

Sibling Psycho

By Ken Lopez

Nineteen year old Daniel Mays never experienced such writhing psychological pain before. The eyes of these nine jurors glaring at him in the small Louisiana courtroom was more than he could handle. At one end of the room was a slender high-powered lawyer and at the other his mother, who'd abandoned him at the tender age of six. He felt miniscule, alone with no one to provide him with comfort. His crime was so incredibly unforgiveable and heinous that nobody in the room even thought to talk to him.

Judge Michael Barrett, 67, had served on Louisiana State Supreme Court from fifty years. Old and crotchety with a beard that crowded 75 percent of his face, Barrett was primed to render a decision. Then as everyone in the courtroom and in Williams Valley hung on the judge's next breath, Daniel Mays' twisted mind sauntered off into another dimension.

Daniel's head was filled with past nightmares. He had done so many horrible things to people and yet he still yearned for some kind of redemption. There lay only an overwhelming sense of hopelessness in his soul. He vividly recalled that moment at nine when he skinned his neighbors cat and again at twelve when he stole jewelry from his geography teacher. However, there was something strikingly different in this crime. It was

so abnormal that he couldn't ever erase it from his mind nor would his community allow him to do so.

It happened five years ago on a rain-washed Sunday afternoon in mid-July as Daniel and Julie, his 10-year sister sat by the railroad tracks. This was their typical recreation spot on a summer day and it was the scene of countless good times. But this time, both of their fates took a dramatic turn for the worse. As Julie picked sunflowers by the tracks, Daniel formulated his next move. Meanwhile, the five p.m. train coming from New Orleans and destined for Houston was rapidly approaching.

"Julie come here quick I have a surprise for you," Daniel said, running to her to share an embrace. "So, what do you want? what should I see?" Julie beamed. Looking toward the ground, Daniel snatched her hand and jostled the child. Reaching into his backpack he unveiled a cattle rope and shoved in Julie's face. "You thought I was playing right, you should've known better," Daniel quipped as she struggled to free herself from his arms.

Daniel wasted no time. The train had reached speeds of up to 75 miles per hour, so he knew it was time to act fast. He wound the rope around her waist and neck areas, while stuffing a scarf into her mouth. The act appeared to be taken directly from an old western movie where the female victim was stranded on the tracks. Daniel followed suit

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My First Love: by Jesse Moore Gutierrez

Part II

Well, like I said, that was a while ago. And look, we're still together.

Happy, happy, happy. Actually, since then she has moved in and things haven't been better. We're even talking about starting a family together. Wouldn't that be something? He with kids? Anyhow, we've gone a long way- together. Been

through a whole lot- together. We're gonna be together... forever.

"Nathan! Please! Please, I want to go! I won't tell anyone, I swear... I swear to god! Please let me go!"

"No, no, no... you hush up now, hun. You're fine. You don't need to go anywhere"

Nathan bends over and tightens the leather straps that are around Jane's ankles and wrists. They often come loose from her constant kicking and squirming.

"What would you like to eat today honey?"

"Please Nathan! I wanna go...."

"Chicken noodle soup? Okay, if that's what you want. Anything for my baby."

Jane starts crying, "I'm not you're baby you sonofa bitch!"

"Aw, c'mon. That's no way to talk to me... I'm you're sweetheart. You love me," Nathan replies, smiling.

"No! I don't...."

"What?What!"

Nathan puts his right hand around her throat and pushes her neck into the mattress. He presses a knife into the bottom of one of her eyes, just short of breaking the skin,

"Say it! Say it!" he screams.

Jane cries as she gasps for air,

"I... love...."

"Say it or I'll fuckin' kill you! I'll pop your god damn eyes out... you whore!"

"I love you."

He takes he hand off of her throat. Jane hysterically cries, vomiting onto her heck and chest. He sits down beside her,

"I know you do, and I love you," he gently says as he licks the tears off of her cheeks with long drawn out strokes, "no more tears, okay. We're such a happy couple."

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