

### Prompt 3

“So... who did it?” Omino asked outside his father’s funeral home.

The kitchen only stiffened slightly. No one was really talking or even really looking at each other. In fact, it seemed as though Omino had asked what they were all already thinking, though they would never admit it.

“Why would any of us want him dead?” Espelza finally answered.

“That’s why I’m asking.”

“You do realize that killing the geezer won’t help us get the key, right?” Marla fired back.

“...What key?” Omino was both intrigued and scared.

“There’s no way he didn’t tell *you*. Aren’t you supposed to be the favorite?” He questioned, smiling brightly at the face of pure malice that Omino’s had twisted into.

“Could someone tell me what’s going on?” Omino demanded.

“Hmm, since when is that new?” DeShawl muttered. “The key to the door.”

“What door?”

“*Ugh.*” DeShawl threw his hands up in the air.

“Something tells me that you really don’t need to be here, little buddy.” Espelza chided, flicking her cigarette up and down, ashes wafting down on Omino’s face. He did his best not to cough, as that’s what Espelza always did when she was right, or at least thought she was right. Omino thought it better not to look anymore foolish than he clearly did at the moment.

“None of you have answered *my* question.”

“None of us did anything, pipsqueak.” Marla snapped. “None of us need him dead to get that key.”

“This is true,” DeShawl chimed in, “Father kept many secrets from us. One of the only ones we were able to uncover was the secret door in his study.” Omino raised an eyebrow. He had snuck into his father’s study many a time to pilfer whatever stray pieces of candy or fancy pens he

could find and take to school. In his 11 years of life, he had never come across a secret door, even when turning the place upside down.

“Don’t think any of us have a clue what’s behind that door,” Jacke annoyingly interjected, “But I must say that I’m interested in finding out.”

“Interested enough to kill him for it?” Now Jacke was annoyed, as was everyone else.

“The idiot killed himself. That’s what happens when you drink with pills.” Espelza stated in a rather cold manner, not that it wasn’t commonplace amongst her siblings.

“One of you did it. I know you did.”

“Keep telling yourself that.” Marla scoffed as she left the kitchen, maintaining her pristine composure even while fuming inside. The others made a point to join her, leaving Omino in the room by himself. His fists were clenched and his eyes were burning.

*You’re not that slick.* He thought to himself as he opened the pantry door to get a cup of pudding. Not just any pudding. His special pudding. His father’s special pudding. He carefully opened the lid, and looked inside to see a silver key with a sapphire encrusted deep within its center. *I’ll find you.*

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