

the acc story draft

An ordinary day like no other, Kenji thought, but what he didn't know was that this was far from ordinary.

—Kenji's pov—

I stepped into class with my best friend, Damian, who was complaining about having an exam in the next lesson.

“Why do we have to have an exam? We didn't even finish the topics included in the exam.” he complained.

“Because... well... I don't know, why are you asking me, you fool?” I joked with him, we both laughed as we slipped into our seats, until we noticed everyone on their phones.

Not in a boring way, and not in a happy way, but in a flabbergasted way, all of them reading something shocking on their phones.

Damian and I both glanced at each other curiously, then we stood and walked up to Jake, who was sitting with Chuck and Aaron.

“What's up? Why do you guys look so shocked?” I said.

“Maybe it's because the killer who's on the loose has ended his second victim.” explained Jake, “WHAT NO WAY, I THOUGHT THE POLICE FOUND HIM AFTER THE FIRST KILL OR SOMETHING.” I said.

“Did you even read the school news website?”

“...no”

“Yeah, exactly.”

“Well, what class was the victim from?”

“Class 2”

“At least nobody from our class was harmed.” said Chuck.

“That’s kind of mean, what if you got killed and some *rando* said ‘well, whatever’, how would you feel?” I said.

“Hey, I didn’t say that, don’t twist my words.” He said.

“Ok, calm down guys. We don't want to *kill* each other, do we?” said Jake.

“Wait. That gives me an idea, why don’t we take matters into our own hands instead of waiting for the useless police to solve a high school murder?” I proposed, waiting for someone to agree with my idea.

“That’s actually not a bad idea.” said Chuck.

“Could be fun.” said Damian.

“Yeah, we’re in.” they said.

===== Next day =====

—Kenji’s pov—

I walked happily and cheerfully to school, daydreaming about being Detective Conan, unaware of what dangerous matters lay ahead.

I walked alone, Damian nowhere to be seen for unknown reasons, but he wouldn’t leave me to walk to school for no reason.

I arrived at class, laying my hand gently on the doorknob of my classroom, and it was eerily silent, like someone had just died.

I stepped into class.

Ironically, someone died.

It took me 5 seconds to analyze what was happening, and it took me 3 seconds to act.

I ran towards the body, a puddle of dark red, brownish dried blood beneath him.

Around his neck, a thick, frayed, taut piece of rope was tied around his purplish-red neck, the end of the rope not to be seen.

His face looked lifeless. *Dead. Pale. Empty. Soulless. Cadaverous. Hollow.*

Around him, the class surrounded Chuck, Jake, and Damian.

I finally realized that the person who was dead was Aaron.

“*Aaron...* is he okay?” I ask, not being able to grasp the idea that he was gone.

Forever. Never coming back. *Never.*

“CAN’T YOU SEE HE’S DEAD?” screamed Chuck.

“HOW THE HELL DID HE DIE?” I asked, getting angry because he’s screaming at me on top of all this.

“WELL, YOU THINK I KNOW?”

“NO, BUT YOU WOULD HAVE MORE KNOWLEDGE THAN ME.”

“GUYS ,SHUT. UP.” Jake shouted.

“HOW CAN WE SHUT UP? AARON JUST FREAKING DIED.” I shouted.

“...” They all stayed silent.

“It’s time. We need to investigate this and find who killed Aaron, and those who died before him.” I stated.

They silently agreed.

“How do we know where to start, though?” asked Chuck.

“By finding clues and evidence.” I said.

“I’ve read enough crime books to know that we also need a suspects list.” added Jake.

“Really? Never thought you were the reading type.” Damian said.

Jake looked at him in a way that was annoyed. Damian just smirked and looked away.

“Come on, guys, let’s actually do this.” I reminded them that we didn’t have much time before class.

“So let's start with... Time of death and place?” I said.

“The classroom, I think, and for the time... We need to use the 4 stages of death mortis to figure that out.” Jake.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“It’s like something to figure out how long someone has been dead for, and there are 4 stages, pallor mortis, which is the paling of the skin, but this doesn't really help right now cause they usually pale within the first 20 minutes.” Jake explained.

“Okay, continue.”

“The second stage is algor mortis, which is the cooling of the body after death, and we need a thermometer for that.”

“I have one! Luckily, I coughed today, so my mom was scared that I had a fever, so she gave me this.” I said, then took out a thermometer from my bag.

“Oh, luckily you had one,” Jake said as he took the thermometer from my hand.

—Jake’s pov—

I took the thermometer and examined his temperature.

“Normally, an average human body temperature is 37 Celsius, and now,” I quickly glanced at the thermometer once again, “His temperature is 21. So if you do the math, he died 16 hours ago.” I concluded.

“So when did he die?” Chuck asked.

“How did you even pass maths, Chuck?” I inquired.

“I didn’t.”

“That makes sense, anyway, if he died 16 hours ago and the time is 8 am right now, then 16 hours ago is-” Kenji explained.

“4 pm.” I said

“Are we sure?” Kenji asked.

“Okay, so to be sure, we need to continue with the third and fourth stage of death mortis, rigor mortis, which is the stiffness of the body after it dies, and-” I slowly gripped Aaron’s hand and shook it quickly, then I let go of his hand, causing a loud thud when his hand fell on the cold, hard floor.

“I think it's safe to say that our calculations are correct because he is fully stiff, which means he couldn’t have died before or after the 16-hour range, but last thing before we lock it in, we should still check with the final stage, livor mortis, which is the discoloration of the skin over time caused by the blood settling. Usually, it will cause some discoloration on the lower parts in the position he died in, and in this case, he died on his back, so the discoloration would show on his back and lower areas.” I explained, while the rest just stared at me, dumbfounded.

I gently lifted his stiff, hard, cold, dead body and unbuttoned his white shirt, drenched in a colour of dark mahogany and brownish red, and slowly uncovered his back, revealing that his back wasn’t the colour of his normal skin, but it was a colour of purplish-red that covered his entire back.

I watched how they all watched intently, except Kenji, who started crying silently, and Damian, who was just staring at the puddle of blood that was beneath Aaron.

“And as we can all see, it’s clear that even livor mortis has affected him,” I stated.

“And we also got the time right, for sure.”

I immediately felt proud of myself for figuring all that out. Finally, *all those hours of research paid off*, I thought to myself.

“What else do we need?” asked Chuck.

“So we got the time, and the place is the classroom, if he hadn't been dragged or anything, and I highly doubt that.” I said.

“Yeah, and we don't see any smudges except for the blood smudges, and they aren't big enough to conclude that he has been dragged.”

“Wait. Where did the blood come from?” Kenji asked.

“I mean, he was strangled to death, no open wounds. How could that result in his blood seeping all around him?” Kenji continued.

“Wait, that's a good point. Where would the blood come out? He died because of a lack of oxygen, not external exsanguination.” I said.

I then lifted Aaron just so that we could observe that there were no open wounds on him that could have caused the blood.

“Where would the blood have come from then?” Chuck stated.

“I... don't know,” I said. “But let's just work with what we have.”

—Chuck's pov—

What the hell are they talking about?

I don't understand why they're still discussing who killed him and when he died, when the killer is obvious.

It's for sure, Damian, because who else could it be?

How can it not be him?

Kenji is Damian's best friend, and even if he wasn't, he wouldn't be able to kill someone.

Jake is too nerdy to kill someone, he's busy reading or doing something boring.

And I can't possibly be the killer.

Because.

—Kenji's pov—

What is happening?

Aaron is dead. Aaron is dead. Aaron is dead. Aaron is dead. Aaron is dead. Aaron is dead.

Forever. Gone. Done.

Everything has gone to waste. All those painful days, he persevered. Gone to waste. All those struggles he had to endure. Gone to waste.

I miss him so much already.

Why did it have to be him? What did he even do? To deserve this? Did he do something wrong? Or did someone really hate him that much to be willing to *kill* his innocent soul?

I can't just let him *die* like this.

I need to avenge him.

We need to avenge him.

—Damian's pov —

They're so dumb, does it really take a whole group to figure that out?

It's not rocket science.

I'm sad Aaron died, though, how *unfortunate*.

I really don't know how long it'll take them to figure out who murdered Aaron, but it can't be that hard.

And Jake is acting all high and mighty with his information on murder and death.

Probably because he spends all his time reading books.

You really never know what someone else is reading.

—Jake's pov —

I watched them all disassociate, staring into space quietly.

Each of them, in their own little world.

What could they possibly be daydreaming about?

I tried not to make it obvious that I was staring at them while they stared, but nevertheless, I decided to examine each of them and to guess what they're thinking about.

Kenji is probably thinking about all the memories he spent with Aaron and having a whole depressive episode; Damian is for sure thinking about how everyone is pathetic and how they're acting as if this was the first person they've seen dead; Chuck is probably thinking about the shawarma he's going to eat when he gets home; and *Aaron*... What does a person think about when they die? Wait, that's such a dumb question cause they wouldn't think, but what about when they're dying? Their brain surely doesn't just power off and stop, they have to think about something before they die.

I once heard that when a person dies, in their last seven minutes, all their best and favorite memories will be replayed for them.

I really hope *I'm* in one of those seven minutes.

I hope that he doesn't forget about all those times we spent together.

...

Anyways we need to find out how they killed him, we need to continue investigating.

"How did they kill him if there weren't any open wounds?" I spoke, causing everyone who was previously in a daze to be pulled back into reality.

"I don't even want to think anymore." said Chuck.

"No. We can't give up on him, we need to avenge him and find out who killed him and whoever killed him must suffer a death that's so excruciating that they wish they were already dead." said Kenji.

What...?

All of us stared, in shock, at Kenji, as we had never seen him behave in this way at all.

"Oh, um. Why don't we continue with the investigation? Shall we?" Chuck said nervously, trying to lighten up the mood.

“Yes, now we need to figure out... we need to make a person of interest list.” I said, thinking about who could possibly murder Aaron.

“So if he died at approximately 4 pm, if we’re right, then-”

“So school ended near that time, right?” Kenji interrupted.

“But we always leave at 3:30, don’t we?” I continued.

“So the person or people who killed him stayed at school even after school hours,” I said. “Now we need to give ourselves an alibi, for example, I went home and left school as soon as school ended, and I can prove it cause I submitted my homework on Google Classroom as soon as I arrived home, because I remembered that I had done it, but I forgot to press the submit button. What about you guys?” I asked.

They all silently thought about it, then finally Kenji said what he did after school ended.

“Hmm. I left school alone that day, because Damian took too long to pack up his things, and he was looking for his headphones because he had lost them, but I couldn’t wait for him, so I went and walked home alone. And before you go speaking ill of me, he told me that I could just go, and I couldn’t be late home, because my mom needed help that day, we had guests. So is that enough for an alibi?”

“Yes! That’s perfect for an alibi, it’s also backed up by your mom and the guests you had over. What about you guys?” I asked the others.

None of them spoke.

Wait, could it... be-

“Yeah! I. *uh*. Also went home directly after school ended, and you can ask my mom too.” said Chuck.

He seems... *nervous*? No way it can’t be.

Is he lying?

“Anyways, who else? What about you, Damian?” I said, before I went into an endless spiral of questions with no answer.

“As Kenji said, I lost my headphones, then after 2 or 3 minutes after he left the class, I gave up and just left the classroom.” said Damian, nonchalantly.

So does he... *not have a solid alibi?*

“Do you have anybody who saw you leaving school?”

“I don’t remember, because I was busy thinking about where I put my headphones.”

He could have been doing anything in those ‘2 or 3 minutes’, but he seems confident, so I won’t ask further questions.

The whole thing seems pretty *weird*. And out of the ordinary because Aaron was the sweetest kid, he was nice to everyone, and by that I mean everyone.

The students, the teachers, the administration, the cleaners, and especially *Chuck*.

Wait, I forgot to ask Damian, “Did you see anybody else still in class after you left or while you were looking for your headphones?” I asked Damian.

If he didn’t see anybody, then Damian would be at the top of our suspects list, but if he did see someone, then whoever it was should also probably be on the suspects list too.

And we should also question this person if there was even someone there.

Damian finally replied, “Hm, I think there was someone in the back.”

“Who?” I asked. This” could be our chance to find out who killed Aaron.

“I don’t know, I just saw them out of the corner of my eye.”

Wow, what useful information that is, I thought sarcastically.

“Can you describe anything specific about the person you saw?” I asked, maybe there’s still some hope in asking him.

“Hmm... Maybe their hair was light brownish or something close to that.” Damian said casually.

Light...Brown...ish.

Who are the people with light brown hair in our class? Well, there are a few.

First of all, Chuck had light brown hair; Johnny also has light brown hair, but he always wears that ugly red cap, and nobody other than Aaron himself, the ultimate blondie.

His hair was as silky as silk could ever get, and so blonde and light that people accused him of bleaching his hair.

Newsflash, he didn't.

His hair was so fluffy and perfect that it didn't need styling; styling needed him, but now his hair is drenched in dark red blood.

"Wait, isn't class going to start soon?" I said.

"We need to hide the body, or else the class'll think that we killed him." said Chuck.

"You're right, but where?" Kenji said.

"I think we should hide him in the lockers, then lock it so nobody accidentally finds him. What about this big locker?" I proposed as I walked towards the big locker.

It was as big as Aaron, so I don't think we should have any difficulty fitting him in, and the locker key was right in the keyhole.

We need to do it quickly, because I don't think the bell will wait for us any longer.

I opened the locker door and kept it hanging open, then I helped Aaron off his shoulders and shoved half of him in. Doing so caused a loud bang that made Kenji help shove him in by grabbing his legs and shoving him, quickly and steadily.

"Whew, okay, we got it done, but-" I slowly looked downward towards the stains of blood smearing all around.

"How do we get rid of this?" Chuck said.

"Wait, I'll get a mop and a bucket from the bathroom." said Kenji, then ran towards the bathroom.

He'd better do it quickly, because if not, we won't have as much time to clean before the class starts.

I heard someone approaching the door, so I whispered to Damian, "Lock the locker." Then I quickly dashed towards the door and saw who was at the door.

Our English teacher, Mr. Akram, was standing at the door as he made small talk with a random student.

Then, when they finished the conversation, he started walking towards the inside of the classroom.

I had to stop him-

I ran as fast as I could to the door and stood stiffly, like a bridge between him and the classroom, stopping him from entering.

It took me a few moments to realize that what I did was really awkward and that the Mister was staring at me, confused. I had to make some small talk.

“So um. Mister, how's your day going?” That’s such a stupid and obvious question. Why did I ask that?

He paused a bit before answering, “It’s going good, how about yours?”

Wow, he actually fell for it.

“Oh uh, it’s going fine.”

I felt so bad lying to him, because he was my favorite teacher.

He slowly nodded a bit before slowly walking towards the classroom. Luckily, I saw Kenji coming with the mop and bucket.

I had to find a way to distract him long enough for them to clean the remains.”

—Kenji’s pov —

I saw Jake talking to our teacher, then I caught him looking at me desperately.

I got his message, he was distracting the teacher so we can clean it up as fast as possible.

I ran towards the inside of the class while holding the mop and bucket, and I heard our teacher make a remark about that, but I just ignored it.

We had to clean it in time.

I quickly plummeted towards the ground, swishing my mop all over the blood stains in hopes of cleaning them.

Nothing disappeared.

Chuck grabbed the bucket and poured some of the soapy water on the floor.

Damian took the mop from me, dipped it in the bucket, and slowly and stiffly cleaned the stains.

Nothing remained.

The floor was so clean that I could see my own reflection.

I looked at Jake and gave him a thumbs-up to let him know that it's done.

His face relaxed, then I heard him say something like, "Well, I don't want to waste your time any further, so why don't we go and start the lesson?"

Mr. Akram looked as happy as always and responded, "Yes, let's continue where we left off last lesson."

He walked into the classroom, and when he saw the bucket, he asked in a light and cheerful tone, "What's that doing here?" He chuckled a bit, probably laughing at the way we stood so stiffly while holding the cleaning materials.

Wait, now that I think about it, we do look pretty ridiculous.

"Oh yeah, about that..." Chuck started.

I interrupted him, scared that he would blow our cover, "We just had to clean up the water that spilled from my bottle, but uh- shouldn't we continue the lesson?"

Come *on*.

Just continue the lesson like nothing ever happened.

===== Next day =====

—Kenji's pov —

I didn't sleep.

I *couldn't* sleep.

It's 3 am.

And I just couldn't manage to sleep thinking about how Aaron died.

I just can't move on so quickly like that.

How can I ever move on?

Whoever killed him should be afraid of the slow approaching of their miserable fate.

=====At school=====

—Kenji's pov —

I arrived at school so early.

Probably because I didn't sleep all night, but whatever.

I saw Jake already sitting in his seat, so we can't waste any more time.

We *need* to find out who killed him.

"Come on, let's not waste any time." I said.

"Yeah, but what do we do?" asked Jake.

"I have an idea, why don't we go and ask the principal for the security camera footage?"

"Yeah! And we can also find out who killed Aaron."

"Oh- I actually wasn't thinking about that, I was thinking that we could see where Damian left his headphones cause he spent all day looking for them yesterday." I said, kind of disappointed in myself for not thinking of that.

—Jake's pov —

Damian should be *really* grateful.

Our friend literally *died*. And here Kenji is thinking about his friend's headphones.

But whatever, let's just go find them.

Kenji walked out of the classroom and headed towards the principal's office,

I got up and walked out of the empty classroom, the once lively, fun, and vivid classroom is now but an abandoned wreck.

The colors on the walls look so bland in comparison to how colourful and light it was.

I miss those days.

Can I go back?

Please?

We arrived at the principal's office, which was quiet and unsettling.

The principal was sitting on her black, tall rolling chair; she was picking at the sides of it, which indicated that she was... *nervous?*

No, it couldn't be...? Whatever.

"Hi, good morning, miss, how are you today?" Kenji asked the principal, I think he noticed that she was down, too.

"I'm good, thanks for asking, Kenji." she replied.

"Well, we wanted to ask you a favor today, miss?" said Kenji, a hopeful look in his eye.

"Hmm, what is it?"

"Our friend lost his headphones at school yesterday, and looked for them all day so we thought we could help him out by checking the camera footage of our classroom. May we please see the footage?" I explained.

She just nodded, slowly opened her drawer, took out her glasses, and turned on her computer, opening a software program that was supposedly the footage.

Kenji and I glanced at each other, surprised that she actually let us.

Maybe it's because she was tired.

“Here you go, I’ll go and make myself some coffee while you find what you wanted to find.”
She waved her hand and went out of the room and into the corridor until she turned the corner, and we couldn’t see her anymore.

I just shrugged my shoulders, took the mouse, and pressed the file that said ‘2:00 pm - 4:00 pm’.
It took a few seconds to load and then it revealed a video of our classroom, viewing the whole classroom.

The video was so long that we had to use the fast-forward option. As we fast-forwarded, we saw ourselves in the middle of a class, then the class left except Damian, Chuck, and... *Aaron?*

What was Aaron doing here with Chuck and Damian?

Kenji and I kept watching it intently as we saw something that we definitely did *not* want to see.

We kept watching in horror as we watched, the facts unfolded in our minds.

We kept watching as Aaron tried to kill Damian.

We kept watching as Damian dodged.

We kept watching as Chuck came.

We kept watching as Chuck tried to help Aaron.

We kept watching as Chuck fought with Damian.

We kept watching as *Aaron... died.*

There he lay in the same place we found him, strangled to death.

Chuck looked out of his mind.

Damian looked like he couldn’t care less.

Chuck went to help Aaron, but... it was *too late.*

Aaron officially died.

4:00 pm.

The recording ended.

...

Silence filled the room.

I looked at Kenji.

He looked at me.

How?

How did all this happen on a normal Wednesday?

Why?

—Kenji's pov —

Damian?

Chuck?

It was you two?

Why? How?

I can't believe this, my own best friends...

Is there *no one* I can trust anymore...?

But... Why did Aaron want to kill Damian?

Does everyone want to kill each other except me?

What about Jake?

What if he wants to kill me, too?

No.

No.

Stop doubting things.

Jake is your friend, he wouldn't want to kill you.

He wouldn't.

He wouldn't.

He wouldn't.

He wouldn't?

—Jake's pov —

What do we do now?

Why was Aaron going to strangle Damian in the first place? I mean, I don't exactly sympathize with him as much as I did before.

I looked at Kenji, and he was clearly contemplating everything.

I nudged him to take him out of his daze.

"Hey? You okay?"

"...Yeah, kinda."

"What should we do now?"

"I... don't know."

"I think we know who killed Aaron, then. Chuck and Damian."

"...Yeah. We have to confront them."

The principal turned the corner and was approaching the room, so we quickly put on a smile, turned off the footage, and closed the laptop.

"Thank you for letting us use it." I said as she entered the room.

She put her steaming coffee mug on the table and said, "You're welcome, now go to your classroom, the bell is about to ring in a few minutes."

"Oh yes, goodbye, and have a nice day."

"Goodbye."

—Kenji's pov —

We walked back to class, and saw Damian and Chuck across from each other.

The room was half empty, and only a few students had arrived since we were gone.

I ran towards Damian and shouted at him, “ARE YOU SERIOUS?”

He looked confusedly at me.

That little *prick*.

I rushed towards Chuck and grabbed him by the collar, “WHY DID U *KILL AARON?*” I shook him angrily.

The other students turned their gaze towards us.

Chuck was a nervous wreck.

He should be.

“Call the police.” I said.

Jake quickly took out his phone and dialed the number.

“No. No. No. Please. I-I swear I didn't-” Chuck begged nervously, his whole body shaking.

Damian was just laughing silently.

I let go of Chuck's collar, the force of the action making him stumble and fall.

I ran towards Damian, “How dare you. First, you kill your friend, and now you laugh as if it's just a simple ‘knock-knock joke’. How are you not *ashamed?*”

He just kept *smirking* at me.

It was so infuriating.

How could Damian and Chuck ever betray us like that? And Aaron? Why would he ever try to kill Damian? What is happening in this friend group?

Why does it have to be this way?

—Jake's pov —

I was waiting for the police to answer my call when I saw Kenji start disassociating.

I nudged him a bit to take him back to reality. It seemed to work because he moved away from Damian's desk and snatched the phone from my hand when the police answered.

"Hello, we have two murderers in our school. Please come quickly."

—Police came (timeskip) Jake's pov—

The police finally came, and we showed them the footage.

The class was now full, all the students had arrived, and they were all watching what was happening.

"So where's the body?" They asked.

"Here, it's in the lockers," I went to open the lockers. But it's locked?

"Wait, it's locked, Damian has the key, as I remember. Because I told him to lock it." I explained.

The police went and searched Damian's pockets. He was cooperative and allowed them to search him while putting that goddamn smirk on his face.

They found the key and opened the lockers. Aaron fell stiffly onto the freshly cleaned floor.

"So you said you found a pool of blood beneath him?"

"Yeah, but we never knew where it came from."

"Would you suspect that the blood came from the very people who killed Aaron?"

"Maybe?"

"Then check him."

I went closer to Damian and asked him, "Did the blood come from you?"

He didn't respond and kept smirking.

That *smirk*.

I kicked his foot, and his smirk wiped off his face-

“I got it-” I bent down to uncover his leg in the area I kicked, and it was a huge wound wrapped with many layers of gauze that stopped him from bleeding. It was so huge that the wound stretched from his knee to his ankle.

“See, it came from him, which means that before he killed Aaron, Aaron defended himself in some way.” The policeman said.

Mr. Akram walked in and said, “What’s all this? Why is the police here? And... Why is there a pair of stained scissors in the trash?” He asked as he approached the police man.

There was a pair of scissors in the trash can, stained with dark, dry blood at the edges of the blades.

“WAIT, AARON INJURED DAMIAN WITH THOSE SCISSORS. LOOK, THEY HAVE BLOOD STAINS.” Kenji exclaimed.

“YES, YOU’RE RIGHT. SO DAMIAN IS OFFICIALLY GUILTY, AND HE HAS PROOF BECAUSE OF AARON DEFENDING HIMSELF AND THE ROPE HE STRANGLED AARON WITH.” I explained.

“You have to come with me.” The police handcuffed Damian and took him to the other policeman to take him to the car. After that, he came back and asked, “What about him?” He pointed towards Chuck.

Chuck then started shivering more intensely.

“As we could see in the recording, you kind of helped in the murder of Aaron, so I think you would serve some time.” I said.

“Yes, you most definitely will. Unless you have good proof of how you never hurt him or were never an accomplice, otherwise you’ll have to go to juvie with Damian.” The police officer explained.

“Oh, okay, I think I can do that.” Chuck said as he went with the police officer.

“I think we’re done here then.” The officer said.

Then the police officer left with Chuck, and then we heard them drive away.

...

The silence was deafening.

Mr. Akram tried to lighten up the mood, “So I’m not going to ask what happened, but I think what happened was for the best.” “I know it’s not really a good time, but you need to sit in your seats now. We have to start the lesson. First, let me start with taking attendance.” Mr. Akram continued and took the attendance sheet.

“Kenji.”

“Here.” Kenji raised his hand.

“Jake.”

“Here.” I raised my hand.

“Aaron.”

...

“Here.” We saw someone standing in the doorway, his hand raised... *Aaron?*

characters + plot

Characters relationship with eachother :

1 main characters (Kenji) *short*

- Kenji is best friends with Damian and is very loved by everyone, like nobody hates this guy but he's not like popular or anything
- Kenji with Jake are childhood friends, loves him closely but not as much as he loves Kenji
- Kenji with Chuck are friends because Jake introduced Chuck to him
- Kenji with Aaron are like siblings but Kenji is the older sibling and Aaron is the younger sibling and Kenji considers him as a younger brother

2 killer (Damian) *tall*

- Damian with Kenji best friends loves him so much, the reason he's alive, would kill anybody for him
- Damian with Jake were really good friends until Jake started to be jealous of Kenji and Damian friendship
- Damian with Chuck acc likes him and secretly admires him but he doesn't know that Chuck accuses him tho
- Damian with Aaron treats him as a baby and in a bad way like an immature child

3 side character (Jake) *tall*

- Jake with Kenji loves him and misses when he used to be his favorite friend
- Jake with Damian hates him so much for stealing his best friend away from him plus he has a bad feeling abt him
- Jake with Chuck the only thing in common between them is how they both hate Damian
- Jake with Aaron is a mutual relationship no hate not liking just there but like normal around eachother

4 side character (Chuck) *average*

- Chuck with Kenji likes him and thinks that Damian doesn't deserve a friend like him at all and that Kenji should get rid of Damian forever
- Chuck with Damian hates his guts so much that he is willing to kill him and he would do whatever it takes to get back at him if he ever did anything
- Chuck with Jake bonded with their hate for Damian
- Chuck with Aaron loves him so much that they're practically always together although Aaron always follows him around like a lost puppy Chuck doesn't mind

5 murdered (Aaron) *short*

- Aaron with Kenji sees him as an older brother
- Aaron with Damian mutual but because Chuck hates him so he started to hate him too
- Aaron with Jake doesn't like him because Aaron thinks he's getting too close to Chuck
- Aaron with Chuck loves him so much that he would do anything for him and if anybody made him sad he'd be willing to risk it all

Character traits and personality:

Kenji: charismatic, loved by everyone, happy, cheerful, optimistic.

Damian: dark humor

Jake: sarcastic guy

Chuck: weirdo but nonchalant

Aaron: no personality, speaks when spoken to

Traumas :

Kenji : abusive family household

Damian : psycho because he's an orphan, lost his parents when he was 3

Jake: used to be bullied

Chuck : just that ungrateful brat

Aaron: always stepped on and ignored

How Aaron died:

Chuck and Aaron were discussing how to kill Damian then they decided that chuck was gonna go and kill Damian but because Aaron likes Chuck so much **he went before him** and was going to kill Damian then **Damian saw him and avoided him** then Chuck arrived and he saw Aaron struggling with Damian and **he tried to help but instead of helping Aaron he starts fighting Damian** and forgot about Aaron and then he sees that he already died so he starts crying and trying to save him but its too late.

Hair colour:

HAIR Kenji :black dark hair

HAIR Damian : dark brown to black

HAIR Jake: Brown hair

HAIR Chuck :light brown hair to blondish

HAIR Aaron: blonde but not really light

Plot twist at the end:

Aaron has a twin and the person who died wasn't really Aaron.
It was his twin and Aaron has no knowledge of this.

