

Monsters

“Oh, I heard the door open. Here they come!” whispered a gravelly voice from the shadows.

“I wonder how long they will last The last couple was about, what, two weeks?” responded a hollow voice.

“Whose turn is it this time?” the gravelly voice asked.

“Ahhh, William’s turn. The Victorian man who hung himself in the attic,” the hollow voice answered. All the voices and sounds and gurgles giggled in the depths of the home’s basement.

A few days later, the victims heaved the last of their boxes into the new house.

“Will you stop moping around? Lowe’s got all the appliances in. The stove works; washer and dryer are all ready. We just need to do some sweeping and dusting, rearrange the furniture, and we’re good!” The male voice travelled through the floorboards.

“I can’t believe I let you talk me into buying this place. You don’t get a creepy vibe here?” his wife asked.

“No! I love this place! We got it for a song, and we are going to turn it into our dream home!”

Their footsteps blended together, heard by the shadows downstairs.

“OK, fine. It does have great bones. I’m going to take the curtains to the basement and wash them. They’ve been in a box for a long time,” she said. They kissed, and the wife grabbed the box and headed to the basement. The gurgles and giggles subsided as the steps grew louder.

“Go, William,” instructed the gravelly voice.

“Uuuggg, the cobwebs are everywhere!” the wife said to herself as she descended.

On the way to the washer, she saw something out of the corner of her eye. It got suddenly cold, and she stopped in her tracks.

She took a few steps backwards and slowly turned her head to the right. She could see, and yet not see, what was in front of her. It looked like a man hanging by his neck. Swinging. He flittered in and out of focus.

Slowly, she reached her hand out and it went right through the apparition. A cacophony of laughter erupted from the dark corners surrounding her. She looked around, eyes darting this way and that. When the laughter reached its climax, the wife finally spoke.

“Great, ghosts, too.” She rolled her eyes and angled her face up the stairs. “Honey, the house is haunted! So glad we bought this place!”

She crossed her arms. Looking around, she took stock of all the creatures and ghosts. “You, with the tentacles. You look corporeal. Put these in the washer. Run the cycle on cold. You two, creepy twins, get a dust rag and clear out all the cobwebs.”

No one moved, all the monsters just looked at each other in confusion.

“Now! Chop chop! We haven’t got all day!” The wife put them all to work.

The house was together in no time, not a cobweb in sight ever again.



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