

OCTOBER RUNS RED

The following is a work of fiction. All of the characters and event depicted in this book are of the author's own imagination. Any similarities between this or any other work is completely coincidental.

October Runs Red

2015 Edition

A Product of The Infinite Doctrine

Copyright 2015

Also Available From The Infinite Doctrine

The Infinite Doctrine Vol. 1 (Spring 2015)

The Hilliard Haunting (Fall 2015)

The October Trilogy

October Runs Red

October's Shattered Graves (Fall 2015)

October's Unrest (Spring 2016)

The Scout Brooks Series

The Scout Brooks Story: The Freshman Invasion

Slimeborgs of the Behemoth: A Scout Brooks Story (Book 2)

Scout Brooks vs. The Squirms (Coming 2016)

Follow @:

[www.facebook.com/theinfinitedoctrine](http://www.facebook.com/theinfinitedoctrine)

[www.facebook.com/thescoutbrooksstory](http://www.facebook.com/thescoutbrooksstory)

[www.facebook.com/thehilliardhaunting](http://www.facebook.com/thehilliardhaunting)

## The Residents of Stewart Hollow

Carly Simmons – A young and pretty woman who took charge of the annual Halloween Festival at an early age. Her murder is the first in a serial killers sick plan.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons – Parents who were out of town at the time of their daughter's death. They were planning a move to Portland in the spring.

Sheriff Ben Carter – The young Sheriff of Stewart Hollow is a loner. He cares for the safety of his town and has never faced crimes this brutal in his career.

Deputy Allan Reed – Second in command to Sheriff Carter. His inexperience with horrific crimes like these echo that of his superior.

Stacy Reed – Allan's beautiful wife. She works at the local hospital, and seems a little too excited with the suddenly high number of corpses.

Bethany Kidd –The sweet, old receptionist at the police station. The only thing she's guilty of is having a crush on the mailman.

Kelly Rodgers – A pretty, yet stubborn journalist who keeps trying to break a huge story and get the police to slip up. She loves controversy, but she might have also done something that could upset a madman.

Ashley Penner – A young woman who was old friends with Carly Simmons. Carly's death leaves her in charge of the festival planning.

Mark Jenson – Ashley's boyfriend enjoys his holiday traditions and seems to always get off easy when working at the festival. Claims he has 'a man inside.'

Brady Murphy – Marks best friend just got a job at the Halloween store in town. He shows an occasional shady side to his personality, almost like he's protecting a secret – or someone.

Brandon Becker – Carly Simmons’ neighbor. He lives with his brother and lied to the police about his whereabouts the night of Carly’s murder.

Aiden Becker – Brandon’s younger brother. Concerned about the lying, he creates his own suspicions about his brother, even though he always has his back.

Bruce Slater – He runs the community center where he employs all of those that are involved with the festival. He loves the tradition and the attention the town receives from the annual celebration.

Ms. Eleanor Cook – An older and more grumpy employee of the community center. She works as more of a servant to Bruce than an actual receptionist.

Abe – A working veteran of the Postal Service, he delivers the mail on time everyday to the police station. He just happens to also deliver them the spark that ignites a bloody massacre.

Kristen Keller and Laura Nelson – Two friends of Ashley’s, who seem to have followed in her footsteps since high school. One’s slightly shy, and the other is a self-centered brat.

Officer Jamie Dart – A rookie cop who has only been on the job for roughly a month. He claims he’s “always looking for that first big break.”

John Blankenship – The owner who turns his general store into a Halloween costume shop every year. He’s willing to let some of his normal business suffer in light of tradition.

Bernard Hopkins – Stewart Hollow’s frustrated Mayor. He tries to stay out of the way throughout the investigation, but all hermits decide to show themselves eventually.

# 1

September 30<sup>th</sup> – 11:59 PM

A carved pumpkin sat on a bail of hay on the Simmons' Farm in the cool night. The candle inside was flickering on its last life. Knelt down in front of the pumpkin, a dark figure sat. He'd been watching the house for hours - keeping an eye on Carly Simmons, the beautiful 20-something in charge of the annual Halloween Festival. This would be the last year she would be in charge of anything.

The figure glanced at his watch as it struck midnight. October 1<sup>st</sup> – it was time to set the plan in motion. October was going to be remembered in Stewart Hollow from now on, but not because of the annual celebration. There was a new tradition taking form.

The figure's palms were sweating and his heart was pounding. It was all part of the experience – the tradition.

He watched as Carly passed by the kitchen window and then stood up. Sheltered by the night, he crept through the yard and towards the house - knife in hand.

October 1<sup>st</sup> – 10:15 AM

October had begun in Stewart Hollow, Oregon. The summer's warmth was fading faster than usual, and the trees had turned a bright orange-yellow with only hints of green remaining. Dying leaves littered the streets of downtown.

Stewart Hollow was a small town with only one really busy, name-fitting street – Main Street. It was home to dozens of shops and diners. People did all their shopping there instead of heading into the city for the larger franchises.

A beat-up mail truck pulled up along the side of the road where people were walking. It came to a stop and its' hazard lights began to flash. An older man, dressed in the required light blue uniform, stepped out of the truck with a hand full of letters and magazines. He walked two doors down from where he parked to the Sheriff's Department.

Inside, the receptionist sat at her desk. Bethany Kidd was an older woman, and had been with the department for over twenty years.

The mailman walked through the front door, rattling a string of ringing bells. Bethany looked up and smiled.

“Good morning, Abe,” she said in a friendly tone.

Abe smiled back, and dropped the stack of mail on her desk. “Good morning, Bethany. Happy October.”

“Same to you. Bring us anything good today?” Bethany rhetorically asked, while fingering through the stack of letters.

Abe smiled. “The planning committee called me last night. Looks like we’ll be in charge of the bake off this year. Mary has some really good recipes she’s been tinkering with.”

“Like?” Bethany grinned, knowing he wouldn’t tell.

“It’s a secret.”

“C’mon, Abe. Just a little hint?”

“Sorry, Bethany. I’ve sworn an oath to protect Mary’s recipes until the festival.” Abe turned and headed for the door. He tipped his hat on the way out. “Until next time.”

The bells jingled once more as he left.

Sheriff Ben Carter, tall dark and fairly young for his position, approached Bethany’s side. “I bet that if good old Abe there wasn’t married, you’d be all over that. Am I right?”

“All over that?” Bethany laughed at his choice of words and then nodded. “You bet I would.”

Carter laughed, and watched Bethany finish going through the mail. “Anything good?”

She pulled out two letters from the stack and tossed one of them aside – the electric bill.

“That can wait.” Carter joked.

“This one is addressed to the Stewart Hollow Sheriff’s Department.” Bethany handed the letter to Carter. He looked it over for a minute. There was no return address, and it had been postmarked from within the town. What caught his eye was a small pumpkin sticker at the bottom right corner.

“Early Halloween card maybe?” Bethany asked.

“Let’s find out.”

Carter tore it open and pulled out a folded piece of notebook paper. Once unfolded, he stared at a boldly typed message. Bethany saw a look of confusion in his eyes.

“What is it?” She asked, as her playful manner dissipated. He looked up from the letter, and finally laid it out in front of her.

*My demons have a thirst,  
And my hands reek of death.  
By October 31<sup>st</sup>,  
In peace this town will rest.  
Take heed on what I’ve said,  
For this October will run red.*



## 2

October 1<sup>st</sup> – 11:56 AM

The Stewart Hollow Community Center was buzzing. The gymnasium had filled and everyone was waiting to hear his or her assigned jobs for the festival. It was tradition that on October 1<sup>st</sup>, everyone who would be involved would receive their job so they could start planning. The festival was only four short weeks away.

The crowd in the gymnasium was growing impatient. A tall man with gray hair stood in front of the crowd. He wore a brown suit with an orange tie. This was Bruce Slater. He had been running the community center for years. Next to him was a younger woman in her mid twenties. Her dark hair rested on her shoulders, and her black-rimmed glasses gave her a very professional appearance. This was Bruce's second in command – Ashley Penner.

Ashley noticed the crowd becoming uneasy. She leaned over and whispered over the noise. "She should be here any second."

Bruce, keeping his eyes in front, whispered back. "Carly knows what time the meeting is. This isn't like her."

“I spoke with her on the phone last night. She was worrying that we were going to be behind schedule. Trust me, she’ll be here.”

“She has two minutes, then we’re starting without her.”

“I’ll give her another call.” Ashley pulled out her iPhone from her pocket and went out into the hall where it was quieter. She dialed and got the voicemail. “Carly, it’s Ashley again. You better get here as soon as you can. Bruce is going to start losing his patience soon and everyone is waiting. You better not have overslept!”

Ashley ended the call and saw two guys walking towards her from the entrance at the end of the hallway.

“Mark!” She called out.

Mark Jenson and his buddy, Brady Murphy, walked in a generically ‘cool’ manner. Mark nodded to his girl.

“Well, hey beautiful.”

The three of them met in the hallway and Mark leaned in to kiss her, but she dodged it.

“What?” he said; his manhood crushed.

“Have you guys seen Carly anywhere?”

“No, we just got here,” Mark said, feathering his hair back.

“Why are you guys even late? The meeting is going to start any second.” She looked from Mark to Brady. Brady was

shorter than his friend, with a nerdy appearance, but he pulled it off well.

“I just got hired at the costume store, so we were checking out the stock.” Brady said.

“Yeah well, you guys are going to be assigned your jobs for the festival, so get in there.” Ashley was all business.

The guys followed Ashley into the gymnasium.

2:56 PM

Sheriff Carter hung up the phone in his office, just as his Deputy, Allan Reed, walked in. Allan was a shorter man, younger, and athletically shaped man. Carter looked up at him. Allan had a strange look on his face.

“What is it?” Carter asked, on the edge of his seat.

“There’s been a murder,” Reed responded.

“Where?”

“The Simmons farm. Carly Simmons was murdered.”

Carter looked at the letter, which was laid out in front of him. He then looked at Reed, who had a look of dread.

“Let’s go.” Carter grabbed his keys.

It was only a five-minute drive to the Simmons farm. When they arrived, the press was there to greet them. The farm had

been quarantined by crime scene tape. Carter went into the house, and Reed held off the media.

The scene was grisly. Carly Simmons was sprawled out on the kitchen floor. She had been stabbed numerous times in her chest, stomach and back. Blood splatter had hit the walls and cabinets and had pooled neatly beneath her body.

Carter walked outside minutes later, removing his latex gloves. He met with Reed by the attached garage.

“There hasn’t been a murder in Stewart Hollow in almost ten years. And now we get one on the same day we receive that letter.” Carter said, looking around at the cluttered mess of reporters, police and medics.

“So you think it’s safe to say they’re connected?” Reed asked.

“It would appear so.” Carter looked around with a purpose. “Where’re the parents?”

Reed pointed over by a police car. Carly’s parents were standing by the car, being questioned by another officer.

“The father’s doing alright, but the mother’s a wreck.” Reed explained.

“Wouldn’t *you* be if your daughter was slaughtered?”

Reed followed Carter over to the parents.

“Mr. and Mrs. Simmons?” Carter asked upon arriving.

They looked up and nodded. Mrs. Simmons' make up had run down her face and Mr. Simmons appeared to have been crying as well.

"I am so sorry for the loss of your daughter," Carter began. "We promise we are going to do everything in our power to catch her killer."

"Who would do such a thing?" Mr. Simmons asked, struggling to hold back his emotions.

"I don't know. Did Carly have any enemies or recent confrontations with anyone?" Carter asked. Reed jotted down notes in his pad behind Carter.

"I...I don't think so."

"Has there been anyone hanging around the house recently that you weren't familiar with? Any frequent visitors?"

Mr. Simmons thought for a moment. "Just our neighbor, Brandon. Brandon Becker. He's been over here a lot lately. I think he had a thing for Carly. She was getting annoyed with him constantly bugging her."

Reed wrote it all down.

"You found her body an hour ago, correct?" Reed asked.

"Yes, Deputy."

"You just got home from a...?"

“Business meeting. We were in Portland for the weekend. We were planning on moving there in the spring.”

“And your wife was with you?”

“Yes.”

“Someone in Portland can confirm this, I trust?”

“Yes, sir.”

Mrs. Simmons had her head buried in her hands. She was starting to lose control.

“When was the last time you spoke with your daughter, Mr. Simmons?” Carter asked.

“Last night around ten or so.”

“Did she act strangely at all?”

“She was hoping Brandon didn’t come over. She also mentioned something about a lit pumpkin out in the yard somewhere.” Mr. Simmons said, forgetting that fact from earlier. He looked around the farm, as did Carter and Reed.

“There!” Reed pointed out into the yard. Sitting in front of the cornfield was a bail of hay with an eerie looking scarecrow sticking out of it. On that bail of hay, sat a pumpkin. The officers made their way to it and examined it.

“What do you think, Sheriff?” Reed asked.

“Let’s get this thing in for fingerprints.”

3:33 PM

Mark Jenson was laying on his couch, shoes off and a bowl of chips on his chest. The late afternoon sun gleamed through the blinds in his living room and placed a glare on his television screen.

Ashley Penner walked into the room from behind him to see a black and white zombie movie on the television. She held a can of cola and sat down next to him, forcing him to adjust on the couch accordingly.

“What are you even watching?” she asked, disgusted by the sight of zombies biting into peoples’ necks.

“Zombie Invasion 4. It’s the 31 days of Halloween marathon. It’s tradition, Ash. If were going to be living together, you have to respect the marathon.” Mark said without once removing his eyes from the screen.

“Well, the only tradition I care about right now is the festival.” She rolled her eyes. “And I see you managed to get ‘Ice Cream Vendor’ again this year. How did you manage that three years in a row?”

“I have a man on the inside,” Mark joked.

“Who?”

“If I tell you, I’ll have to kill you,” he smiled.

Ashley gave him a hard slap on the shoulder, just as her cell phone rang. She stood up and walked the table in the other room of the apartment to grab it.

“Hello?” She answered in a perky tone. She quickly became horrified and quiet. The silence drew Mark’s attention. He looked at her and mouthed:

“What’s wrong?”

Ashley began to cry and she dropped to her knees. Mark was instantly by her side. “What’s wrong, Ash?”

“Carly’s dead!” Ashley cried, and buried her head into Mark’s chest as he hugged her tight.

5:59 PM

Sheriff Carter sat in his office, typing up his report. Deputy Reed entered the room with a knock. He leaned in and dropped the mysterious envelope on his desk.

“Any luck?” Carter asked with little hope in his voice.

“Aside from us and a few postal employees, there are no other fingerprints on it. Same with the pumpkin - it’s clean.”

“Well then.” Carter said, disappointed with the results. “I’m going to head over to Brandon Becker’s house, ask him a few questions. You want to come?”



“Can’t. I need to finish my report then I told Bethany I’d give her a ride home.”

“Suit yourself.”

6:20 PM

Carter arrived at the Becker house at dusk. The sun was setting and the air had cooled down quite noticeably. Leaves blew across the yard as Carter made his way to the front door. He knocked then looked off to his right where he could see the Simmons house across the field.

The door opened up and a young man in his twenties stood on the other side. He dressed in a red hooded sweatshirt and jeans torn at the knees.

“Can I help you?” he asked, confused by the sudden police presence.

“Are you Brandon Becker?”

“No, I’m his brother, Aiden.”

“Is Brandon home?”

“Sure, hang on.” Aiden turned and called for his brother. Moments later, Brandon arrived in the doorway. He was taller than Aiden, and wore an oversized white v-neck and kakis.

“Yes?” Brandon asked.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

