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WORDS FROM
MY HEAD
A small collection
of short stories

Phil Oddy

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CONTENTS:

1. [A Story In 140 Characters](#)
2. [The Morning After](#)
3. [Cheesy Wedges](#)
4. [Dream, Dream, Dream](#)
5. [New Boots](#)
6. [The Call Of The Wild](#)
7. [Versus The City](#)
8. [The Dark](#)
9. [A Story In 280 Characters](#)

A Story In 140 Characters

One mouse click. £10m. He was suddenly crushed by the weight of the secret that he now carried. He couldn't even try to give the money back.

The Morning After

Colin remained seated in the pew, watching the congregation file out with smiles and nods and murmurs. Religion wasn't exactly his thing but, in this situation, he hadn't been sure what else to do. His usual methods of crisis management – binge drinking, comfort eating – were, for various reasons, not available to him right now. So he'd wandered around, hollowed out, a facsimile of a normal, functioning person, until he found himself here. He needed help. This is where people came for help, wasn't it?

'I love you,' she'd said.

The vicar stood by the door, thanking her parishioners, humbly accepting their thanks and praise for the sermon that Colin hadn't listened to. He'd been replaying the scene in his mind's eye, his heart drained, aching, his mind foggy with doubt about whether it had happened the way he was remembering, whether it had happened at all.

He'd shaken his head. 'I don't care,' he'd said.

And although he'd waited years to hear her say it, he honestly didn't. Not now. Colin chewed again on the skin to the side of his thumbnail. He'd been doing that all morning and now it

was hurting. He tasted blood. *Good*, he thought, *Cut me, bite me, I bleed. I'm not dead...* He felt a momentary chill disappear down his spine at the last part of that thought. He pushed it away, shivered it out. It was nothing; the church was draughty.

'You can't stop me,' she'd said. 'Don't stand in my way, Colin.'

The vicar said her final "*good day*" and stepped back into the church. Colin bowed his head. If he looked like he was praying, then maybe she would... No, she'd sat down on the far end of the pew. She took her time before she spoke. 'You're welcome here, friend,' she whispered. 'If I can be of any assistance, I am happy to talk, but otherwise I'll leave you be. God be with you.'

'It would be terrible if something bad happened, now, because of this misunderstanding,' she'd threatened.

Colin shivered again. He closed his eyes, said nothing. The vicar took the hint and made to stand up. *There is something you need. You came here for a reason*, he scolded himself. He stuck out his hand. The vicar paused mid-rise, then sat back down.

‘It would be terrible if something bad happened, now, because of this misunderstanding,’ he’d agreed.

‘There is something you need. You came here for a reason,’ repeated the vicar, word-for-word, quietly leaning close so that he wouldn’t have to shout his problems to the empty church. Her breath was hot on his cold, cold cheek. Colin felt the itching in his gums, bringing the bile to his throat, and already knew, as he turned to her, as he said the words, that it was too late.

‘Holy water,’ he gasped, ‘and all the crucifixes you can lay your hands on. You’re going to need to raise an army.’

Cheesy Wedges

‘I’m sooo hungry!’

I close my eyes, take a deep breath, and try to ignore him. It’s not easy, especially when he starts wafting his tail in front of my face, trying to get my attention. My nose tickles. I stifle a sneeze and open my eyes.

‘Were you asleep Rufus?’ he asks, persistently.

‘Didn’t you hear me? I said I’m hungreeee...’

‘I heard you,’ I say. ‘Have a nut.’

‘Don’t want a nut,’ he sulks. ‘I want a... what does the box say, Rufus? They smell so good,’ Greg can’t read. Few squirrels can. I squint through the open window.

‘Cheesy Wedges,’ I read, slowly. They do smell good. Better than mouldy old nuts that have been buried in a hole all winter.

‘Yeah!’ drools Greg. ‘I want a Cheesy Wedges!’ He eyes up the window.

‘I reckon I can make it, Rufus. You want one?’ And with that, he’s gone, or at least he would be if I hadn’t grabbed hold of his tail. He jerks backwards before he reaches the end of the branch.

‘Ow!’ he yelps. I raise my paws in a shrug. My ears are pricked. His should be too.

‘Wait...’ I say, counting three... two... one... ‘And there he is!’

And there he is, prowling his way around the box of piping hot Cheesy Wedges. Sir Whiskalot,

snooty-nosed human's pet and sworn enemy of squirrels garden-wide. I hate that cat.

'Ah, damn it,' sighs Greg, dejected. 'Guess that's it, then. You want a nut?'

But no. I do not want a nut. I want a Cheesy Wedges. The humans had them brought to the house especially, along with those other boxes that are on the table, too far away to read.

Cheesy Wedges is obviously some kind of delicacy, one that has so far been denied to us poor, downtrodden squirrels. Well, no more!

Tonight's the night we say "*enough*"! Tonight's the night we rise up and take what is owed.

What do we want? Cheesy Wedges! When do we want it? As soon as I figure out a plan!

I explain this to Greg.

'Oh good,' he says excitedly. 'What's the plan?'

I tell him I haven't figured it out yet.

'Well, you'd better be quick,' he says. 'The humans will be back soon and then they'll eat all the Cheesy Wedges.'

I explain I am aware of this and that he should let me think. He gives me fifteen seconds.

'Why don't we try the usual plan?' he asks.

'The one that never works?' I reply. 'The one that has, frequently, nearly resulted in one or both of us getting eaten?'

'Yup,' says Greg. 'That one. It might work this time.'

It won't, but I don't have any other ideas, so I tell him it's worth a shot and shoo him into position. He slides down the tree and takes up his usual hiding place behind the plant pot. The stick he used last time is still propped up against the wall and he picks it up, waving it at me as a signal that he's ready.

I take a deep breath, swallow the rising tide of terror that is creeping up from the pit of my stomach (unless it's a bad nut?) and inch my way slowly along the branch.

I get about halfway before I see Sir Whiskalot pause his pacing, stiffen, and start to slowly turn his head. He's spotted me, but this is all part of the plan. I continue moving along the branch, towards the windows, as he turns and walks very slowly, very deliberately, in my direction. I can see the fur on the back of his neck stand on end – PING PING PING PING... you get the picture.. His eyes narrow, I can see a small cloud form on the windowpane from his breath as he snarls in my direction. I carry on towards him, safe in the knowledge that, although the window is open enough for the smell of the Cheesy Wedges to waft out and for me to squeeze in, that it's actually only a tiny crack and poor old, pampered, let's-face-it-basically-fat Sir Whiskalot is trapped on the other side, powerless to get to

me. This part of the plan is all about getting him riled up, winding him and winding him until he's wound up so tight that the slightest little thing will make him explode with rage.

And we're nearly there. I put a paw on the windowsill, then the other, and bring my nose up against the glass, pressing it against the window. Sir Whiskalot's back arches, and it's then, with timing more perfect than he's ever managed before, that Greg rattles the cat flap with his stick.

The cat's head whips around and, like a shot, he darts through the cat flap and out into the garden, chasing after... well, nothing. Because the moment he's gone, Greg slips out from behind the plant pot and saunters in the same way that the stupid cat left.

'Better be quick,' I say, as I slip through the window and we meet up on the counter. We have no idea how much longer we have before our enemy realises he's on a wild squirrel chase. This has never worked before.

'Stupid cat,' says Greg, flipping up the lid of the cardboard box.

There they are. Hot, steaming, oozing Cheesy Wedges. We both pick one up, breathing in the delicious aroma, savouring the moment before we savour the...

'Bleurgh...!' spits Greg.

I look up. He's already bitten into his. I nibble at mine, with less enthusiasm that I might have done a moment earlier. He's right. It isn't nice.

After all that.

I drop the Cheesy Wedges, look back to Greg and shrug.

'Nut?' I ask.

'Nut,' he agrees.

Dream, Dream, Dream

I was woken by the implant in my head, sending impulses directly to my cochlear nerve, making me think I could hear a beeping sound.

I tapped behind my ear, cancelling the noise and emerged, blinking, from sleep with a shot of cortisol delivered from the implant directly into my bloodstream.

‘Sarah,’ I called, ‘Dream diary!’

Let’s deal with this first. Yes, I’ve called my computer Sarah, but you have to call them something. I’m not spending my time shouting “*computer*” at the wall. I’d sound crazy. But I don’t know anyone called Sarah, and the voice print I use, whilst female, is from the stock library — I’ve not sampled it. And I haven’t designed her an avatar. I’m not one of those guys. Although yes, I have got in the habit of calling it “*her*”.

‘Tell me what you dreamed,’ said Sarah, simply. See, no funny business.

‘I...’ I struggled to make sense of the jumble of images that formed in my mind. Even with one this vivid, dreams are insubstantial things, with a way of starting to dissolve as soon as you try to bring them back into the real world with you. ‘I had a job,’ I said. ‘Not a work assignment, a job. I had to do it every day. More or less. Otherwise I, basically, couldn’t eat. It was... like

some kind of endurance game show. Which, if it had existed in the dream, I wouldn't have time to watch. But no!'

I suddenly remembered something.

'That wasn't the weirdest thing,' I continued. 'I lived with this woman, I can't believe I forgot that bit. She was called, oh...'

She was called Sarah, I'd just realised.

'But we hadn't done any compatibility work, not even the basic Intro Test. We just decided, somehow, through what seemed to be a series of accidents, to spend our lives together. No real planning, no real... oh man, we fought a lot. But there were times... she was amazing. I don't know how I found her...'

I am awoken by the silence of the alarm clock.

I roll over and bash it, making it burst into life, filling the air with beeps. I check the time on the digital display: 10pm. Time to get up.

I pause, as the memory of a dream comes flooding back to me. I was in the future! Cool. Maybe I can remember something amazing that I saw and I could invent it in real life and make my fortune? Try not to think about it too hard. Dreams are fragile. If it's in there, it will come to me.

Ah, bless, Sarah's left a mug by the side of the

bed. I pick it up and spit a mouthful of tea into it. Putting it down, I get a sniff of my armpit. Way too clean, definitely time to get up. I need a shower to wash myself dirty again before work. Oh no! I just realised. I dreamed everything was backwards again, didn't I? I can't invent anything that would work in real life. Who would want a shower that made you clean? Or a fridge that kept your food fresh? I wonder why that keeps happening?

I woke to the sound of the overture, right on cue.

I leapt from my bed, already beaming the biggest grin I could find. I bounded across to the window and threw the curtains wide. The morning sunlight streamed in, just as I knew it would.

'Oh! What a beautiful morning,' I sang. The bluebirds nesting in the tree turned their heads and sang, in unison:

'Oh! What a beautiful day!'

I winked at them and tipped them a cheeky salute.

'I've got a beautiful feeling...' I sang...

I am awakened by the clang of the morning bell.

I lie still in my bed for a moment, letting the juxtaposition of my having dreamed that my life was a musical with the reality of the bell summoning me to work really sink in. It was so brief, that moment of joy. Just like a dream, slipping away in the blink of a waking eye, crushed by the weight of onrushing reality. The chimes of doom continue, but it's the jolt I feel when a guard's boot connects with the foot of my bed that gets me moving. I don't need to hear the tap-tapping of the electric crop against his leg. Tardiness is not tolerated here. Nothing is tolerated here.

I swing my legs out of bed and shuffle towards the indignity of the communal showers. The gash in my calf from Number 149's pickaxe, that I got when we were working the quarry face yesterday, causes me to stumble, as pain shoots across what, I haven't checked but, I'm pretty sure is an open wound. It wasn't her fault; she was near unconscious in the heat. I hear the swish of an upstroke of one of the guard's crops. It doesn't matter which. Falling isn't tolerated here. I close my eyes and wait for the impact.

I woke with the impact, which wasn't with the crash barrier as I'd expected, but with the water below.

We must have jumped it somehow. A rush of memories: we were going too fast, I knew that, but Sarah was late for work; we'd been singing, the soundtrack to Oklahoma! on the stereo, it was Sarah's favourite; the skid, the way the car had lurched 180 degrees and then ploughed, backwards towards the river. My leg hurt, something was crushing it, cutting into my calf from behind. I turned my head, tried to see if Sarah was still conscious, but she wasn't even there.

I thought the water would fill the car slowly, but it burst in with a violence that took my breath away, shortly before the water filled my burning lungs and made sure that I would never breathe again.

I hear the beeps of the delivery truck reversing and that brings me out of... whatever state I'm in.

I don't think you can even call it sleep. I can't afford to sleep. Sleep means letting your guard down, sleep means being vulnerable and open, sleep means losing what little I hold dear, up to and including my life. I don't sleep; I sit in a doorway, cocooned in cardboard and stinky old blankets and rags. But I still dream.

The truck swings around, lining itself up with

the delivery bay doors. Its headlamps sweep across my doorway, and I'm dazzled by the intense light. They never used to be this bright. The burning in my lungs hasn't gone away. Maybe I am drowning, after all.

The blanket bulges at my feet, and a scrawny tabby cat slides out. I hadn't realised that he was there. I can't even feel my feet, and it's not because of the cold anymore. Life is taking its toll, it was always going to when it got this hard.

'Morning Mittens,' I greet the cat. He looks at me disdainfully, which is a bit much as he'd been using my bed for the night, and meows, stretching his mouth wide in a grotesque half-yawn, as if to say "*yes, I used your bed for the night but it was dreadfully uncomfortable and I'm no less tired as a result*". I know how he feels.

The tinkling of a teaspoon on the edge of a china cup.

No, I didn't dream that.

Sarah.

I opened my eyes. *It takes so long these days.* Sarah lifted Mittens off the bed. I hadn't realised that he was there, but I now I felt the space next to me where he had been, only

moments before, felt the cold replacing the warmth of his tired old moggy body. Dear old friend. We were neither of us long for this world.

Sarah smiled. She was a lovely girl. I couldn't remember if we were related or not.

'Good morning, Mrs Edelman,' she said, 'I brought you a cup of tea. It's nice and hot, so there's no rush. You take your time. Are you ready for me to sit you up?'

I whispered something that meant "yes", but didn't quite come out that way.

'OK,' said Sarah. Such a sweet girl. 'Are you ready?'

It's not what finally wakes me, but I become gradually aware of the regular beeps of a heart monitor.

'Are you ready?' asks an unfamiliar voice. They're not talking to me, I don't think. There are other people in the room. It's weird, I can sense their bated breath.

I open my eyes. I thought it was going to be hard work, but I do it quite easily. That's right, I'm not an old lady anymore. That's... an odd thing to think. I think I dreamed... so many dreams. So many pieces to try to fit together. A face looms over me. An older man.

‘Mr Edelman?’ he asks.

I murmur, it’s the best I can manage, although I feel strength returning.

‘Welcome back, Mr Edelman,’ says... the doctor. He’s a doctor. He has a white coat and a stethoscope. ‘Do you remember what happened?’

‘I...’ I do, but... at the same time, I am gripped by a feeling that I can’t trust my own memories.

‘There was a crash,’ explains the doctor.

‘I thought there might have been,’ I say, but this sounds flippant, ‘I mean, I wasn’t sure if I dreamt it.’

‘There was a crash,’ nods the doctor. ‘You’re lucky to be alive, Mr Edelman. If you’re up to it, there’s someone here to see you.’

My heart leaps. Sarah? But no, it’s not Sarah, it’s someone who looks a lot like her.

‘Daddy?’ says the young woman, and I instantly know who she is, even though I can’t believe it. She’s clutching a soft toy, a scrawny looking tabby cat that has seen better days.

‘Em,’ I whisper, tears welling, but a huge grin spreading across my face.

‘Hi Daddy,’ Emily says, stepping forward and gently taking my hand. It’s a comforting feeling, like an anchor back to my real life. ‘You’ve been gone a while. Do you think I’ve changed?’

‘All grown up,’ I’m crying now. I don’t know

what's going on in my mind or my heart, but I know that, finally, this is real. Almost too real. 'He's not changed, though.'

I nod towards Mittens, the cat. Emily laughs and rubs the toy against her cheek.

'It's silly,' she says, 'but I wanted you to have something to remind you of me. When I couldn't be here. He's been watching over you.'

'He did a good job,' I say, through the tears. There's a question I need to ask, but I don't want to.

'Daddy, there's something you should know,' says Emily, tears now trickling down her face too. 'It's about Mum.'

And I know the answer. I think I always knew. I close my eyes and whisper her name.

New Boots

‘It’s just a fishing trip, Grandpa. Don’t you think you’re over-doing it?’

He was a caricature, I thought, without seeing the irony. I cringed at the mental image of us getting on the bus together.

He always pulled his socks up. On this occasion they were green and woollen. He never let them slip. “*No point in wearing them if you don’t use them properly,*” he always said. This wasn’t a discussion, it was a lesson.

His shorts stopped at the knee, never above or below. It was something to do with “*proper pockets*”. That was something else he’d say. Of course, there was always a chance that there was a paper bag of humbugs lurking near the bottom.

His boots were brown, leather, creased, worn. Almost like his face was reflected in them. “*New boots are unproven boots,*” he boomed. One of us could still walk the next day.

The Call Of The Wild

‘I’m not going to do it.’

‘You don’t know what it is yet.’

‘It doesn’t matter. I’m not doing it.’

‘What have you got to do that’s better?’

You dare me, with your blue smile, to come along for the ride.

We met in the park, I became the latest conquest added to your list. Master buttonholer that you are, it usually takes minutes to get someone to fall under your spell, a new best friend of whom to ask questions to which you already know the answer. The next time we met you shouted <<*blaf blaf*>> at a dog until its owner came across to ask you what you were doing. They walked you home.

You will go from person to person asking for directions, then immediately set off the opposite way. You will pretend to forget the name of an everyday object until I’m screaming “*pencil*” at you in the middle of the street. You love to tell a joke so unfunny that, on the fourth telling, it becomes funny again. I love that one too.

You got me drunk on your birthday and I spent the night with my back to the party, holding the wall for support. You laughed, told me I was far more attractive from behind, and carried on eating. I sobered up by the end, coming down as you were coming up, before I fell asleep, face-down, during *sobremesa*. As we passed

each other, I remembered why I let you do this to me.

You have a gift for finding the air-people who want nothing more than to fold you into their dream. By the end of the next day, we were drinking beer in a sauna with a dealer in stolen cats who has a quiver-full of ideas that turn our worlds on their heads. We played Ant, Person, Elephant to see who was next into the plunge pool.

It is because of you I learned what it feels like when the birds start to sing, the magic of *la madrugada*. Some days I worry that you'll borrow every part of me, piece by piece, until there's nothing left. But the empty space I leave behind will love you. So, I curse the street instead of you.

But I'm still not doing it. Yet.

Versus The City

Everybody thinks I'm asleep. I'm not! I hear the noise of the TV coming up the stairs, with the warm glow of the hall light and the smell of Dad's chips. Up here it's cold, and quiet, and dark, although not as dark as the bottom of our garden, which is the darkest place in London, where the shadow from the fence cuts out the light from the train line above. There aren't any chips up here, either, which is a shame. Cold, dark and silent are fine by me, but I'd quite like some chips.

Living in London - any big city I suppose - cold, dark and silent are like treasure. Everywhere is noisy and bright and hot. I like to sit here, at the end of my bed, when everyone thinks I'm already asleep, and look out into the night. It's calming. I don't know how I'm supposed to sleep otherwise.

A train flashes past. My money box rattles. I feel the rumble in my belly, like I'm hungry. I only notice that when I'm sitting here. I guess you get used to it, living by the train line, like you need to see the train to notice that literally the entire house is shaking. It's funny what you don't notice if you're not looking.

A fox runs up the embankment and stops on the track. It sniffs the air, looking one way and then another. Suddenly its head jerks. It looks up the track and then scampers away. Is there another

train coming? Not usually so soon, not according to the timetable.

This one's slower. It grinds to a squeaking, hissing halt opposite me. The lights inside are bright - it's less dark now. I see a lady sat in the window, halfway down the carriage. She is pressing her forehead against the window. It must feel cool. Perhaps she finds the city too much as well. I lean forward, to press my head against my bedroom window, like her.

Unfortunately, it's further away than I think, and I nearly topple forwards. I stop myself by placing my right palm on the window. It thuds, but I don't expect anyone downstairs will hear. I look up at the train.

The lady has her palm on the window too! Her right! Can she see me? Well... I watch the people on the train every night. Why wouldn't they be watching me? That shocks me a bit. What do they see? What did they think of me? Suddenly, I want to jump out of the window, run down the garden and... what? Talk to her, find out who she is, what she sees? I know that's impossible. But if I can't ask her, maybe I can still find out. Maybe I can take the train, see the world that she sees. Maybe this weekend. Maybe I'll...

Maybe I'll see someone like me.

The train brakes hiss, and the train is pulling away. I wave. The lady on the train waves back.

The Dark

They came at night.

We heard the first scream, in the distance, just before we went upstairs for the night. I dismissed it as a cat, but it immediately spooked Susan. That said, she's easily spooked.

We heard the second scream more clearly, through the bedroom window, which I had opened to 'prove' that there was nothing to worry about. It was no more than two streets away. I didn't call the police. There didn't seem to be any point. Someone else, someone closer, would be able to help them more than I could. I closed the window.

Not ready for sleep, I picked up a paperback. But I couldn't focus and I soon gave up on reading. I was about to try to settle down when Susan suddenly sat bolt upright, eyes wide. 'That's weird,' she said, "'#screams" is trending...'

'What?' I asked, confused.

'On Twitter. They're using the hashtag "#screams" – look,' she showed me her iPad, 'there are dozens of them. All over the place, people are hearing screams in the darkness...'

'Like, now?' I asked.

'Yeah, they keep coming. They're everywhere...'
She turned to me.

'Switch the radio on,' she pleaded.

I switched the radio on.

Static. Across the entire dial, no-one was broadcasting. I found the TV remote, but every channel was blank. I grabbed some clothes from a chair and got quickly dressed.

Suddenly, our son was in the doorway, eyes bleary from sleep.

‘There’s people making noise outside,’ he complained.

Sam’s bedroom was at the back of the house. As I stepped through the door, I could hear multiple voices screaming, and close, maybe only on the other side of the houses behind ours.

I rushed back to find Sam sitting in our bed, Susan’s arms wrapped around him, terror in both their eyes.

‘You’d better keep him in here,’ I said, but even as the words left my lips, I could hear more screams at the front of the house and I knew that soon we would be surrounded.

‘It really is everywhere,’ whispered Susan.

‘There were hundreds of tweets by the time the wi-fi went down.’

‘The wi-fi’s down?’

‘Just now, while you were in Sam’s room.

There’s no phone either. I tried to call Dad but the land line’s dead and I can’t get mobile reception.’

We were cut off. I went downstairs.

We seemed to be safe in the house, for now, but the screams were getting louder and closer all the time. We were going to be surrounded, and soon, but surrounded by what? Would it... they... attack? We needed a way out.

By now, Susan was at the top of the stairs, with Sam clinging to her leg, whimpering and petrified.

'I'm going out to see if I can see anything,' I said.

'Don't you dare. What if it's gangs, or terrorists? What if they have guns?'

'Can you hear any guns?' I asked, "Can you even hear any shouting? There are only screams, like... I don't know what they are but that's not the sound of people being attacked.'

I had only just thought of this. It seemed comforting.

'I don't know. There's so many of them!'

'Exactly. Who could attack so many people at the same time?'

It made sense, and I was warming to this line, but I didn't believe it. Something was out there; something was making those screams.

'Exactly,' she repeated. 'It could be terrorists.'

I opened the door.

I didn't feel so brave stood on the doorstep.

Instantly the screams were louder, and they seemed even closer than they did through

double-glazed windows.

‘Who’s out there?’ I called out, my voice weak and wavering.

I got no reply. It was eerie, an aural backdrop of shrill, rasping noise. In the pitch black night, hypnotised by the wall of white noise, I stood still.

‘Who’s there?’ I called again. ‘What do you want? What can I do?’

One voice rose above the screams. ‘Leave us,’ he cried, urgency in his voice, ‘leave us, stay back! We are lost...’

I stepped backwards into the house and slammed the door, certain in that instant that he had saved my life.

Susan stood alone at the top of the stairs.

‘What did you see?’ she asked.

I shook my head.

‘Nothing, no-one. It’s too dark. Where’s Sam?’

‘He’s in his room, hiding. What’s out there..?’

‘Nothing,’ I insisted.

I started to climb the stairs. I stopped halfway up.

‘What’s the matter?’ she asked, looking concerned.

‘I thought I heard something.’

It came again, a brushing and dull thumping at the front door. And, weakly, a voice.

‘Help me, please help me...’ it rasped. I

recognised it at once.

‘It’s him!’ I exclaimed.

‘Who?’

‘Out there!’ I tried to explain, ‘he told me to stay back. Saved me. I have to let him in.’

‘No, you don’t! Who is he? You can’t just...’

I was already back at the front door.

‘It’ll be okay,’ I promised, no idea if it was true.

‘I have to help him. Go into Sam’s room and close the door.’

My hand was on the door handle. She looked at me, pleading, and then turned and left.

I opened the door. There was no-one there. I stepped out again, but still there was no-one, just the darkness and the screams, closer than ever. A window smashed at the back of the house, and suddenly the screams were inside.

The front door slammed shut behind me.

My heart pounded. I could feel my blood coursing through my body, suddenly hot, the arteries aching with hunger. A rising tide of viscera swamped my senses; sweet and tangy, I could taste the flesh on the night air. I opened my mouth wide and screamed with desire. I was lost.

A Story In 280 Characters

Get followers, increase engagements, make 💰💰💰!

I used this one weird trick to pay off my debts in weeks! You won't believe what happened next...

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