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81 Minute Books Presents

No Cutting

Written by Ron Knight

Part 1

Based on true events...

Cedar Point, Sandusky, Ohio.

Mart and Anthony had cut several lines to ride the rollercoasters. People yelled and even complained to the Cedar Point staff, but nothing really happened.

It was the last day for Cedar Point to be open before winter break. Mart and Anthony's goal was to ride each rollercoaster twice. The only way to accomplish that goal get in front of the other people in line.

Cut.

Cut.

And cut some more.

When the sun dipped from the sky, it became the last call for guests. Soon the park would be closed for the next five months. Mart and Anthony continued to squeeze in as many rides as possible.

They slipped by people in lines saying, "Excuse me. We have friends further up in the line."

Complaints were shouted from guests, but Mart and Anthony continued to cut a fifty-minute wait into a five-minute stroll to the ride.

They even cut off people at food stands. Mart and Anthony didn't have time to wait for a hot pretzel and Mountain Dew. They had to eat and drink, then hurry to the next ride.

When the park finally closed, Mart and Anthony were exhausted. Despite that, they completed their goal and rode every rollercoaster twice. They even rode the last rollercoaster three times by knocking a group of middle schoolers to the side.

On the way back to the parking lot, neither Mart nor Anthony noticed the small, two-inch sticker placed on their backpacks. The sticker was black with a yellow circle that said, "Got You! No Cutting!"

Blood smudged through the word, *cutting*.

Mart slid in the driver's seat and fired up the engine. Anthony yelled pleasantries to three girls walking through the parking lot, but they ignored him.

As Anthony climbed in the passenger's seat and slammed the door shut, he muttered under his breath, "Stupid freakin' bit-"

From the backseat a man grabbed Anthony's throat with his right glove, then quickly seized Mart's throat with his left. The thick black gloves were specially made with razor blades secured in each finger along with the thumbs.

Blood trickled down Mart and Anthony's necks as the killer squeezed the gloves and dug the razors deep into the skin.

Anthony fell forward, dying instantly.

Mart was still fighting for his life, gazing in the review mirror with wide eyes. The killer had on a rubber yellow mask with a bloody red line slicing diagonally across.

The eyes of the killer met with Mart in the mirror, which was the last image Mart saw before he stopped breathing.

~

Rose Water, Ohio.

Jess and Faith enjoyed a Thursday off from college classes because the heat in the main building broke down. It was another frigid day with a sprinkle of snow falling from the iron sky. Even so, Jess and Faith were happy to be walking in the fresh air rather than sitting in a classroom.

Jess pointed across the street. "There's a garage sale."

Faith rolled her eyes. "Great. That will pass the time for about five minutes."

They raced each other to the other side, pushing and shoving all the way. Jess slipped on a patch of ice, regained her balance, watching as Faith won.

An old man standing in the garage laughed. "I see you girls are enjoying a day off from the grind."

Jess caught her breath. "Yeah. No classes today."

The old man continued smiling. "My name is Henry. Take a look around. I'll give you a good deal because you're the first people to stop by all day. It's wicked cold out so I shouldn't expect too many customers."

Jess and Faith inched close to each other, shoulder to shoulder, looking at the items that should have been put in a garage sale graveyard. Everything was old, dusty and probably worthless.

Faith picked up a small wooden box that had one coat of yellow paint brushed over as if someone really didn't care how it looked. She opened the box, finding a roll of stickers all looking the same.

Jess looked over her shoulder. "What are those?"

Faith held up the roll of stickers. "I don't know."

The stickers were black with a yellow circle that said, "Got you! No cutting!" Blood smudged through the word, *cutting*.

Henry's eyes widened for a moment when he saw what Faith was holding. "Um, you probably don't want those. They're just a bunch of cheap stickers. My wife must have put them out here by mistake."

Faith continued holding them. "What does it mean? Got you? No cutting?" She then at the blood stain on each sticker, like someone at the manufacturing plant cut their thumb but continued working anyway.

Henry sighed and stepped forward. "Well, there's a story behind those stickers. I really don't want to frighten you young ladies."

Now Jess and Faith were beyond curious.

Jess: "We can handle a scary story."

Henry sighed again. “Over the last thirty years, these stickers have been popping up around the country and people found dead with the sticker on them or on something they owned.”

Faith placed the roll of stickers back in the yellow wooden box and shut it. “Dead? What happened?”

Henry: “It took the police and FBI awhile to figure out what was going on. Every victim who had one of those stickers was murdered with something small and sharp, like razorblades, usually killed by cutting their neck.”

Jess: “Oh my gosh...why did the killer put this sticker on the victims?”

Henry: “That’s the thing. It was discovered that the sticker was already on the victim before the killer arrived.”

Faith: “What do you mean?”

Henry: “Someone else put the sticker on the person.”

Faith: “Why?”

Henry: “The FBI figured out that the victim at some point cut another person in line, or cut them off in car, or some other way of cutting. The person who was cutoff secretly placed the sticker on the victim. Then...well...they ended up being murdered by *Cutter*.”

Jess: “Cutter?”

Henry: “Yeah, that’s what the media started calling him.”

Faith: “Let me get this straight. If some punk on campus cuts me off at the coffee stand and I secretly put this sticker on him, then Cutter will pay him a visit and slice him to pieces. Is that what you’re saying?”

Henry: “Yes, well, that’s the legend.”

Jess: “Why do you have these stickers? Where did you get them?”

Henry took a moment before answering. “I bought them at some traveling fair awhile back.”

Jess: “Did you use one?”

Henry’s eyes became distant. “Yeah. When I was at Cedar Point. It was the last day before the park closed for the winter. These two punks cut me and my wife off while we were in line waiting to get a hot pretzel.”

Faith: “So you kept the roll of stickers in your pocket just in case someone cut you off?”

Henry: “The point of the stickers was just to make you feel better if someone cuts you off. I really didn’t believe that some murderer named Cutter would attack the boys.”

Jess: “Did anything happen to the boys?”

Henry’s eyes became a deep red. “When my wife and I got back from Cedar Point, we saw on the news that the two boys were murdered in their car.

Faith: “Murdered? How?”

Henry took in a deep breath. “Both of their necks were shredded...”

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this book.