

HALLOWEEN AT THE BRODERICK MANSION

By Cherokee Echols

“Come on baby it will be fun.”

“No.”

“Why not? I have the perfect costumes for us both to wear.”

“No.”

“Damn it Mackenzie you are just being bull headed!”

“Honey listen, I love you but I do not want to get dressed up for some costume party and hang out at the old haunted mansion at the edge of town. It’s creepy.”

“It is Halloween it is supposed to be creepy.”

“No, please honey I really just don’t want to go back there.”

“What do you mean go back there?”

“It’s nothing. I just don’t want to go to the costume party.”

“No, now wait Mackenzie. We have been together for almost six months and I don’t remember you ever mentioning going out to the old Broderick Mansion. When did you do this?”

Mackenzie looked into the beautiful brown eyes of her lover and she recalled back eleven years earlier looking into a different set of big beautiful brown eyes. The wave of emotion in recalling those eyes took the wind out of her and she sat dejectedly on the end of the couch. Jourdon sat next to her and took Mackenzie’s hands into her lap as she waited for her lover to speak. She could see the pain and emotions reflected in the hazel eyes that normally bore strength and confidence.

Mackenzie sat back on the couch and took a deep breath then blew it out slowly as she weighed in her mind how to start the story.

“Eleven years ago while I was in my first year of law school a group of us decided to break in and spend the night at the old Broderick Mansion for Halloween. We thought it would be fun and we could blow off some steam and get rid of some of the pressure we had been under all semester.”

“Break in? That wasn’t very wise for a group of law students was it?”

Mackenzie looked at Jourdon with irritation. “Do you want to hear the story or regale on how stupid I was in my youth?”

“Sorry honey, go on please I want to know about your night in the Broderick mansion.”

“Well we got there a little after 11:00 with a couple of ice chest full of beer, some snacks and a CD player. While we were unloading, another car full of girls from Vassmore pulled up with the same idea so we decided to join each other and have a really great Halloween party.”

Mackenzie drifted back eleven years in her mind she could feel the cold dampness of the air and smell the rotting leaves. She involuntarily shivered as she was once again back in time in front of the Broderick Mansion.

“Hey Mackenzie hurry up with the tunes girl, let’s get this party started.”

“Don’t get your panties in such a wad, I’m coming.”

The old mansion was dusty and musty inside and very eerie with all the candles and lanterns strewn about the main hall and parlor. The smell from the fire someone started in the huge fireplace assaulted Mackenzie’s nose bringing her attention to the fireplace. That is when she first spotted her standing there looking into the fire. It was as if someone had reached into Mackenzie’s mind and pulled out the image of her dream woman.

Mackenzie’s mouth grew dry as she stood there rooted to the spot she was in staring at the beautiful woman by the fireplace. She wanted to go up to her but could not make her feet move. Then the goddess turned and looked into Mackenzie’s eyes and started walking towards her.

“Hi, I’m Dorianne.”

“Ma... Ma... Mac... Mackenzie, I’m a, that is I’m Mackenzie Cage.”

Mackenzie was caught in the deep depths of those beautiful brown eyes that were smiling playfully at her she could feel herself being drawn in closer to this beautiful woman.

“Mackenzie! Girl are you ever going to get those tunes started? This is supposed to be a party and what is a party with out music?” A woman shouted from across the room.

Mackenzie turned to hit the play button on the boom box and then turned back to the beautiful woman she had been talking to but she was not there. Mackenzie quickly scanned around the room for her but could not find her anywhere. She decided to get a beer before wondering around looking for the beautiful Dorianne with the big brown eyes and deep dimples.

Mackenzie had wondered around downstairs looking for Dorianne but could not find her so she decided to see if maybe she had gone up stairs. Mackenzie was starting up the stairs when she heard a blood curdling scream come from the other room. She ran toward the scream along with everyone else in the house.

Lying on the floor was a pretty little blond her eyes open and glassed over. The first thing Mackenzie noticed was the odd angle her head lay when she realized the woman's neck must be broken.

"Shouldn't we call the police and an ambulance?"

Mackenzie kneeled down by the body "Yes call 911 and request an ambulance and the police."

Mackenzie didn't know the woman on the floor and assumed she must have been one of the girls from the Vassmore group. Standing at the back of the group Mackenzie spotted Dorianne. As Mackenzie walked towards Dorianne she noticed that her checks were tear stained.

"Hey Dorianne, I'm Mackenzie remember?"

Dorianne had a bewildered look upon her face and then a flash of recognition. "Yes I remember by the fire place. Is...is she dead?"

"Yes, I'm sorry she is. It looks like her neck is broke. Do you know her?"

Dorianne slowly shook her head yes as tears built up and started pouring down her face again. Mackenzie pulled her into an embrace and stroked the back of her head.

"Her name is Karin. We used to be lovers but haven't been together for a year or more."

"Come on let's go into the other room and let the police take care of this."

"How did it happen? How did she break her neck?"

"I don't know. I am sure the police will figure it out."

They went into the other room where the other women were being questioned by the police or quietly sobbing in each others arms.

"Mackenzie can we please go up stairs? I would like to be alone for a while."

"Sure, come on I think it will be okay."

They walked up the stairs by the light of a lantern that Mackenzie grabbed on the way. The light throwing eerie shadows about the stairs and hallway caused Mackenzie to have

a feeling of un-easiness in her stomach. They entered the first door and found a room that still had an old bed set up in it with a dirty and stained mattress. They sat on the edge of the bed with the lantern on the floor. Dorianne's body still shook with her quiet sobs.

Mackenzie pulled her close and gently massaged her neck as she whispered soothingly into her ear that everything would be alright.

Dorianne looked into Mackenzie's eyes and then they kissed. First the kiss was gentle and then it grew with the passion that the living often needs to feel after a death.

"Mackenzie please, please make love to me." Dorianne had the sound of desperation in her voice.

Mackenzie laid Dorianne back on the stained mattress and raised her shirt to find Dorianne's nipple with her mouth. Dorianne pulled her in closer desperately needing to feel her passion. Mackenzie's hand was finding its way down Dorianne's stomach when another blood curdling scream was heard through out the house and Mackenzie jerked up right. Dorianne seemed unfazed by the commotion and tried to pull Mackenzie's mouth back to her breast.

"We need to go see what that was." Mackenzie said as she stood to go out the door.

"No wait, please come back and make love to me."

"But we need to go and find out why some one screamed it could be important."

Mackenzie left Dorianne in the room and rushed down stairs to find out what the new commotion was about. As she hit the bottom of the stairs she could see people mingling around the little storage area under the stairs.

"What is it? Who screamed this time?"

The woman standing in front of Mackenzie turned around to her. "They found Aishah, she is dead too just like Karin her neck is broke."

Fear gripped Mackenzie as she realized that there had to be a murder amongst them. There is no way two women could have had accidents that broke their necks in separate parts of the house.

"Okay ladies I am Detective Sergeant Ellison. I need everyone to calm down and gather in the front parlor so that we can determine what is going on here."

Mackenzie turned to go into the front parlor with the rest of the women when she saw Dorianne standing at the top of the stairs looking down at the crowd of women assembled

at the bottom. Mackenzie climbed the stairs to tell her the police wanted everyone in the parlor.

“Come on Dorianne they want all of us in the front parlor. There is another dead woman her name was Aishah. Did you know her?”

Dorianne slowly shook her head yes with tears streaming down her face. “She broke up with me just two weeks ago.”

“You mean both of the women who are dead are exlovers of your? How odd can that be? I bet the police are going to want to know that.”

“Wait Mackenzie please. I’m scared I don’t want to go down there right now. Please come back into the bedroom with me and make love.”

“You have to be kidding. Two women appear to have been murdered and you want to have sex?”

“You’re just like them aren’t you? I am only good enough for you when it is at your convenience.”

“What the hell are you talking about? Listen the cops want us all downstairs in the parlor. Are you coming?”

“No! I said I want you to stay up here with me and make love.”

Mackenzie noticed the wild look in Dorianne’s eye and took a step away from her towards the stairs. “I’m sorry but I’m going downstairs.”

Dorianne lunged for Mackenzie. Mac caught the sight of Dorianne out of the corner of her eye and quickly stepped to the side as Dorianne lost he balance and fell down the stairs.

“Oh, Mackenzie did she kill the women? Was she trying to kill you too?”

Mackenzie sat on the couch visible shaken from recalling that horrible night at the Broderick Mansion so many years ago.

“Yes, apparently there were several bad events that happened in her life that made her snap and she was trying to kill everyone she felt had left her. Her Father had left when she was a child, her Mother had died and then she lost one girlfriend after another. The police think the finally straw came when her younger sister was taken away by social workers because Dorianne couldn’t support her after their Mother died.”

“Come on honey let’s go to bed now. You look like you are exhausted.”

Mackenzie allowed herself to be led upstairs into the bedroom where Jourdon helped her to undress and climb into bed.

“Mackenzie, you said Dorianne lost her balance and fell down the stairs.”

“Yes, she did, but can we not talk about this anymore? I am really tired and just want to go to sleep.”

“But I was just thinking couldn’t you have grabbed her and kept her from falling or did you maybe push down the stairs?”

“What? Jourdon what the hell are you talking about? She tried to kill me and she did kill the other two women. I am lucky she didn’t take me down those stairs with her. She was crazy.”

Mackenzie had sat up in bed and was looking into Jourdon’s eyes when she noticed how similar Jourdon and Dorianne’s eyes were. She had never noticed it before because she had not thought of Dorianne in such a long time. But tonight after recalling the story it was so obvious.

“Mackenzie, what is wrong with you? You have the strangest look on your face.”

“Your eyes, they look so similar to Dorianne’s, I never noticed it before tonight.”

“You think they do? Why do you think that is?”

“I have no idea. I guess it is because I was recalling the story and she is fresh in my mind.”

Jourdon was suddenly on top of Mackenzie forcing her back down on to the bed with her hands wrapped around Mackenzie’s neck. Mackenzie struggled to break free of her hold.

“No Mackenzie perhaps our eyes are so similar because Dorianne was my older sister. You could have grabbed her and kept her from falling to her death but you did nothing to help her!”

Mackenzie finally broke free from Jourdon’s grip knocking her aside and ran for the door.

“No damn you! You’re not escaping me. You need to pay for her death. It has taken me years to track you down.” Jourdon screamed at Mackenzie as she closed in on her at the top of the stairs.

Mackenzie felt Jourdon grasp her by the shirt and she quickly pulled it off over her head causing Jourdon to become off balanced and fall down the stairs.

There bright lights everywhere and she could hardly move but Mackenzie keep seeing big beautiful brown eyes in her minds eye. Those big brown eyes that were going to kill her.

A nurse stood looking into the tiny window of a door. “Doctor, who is our new patient in room 169?”

“That is Mackenzie Cage. She was brought in by the police today. Apparently she was found by some family members squatted over the body of a dead woman at the bottom of her stairway ranting about not killing her. They called the police and when the police woman got there she looked up at her and ran screaming that her brown eyes were going to kill her.”

A woman sat alone in a straight jacket in a tiny padded cell mumbling to herself about big beautiful brown eyes would get you killed; watch out for women with big brown eyes.

The End

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