

Liam Whittleton

Card Throwing Killer

September 21, 2022

So today is my birthday. Obviously, I wasn't expecting much because, well, my family isn't the best at detecting what I want properly. But my expectations were actually kinda very false this year.

I got a cool set of throwing cards because I love throwing cards. And these ones are gold plated with silver-plated edges. These things must've been expensive, so I didn't think I'd get three gifts. And apparently my parents finally caught on to my love of writing and got me a really nice journal. It has black leather on the cover and lined pages. I also love chickens and guess what I got? A CHICKEN. I already knew the perfect name, Steve. I also got a harness so I could walk him.

I threw a card at our dartboard, that I only use for cards, and hit a bullseye from 25 feet away. I have insane accuracy with these cards, and they're a little sharp at the edges. I was excited to try these outside. Because the cards are a little thicker than my thin aluminum plates, there are only 30 in the box but that's fine. So, of course, I'm pretty sure no one is going to read this journal, but just in case I'm not gonna put in much personal stuff. When I go to sleep tonight I clutch my cards. Steve clucks contentedly in the corner. He coos softly. So cute.

September 22, 2022

Every year for my birthday, my parents let me stay home from school for the day and go to the city with them. But today, I went back to school, pretended I was sick the day before and it's actually been a really bad day because we had like 5 tests out of 7 classes, So all those are awful and I think at best, I failed three. So after school both my parents are at work, so I go to our little downtown. I start throwing cards at my friends, and I accidentally give one a cut. They shrug it off, and we go to dinner. It's just pizza, but it tastes so good. I get back and manage to do my homework seconds before my parents get home.

“Hey y’all,” I say.

“Wazzaaaa,” my dad replies. He always loved *The Office*, but I eternally despise it. Not sure why. We watched a movie with dessert and agreed that it is an awful movie right after we finish it.

September 23, 2022

After the night before I’m tired and hardly make it through the day. Today, I went home and fell asleep for a while until I get a knock on our door. I ignored it. I took Steve on a walk with my cards. Armed just in case, and that case is right. That’s not how you say that though, so whatever. I take a long walk and reach the edge of our neighboring town, the shady part. It’s also shady weather, so I have to put on the hood of my sweatshirt and can’t see as well. I walk between buildings, like in an alley. Before I can turn around Steve starts pecking something. I start to stoop down to pick him up. Somebody grabs my shoulder, and I slap off his hand. Steve starts making little chirping, upset noises.

I straighten up and see the guy. Luckily the guy who grabbed me isn’t holding a gun, but a knife is just as bad in close quarters. And he has a knife pulled on me. I can jump really high so that comes in handy right now. I jump on a trash can and reach as high up as I can.

My fingers curl around a metal tube. It curves under my weight but holds me. I pull up and try to reach my foot up, and then I hear a loud caw.

“STEVE, NO” I cry out.

I look down, but it took too long, and the tube snaps. I fall sideways right on my back on top of a big trash can. I hear a loud gong from the lid of the can. I get back up, pull my hand out of my pocket, and let my card fly.

It finds it’s home in his hand, the one with the knife. He drops it, and I pull out another card.

This guy looks like a gangsta' with baggy clothes and a dark hoodie. I can't see anything about him. He pulls a button from his pocket and pushes it. A second later 3 more people rush in, in full black. One of them with a gun.

I jump off the garbage can. I pick up Steve, tuck him under my left arm and grab three cards. These are really risky, but I hope I can pull it off. I arrange them in my hand and flick them out with my thumb. The first one lands itself in the man with the gun's wrist. Yes! It causes him to drop the gun and cry out. He pulls it out.

"Oh my God!" he says "I was treated so much better in prison, I'm outta here."

One of the other cards I flick banks against the wall uselessly and the third hits one of the two uninjured people, right in the temple. He collapses against the ground.

It takes me a second to realize that the two others are hunched over him. I hug Steve close and start sprinting.

I hear a police siren and see it pull up next to the alley where I got jumped. I sprint to a portapotty and wait for a few minutes. Steve wants to get down, but ew, no way. I peer out, and I can't see them. I walk out cautiously and start walking towards home, fast. I hear a siren right on top of me.

"Stop!" the police shout, but they chain me up. I don't look at them because I'm only in eighth grade and my uncle is a policeman, so y'know that would be absolutely awful. I know they've seen the injured guys in the alley, so I say that I was just acting out of self-defense. One of the policemen is holding Steve really gentle, so I think they are okay guys. Steve is really quiet but he is moving his head all-around a bit wonky. The police say, they're not sure but think that if we look at the store's security footage of that alley, it will probably back up my story and prove my innocence. They take me into the station. I tell them about the button the guy pushed. What was that thing?!

October 1, 2022

I woke up and dressed in the fanciest clothes I have and went to court. I have been suspended from school, and my parents took away my cards. But otherwise, they've been helping me a lot. They had to hire a lawyer, and I feel pretty bad about all the money it's costing. We reviewed the video and apparently the first guy was about to stab me, and he would've if I didn't slap his hand away. The judge thought that I was innocent so that is fabulous. The only exception is that I have to check in with them every week for five years. Oh, and me and my chicken can't go out of state for five years. That's why all my friends call him Steve: the Gangsta chicken. You should see his little hoodie!