

Among Us: The True Story (Chapter 1)

from Scarlet

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Introduction

Yay! Chapter 1's here! thanks for reading everyone!

Chapter 1

DATE: AUGUST 12, 2038

TWO MONTHS BEFORE LAUNCH

CHAPTER 1

Twenty-two year-old Jenny Tye stared at the sunset from the window in front of her bed. Wow, I can't believe it. In TWO MONTHS I WILL BE IN SPACE! Jenny's mind lit up, pulled her eyes away from the beautiful sunset. Around her was a small white desk, decorated with stickers and pictures of her friends, Charli and Alex. There was also a closet, filled with her clothes and some extra storage space. But Jenny wouldn't live in this small space anymore. Soon enough, she would be in space. She was ecstatic with the newly found information from Mission Control. They had told the ten crew mates they would be going to space in two months. Jenny heard a knock on her door. "Who is it?" she asked.

"Jenny, it's me, James!" said the voice behind the door. "Comon, we're supposed to eat dinner soon. Whatever you are doing there, you can finish it later! Now, let's go! 'Cause tonight, we're having some pasta!" She then heard footsteps walking away from her room, supposedly going to the dinner hall.

Jenny chuckled, James is really nice. I sure wish that I could tell him how I feel. Just thinking about his coarse black hair and his sheepish grin makes me smile. But? She frowned. I guess he likes someone else. Jenny slid off her bed and put on her comfy slippers. She quickly trotted towards the door and it automatically opened. It was a small walk towards the cafeteria. Then something caught her eye. Someone left their room open, but Jenny hadn't known who. Out of nowhere, Charli appeared from behind.

"BOO!" Charli screamed, frightening Jenny.

"AHHH!"

"Oh, sorry, Jenny. I thought you were Alex. Sorry!" Charli apologized.

"It's alright, Charli."

Charli's black hair waved through the air. She was smaller than some, but she could do anything that everyone else could and could not do. Despite the slim chance of even getting past the written exams and the physical exams, Jenny, Charli, and Alex managed to get on the same team in Mira HQ's Interstellar Space Program. Their plan? To explore and find different planets that are suitable for human life. But soon, this small crew, the crew that humanity had set their hopes on, would travel to Polus, a planet that was discovered by scientists eighteen years ago.

Back at dinner, everyone was devouring the delicious food that was set before them. Jenny had chosen to eat the star food of the night, pasta. The pasta calmed her nerves, and the sauce was delicious. Man, this is the best pasta I've ever eaten in my life! She looked around, seeing the people she had first met on the first day of training. Jenny was scared, but everyone had let her in, and soon, she was also embraced with the love from her friends. On each side of her, Charli and Alex were

attempting to talk over Jenny, but it appeared that it wasn't going so well. Alex was also a brunette, with a slight tint of brown. Her joyful appearance made Jenny immediately like her. Beside Alex was Lance, another crew mate. He had light-brown hair and a slightly tanned face. He was also very tall, taller than Jeremy and any other boy she had met. The one thing, however, that stood out more to Jenny was how his ears were very pointy, like the elves that worked in Santa's Workshop down by the mall. She chuckled, which prompted Henry to spoon some mashed potatoes at her.

"Got you in the hair, spoon-face!" Henry exclaimed with such delight.

"ARE YOU SERIOUS, HENRY?" Jenny screamed, stretching over the table to grab the box of napkins.

Charli immediately stopped talking and began to do her one-of-a-kind death glare at him. Henry gulped in fear, and sank back down in his chair. Though some may have called this playful, they were both in a full-on war. Their rivalry first began on the first day of training, when Henry flicked Charli's ear with his finger. And what how did Charli react? She grabbed his finger and cracked it. The new team had just met for the first time when Henry was taken to the infirmary, while Charli received a hundred laps around the Olympic-sized pool. Henry was small for a guy like him, but what he lacked in size he made up in intelligence. He had always bragged about having an IQ range from 140 to 200. His red hair was long, almost touching his eyes. Many of the crew asked him to cut it off, but Henry never did. He was always annoying wherever he went, and he was always a pain in the back.

"Everyone? I have an announcement to make!" The crew's manager appeared from behind the silver doors of the kitchen. "As you all may have been wondering, yes, you are all going to space!"

The crew cheered, with a couple of wows and yahoos.

"Now, now, settle down. We have a lot to do tomorrow. But just remember, in two months, you'll be seeing Earth from the galaxy above! Tomorrow, you guys will be practicing in the spaceship. Just a demo, so that if you guys mess up, then you can start over! Good night everyone!" The manager walked to the front door of the house, and waved. So, not to be rude, everyone waved back, and went back to eating their food. I can't wait until we're in space! YES! Jenny smiled. As she looked around, she began to wonder what everyone was thinking, since no one was silent at the table. I guess they might be thinking about it too. Better finish my food! Everyone ate their scrumptious food, and headed back to bed, dreaming about what they would accomplish in the last frontier.

Among Us: The True Story (Chapter 2)

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Introduction

Here's Chapter 2! Thank you to all of the people that chose to read this!

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

DATE: OCTOBER 12, 2038

THREE HOURS UNTIL LAUNCH

Twenty-three year-old Charli Penskins looked at the Skeld through the protective glass, shifting her feet cautiously towards it. Around her were numerous ships, all arranged in a neat line. Her father, the famous John Penskins, found the key to travel through space faster than before. Wormholes that could transport the spaceship throughout the galaxy was easy for her father. After all, it was John Penskins that decided the name of the spaceship could be called the Skeld. In just three hours, Charli, and the rest of the crew, would be in space. The thought excited Charli. You better get your head on straight. Just because you know aerospace engineering doesn't mean you don't do anything. Your team is counting on you! Then, Jenny and Alex appeared across the hallway.

"Charli! C'mon! We're gonna say our goodbyes to our families!?" Both Jenny and Alex shouted at the same time.

"Alright, I'm coming!"

The trio trotted towards the conference room, where the crew would say their final goodbyes to their family and friends. Inside, there were loud conversations that echoed throughout the room. People of all shapes and sizes were talking, crying, laughing. Charli had never seen such a joyous, yet unmistakably sad, moment in her entire life. Even so, the crew would hold this memory in their hearts as they zoomed across space to complete their mission. One hour later, there was a message on the intercom, causing everyone to look up from their conversations to hear.

"ALL CREWMATES REPORT TO SPACESHIP. LAUNCH IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS."

Charli turned around to see tears stream down her father's and mother's face. She couldn't help but do so, too.

"Charli Penskins, you better come back home safe!" her mother declared with gusto, with tears still coming down.

Her father also joined in, "Don't you dare take all of the space samples for yourself! We need it here to study!"

"Of course! Don't worry, I'll be alright!" Charli assured. "Now, I better get going. I love you, Mom and Dad."

"We love you too, honey."

Around her, the people in the room were also breaking down. Jenny and Alex were hugging their parents. Lance almost looked like he was about to cry, but somehow resisted the urge to. Finally, it was time to go. The crew headed over to their rooms, and changed into their suits. To make the mission seem unique, the crew could choose what color they wanted their suits to be. Charli sifted through her closet to find her cyan-colored suit. It stood out to her almost immediately, either its bright

highlights, or that it was just her favorite color. After putting the suit on, Charli exited her room for the last time. It was like a new stage in her life, finally letting go of the past behind her. Another crewmate, named Rosaline, carried her pink helmet as she strolled through the hallway. Rosaline's thick-framed glasses were a sure sign that she was around computers a lot. Charli didn't know Rosaline well, but she had seen her always talking to her friend, Darla. They were called the duo for a very good reason, since they never separated from each other at all. Even their rooms were side-to-side.

"Hey, Charli!" A voice called from a distance.

Charli pivoted her head towards the noise. There was Jenny, Alex, and Darla, wearing, in that order, yellow, orange, and purple. The crew was split fifty-fifty of both guys and girls. Suddenly, chatter came from the other corridor. Then came the other half of the crew. Lance wore the classic color of astronaut suits. Next to him was Henry, who had a dark green suit, and James, who put on a dark blue spacesuit. Following from behind came Tom and Aaron, wearing red and brown.

"You guys ready?" Henry asked, with Charli scoffing at his words. But still, he received a couple yeahs and sures against Charli's wishes.

"Here goes nothing," Alex said, unsure.

The crews boarded the ships, feeling uncertainty and excitement all at the same time. The entire world watched from their screens as Mission Control counted down those famous numbers. With one flick of the switch, the ships' engines simultaneously turned on, blasting past the skies and into space.

Among Us: The True Story (Chapter 3)

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Introduction

Ahh, so so sorry that it's late... my computer wasn't letting me lol... thanks for reading!

Chapter 1

DATE: OCTOBER 12, 2038

ONE HOUR AFTER LAUNCH

CHAPTER 3

"Jenny, are you sure we're getting there in six hours?"

"Yes, Alex. I'm sure."

Alex Collins nodded in delight. It had been an hour since they had left Mira HQ, and she had already begun to feel homesick. Luckily, there was a phone that could be used to communicate with your loved ones if she wanted to. Still, Alex decided not to just yet and could just call her family later. She headed towards the Cafeteria, or for short, Cafe, to eat lunch. By then, most of the food had disappeared into the mouths of her fellow crew-mates. When Alex reached over to grab some soup, Henry scooped up the last bits. Aw nuts. I missed the teriyaki stew by a hair. Looks like I'll have to eat some bread instead. Looking around to find an empty seat, Alex caught Charli and Jenny waving to come to join them. She came over and sat down, instantly engaging in a conversation with the group. But then, an alarm sounded, coming from the Communication, or Comms, room. Everyone ran over as Alex slowly began to freak out. After all, the crew's manager said that whenever there was an alarm, it meant something bad was happening. Something really bad. Once everyone was in the room, Charli rolled the dial on the radio to match the frequency of the message.

"Hello? Can anyone hear me?" the voice said through the speaker.

"We read you loud and clear," Charli spoke. "What seems to be the problem?"

There was a long pause, caused by the distance from the ship to Earth. The room was filled with silence, some of the crew gulping in fear and still petrified by the ongoing alarm.

"There has been a breach. If you all remember, our last mission brought home alien eggs, but we hadn't realized they would mature so soon. They were cute at first, but then, right after you guys left the station, killed one of the managers. We barely have it under control. When I was checking the cameras to locate the aliens, I noticed the aliens entering the bay doors of the ships, including yours." The scientist paused. "I'm afraid to say, there's an impostor amongst the crew. They can take the form of anything, even us. If you take a look at the video footage I sent you, they killed that scientist and somehow took the form of him. We didn't realize they weren't really human until the alien killed someone. The scientists have learned the aliens are incapable of doing tasks, but they can fake it. If they are doing a visual task, it will be a clear sign that they are the impostor. Since these aliens are capable of taking the form of any being, it can also fit into small spaces, such as the vents. Alert everyone at Polus. I can't get this broadcast far enough to reach there. It's up to you to tell them. Finish your tasks. Find the impostor. You have to find it. The only way you can kill it is to eject them into space. You will know it really is the impostor because the aliens turn into its original form if they are thrown into space. The entire fate of the world is counting on you. OH, NO! IT'S HERE! RUN! SAVE YOURSELVES!" Everyone heard the scientist panting and running away. The sound of the

Dead silence filled the room. The crew stared at each other. Lance broke up the undeniable quietness.

“Wait, one of us, right here, right now, is an alien?” he asked, shuddering with fear in his eyes.

Charli replied slowly, looking unsure, “Yes, there’s an impostor among us.”

Among Us: The True Story (Chapter 4)

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Introduction

I don't know how many chapter I'm going to make, but hope you read all of it! (I think it might be pretty long, so I don't know...)

Chapter 1

DATE: OCTOBER 12, 2038

ONE HOUR AFTER LAUNCH

CHAPTER 4

Jenny stumbled on her feet. Her legs shaking from this newly found information. She didn't know what to say, whether to try to lift the spirits of the team, or if she should even do anything at all. After hearing the message, the crew silently walked back to Cafe. God? Jenny clapped her hands together and prayed in her head. Please, please wake me up from this horrible dream. But she knew that in reality, it was a nightmare coming to life. No one talked, not even a whisper. Without thinking, Jenny stood up from where she was sitting.

"Guys, we have to continue. Even if it means we'll die," she blurted out. "This is probably just a joke between Mission Control. To get our nerves fired up if there's an emergency."

In the table behind her, Tom spoke. "Naw, that's not it. There's really an impostor. We have to do our tasks, just like that scientist told us, or else this hunk of junk won't move. Whoever that impostor is, you don't scare me. You're dumb, stupid, and ugly. I'm leaving."

Then the brave soul stomped out of the room. Everyone else, seemingly inspired by this man, did the same. Jenny reluctantly got up from her seat, following Charli towards Admin. From there, she swiped her card with extreme precision, although Charli was unsuccessful. Jenny watched again and again as her friend moved the card through the slot, the scanner screaming at her whether it was too slow, or even too fast. Smiling, Jenny left the admin room, walking through the storage room.

Jenny passed the large boxes to see Darla do the trash. But as she looked closer, Darla doesn't pull the lever. Jenny wondered with uncertainty. I have seen Darla not being able to do even simple tasks, so I don't think it's her though. She continued on, the boxes' shadows turning smaller as she saw James and Henry walking together into Comms. Behind her, Lance was fixing the wires in Storage, and when she looked further, Charli finally left Admin. Jenny pulled out her tablet, listing her tasks and the large taskbar. She scanned the list, looking for the closest task that she could complete. Ok, got a task in Electrical. She turned to her left, but she stopped. Out of nowhere, the lights dimmed, setting off a huge alarm throughout the ship. There were screams from the hallways around her, piercing her eardrums. No time to panic, I've got to fix the lights.

During training, the instructors explained that the only way to fix the lights was located in the electrical room. Once there, the crew must flip six switches to bring back the lights. On instinct, Jenny turned on the light in her suit, but it didn't really help, since she could only see three feet in front of her. Jenny ran to Electrical, trying to evade any obstacles that could come her way. Her hands groped aimlessly through the air, attempting to find at least one of the cold, steel walls. Then her hands felt the groove of a door. More specifically, the door in Electrical. She smirked. Bingo. Quickly, she ran inside the room, feeling the heat coming off the generator. Jenny flicked the switches, and the lights were finally restored to its former setting. Coming through the door, Lance, Charli, and James arrived

to fix the sabotage. A loud sound, almost like a metal vent closing, echoed through the room. For a second, she thought she was imagining things, but it sounded too real. Way too real. Without hesitation, Jenny crept towards the noise. And what she saw shocked her, a memory she would keep for the rest of her life. Behind the wall laid Tom's dead body, surrounded by a pool of blood. His eyes were open, witnessing the last moments of his life. His dark blonde hair and his freckled face were stained with the red liquid. Tom had a large gash in his right abdomen, most likely the cause of his death. She was stunned. Shocked. After all, he shouldn't have died. Not in a very long time. Charli came around, wondering why Jenny disappeared behind the wall, and screamed.

"REPORT THE BODY! REPORT IT!" Charli yells.

Tears fell on her cheek as Jenny went to her tablet and hit the report button.

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Introduction

AHH THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING! oof, I think in about 10 chapters, it'll be done...:)

Chapter 1

DATE: OCTOBER 12, 2038

THREE SECONDS AFTER DEAD BODY REPORT

CHAPTER 5

BEEP! BEEP! EMERGENCY MEETING! HEAD TO CAFE FOR FURTHER DETAILS!

The sudden alert made James jump while doing his download task in Comms. The plug connecting his tablet to the port got pulled away, with only just ten seconds left to complete it. He groaned. Ugh, so close? Disregarding his mistake, James paced his steps as jogged through Storage and into Cafe. Once he stepped inside, there were his crewmates: shouting and arguing with each other. However, there was an empty seat next to his in the table. Tom? James shook his head. No, he can't be dead. He just can't? He tuned back to the conversation.

?Jenny, c?mon. It?s alright,? Aaron had said. His long, brown locks of hair covered his eyes. It was no wonder why Henry continuously called Aaron a puppy. The shy guy was the smallest of the bunch, even smaller than Henry.

?Jenny, tell us what you saw,? Lance demanded angrily. He was standing up, with his helmet taken off just like the others.

The girl was pale, as if she had seen a ghost. Next to her was Charli, who was patting her back and comforting her, and Alex, who also happened to be panicking as well. His fist pounded on the table.

?Jenny, tell us right now, or I swear to God I?ll-?

?Hey, go easy on her!? James ran in and removed his helmet, placing it on the center of one of the blue tables. He turned to Jenny. ?I guess I was late to the party. What even happened??

Jenny looked up, and gulped. ?I-i saw Tom? he was bleeding? there was so much blood,? Jenny stammered out of her lips. Then, she broke down into sobs, unable to bear the weight of seeing Tom dead. His worst fear was confirmed. His friend was truly, unmistakably dead. Although James had never seen her cry, he just couldn't stand it. She tried to control herself, and began talking again.

?Maybe if I had just came a bit sooner-?

?Jenny, it isn't your fault,? Darla assured, talking from the other side of the table. ?It?s Tom?s. He?s the one who made the impostor angry in the first place.?

?See Lance?? Charli spoke, annoyed. She stood up, facing Lance and his accusations. ?It isn't her. I've been telling you that so many times! I saw Jenny going behind the big wall in Electrical, then she gasped. I went over to see what was going on, and Tom was dead, with Jenny trying to wake him up! Just chill out! It can't be me or Jenny...?

?Then where were you, Charli? Before the lights were sabotaged?? Lance countered. ?How can we know for sure it isn't you??

Charli paused, her eyes widening from Lance's comment.

?I was in, um, Medbay doing the Inspect Sample Task.?

?Liar.?

"See guys?" Lance pointed at Charli, who, in return, pulled the finger at Lance. "She's the impostor! The vents that are connected to Electrical are Security and Medbay! So, Charli could've, uh, vented to Electrical, and killed Tom! It's obviously her! She's the freaking impostor!"

"But something doesn't make sense though," James chimed in. "How would have Charli had enough time to vent to Medbay from Electrical and still manage to tell Jenny to report the body? The math doesn't make sense."

"James, James, James," Lance began, walking around the tables with his hands together. "It's very simple. That's because Charli went around Jenny while she was fixing the lights, then came inside with us. And she even pulled the finger at me. Doesn't that give you enough evidence? Let's vote her out!"

"NO, WAIT IT'S NOT ME! PLEASE NO!" Charli screamed.

Now you may be wondering, "Wait, vote her out? What do you mean? How's that going to do anything?" Earlier that day, the crew had agreed to vote the accused out. If that person had good evidence that it wasn't them, then they would vote for someone else, or skip. Otherwise, the accused would be voted out and ejected through the trash chute, located in Storage. There was a computer analysis machine, so the crew decided to use that to figure out if the one that was ejected was the impostor or not.

In their tablets, there was a voting app. James remembered fondly of how the crew would spend hours playing, "Who is More Likely to?" But now, it was being used to find the impostor. Before James pressed the "Yes" button next to Charli's name, he thought back on how she was calming Jenny. The look on her face was sympathetic. It couldn't have been her. Or Jenny. He moved his finger and pressed "No" and skipped. Around him, everyone was focused on their tablets, hearing the familiar beep sound when you were certain with your choice. Soon enough, everyone had cast their ballots.

The results were shown as followed:

Charli - One vote: Lance

Deceased - Tom

Skipped Voting - Seven votes: Rosaline, Charli, Henry, Aaron, Jenny, James, Darla

"What?" Lance yell, astonished by the outcome of the votes. "You guys didn't vote Charli? It was so clear, you nerds!"

"Oh, shut up, Lance," Charli said. "Just be glad that you didn't vote me out, or else you would've lost a real crewmate."

Everyone puts back on their helmets, secured with an airtight lock.

"Stay safe everyone. And hopefully," Charli added, looking back at the crew. "Nobody will die this time."

Among Us: The True Story (Chapter 6)

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Introduction

Okay, I am so sorry that I haven't really updated in a while (school and stuff, sigh). and I am sorry to the people that like stories less than a thousand words. it might be longer than before... SORRY!:(well, thank you for reading, and stay cool!

Chapter 1

DATE: OCTOBER 12, 2038

THIRTY MINUTES AFTER EMERGENCY MEETING

CHAPTER 6

Charli sat on the sill of the Café windows, constantly reliving the argument between her and Lance. The fact that Lance threw so many accusations at her kept coming back. Maybe he's the impostor? it makes sense how he kept on framing me, even though I didn't do anything? She looked back at the center table. The crew isn't all together yet, so I'll just have to tell them this next time we meet. She shifted her eyes towards her tablet, seeing that there was a task waiting for her in Navigation. With a heavy sigh, Charli passed by the blue tables and walked into Weapons. Her boots went clip clop clip clop as it hit the metal floor. In front of her was Lance, who was destroying the asteroids hurtling towards the ship. Looking through the glass, the green blasts from the cannons were fired milliseconds after he pressed the red buttons on the controls. Visual task. She thought. It meant Lance was innocent, exactly like her. I guess I'll stick with him for now. Charli confronted Lance after he finished.

?Lance!? She threw her body in front of him, in which he immediately scowled and turned the other way. Gathering every ounce of courage she had in her body, she bit her lip and spoke.

?Wait! I-i was wrong!? Charli stared down at her shoes. He stopped walking but didn't face her. ?I was wrong for doing all those things during the meeting. And I guess you had every reason to think that I was the impostor. I'm sorry. I know I haven't been the best crewmate. I'll admit I was being a louse, but you've got to apologize too!?

His feet made a sharp 180. His face could easily be read as furious. ?What do you mean ?apologize?? What did I even do wrong?? Lance began marching towards her, with the sound of his steps becoming louder as he came closer. ?Tell me, what did I even do wrong to make myself say sorry to you? I don't even think I should owe you anything, let alone apologize to you, the impostor, for killing Tom!?

?Gee, I don't know, ACCUSING ME EVERY TIME I WAS TRYING TO EXPLAIN MYSELF?? she screamed. Tears started streaming down her cheeks. A few began to fall on the glass of her helmet. ?WHAT IF YOU ACTUALLY GOT THE CREW TO TURN AGAINST ME? WHAT IF THE CREW HAD VOTED ME OFF? WHERE WOULD I BE RIGHT NOW??

?I...uh-?

?IN SPACE, YOU IDIOT! DEAD! AND SURPRISE, SURPRISE YOU GUYS WILL FIGURE OUT I WASN'T EVEN THE IMPOSTOR! MY PARENTS ARE WAITING, WAITING FOR ME TO COME HOME!? Charli's eyes were bloodshot red. She tried to control herself, taking deep breaths. But even the toughest people have to cry it all out sometimes. Charli grew quiet. ?How am I even supposed to tell them I'm fine, that I love them when I'm not even there to say it??

Lance said nothing. Instead, he walked over and threw his arms around her.

?Charli, I didn't know you felt that way,? he said with sincerity. Then he pulled away, putting his hands on her shoulders. ?Look, I'm sorry for the way I treated you, and I'm sorry for thinking you

were the impostor. It's just that rivalry between you and Henry really made me hate you since he's my I'm really sorry.?

?It's alright.? She sniffed. ?Well, since I'm not the impostor, and I know you're not the impostor, want to stick together??

?Sure.?

The two remained silent for a couple of minutes. Lance followed Charli as she went to Nav to chart the course to Polus. They hadn't seen anyone or anything yet, and that bothered Charli a lot. It's nothing to worry about. She assured herself. If Lance is with me, nothing will go wrong. Still, she couldn't trust Lance for some reason, whether it was him somewhat putting his trust in her for no reason, or when he kept on accusing her at the last meeting. Sigh, I'm sure it's noth-
BEEP! BEEP! OXYGEN DEPLETING IN 26? 25? 24...

Red lights appeared, both on their tablets and the alarm. Lance and Charli looked at each other in fear. Her heart raced profusely, because this time, she knew it was mandatory for them to fix it, or else the entire crew would perish.

Lance looked back and forth at her and the tablet. ?Charli,? he began, ?we got to split up. I'll go to O?.? He pointed in the direction to O?, and then to Admin. ?And you go to Admin. Do you remember today's code?? She nodded in agreement. ?Good. Once it's fixed, meet back here, okay? Stay safe.? Lance ran down the hallway towards O?, leaving Charli all alone.

18? 17.... 16? The countdown continued as she rushed to Admin, passing by Shields and Storage. She finally reached the keypad. With only seconds to spare, Charli inputted the code 42323. The alarm turned off. The red lights stopped flashing in her eyes. A rush of relief fell over Charli. I'm glad that's over. As she was exiting Admin, the doors from Storage and Cafe closed, blocking any way of escape. No, this wasn't any occurrence that happened right after the oxygen depletion. It was from the impostor. But there was just sabotage. How is that possible? Charli wondered. Suddenly, she heard footsteps, but no one was around or in the room with her. It started getting louder and louder until it stopped abruptly. The frightened crewmate moved her eyes toward the sound coming from the vents. That same vent, the one she had set her eyes on, cracked open. Underneath, there were purple-colored hands that were pulling its connected counterpart up. Although she couldn't make it out clearly in the dark, Charli knew exactly who it was.

?D-darla?? Charli started moving backward from her position. The so-called ?crewmate? tilted her head to her.

?Sorry, Charli, but it's your turn now. ? Darla spoke slyly. ?That stupid Tom. He never should've called me names. You should've heard his plea for help, it was hilarious! But, I guess it's too late for him. And now, it's too late for you.? Darla started walking towards the crewmate, holding something shiny and gleamy in her hand.

?Darla?? She continued walking away from the impostor until she bumped into the wall in the hallway. ?Please, don't do this.?

Darla cackled hysterically. ?Why? So you can go back to your little mommy and daddy on your planet? So you can start making out with that dumb Lance? I heard you and your little tantrum from the vents. It's not going to save you. No one will.?

Then the doors burst open. Charli looked to her left and saw the red emergency button, then back at

the impostor. Quickly, she made a run for it, but Darla was too fast, throwing the knife at her leg. She and fell down in pain.

“God...?” Charli examined her leg, noticing a knife in the middle of her right leg. It was excruciatingly painful. The blood started surrounding her, reminding her of Tom’s death. She shook her head. No, I can’t give up now. Gotta fight through the pain. Her hands started groping the ground and pulling the weight of her entire body to the tables in Cafe.

“Charli!” She turned her head around, seeing Lance running from Weapons towards her. “I told you to stay safe! Why didn’t you even listen?” Lance dropped down to his knees and began the medical procedure, something that the instructors taught them during training. He started applying pressure on her puncture wound with the towel inside the medical kit.

“Lance?” Charli spoke softly. “I know who the impostor is.” Her fellow crewmate stopped what he was doing and looked at her.

“Wait, you saw who did this to you?”

“Yeah, and she almost killed me in Admin. Even though I’m not even sure it’s a girl anymore.”

Lance shook her by her arms. “WHO! I SWEAR I’LL KILL THEM WITH MY OWN HANDS!”

“Lance, it’s-?” She stopped short. Something had come through her suit, all the way to her skin. She saw the tip of a knife, stabbing through her stomach. At first, it felt like getting a shot at the local pharmacy, but then the pain increased by a thousand. Her tears from before came back with reinforcements, dripping down faster than ever. Her vision began to blur, and she couldn’t hear what Lance was trying to tell her. Charli saw a long bridge in her mind, with a bright light at the end. Her parents were waving at her, motioning her to come over. From behind, it was darker. She saw her friends, but behind all her friends were holding knives. I don’t want to go back. Maybe there’s something better on the other side. Then Charli crossed the bridge, without taking one look back.

Among Us: The True Story (Chapter 7)

from Scarlet

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Introduction

Yes, it's been a while... but here you go!

Chapter 1

DATE: OCTOBER 12, 2038

THREE SECONDS AFTER EMERGENCY MEETING

CHAPTER 7

"CHARLI, WAKE UP!" Lance shook the girl's body once more. After she closed her eyes, he immediately went to the emergency button, flipped the cover, and slammed it as hard as he could. There was no signal whether she was alive or not. Not even a stir. He checked for her pulse once more. For a split second, he felt it, but it started to slow down. Then it stopped. Their conversation played through his head over and over again. How am I even supposed to tell them I'm fine, that I love them when I'm not even there to say it? With a yell, he threw his helmet across the floor. If he had just stayed with her during the oxygen sabotage. She wouldn't have been dead. She wouldn't have experienced so much pain. "No?"

"Lance?" He looked up to find the voice. It was Darla. She had splotches of blood all over her, coating her shoes and hands. Putting two and two together, Lance figured out what Charli was trying to tell him. He brought himself off the ground and clenched his fist.

"You're the impostor," he scoffed, leveling his eyes with hers. "Aren't you?"

Darla acted all surprised. "What? Now you're accusing me of killing Charli? Well, that's pretty pitiful. You're the one near her dead body and-"

"How did you even know she's dead?" Lance questioned while holding himself back, proving to be very challenging. "She was just about to tell me who it was when a knife came at lightning speed, coming from the hallway you just left from and stabbed her in the back. Literally. And no one was around to see it but me. In fact, she still looks alive, but she's gone. So how in the world do you know she's dead? You should be helping me out here, not turning against me! You're the impostor, Darla. Or should I even call you that anymore?"

Her shoulders stiffened. Her breathing had stopped for a few seconds. "Fine!" She threw her hands up as if she had surrendered to him. "But who will your friends believe? Someone who accused Jenny AND Charli of being the impostor in the last meeting, or someone who said to Jenny it was going to be fine, and also said she knew that it wasn't her fault, but Tom's?" Darla's laughs echoed through the Cafe. He stepped back startled. "It looks like the odds are against you, Lance. Might as well throw yourself off the ship now, before your crew will have to do the dirty work for you." Some footsteps were coming from the entrances. Lance turned around to see his other crewmates coming from the right. When they The only sound that escaped the deafening silence was the fast rhythm of heartbeats. Jenny covered a hand over her mouth. Alex dropped down next to Charli's body, attempting to wake her up. James raked a hand through his hair, while the rest stood watching in silence.

Everyone finally calmed down when the body and blood were removed. They all sat in their designated spots. Each crewmate took a turn to say their side of the story. Jenny claimed she was with Alex after the last meeting, and Aaron stayed by himself, but he occasionally saw Rosaline and Darla

“WHY WON’T YOU GUYS LISTEN! IT’S DARLA, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!” Lance screamed. “SHE KILLED CHARLI AND TOM!”

“Did you even see her kill Charli, Lance?” James looked at him cautiously.

“Um? no, but the knife that stabbed Charli came from there! Check the security cams! It might’ve gotten recorded there!”

“Well, I was with Henry the entire time, so it isn’t him or me,” James vouched sternly. “That means if everyone saw each other, the only people we didn’t see were Charli and Lance.”

The crew looked at Lance with question marks for eyes. He laughed aloud to fill the space. “Common guys... seriously? Me killing Charli? That’s absurd.”

“Excuse me. What?” Darla tilted her head in his direction. “You were the one next to Charli’s body. You were the one that accused the poor girl. You were the one we last saw with Charli. Need any more reasons why we should believe you’re not the impostor?” Lance stared in disbelief as some heads shook in disappointment.

His confidence that once soared began to plummet. “I...” He tried to explain himself. “I swear I’d never kill anyone! Please, you have to believe me! That’s something the impostor would do! It’s Darla! Charli told me it was a girl! And it just so happened that Darla walked up from right where the knife got thrown from!”

“Lance?” Henry backed away from his friend slowly. Others followed suit. “I know you. You hate Charli’s guts and everything as much as me, but the real Lance would never kill anyone, let alone Charli. And that would mean you’re the impostor. It’s Lance. He’s the impostor. Everyone, let’s vote.” The beep noises that once were comforting for Lance turned into a nightmare. He watched helplessly as the results appeared on every crewmate’s screen:

Lance - Seven votes: Darla, Henry, James, Aaron, Rosaline, Jenny, Alex

Darla - One vote: Lance

Deceased - Tom, Charli

The crew looked up from their screens to Lance, who held his shaking hands in front of him for defense. “Guys, you’ve got the wrong person. I-it isn’t me!” He tried to escape, but they were too quick, grabbing him by the arms and pulling him towards his doom.

“NO, PLEASE!” Lance wrestled with his captors as Rosaline and Darla brought the computer from Comms, while Aaron readied the trash chute. He looked at his friends one last time. There was no point now. They were already sure it was him. But as everything was finally in place, he saw Aaron and Alex kept on nodding at each other, like their plan was about to commence.

Henry threw a confused look at the two. “Uh, what are you guys doing? Why do you keep on looking at each other like something’s gonna happen?”

“Guys, what if there’s no impostor?” Alex asked the crew. “What if there’s just some serial killer that’s not an alien? This could be some kind of ritual thing that-”

“What are you talking about? There’s no serial killer, it’s an alien! And that alien’s Lance!”

She bit her lip. “There is no alien. Just some crazy crewmate that needs to vent out their anger by killing us. Let’s all just kill ourselves now, so that we won’t have to experience the pain later on.”

Jenny tried to reason with them. "Alex, Aaron, you have no idea how wrong you are. Please, just step out of there, and we can talk about this."

"This is the right thing to do, Jenny." With a smile, Alex pressed a button on her tablet, and the doors closed.

"ALEX, NO!" The crew peered through the glass, seeing the bodies float through space. Only Lance noticed the computer's results. On the computer, it read Alex was not The Impostor. Aaron was not The Impostor.