

HAPPY HALLOWEEN, SWEETHEART

The wind blew through the open window into the room. The trees rustled outside and the moon gave light that fell into the room in a bright shine. The digital clock on the nightstand jumped to 0 o'clock. October 31 had dawned and the little boy lay deeply asleep and cuddled in his bed. His breathing was calm and his mouth stood open. A little saliva ran from his mouth and fell onto the bed sheet. The ravens crowed on the branches outside his window and stared at the moon. The boy turned on his other side and stretched his head back. His lips moved slightly as he opened his eyes sleepily and looked directly outside at the bare trees. His mouth tasted dry and his lips were raw. He reached beside him on the nightstand to grab the bottle of water, but when he held it in his hand, he realized it was empty. Sighing, he threw the blanket aside and put his bare feet on the cold floor. Rubbing his eyes, he shuffled to his bedroom door. Bright light passed under the crack. With weak fingers he pushed down the handle and slowly put one foot in front of the other to went down the creaking stairs. He stroked his hand over the handrail, even though he didn't hold onto it at all. Only dim light came from the kitchen. The boy searched with his hand for the light switch and flicked it on. The fridge door was open and behind it were two pairs of legs wearing house slippers and pyjama pants. He walked to them and looked behind the fridge door. A woman with a messy bun and cardigan had her back to him and had placed her hand in a compartment of the fridge. With a tired face, the boy tapped his mother on the shoulder. "Mom?" he asked. The woman did not answer. "Mom." he finally said, tapping her shoulder again. "I'm thirsty." Finally, the woman pulled her hand out of the fridge compartment and turned slowly her face to the boy. As her face appeared, the boy stumbled backward and crashed against the wall. The woman's face was wrinkled, puke green. Blood was running from her eyes and her yellow teeth, of which she did not have many in her mouth, had black spots. The boy could not see pupils either as he looked into her eyes with a stare and shocked face. He shook his head, hoping the whole thing was just a bad dream, but when he opened his eyes again, the woman had only moved closer to him. The boy got up with a quick breath and ran out of the kitchen. In the living room, in which he looked straight into, his father was sitting in an armchair with the back of his head turned toward him, holding a saucer with his cup of coffee on it. The boy looked behind himself, but his mother just looked at him and didn't move from the kitchen. He walked with trembling legs to the armchair where his father was sitting. The coffee cup wobbled in his hand and the brown brew ran over the edge. "Dad?" the boy asked, still totally terrified. "Dad!" His voice trembled and his eyes became wet as he looked at his mother again. But when his father turned his head to him as well, he licked his bloodied mouth and the boy realized that the coffee his father was holding, was actually blood red. He started crying and took quick steps back from his father. His face was nearly the same as the one from his mother. Tears ran down the boy's cheeks. His father stood up and walked towards him with an evil grin. "Help!" the boy screamed at the top of his lungs. He started crying, reached down on the table next to him and threw the vase he got his hands, directly at his father, but it only bounced off his chest, cracked and fell on the floor without any damage to him. "Help me!" the boy shouted. With the most shrill sound possible for him, he screamed across the living room and hit the wall. His mom now stepped into the living room as well, drops of blood streaming from her eyes. He turned to the wall and hits against it with all his strength. "Help!" he screamed at the top of his lungs again. A hand grabbed him by the shoulder and tugged him around. His father's bloody face looked at him and his tongue licked his lips again. "No!" the boy shouted, slapping his face. "Stop!" he continued to yell. His father calmly took his hand ,with which he was trying to punch him in the face and continued to smile in the boy's face. The boy just shook his head crying and kicked his legs around. His mother's face appeared behind his father's when he suddenly twisted his wrist and there was a loud crack. "AHHHH!" the boy screamed, but his father only pushed his arm with the twisted wrist against the wall and his face came closer. When his teeth finally dug into his neck and his mother held his wildly shaking face. A huge pain went through the boy's body and he couldn't scream as loud as it actually hurt. At some point finally his father looked him in the face again, an endless amount of blood was running from the boy's neck. His father smelled his face and the boy backed away from his

disgusting breath. His growl was dark, much darker than his usual voice. The boy's mother bent down to his feet and grabbed them with a strong grasp. In seconds, the father grabbed his face and they both pulled in opposite directions. "AHHHH!" The boy tried to defend himself with his whole body, the pain was huge. But he could not escape himself, his parents' grasps were too strong. His skin was taut and his body was also stretching. "HELP ME!" the boy continued to yell. But suddenly he noticed his body weakening, he became weak and his eyes fell closed. Shortly after, his parents tore him in two, his head along with his neck landed on the ground, the rest of his body slapped next to him. Mother and father laughed evil, the woman took the boy's head and walked with him out of the living room to his room. She laid him on the pillow and pulled the blanket up to his chin. With her index finger she stroked his hair out of his face and with her thumb she ran over his temple. She gave him a kiss on the forehead. "Happy Halloween, sweetheart." The boy suddenly woke up in a cold sweat and with a shrill scream.

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