

## **Webcam: Emma Floyd**

Omegle had not been one of her brightest ideas.

Amanda could now say that; her webcam on as she navigated through a pool of indecency and eerie old men.

She had been warned multiple times, but of course she hadn't listened.

Amanda glanced over at the red glowing digits on her clock *2:15am*. She couldn't sleep, insomnia a frequent occurrence for her, but tonight it was particularly bad.

So, she sat in the dark, her laptop resting on her crossed legs as she leant back against her headboard. Amanda's curiosity had been persistent.

Demanding even, that she was so much more than just *Blandy Mandy*, that she *had* to get out of her damn shell, even if that meant talking to strangers on the internet. She wearily sighed, her mouse hovering over the 'next' button as yet another creep flashed themselves to her. This wasn't going anywhere and if she was smart, Amanda would stop, but she wasn't.

The next image buffered, refreshing as she waited, impatiently. But when it cleared a few moments later, Amanda's dark eyebrows furrowed together. Before her was a lone chair located in a concreted garage and she found herself freeze; eyes transfixed on the screen.

Out came a young woman, not much older than her dressed in a black oversized hoodie, dried mascara streaking her cheeks. The woman hesitantly moved to sit into the chair, face emotionless as she continued to stare blankly at the camera. A voice from behind the camera spoke, it was low and muffled, in a way which Amanda couldn't hear what was said, all she saw was the woman's posture instantly straightening.

Behind the camera there was a loud bang when a figure in a pig mask emerged. The person was carrying a knife already bloody and slowly came up to the woman who was now whimpering. In one swift motion, the figure plunged the knife into her chest, continuing to brutally stab her.

Only when the person's movements stopped did they come up to the camera staring directly at Amanda, the woman's limp deceased body draped over the chair behind him. Amanda held her breath, terrified to make even the smallest of sounds. The person started to whistle, their tone harsh and grating.

The figure kept whistling, and at the same time slowly began peeling off their mask. Amanda let out a horrified shriek, beyond familiar with the individual before her.

'Hello Mandy.'