

# Devil's Smile

Prasanna Krishnan

An alarm went off. It was as if the alarm was ringing at a distance in some dream. Then she realized it was ringing near her. Her eyes were groggy when she woke up. She realized she was lying in her sofa. She switched off the alarm. She was lying there with a pillow tucked under her head and her favorite bed sheet on top of her. A screensaver was running in the smart TV that hung in the hall. A faint glow of sunlight was trying to steal its way into the hall from the kitchen window. The hall windows had been closed shut and curtain closed. It was strange. She always liked to leave the windows open for the night to get the breeze in. Also, she preferred the sunlight to welcome her into the day.

She made an effort to slowly sit up. That's when she realized she was only wearing purple negligee. It seemed new. Also, she could not recollect when she fell asleep yesterday in her negligee not even bothering to put on her usual nightwear. She slowly stood up. Her body pained. She started walking towards the kitchen to get some water. She felt thirsty enough to tear through a bottle of water. When she stepped near the entrance of the kitchen she felt a sharp pain in her arm, as if it was burning. She shrieked and stepped back. The burning sensation stopped. She noticed a dark stain in her negligee. She stepped forward again and her body started burning. She immediately traced back her steps and sat down on the sofa. This could not be happening. She knew what this was. She picked up the lower end of her negligee and smelt the stained portion.

There was a flash of light. She was able to visualize what had happened yesterday. She saw someone running. He had his hand on the left side of his neck and was running. He slipped and fell face forward and hit his head on the edge of a table. To her shock she saw Kedar's face. She jerked back to reality. What was happening? She stood up and went towards her bedroom. The table she saw in her vision was her bedroom. It had a reading table also which was unlikely for a typical bedroom, but hers was a makeshift bedroom.

She entered her bedroom. There was no one. Everything was as she had left it. She heaved a sigh of relief and was about to turn to leave when she noticed a patch of the carpet was discolored. The patch was big enough to hold a young lad. She shivered. She sat down and bent her neck to smell the carpet area. The discolored spots smelt like recently washed with some chemical. She slowly stood up and went to her almirah and opened the door cautiously. Everything was as it should be inside the almirah.

She then looked up at the attic. From the darkness of the attic, a face was looking straight at her and smiling. It was a creepy face. The smile made her shiver and also she wanted to cry out loud. But instead, she smiled back. Her body was not listening to her brain. It was as if someone else had taken control of her. She then started walking towards the hall. She went straight to the hall sofa and moved it aside using one arm. Wait a minute! Was she that strong?



Prasanna - a skilled author of both captivating short stories and immersive novels. This multi-talented person doesn't just weave tales but also dabbles in the art world, displaying prowess as an artist. Don't be surprised if you catch them melodiously humming tunes while in the bathroom, showcasing their secret passion for singing. Beyond these artistic endeavors, they navigate the IT professional realm, leveraging their tech expertise. And when the day winds down, you'll find this individual delving into the world of movies, showcasing an undying love for cinema across genres.

She then quickly removed the carpet from the floor. The trapdoor became visible. Wait! When was a trapdoor in the house? She opened the trapdoor in haste. Her brain was saying not to do it, but she was doing it.

She saw a body facedown lying below the trapdoor. She lifted the body out of the depth and put it in the hall floor. She turned the face. It was indeed Kedar. Her neck was filled with blood. His left hand looked as if it was holding his neck. She noticed that blood was still oozing through his neck. His face was in a state of shock. His white shirt was all stained, crumpled and shabby. She wanted to hug him and cry. She wanted to cry out loud at her loss. She was due to marry Kedar the next week. But somehow while her brain registered all these emotions, she was not crying. She did not step down to hug Kedar. To her own amazement, she walked to the nearest drawer and picked up a matchbox and a small bottle of kerosene. She came straight back to the body of Kedar and set his body on fire. Was she mad? Why did she do that? Why was she not able to act in a sane manner? It was as if she could not control her deeds.

The fire was engulfing Kedar's body and portions of the building as well now. She turned and picked up a set of formal clothes, a ring and a bouquet and threw all of those into the fire. She then opened a large box which contained a marriage gown in white which must be very expensive. She threw that also into the fire. Her whole life and planned marriage were burning down in front of her eyes. Her brain was asking a thousand questions. Why was she doing this? How did Kedar die? Why did she burn him and all the marriage artifacts now? Had she really gone mad?

That's when a shocking thought stuck her mind. Her attic had a mirror on the door! Did she see her face? She rushed to the mirror at the other end of the hall. That's when she saw her face. It was the living example of a nightmare. Blood stains near a wide-open mouth and thin crooked eyes.

A sinister smile was permanent on her face. She looked like the Devil incarnate.

A long chorus howl was heard. The Wolves knew she was near.



# Smile International School

Nishikasai campus / Funabori campus

[info@smile-international-school.com](mailto:info@smile-international-school.com)  
<https://www.smile-international-school.com>  
**TEL: 03-6821-1171**



website