“What a way to kick off the summer!” My best friend smiled as she sat on the stone cold bench beside me in the middle of the local cemetery. We had just finished our final year in highschool, and even though a huge party was taking place tonight, Lacy and I weren’t big fans of crowds or intoxicated classmates. I laugh, “This totally beats that party.” I take a sip of my soda. Lacy adjusted the sleeves of her sweater, “Yeah, I’ve always preferred the quiet.” I set my soda can down on the dead grass. “Amen to that.” I smiled, noticing my friend looking around nervously. I tilted my head in confusion, “Are you alright?” Her tone of voice changed, her cheerful mood dissolving. “Anna, do you…” she spoke lowly, “Do you think we’ll get in trouble for being out here?” I tried to reassure her, “This cemetery is abandoned, no one comes here anymore.” She continued to scan her surroundings slowly, “I don’t know. This place is starting to give me the creeps.” I started to realize she was right, for there was a strange uneasy feeling in the atmosphere now. The moon was full, but even its bright glow could hardly be seen behind the dark clouds. The wind was steadily blowing, stirring a few dead leaves against the ancient ground. “Maybe it’s best we go.” Lacy whispered, her pale green eyes were full of worry. Giving a nod of agreement, we quickly brought ourselves to our feet, preparing to leave. Suddenly, the snap of a twig broke the silence of the night. We froze in our tracks, praying it was just the wind stirring up more debris. The sounds of heavy footsteps began to echo through the woods surrounding the cemetery. I hoped it was just a deer, or one of our classmates had come to pull a prank on us. The realization of this horrific reality set in as a sinister man emerged from the woods. His clothes appeared dirty as if he had been digging somewhere, and his eyes as pale as ice. I looked over quickly to Lacy, who was trembling with fear. “He’s got a gun!” My terrorized friend cried as she pushed me, urging us to run to safety. Our instincts told us to run and not look back. Hearing the footsteps become louder, we knew we were being followed. I lead Lacy through the woods, hoping whoever was after us would become exhausted and lose our trail. My heart was pounding, as my body became more fatigued with every stride. ‘I can’t die tonight, I just can’t!’ My racing thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the devilish roar of shotgun. I quickly stopped in my tracks, and as I turned my heart shattered. Lacy was trembling, as a pool of blood began to seep from her injured body. She was too hurt to cry out for help. She lost consciousness from blood loss. I wanted to run to her side, but instead was frozen solid with shock as our attacker began to approach the broken body of my best friend, dragging her off. ‘I have to keep running, or he’ll kill me too!’ I screamed in my head, forcing myself to keep going, as tears began to stream down my pale face. “I’m so sorry, Lacy.” I sobbed to myself. Blinded by tears, I strained my eyes to see what was in front of me. Could it be? An overwhelming flood of relief began to rush through my veins, as I noticed a bright light in the distance. With what little energy I had left, I dragged myself to the light that brightened my path with promises of safety. Before I knew it, I was no longer in the woods, but in a wide clearing. The light that had given me hope, was a rusted lantern on the entrance of an old barn. ‘Should I go in?’ I asked myself, then shook my head, ‘It’s either the woods or this. I’ll take the risk.’ I approached the barn, giving the broken door a push, quickly making my way inside. The inside was almost as dark as the woods, but at least I could hide here. Looking around for a room to run to, or a corner to crouch by, I made my way through the main room of the barn. Noticing a dark room in the back, I raced towards it. Here, I was prepared to hide until the break of dawn. ‘Lacy should’ve been here with me.’ My mind began to race again, the flashing events that led to my beloved friend’s gorey demise. That was the last time I’d ever see her. It was the last time I’d ever see her green eyes or hear her laugh. I wanted to scream. I should’ve helped, I knew I could never forgive myself. As I tried to calm down, however, something caught my eye. Some of the decor in this barn appeared odd. There were several bowls in the shape of human skulls, and the rugs on the floor had a rather weird texture. They weren’t even fur rugs. Unable to stop by curiosity, I began to explore deeper. Something about this home wasn’t normal. I hesitated to open the fridge, but was determined to find out the secrets of this mysterious place. I forced myself to peek in, and to my horror, it was a grave mistake. Screaming as I was met with frozen bags of human organs and heads, I slammed the door shut. I turned around as the realization hit me hard like a rock to the head. ‘The man who killed Lacy must live in this place, this is why he was after us...not because we were trespassing.’ I felt horribly sick to my stomach as I realized this is Lacy’s fate. ‘I have to get out of here now!’ I urged myself, ‘He could be back any moment!’ I took a few steps forward until I heard the same heavy footsteps outside. Panic surged through my body as it was too late to leave. I decided to run back into a small closet, quickly closing the door. I listened closely to the slow footsteps. The old floor creaked with every step he took. I held my mouth to stay quiet. ‘What’s that smell?’ I wondered to myself, looking around the closet in search of the cause of such a foul scent. I looked up to see what appeared to be a large suit like article of clothing. Although, it wasn’t necessarily clothing. My eyes widened as I discovered it was a woman’s torso, ‘This man is insane! He’s wearing women like a coat!’ The scent filled my nose, and began to burn my throat. I tried to hold my nose, but couldn’t fight it any longer as my body caved in. Coughing uncontrollably, the panic began tightening in my chest as I knew he was coming for me. I quickly stood up to prepare myself. The closet door was quickly pulled open,and in a matter of seconds, my fragile body was tossed across the main room. My back slammed against the old blood stained wall. I tried to get up, but I felt the man’s ice cold hands forcefully grasp my neck, aiming to keep me pinned to the floor. I thrashed and writhed as waves of pain surged through me. I felt hopeless, I was growing weaker by the second. Never have I wanted to be able to breathe so desparately. I looked over to my left,  grasped a nearby Beer bottle, and struck my attacker in the head. I felt the force around my neck lift as he let go, screaming in agony. I immediately got to my feet, and made a run for the same broken door that I entered in search of safety. I quickly looked back as I heard a low groan. He stood up slowly to face me. He stared at me with the burning fury of a thousand fires, gritting his yellowed teeth. His face was bloody from where I struck him with the glass. I grabbed a large knife off the kitchen counter as he charged toward me like a dog with rabies. The psychotic man howled in agony as I slashed the blade across his eyes, stumbling around as the blood blinded him. I managed to duck everytime his strong arms swung at me, in hopes he’d still be able to make me his next victim. I knew he would remain blind, but I still couldn’t leave just yet. I had to make sure he would never hurt anyone ever again. The injured murderer tripped over the skin rug below him, tumbling over onto his stomach as he rolled around in pain. Quickly making my way over to him, I raised the knife high. “Burn in hell, you sick freak!” I screamed, piercing his vulnerable chest with the rest of my strength. Crying out one last time, he wriggled and writhed as blood pooled all over the floor. He died a few moments later. I finally fled to the door, falling to the cold ground outside as I cried. I was still shocked from tonight’s events. After I called the police to notify them about everything that had happened, they informed me that he was a wanted Serial killer named Ed Gein. They described him as a murderer who slain women and robbed graves. I brought myself to my feet. My body was sore, but my heart hurt the most of all. Tonight, I lost my best friend and escaped a cold-hearted killer. This night would haunt me for the rest of my days.