



Charm Bracelet

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Mystery

The little girl strolled down the street holding her guardian's hand, her charm bracelet glinted in the warm September sun. Passer byes hurried out of their way. There were rumors about this little girl. Whispers of "She kills people", and "Those charms are the souls she's stolen." Behind closed doors and tightly locked shutters. The truth? She added a new charm to her bracelet for ever life she took.

She and her guardian were on their way home. A new charm had been added, looking very out of place among the others. This charm was special to her, amidst the colorful princess crowns, books and rainbows, it sat as a beacon of what she'd accomplished. A scythe, steel gray and deep purple hung next a harmless little unicorn. She had earned this charm.

She had killed the man who made her, the one who trained her. Her father. He had tried to cause her harm, tried to kill her. He should have known not to, but in the man's old age he underestimated the capabilities of the young assassin.

Her father was a horrible man. He used women to give him more "children". He had used her mother, and killed her. It was his fault her mother was dead. The thought of that had made her blood boil. It was her father's fault that he too was dead. Bleeding out between his own silken sheets. Aspen giggled at the thought of it. No one would suspect a thing, like usual. She knew on one would suspect her. They never did. She seemed to just radiate innocence.

Unknown to the young assassin, someone knew who she was and her secret. Unbeknownst to young Aspen someone was watching her on her journey home. The black cloaked figure laughed as he watched the people scurry like little mice out of the girl's way. He knew she was the one. He had to get her. She was perfect for his

army. The figure disappeared as the young girl and her guardian strolled out of view.

Her guardian opened the door to their house and Aspen ran to her room to clean her weapons in preparation. As she cleaned the blood off her beloved mother's dagger, Aspen pondered her next kill. Miss Elizabeth, her guardian's maid knocks on the door. Jumping, Aspen is brought back to reality. "Come in." She called as she slid her dagger back into its sheath. She heard the door open and Miss. Elizabeth's heavy foot falls as she entered the room. "Mame, mistress Serenity has asked me to inform you that your brother, Master Sebastian has been released from prison." Aspen sighed deeply to hide her sudden anger. "Thank you for informing me Miss. Elizabeth." Miss Elizabeth bows and walks out.

The young assassin messed with her mother's sapphire ring as she stalked to Serenity's study. Aspen walked in without knocking. She slams her hands down on the desk, causing the beautifully painted teacup to clatter against its matching saucer. Earl gray tea sloshed out the sides and landed on the beautifully crafted mahogany desk it sat on. "I will not let that animal back on the streets. He'll just hurt more girls. He doesn't deserve to be on the streets." The young girl hit the desk again causing the teacup to tip over and fall off the desk, shattering.

"Aspen, love you need to calm down." Serenity states calmly, her thick English accent and calm voice, almost makes Aspen calm down. Almost, till she remembers who her brother is. He was just like their father. He used people to get the things he wanted: Money, drugs, anything you can imagine. He used people to get it, and her hurt little girls. Younger than Aspen. "I will not calm down! You don't know my brother the way I do. He can't roam free. He just can't. I have to stop this." She stated, already planning his murder. "Aspen, now wait a minute. You can't kill him tonight. People will suspect something is going on." Her guardian tried to reason with her. "I don't care! I'm not going to let any one go through what I went through!" She yells back. Serenity sighs, and just gives up with reasoning with her. She sits back down at her desk. "What shape should I pick up this time?" Aspen had already thought about this, she had dreamed of ending her brother once and for all. Without a second thought she replied, "Get me a rat shaped charm." She had chosen a rat because that's all her brother was. A filthy, no good, dirty rat. That's all he'll ever be.

Aspen prepared as day turned to night. Something dark and malevolent seemed to hover over her all evening. Within an hour of the conversation with Serenity, she had found out where he was saying. It was nearby, in walking distance which was good for the young assassin. At the stroke of midnight, she snuck out and stalked to the tavern her wretched brother was staying at. She snuck into his room and purposely knocked something

over. He awoke with a start and looked at her. His face paled like he had seen a ghost. Aspen giggled, "What's wrong brother dearest? Not happy to see your little sister?" Her brother put his head between his hands. "I have to be dreaming. I-I thought I killed you." He pinched himself then looked up. Sebastian jumped back when he seen Aspen was sitting on the bed in front of him. "But you did brother dearest," She took off the lace choker she always wore, it hid her scars. "I died that day, but then mummy and her friend brought me back. I can't die now, but..." The young assassin paused as she pulled out her dagger. "...You can." She plunged the dagger deep into her brother's heart. Her dainty white gloves quickly soaked though with blood. She didn't care. She watched the life leave her brother's eyes as he once did to her. She pulled the dagger out and just sat there for a few long minutes. She felt a presence behind her and whirled around, only to be met by a sharp pain in her neck, then darkness.

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