

“Sharp”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
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Day 20: “Sharp”

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“Careful now—they're sharp.”

Casey pulled her hand back at her father's gruff warning, but slowly reached forward. She curled her hand around the hilt of the biggest knife. It was heavier than she thought it would be. The blade glistened in the dim light of the motel room when she turned it.

As Patrick explained to her about the different weapons, Casey kept her eyes on the blade she held. Her father had used this to kill a demon. Maybe not just one demon, but several. And there was no real power in it. No magic. Just ordinary steel.

“Is that all it takes to kill them?” she asked.

He gave her a pointed look. “Sometimes, but not always. Sometimes it takes a lot more. Sometimes, the fuckers just won't die.” He sank down into his seat and picked up his beer. He drained the can and crushed it and left it to wobble on the table amid the weapons.

She waited for clarification but when he gave none, she asked, “Can I learn one day?” She was only eight years old, but she already knew a bit about demons and monsters.

Patrick let out a small laugh. “One day, kiddo, but not today.” He held out his hand for the knife.

Casey chewed her lip and stretched her arm out to hand over the heavy weapon and her hand shook. When her father only stared at her, she quickly realized her mistake. She turned the blade around, handing it to him hilt first.

The smile he gave her, after, was encouraging. She'd be a great hunter like him. One day.