

## **Among Us: The True Story (Chapter 5)**

**from Scarlet**

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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."