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The House of Bodies

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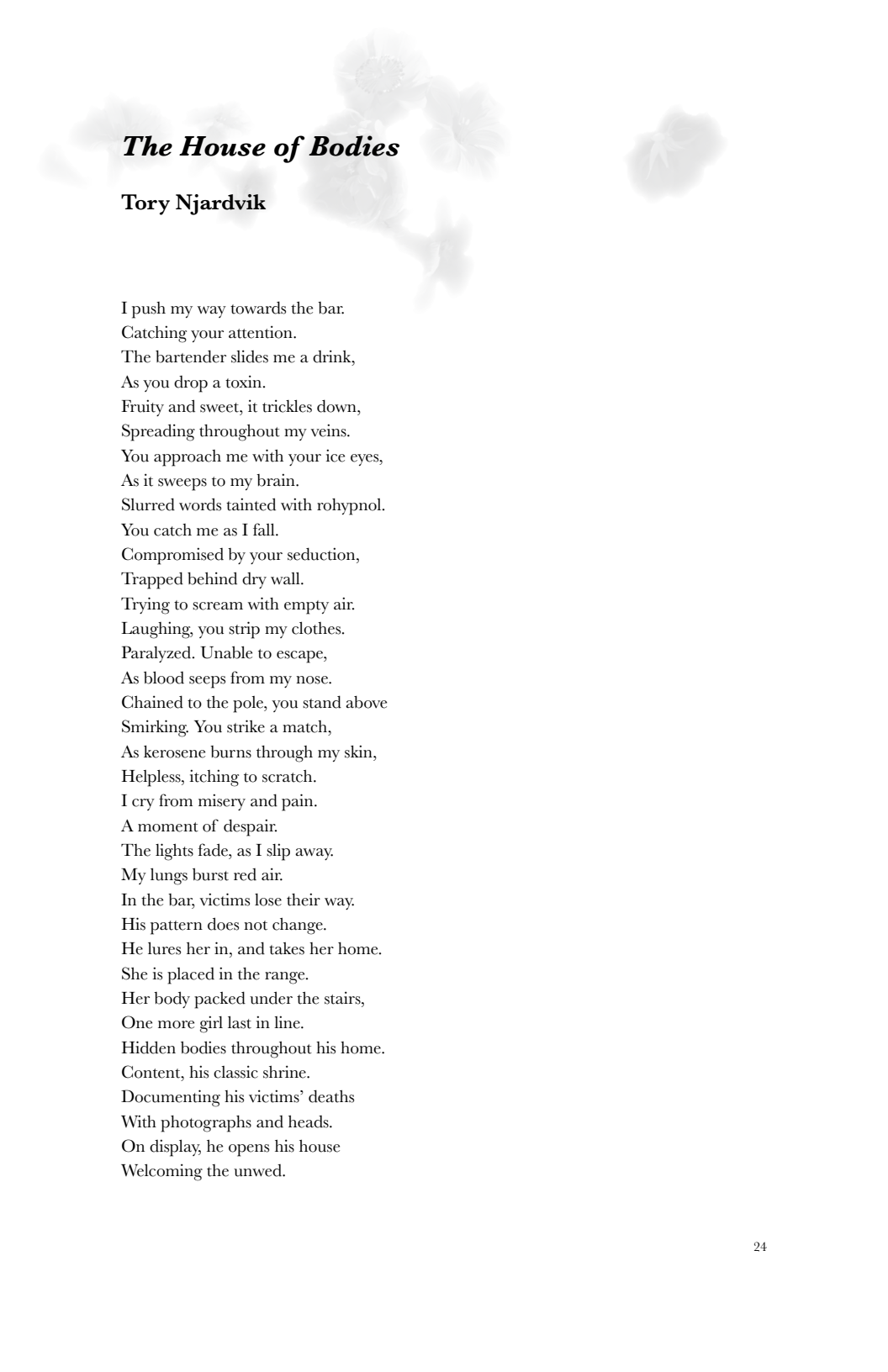
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The House of Bodies

Author Note

Tory is 21 years old and left Montana to pursue international studies at NSU. She played on the NSU volleyball team for two years until she broke her back in an accident, ending her volleyball career. In her spare time, Tory enjoys writing poetry, travelling, and attending music festivals.



The House of Bodies

Tory Njardvik

I push my way towards the bar.
Catching your attention.
The bartender slides me a drink,
As you drop a toxin.
Fruity and sweet, it trickles down,
Spreading throughout my veins.
You approach me with your ice eyes,
As it sweeps to my brain.
Slurred words tainted with rohypnol.
You catch me as I fall.
Compromised by your seduction,
Trapped behind dry wall.
Trying to scream with empty air.
Laughing, you strip my clothes.
Paralyzed. Unable to escape,
As blood seeps from my nose.
Chained to the pole, you stand above
Smirking. You strike a match,
As kerosene burns through my skin,
Helpless, itching to scratch.
I cry from misery and pain.
A moment of despair.
The lights fade, as I slip away.
My lungs burst red air.
In the bar, victims lose their way.
His pattern does not change.
He lures her in, and takes her home.
She is placed in the range.
Her body packed under the stairs,
One more girl last in line.
Hidden bodies throughout his home.
Content, his classic shrine.
Documenting his victims' deaths
With photographs and heads.
On display, he opens his house
Welcoming the unwed.