

Fiction
Kyle Hutslar

A Bump in the Night

There it was again. Noises. Footsteps?

“Son of a bitch.”

Edmund crawled out of bed and lit his candle. Even with the light in his hand, it seemed like he only had a orb of brightness that spanned three feet as the rest of the house was consumed in darkness. He opened the bedroom door and ventured off into the house.

“I’m coming for you this time.”

The folks around town looked down on him as a crazy, old man ever since the day he chased those kids off his property with a fire poker. The police began forming their own biases too after finding nothing in the house on the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth nights of the noises. Clearly they wouldn’t be any help.

“I’m gonna catch you. I’ll prove them all wrong.”

Maybe it was just a raccoon. Maybe it was the Bandy brothers coming to steal again. Whoever it was, they were going to be one sorry individual. Edmund stumbled down his stairs, nearly falling the rest of the way.

“God damn it.”

Julia’s words echoed throughout the house.

“Dad, I know you like your independence, but no one is going to think differently of you for living with us. Please just move out of that house.”

“I’ll move out in a body bag.”

A tall, white image began to shape as he crept closer. The cellar door. The one he’d locked. It was swung wide open. He stared down into the abyss of pure blackness and scoffed.

“Obviously a trap. They think I’m stupid enough to fall for it?”

“No....”

The candle blew out.