The answer kills

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Introduction

This is a story based on CharmX's book he's writing, *It's a long night*, which he just started writing.

This story is about a family who was murdered before the Wiltons family.
There is a tale going around the town of Willow. A family of 10. Maybe even 11. Got murdered.
6 female and 4 male and some believe there's another one, +X.
No one had ever figured out who killed them. It's said that one of the family members did it.
Others believe that +X did it.
I? I believe that all of it is fake. Believed. Until one night, I figured out the riddle.

"Dawid, I think I figured out the riddle!" I ran down the stairs as fast as possible. Dawid was watching TV. Looked at me while I run down.
"It goes like this, female, male, female, male, all the rest. Right?"
Dawid looked at me. Looked as if he didn't know what I was talking about.
"Go on" he said.
"It has a pattern. Female were then killed, the rest of them. One male was left!"
Dawid looked surprised to hear that.
"Well, what are we waiting for? We need to tell the police that we figured out the answer. We know who the murderer is!"
The power went down. I heard a bang on the door. Dawid was busy trying to call the police, so he didn't know what was going on. My youngest daughter ran down. She looked petrified
"Mommy, a man is in our room!"
A black figure ran down, holding a knife and what looked to be, a head of a child. I ran out of the house, with Marie. But only her.
I called the police and after half an hour, they arrived. They ran into my house. Looked at the body of my husband, and my children. They looked at me. They said.
"What a poor family. All of them are killed."
They took my body to an autopsy. I was killed the worst way ever. I was burnt from the inside.

How am I able to tell you the story of how I was killed? Well, that's because I'm a ghost.