

The "Friend"
by Maxwell Brown

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Jacob and Sophie followed the blob over to an old house at the end of an unnamed gravel road. Rumor had it something might have happened in the basement, but that was just a story parents told their children to keep them from wandering too far. The blob turned to the side of the house and disappeared through the heavy metal doors in the ground leading to the cellar. Sophie begged Jacob to turn back, but Jacob couldn't stifle his curiosity. As a compromise, Jacob agreed to enter through the front of the house rather than follow the mysterious blob directly into the basement.

When they walked in, it seemed like a completely normal house. For a supposedly "abandoned house," nothing appeared out of place, which stuck the duo as odd. They looked at each other, shrugged and kept going. At the end of the main hall there was a heavy metal door. Jacob recognized it to be a military grade "blast door," the kind used in "Panic Rooms" or "Storm Shelters." To Jacob and Sophie's surprise, it was slightly ajar.

Again, Sophie pleaded with her cousin to leave, but he said "No way!" They had come this far, and Jacob wasn't about to turn back now. When they opened the blast door, it looked like the same room as before, but there was an open eyeball that had a shocked look to it and the floor was a dark red color. The eyeball was on the wall like a piece of fine art, only instead of hanging from a hook, it seemed to be embedded.

Another blast door was present on the opposite side of the room. As if in a trance, Sophie and Jacob continued onward through the next blast door. On the other side was an entirely different room, though the layout was the same as the first room. However, the eyeball was going berserk, the walls were made of bloody flesh that was pumping occasionally, the blast door on the opposite wall was halfway open and gallows were hanging all over the "ceiling". Sophie entered the halfway open blast door into the next room alone. The room was smaller and composed completely of gelatinous flesh. She felt a shove from behind and Jacob closed the blast door. The last thing Sophie heard before she started screaming was:

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I'm sorry I must do this, Cousin, but my "friend" is always hungry on Halloween. Thank you for feeding him!"

“So THAT’S why I don’t want to follow that thing, Jacob!” said Sophie with a dread-filled frown.
“Good point.” said Jacob. “Want to Trick or Treat, instead?”
“You bet!” said Sophie. And together they walked into the night.