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The Curse of Bloody Fingers

By Amanda Zimmermann

“Why do they call him ‘Bloody Fingers?’”

“Cause his fingers are always bloody, stupid.” Davis snapped.

“I *know* that! But *why* are they bloody?” Niles hugged his pillow tighter and glared at Davis.

“Quiet, I’m getting to it.” The three boys settled down again as Ash continued his story. “They say he lost his fingers when his wife attacked him with a cleaver. No one actually knows why but now he stalks through the woods on hot summer nights, like tonight, looking for children. He whisper’s ‘bloody fingers’ just before he SNATCHES YOU!” Ash jumped up for dramatic effect and the other boys squeaked in surprise. “He takes you away to replace his fingers, but it never works. No one ever finds your body.”

“That’s was a stupid ghost story.” Davis sneered, grabbing a fistful of Cheetos. “It wasn’t even about a ghost.”

“If you’re so brave go stand out in the woods by yourself!” James challenged him. “No flashlight.”

Davis stared at him, deciding if it was worth it, finally he stood and unzipped the tent, stepping out into the backyard. The boys had pitched the tent in the back corner of the yard closest to the woods and insisted that they could spend the whole night out there. The other three watched him from the tent window as he marched into the woods, disappearing into the shadows of the trees.

“How long does he have to stay out there?” Niles asked quietly.

“Three minutes is long enough. If he doesn’t piss himself before that we’ll go get him.” They played cards to pass the time but Niles kept looking out the tent window, he had a bad feeling.

“Davis! You’ve proved your point, you’re the manliest man.” The three boys stood on the edge of the woods. Niles had the flashlight aimed into the trees.

“Davis?” Silence. Ash started into the trees, the other two boys followed close behind.

“Davis, where did you go?”

“Hey, here’s his hat.” James picked the blue hat up. A dark stain was splattered across the brim.

“Dude, is that blood?!” Niles voice cracked.

“You don’t think...”

“It’s not a real story, guys.”

“There’s more.” Niles was pointing the flashlight at the ground where the light followed a trail of dark droplets. There was another splash on the bark of a tree nearby.

“It is blood. Oh my god, it’s blood! Bloody Fingers is real and he got Davis!”

“Chill out, Niles. He couldn’t have gone far.” The trail twisted through the trees, some drips here, a smear there.

“It’s headed towards the house.”

“Is he going after your parents too, Ash?!” The trio ran across the yard and up the back deck to find Davis, tear-stained cheeks and all, sniffing as Ash’s mom bandaged up his gashed fingers.