rest of my body. Finding every thing in order I got up of the chair. I looked up at the clock and realized what was wrong; it had only been twenty minutes since Kevin left me to die. I herd some one coming in the room and spun around. That's when it hit me on the bed was my lifeless body and standing over it was Kevin. I immediately grabbed for something to defend my self, but as soon as I reached for the stool my hands went right through it. I began to panic. I looked back to Kevin and he was removing the needle from my arm. That's when the reality of things began to sink in; if that's my body over there then I must be dead.

“Oh my god I'm a ghost, what the...? Oh crap.” I said while grabbing my mouth so Kevin wouldn't hear me, but he didn't even move. Then I realized that if I couldn't touch things other people must not be able to hear me. I walked over to were Kevin was and saw him pocket a plastic cylinder with a small round red ball in it. Then I came to another realization that was my blood, he had killed me. I punched Kevin as hard as I could, but my hand just went right through his cheek. As I watched Kevin took out a clip board with a piece of paper on it, I walked around to his other side to get a better look at it. It was a list of names with a hospital written next to it. All the names had checks next to them except for the bottom two. Mine and Robert's, the class mate I now work with.

“I got Robert this morning,” Kevin said while checking of his name, “and Cian there is obviously dead so I have only the last step to carry out before I have completed my revenge. The disposal of the bodies.

Kevin took my body and put it into a black plastic duffle bag witch he then threw in to a side room. I flinched when the bag hit the ground. As I followed Kevin into the front of the truck I stuck my head through the door of the side room, literally, and saw a second bag on the floor with mine, Robert. I followed Kevin up to the cab and sat it the passenger seat next to him, it felt kind of weird, he started the engine and turned the a/c all the way up; I’m guessing because he had two dead bodies that are prone to rot in back. Then he started to drive. It took thirty minutes to get to our destination, and old two story house in the middle of scenic no were. He then took the bag holding Robert’s body, or maybe it was mine, and dumped it down a storm cellar door he than did the same with mine, I flinched every time it hit a step. He went down the steps and I followed. The basement was a concrete room with a large square silver box that I recognized as a dehydrator from medical school. He then, to my horror, took both bags and emptied them in to the top of the machine. The dehydrating process took about twenty minutes. When he took the bags out he promptly emptied them into a nearby bucket. As he did this I walked over and took on last look at the remains of my body, a pile of dried up dust. Kevin then took this bucket and walked over to the wall, he removed one of the cinder blocks and dumped my body, or what was left into the hole then replaced the block. Even after this period of time I was still in a state of shock so all I could do was follow Kevin. He walked back up to the truck as he was unloading the truck a syringe and needle fell on his foot. I walked over and read the label.

ANESTHESIA: DO NOT INJECT UNLESS EDUCATED TO DO SO

Kevin pulled the needle out of his foot, but it was too late he fell over and in doing so dropped the needle on his chest. Kevin then saw the box of things he had left sitting on the counter was going to fall on him, but he couldn't move. As the box fell the liquid decompressor fell out and landed on its buttons, in then bounced slightly and I saw the yellow button was flashing. I followed the tubing it was connected to and found the needle stuck in the right leg of Kevin. As I watched this I thought back to our days spent in medical school, how helpless he was. As I saw him in this position I realized that the old Kevin had died long before this, long before his body did.

This is my story. As I said before we would all learn the price of charity.