

## One Bad Fortune Cookie

At a Chinese restaurant, I opened my fortune cookie and read this: “Your life is in danger. Say nothing to anyone. You must leave the city immediately and never return. Repeat: Say Nothing.”

Immediately, I told my friend and laughed about it. That is when I noticed something wrong. Randomly, my friend got up, went in the back of the restaurant, and came back red-eyed, wielding a katana. I defended myself and ended up killing my friend. I do not believe he was actually inside himself anymore; in his place was a demon.

As I ran outside, I realized random people were staring at me, intensely. Once I get home, I grab my B.O.B. (Bug Out Bag) and some more supplies. I got in my pick-up and took off for my grandparent’s ranch in the middle of Nebraska.

On my way, I encountered many strange things. In fields where I knew horses, cows, and wildlife to graze, there were none. As I was trying to find where all of the animals went, I stumbled upon the reason for the missing animals. It was a demon camp. I immediately took a few paces back. I did not believe that I was spotted, but I covered my tracks on my way back to my pick-up, in case they sent out scouts. I returned later with a compound bow and found out I was right about my scout idea. Doing the best I could to stay quiet; I attempted to take out some of the scouts and succeeded in taking out 6 of them. Then, I took them into the trees far enough so they would not be found. I was surprised by a blow to the head. I awoke several hours later in a daze. There was a man of average height in his 30’s; he was a slightly scrawny man, like one you can tell is a scholar but could hold his in a fight. He was blessing me with holy water and a bible. I figured he must have been a priest. He realized I was awake and stopped momentarily to look at me; then he finished his prayer. Once he was done, I asked him what he

was doing there. He explained that he was a priest sent from the pope to keep an eye on the demon camp. When he saw me, he guessed I was just a hiker and did not want me to get possessed, which was why he had to knock me out.

We got to know each other a little better, I found out his name was Jonathon, Jon, and I explained what I was doing out there. He said it was not a surprise, as the devil was planning an uprising, and he was trying to kill everyone he thought could stop him. Apparently, I was a major player in this game.

That's when we heard the screams. It was unlike anything I had ever heard before, and sent a chill down my back. Jon said, "They must have found the dead bodies and caught a scent." He led me through the forest and we came to a clearing where an abandoned church stood. Jon said that we could make our final stand there. It made sense to me, so I followed him along.

Once the demons found us, we had the church barricaded. While we were putting up the barricades Jon looked as though he was being pushed back by some force; I thought nothing of it at the time. Jon had an assortment of weapons to add to my bow, rifles, and shotguns. We both outfitted ourselves and once the battle started, it dragged on for what felt like days but was only mere hours. I felt as though I was being helped by someone inside of me. When the demons finally started backing off, Jon came up to me with a bottle of water, and I started to drink. That is when he tried to kill me. Strangely, I was ready for it and put a knife through his throat. The demons scattered after that. It was as if they had no prime directive.

When I reached my grandparents ranch, I started typing this to let everyone know. Be prepared everyone, the end may be near.