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# 1. 2016

## 1.1 May

### Are You Listening? (2016-05-05 15:59)

Did we say we were going to go away for good?

Nope.

We are still here.

We are still preparing for a whole new adventure this October.

You better keep an eye out—you never know what will show up in this space.



[1]  
photo taken from morguefile.com

Save

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/05/img\\_4672.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/05/img_4672.jpg)

## 1.2 August

**We Have Not Forgotten (2016-08-01 04:18)**

Did you think that we were giving up on our annual Halloween antics?

Oh no-oh no-



[1]

We have not forgotten.

You are not forgotten.

Come October 1...the thrills, the chills and the fears will manifest in full force...

Don't be late.

We have no problems hunting you down; once we catch you, you may not like the results...but we will.

See you there...

Save

Save

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/07/early-section3.jpg>

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## 1.3 September

It's September? Already? (2016-09-01 05:00)



[1]

We are but one step closer...

Are you anxious to join us here?

We are so anxious to have you....

Feel free to ... drop in ... for a bite ... any time...

Save

1. <https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/early-section6.jpg>

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Won't You Join Us? (2016-09-14 21:26)



We Sisters will once again be opening our home for scares  
Consider this your invitation to join us, come on in, if you dare  
You never know what twisted tales await within you these walls  
But you can rest assured that we know your fears, from clowns to dolls  
The spirits run free here, for this is their domain  
Please be brave, stick around, be one of the ones who remain  
Turn down the lights, tuck your loved ones in tight  
We'll be here each day of October, clear through Halloween night.

Save



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**Prepare... (2016-09-15 10:56)**



[1]

Do you have your pen and ink ready?

Ready for some fun?

Come in. Bolt the door.

We're nearly ready to begin...

Save

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/watermarked-scan\\_20160830-7.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/watermarked-scan_20160830-7.jpg)

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## **1.4 October**

**The Shadows On The Wall (2016-10-01 07:04)**

The shadows on the wall are calling me tonight

Would you care to come with me and see the sights?

Frighten you I promise it will  
You'll be howling to see the light  
But darkness and fear is all that you'll see  
Your own mind is playing along just right  
The fingers you feel brushing on the back of your neck  
Are not your imagination, do you want to take a guess what it is?  
Step into the shadow and follow him in  
If you're lucky, he might let you win  
I wouldn't count on it though,  
That scream that you heard  
It was yours. Didn't you know?  
This is no dream, no nightmare  
This hair raising horror you feel  
It's real, look around but don't dare make a sound  
Don't move or they'll hear you  
The hands they are grabbing from down below  
They'll pull you under if you speak.  
Around the corner you take a look  
You close your eyes but it doesn't work  
The scene is one of blood curdling screams.  
The shadows are in upheaval  
All hell has broken loose  
The blood is boiling in your veins  
All of a sudden it all goes black  
The next thing you know

You are back in your room  
You got lucky this time  
The shadow let go  
The fear that you felt  
You still feel inside you  
You close your eyes  
And think over and over  
It was just a dream  
It was just a dream  
Open your eyes  
Just a crack for a peek  
The shadow is back  
Beckoning you to follow  
Do you go  
Dare you go  
The shadow is calling you  
Do you hear it?  
You think...it had to be a dream.  
But then again, You think  
The fear that you felt  
Made you feel more alive  
The turmoil, the stimulation,  
It was arousing.  
You see him beckoning and you know...  
You may never come back

But you go

The turmoil is intoxicating

You like the shadows on the wall.

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Julie (2016-10-01 10:23:36)

Reblogged this on [1]Dragonfly Dreams and commented:

If you like spooky, scary short stories then check out this site for a month long spook fest!

1. <http://dragonflyfantasy.com/2016/10/01/the-shadows-on-the-wall/>

Angel Stew & Devil's Brew (2016-10-01 13:18:40)

So creepy! I don't know Tracy. I'm going to have to read these posts bright and early in the morning with plenty of light! :D I'm such a scaredy-cat when it comes to all things creepy.

### **The Pet (2016-10-02 07:42)**

Life got lonely for a young vampire in her teen years. Samara could go outside at night and roam around, which she did sometimes, but it was so boring. She was the youngest in her family and no one ever wanted to go out with her and just goof off. They were too busy throwing parties and taking care of business deals. What made it worse was that none of her parents friends had any kids her age. Her kind aged much more slowly than humans, so she sometimes felt that her adolescence would last an eternity.

A lot of human teens felt that way too. She was a little more justified in her thoughts than they were. It was Summer now and she loved the way that the warm air felt on her cool skin. Her parents didn't know it, but sometimes Samara would roam the neighborhood playing with the pets of their neighbors. She enjoyed the animals and loved the feel of their warmth when she held them. Some of the dogs were afraid of her at first, but she took treats along with her and won them over. Sure, she could have just made them do as she wanted but she didn't enjoy using that particular ability. Forcing people or animals to do things against their will felt wrong.

There were so many things that her parents didn't know about her. If they did, they'd be ashamed of her for being so different from the rest of their family and friends. It might seem hard to believe for most that such a thing as a kind and gentle vampire exists, but they do. Granted they might be rare, but they're out there. She had overheard conversations about them at some of her parents' parties. Samara didn't dare ask about them due to the disdainful way that they all talked about the gentle ones. A few had even suggested that they find and stake them because they were such a disgrace.

One night when she was out walking, she came across a teenaged boy. As they neared one another, she could feel the heat coming off of him. Samara was intrigued that a human would be out walking the streets at three in the morning. This was a first for her. He smiled at her as they approached one another, and introduced himself. His name was Darren. After they got their introductions over with, he asked if he could walk with her for a while. She was thrilled, and agreed quickly. As they strolled down the silent streets, the two teens commiserated over what a pain their parents were. She had told him that her parents were domineering, and he said that his didn't even know

that he was alive and were going through a divorce.

After a few hours, Darren decided to head home for a little sleep. Samara was happy that he had brought her out of her joy, because before long the sun would be coming over the horizon. That wouldn't do. Then again, she thought, at least she'd disintegrate happy. She was over the moon when he asked if she wanted to meet up again the next night. They parted ways and when she got home, her parents were waiting for her. Her father scolded her about cutting it so close to dawn and demanded to know why she had pushed her limits so far. She lied and told him that she had seen a dog that was so cute that she lost track of time as she played with it.

Her mother rolled her eyes at her and told her not to even think about asking for a dog. She pleaded her case, but they both firmly said no and told her to make sure that she fed before sleep. As they headed up the stairs, she headed into the kitchen smiling, replaying her conversation with Darren. Once she was full, she headed to her own room, thrilled that she had something to look forward to the next night. After a good day's sleep, she awoke, anxiously awaiting the time that she could go out to meet her new friend. After about four hours of spending time with her parents, she made her getaway as their friends began arriving for tonight's party.

Darren was waiting for her at their agreed location. She walked as close to him as she could as they walked and talked, soaking in his delicious warmth. The two met up and walked night after night for months. As time went by, he was growing more frustrated by his parents. Neither of them wanted him around very much before they split up. Now that they were separated and dating new people, he felt that he was only in the way. Their resentment was obvious. Samara didn't feel as though her parents were so bad after all.

Each night, she had gushed as she told her parents about the dog that was keeping her out so late. They were afraid that it wouldn't be long before she missed her curfew, and that worried them. One morning when she walked in the door, they were waiting for her again. She was waiting to be scolded. To her surprise they told her that she could get a dog, but that she would be responsible for finding it and taking care of it. It took her all of ten seconds to agree. Time went by quickly as she made all of the preparations and arrangements to bring her new pet home. Her parents were happy with her choice of a German Shepherd. They had been secretly talking, hoping that she wouldn't bring home some little yappy dog.

Each night, she came home with her dog after a long walk and went up to her room with him, where they goofed off until it was time for her to go to sleep. After she had him for a few weeks, they were walking around the neighborhood one night and saw a missing child poster tacked up to a phone pole. Upon closer examination, she saw that the poster was for her friend Darren.

She smiled at her dog and asked him if he wanted to go back home. In an instant, he looked up at her and said that he'd rather eat dirt than go back to his jerk parents and that he was sure that they were only putting up the posters so that they wouldn't look bad in front of everyone. They laughed and headed back to Samara's house. Once they got back to her room, Darren changed back to himself and they sat on the floor listening to music.

After the two had known one another for a few months, they hatched a plan. She had told him the truth about what she was and he didn't care. He told her that he didn't want to go home again. Once she had worn her parents down about getting a dog, Samara went into the next town to speak with a kind old witch that she knew. Once she explained the situation, the witch agreed to cast a glamour spell so that Darren could take on the form of a dog whenever he needed to. She was a very experienced woman, and no one had ever batted an eye when they saw him. Not even her parents. When they asked the old witch how they could repay her, the answer was simple. All she wanted was for them to come and visit her once in a while. This was a bargain that the two teens gladly agreed to.

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The Pet | Pull Up A Toadstool (2016-10-02 12:55:34)  
[...] Source: The Pet [...]

Angel Stew & Devil's Brew (2016-10-02 13:29:23)

Yay! I was so afraid this was going to end much differently. :) So far, day two into these posts I'm okay... I suspect only for the moment. :)

Tracy Moore (2016-10-02 13:33:49)

Yay! Glad you're doing okay so far. You're right, there is definitely "worse" to come, but not all of it. There will be several pieces that you should be alright with judging by this. ☺

### **Scare Me (2016-10-03 02:47)**

I walk into the room.

I am not surprised.

They sit there, all three of them, dressed to the nines in their tailor-made suits. Red roses perched in their lapels. Shoes shine and glow with their fresh polish.

I came here under the guise of putting my own house in order, remanding one of my own to the whipping pole.

I see now that they think it is my time to submit.

How very little they understand of me.

"I will not have you all at once."

I strip one leather glove from my arm, from my hand, one finger at a time. The glove is stiff; it sticks to my skin.

All eyes are on me.

I like it that way.

They turn towards one another.

He gets up. My favorite. His green eyes damning my traitorous heart.

How am I to cope with him?

I close my heart, never batting an eyelash. I cannot allow them to see what I hold inside, who I hold dear.

I take his hand and lead him from the room.

And so it is with them.

Each one taken to a different room.

Each one tied to his own post, protesting the entire way.

Each one blindfolded. Each one trussed.

Each suit cut away from their bodies and set aside. Later these will be burned.

I cannot stay and watch this.

I have children to feed.

Tonight I spare no one.

You can't scare me.

If you try, those that you call beasts will come, at my request, and feast upon your soul.

Once they are done and gone away, you are still stuck within your meaty casing, subject to my every whim.

Be aware, I studied under the masters. I can keep you alive for a very long time without any hint of skin.

---

Angel Stew & Devil's Brew (2016-10-03 21:42:38)

And eewwwwwwww. I was really risking it reading this at almost 8pm but it's still daylight here so I'm safe. Not even kidding. I'm not reading this page at night. I know. I'm such a wimp.

Tabitha Beck (2016-10-04 12:19:50)

Oh goodie, this means we are all doing a good job of things...and don't worry...I have to read everything first thing in the morning here too... :)

**Happy Flying (2016-10-04 02:06)**



[1]

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/watermarked-scan\\_20160820.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/watermarked-scan_20160820.jpg)

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**Kitty And Bird (2016-10-04 07:25)**

Kitty says meow.



[1]

Bird says tweet tweet.





[2]

Monster comes.



[3]

Monster eats the kitty.

Yum yum says the monster.

Monster eats the bird.

Yum yum says the monster.

You can read about the [4]genesis of this story here.

Save

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan\\_20160922-4.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan_20160922-4.jpg)
2. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan\\_20160922-3.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan_20160922-3.jpg)
3. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan\\_20160922-2.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan_20160922-2.jpg)
4. <https://thisismysideofthemirror.com/2016/10/01/my-son-the-story-teller/>

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### **Bargains (2016-10-06 05:45)**

Thoughts of ghouls and beasties fill the hearts of many with dread

They lay awake at night trembling, but would rather be sleeping instead

No one believes you, telling you that the creaks and moans are the house settling

Yet they have no reasonable explanation for the door knobs rattling

So they chalk that up to one's vivid imagination

Such closed minded thinking is nothing but mere stagnation

One day the footsteps may stop at their doors instead of at yours

Then what will they say about the claws clicking against the floors

There is no cat in the house, neither is there a dog

Will they think that sleep has filled their minds with a fog?

These non-living creatures can be ignored for only so long

If need be, they'll even begin singing mournful songs

Sooner or later, the doubters shall have no choice but belief

In tears they shall seek you, brains wracked with grief

They beg of you to advise them as to what they should do

Too bad that it took them this long to believe in you

After all of these years, you wish that you could feel pity  
But an idea strikes, which is wily and witty  
Just maybe, you can bargain, perhaps a deal can be struck  
Their peace and sanity for yours, could you possess such luck  
You lie awake for nights, waiting your chance to propose your plan  
The goblin finally shows up, waking you with the touch of an icy hand  
When you tell it of the depth of the new victim's fear it dances with glee  
With a raspy voice, it tells you that on one condition, you'll be free  
Convince your old friend that it's all in the head and you will be visited never again  
After their cruelty to you, the choice is simple - them for you -what a bargain.

---

Julie (2016-10-06 06:31:28)  
A bargain indeed.???

Tracy Moore (2016-10-06 12:15:22)  
Mwahaha! Seems fair lol...or diabolical. ;)

Bargains | Pull Up A Toadstool (2016-10-06 12:13:54)  
[...] Source: Bargains [...]

**Cold (2016-10-07 02:28)**

I'm so cold.

So freakin' cold.

I can't stop shaking. My teeth are rattling around in my head. It's worse than a migraine.

I can't take it.

I have to find someone. I have to find someone, someone to hold, to snuggle with. I need to share some body heat here, people, and I am willing to do anything for that heat. Anything.

\*\*\*\*\*

I found someone. I found him.

He's taking me home with him.

We're in the shower. He's kissing me. That's fine.

The water is so hot. It stings. It breaks up the cold. It breaks into the cold. I am not yet free, but I am getting there.

His tongue is in my mouth. His fingers are wrapped around my head. Whatever he wants, I will give him, because I need to be warm.

\*\*\*\*\*

Later now, we are in bed. He is asleep, content in his after sex glow.

My core is like ice, but I feel warmer now. Not warm enough, but this is a good start.

Now, I am hungry.

I walk naked to the kitchen, the air nipping at me in icy little bites, calling the cold back to stroke my flesh. I ignore it. It isn't enough to hinder me at the moment.

There is bread. I take a knife. I cut myself pieces of meat, long thick hunks, raw and bloody, the way I like them. The bread is necessary right now. I need the extra carbs to battle the cold. This first sandwich is not enough. I need more. I have more.

\*\*\*\*\*

Three sandwiches later and I am satisfied.

The chill is coming back, lapping at me like a lover who beats me into submission. It's nasty.

I crawl back into bed with my temporary beloved. The sheets are sticky with his blood. He made a nice meal, but it wasn't enough. I cut him open now as widely as I can and then I crawl inside.

There is warmth to be had here. Not enough, but it will do. I sew myself up inside him, filling in the holes I cut with my own bits. It's only temporary. Inside this body, I can find a female. I can fill her up and take her body over. Perhaps in a woman's body I will find the warmth I crave.

It's time to go out and look.

---

Julie (2016-10-07 03:41:37)

Aww yeah! Effing gross. I knew liked you for a reason!!???

Tabitha Beck (2016-10-09 14:28:22)

Awesome--there is NO higher compliment for me than that, Julie. :)

Tracy Moore (2016-10-07 13:40:52)

I'm with Julie on this one...all the way! Nice one.

### **Shadow Person (2016-10-08 03:30)**

What is that over in the corner, just standing in the dark?

The thick blackness of it frightens me, for it is so stark

There's no way to miss this thing, because of its sheer size

I'd go and investigate, but something tells me that it wouldn't be wise

Each night for ages, it has stood there letting me feel its stare

I can't look at it for long, I simply don't dare

There are no features to make out in this looming, large, dark entity

Still it fills me with a deep seated terror that lasts for what feels like an eternity

Off of it I can feel so many dark emotions which fill me with fear

The suspense is killing me, I turn on the light, to find myself staring into a mirror

What shall I do now that I know that the monster is me?

They say that we all have our dark side, so I guess I'll just wait and see

Which side of myself will win out in the end, I'm not entirely certain

Instead of squashing the darkness, for a while I shall pull back the curtain

What could it hurt to let it out to play for just a bit?

The lure of that idea is larger than I'd like to admit

For the longest time I've been able to keep the shadows at bay

The frequency with which the darkness bubbles up at times fills me with dismay

The hardships can be crippling, the heartaches, the grief, the anger, the strife

Shall I be consumed by the darkness or shine a light and choose life?

---

Shadow Person | Pull Up A Toadstool (2016-10-08 19:52:57)  
[...] Source: Shadow Person [...]

Julie (2016-10-09 00:40:32)  
Very very creepy, but I like it!?

Tracy Moore (2016-10-09 00:44:06)  
Thank you ?

### **Spell (2016-10-09 02:42)**

I miss the old days. Do you remember? The days before I put this heinous spell on you.

Love me forever, I cried.

Now you do.

Here I am, stuck with your moldering corpse as I go throughout my every day.

You are the dead Siamese twin wrapped around my torso, connected by a liver, or a heart, or a kidney. The corpse that just won't go away.

Look at you, with the worms crawling through your eyes. There's not enough brain left in your head for them to eat these days.

Love me forever. Sheesh. What was I thinking?

What am I to do?

I have gone to every healer. I have seen every medicine man and medicine woman. I have drunk potions and concoctions. I have eaten pieces of animals that should never been touched, much less swallowed. I have danced the old dances. I have bathed in the sacred streams and the holy rivers. I have beseeched god after god, goddess and goddess. I have tempted many a crossroads demon.

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing but you and your grave-stink and your rotting lips smiling at me, begging for a kiss.

Ye gods, what am I to do?

I have long pondered what might happened if I took the knife to my own self. Slit my throat. Or perhaps sliced open both arms from elbow to wrist. Every time I mention it, whatever holy person in front of me says my fate will be even worse if I do so.

Even worse than this, you walking death amongst my world. I miss the flowers in my garden. I miss laying naked in the moonlight. I miss ... everything... before I threw my life away for loving you, for having you love me.

What am I to do?

YOU kiss my feet with that rotted mouth. I want to vomit. You bring me dead things, squashed on the road, and garble on about loving me.

I have tried so many times to release you, but forever is forever and you yourself agreed. You took this on yourself so much as I offered it out to you. It is not all me. It is not all you.

Don't you want to be free? Let go, Bonny Jim. Let go.

---

### **I Can't Live Without You (2016-10-10 07:50)**

When I was eighteen, I began seeing a man who I dated for a little under two years. At first he had seemed charming and attentive. He wanted to know everything about me and did his best to buy me anything that I mentioned that I'd like to have. As a young woman, this was very appealing. Roger was almost ten years older than myself. Needless to say, my parents weren't too happy about that. They thought that I needed to get out and live a little more before settling down with someone.

Not only that, but they thought that he was strange. Back then, I thought that it was just because they didn't know him. Granted, he didn't make it easy for people to get to know him as he was very quiet around people who weren't close to him. He wasn't what anyone would consider a social butterfly either. On the few occasions that Roger agreed to go to my parents' house with me, he sat quietly, only speaking when directly addressed. Even then, his replies were as short as possible. What my parents didn't know was that I practically forced him to go to their house each time he came along with me, and that he would make me pay for it for at least a week afterward each time.

I've had people ask me since why I never said anything. Of course I would now. Back then though, I just thought that he was misunderstood and that if I stuck with him that I could somehow help him to get over his troubled past. Not only that, but my parents already could barely tolerate him and any overt hostility on their part would only make my life with Roger more difficult than it already was. The first few times that he'd gone to their house with me, he complained about my family and berated me for a week afterward.

After that, things only got worse. You see, he had convinced me to move in with him after we had only been seeing one another for a month. Back then it was my belief that he loved me so much that he meant it when he had said that he couldn't live without me. Oh, the naivety of youth. When I did something that made him unhappy, he would withhold things from me. No, not just affection but that was part of it.

At times, he wouldn't give me money to buy groceries for the week so I'd had to survive on what little was left in the house while he dined out for the week. After the first few times the bastard had done that, I learned to squirrel away a bit of food. Yes, as embarrassing as it is to admit he not only controlled all the money, he earned all the money. This was because he hadn't wanted me to work. He stated his case by saying that he could never love some "ball busting feminazi", and that it made him happy to take care of me. Looking back I can see the mind games so clearly. Back then though, I was young, confused, and just wanted to make him happy.

It was around seven months into our relationship that things started to get physical. Roger had begun coming home very late at night. Many nights, he didn't come in until well after three in the morning. Of course, there was no courtesy call or explanation. If I so much as dared ask him where he had been, he would shove me, grab my upper arm so hard that it left a bruise, or worse. After a while, I stopped asking. It wasn't worth it, and it isn't as though I ever got an answer anyway. Things progressively got worse over the following eight months or so. He had demanded that I stop going out unless he was with me, which meant that not only did I lose the few friends that I had left from high school, but that I rarely saw my parents.

When I discovered that he was cheating on me, I talked about leaving. Even though there was no genuine affection left between us by this time, he reiterated that he couldn't live without me. Only this time, he said that he'd sooner see me dead than to have to go on without me. The look in his eyes told me that he wasn't kidding. Needless to say, I dropped the subject quickly. A few more miserable months went by, with me being isolated and afraid, and him doing whatever and whoever he wanted. One night, it all changed. Roger came home drunk at a little after two in the morning. He woke me out of a sound sleep, and dragged me out of bed by my feet into the master bathroom. After tossing me into the shower, he kept calling me a lying, filthy bitch. He refused to tell me what it was that I had done to make him angry.

After he took me out of the shower, he finally told me. Earlier in the night, he had ran into my brother at the bar. As they sat sharing a beer, my brother had told him how nice it had been to talk to me last week when mom and dad had called me. I had completely forgotten to tell him about the call, because he had come home that night in a vile mood. Of course, there was no way that I could tell him this. We made our way out into the hallway, where he continued to yell at me on the landing at the top of the stairs. I was sobbing by this time and begged him to just let me go.

As usual, his reply was that he couldn't live without me. Something in me snapped. I reached out and gave him a hard shove. As Roger tumbled down the stairs, I yelled back. "Now you won't have to". He landed at the bottom of the stairs with a sickening crunch. With my entire body trembling, I sat down on the top step for a long time. Finally, on weak legs, I got up and called the police. It took them about ten minutes to arrive.

When they asked me what had happened, I told them that I had been awakened by a lot of noise and that when I got up, saw him lying at the bottom of the stairs. The smell of alcohol pouring off him was so strong that it wasn't hard for them to draw the conclusion that he had stumbled home drunk and fallen down the steps. Roger had been no stranger to the police in our town. They had been called to break up bar fights which he had been involved in numerous times. After a few hours they left, taking his body with them. I was sure glad that I had a long sleeved nightgown on that night. If they'd seen the bruises, things would have gone a lot differently.

After the dust settled, I moved back in with my parents and began attending college. After about a month, I began noticing things moved around in my room when I'd get home from classes. My parents swore that they hadn't entered my room. For a while I chalked it up to fatigue. It wasn't until I got out of the shower one night and saw writing scrawled in the steam on the mirror that I knew what was happening. The words read, "I still can't live without you".

I sank to the bathroom floor in despair. My parents came in to find me sobbing and I blurted out the whole story. They didn't believe me, which made me cry harder. After a while, I must have passed out and when I woke up, I was here in this hospital. Even though you guys don't believe me either, I swear that every word that I've said is the truth. He still comes into my bedroom at night and tells me that he'll never leave me. It is obvious that you think that I'm crazy. No matter how many different people you guys send in to talk to me, my story is not going to change. Why won't any of you at least try to believe me?

That's when the most recent counselor got up and left the room. As soon as the door clicked shut, Roger's



laughter filled my ears. I've lost track of how long I've been here now. My parents and brother come to visit me every week. Just like I did when Roger was still alive, I learned to keep my mouth shut. One day, maybe they'll let me out of here so that I can get rid of him once and for all. I've been reading books about things like this and I know exactly what to do, if and when I get the chance. Until then, I smile and tell everyone that I'm feeling much better and realize that I had been imagining it all due to the trauma of Roger's death and the fatigue brought on by studying for finals.

"One day Roger, you'll be sorry that you ever messed with me".

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Julie (2016-10-10 13:25:55)

If anyone can get him, its you Tracy! ☺

Tracy Moore (2016-10-10 17:37:15)

Haha, yep!

### **'T is The Season (2016-10-11 03:50)**

I woke up last night.

I felt the shift in the air. A somber whisper muttered along the tree tops. Something seemed to wait for me.

I don't like that feeling.

I shut my eyes, blinded by the Darkness around me.

I knew there wasn't much I could do.

I took a deep breath, again, then again, hoping to calm myself. Yet, my heart tripped inside my chest. My hands shook as I threw back the blanket. I nearly fell just rolling over to get out of bed.

I sat on the edge of that bed, shoulders hunched under my ears. I found myself fighting back tears and I didn't know for sure why.

I stood up, shuffling over to the bathroom door to grab my robe. Please let me meet whatever had come for me in more than just the bra I sleep in.

I tied the robe securely at my waist. That tended to be more difficult than you might think. The robe was made out of a silk-like substance, emblazoned with phoenix all over it. A black background crowing with a multitude of crowing birds.

I didn't bother to turn the lights on. I mumbled as I moved, hoping to deter dog and cat that may feel the need to let me fall on top of them, or fall over them. Something furry slid across my ankle, but I didn't stop to figure out what. I hoped it was one of the cats and I let that go.

There was a hum, a low simple melody, coming up the stairs towards me. Was someone approaching?

No. The noise came from the first floor, oblivious to me.

I moved closer to that, slipping down the stairs as if I were a shadow clinging to the wall instead of the banister.

There she stood, in all her glory. How she had gotten into my house, much less why, at this late hour, boggled my brain.

My mother. Dead these past twelve years, she was. Now, bold as brass, humming that Welsh lullaby under her breath as she moved about my living room. As I watch, in shock, she spun thread after thread from her fingertips, weaving webs throughout the room as easily as most beings took in air to breathe.

Pumpkins appeared from the thin air, ghostly grins carved into their bodies. Mother leaned over and blew in each one's ear, causing a light to jump alive within each shell.

Then, she looked up, noticing me at last. She gave me that maniacal grin of hers, the one I loved so well, and missed so dear.

"T is the season, baby girl." she said, clear as a bell.

And with that, she disappeared. Her decorating, however, remained in place.

"T is the season." I repeated, turning around and trudging back to bed. I smiled. It felt to feel her haunting presence all around me, that other-worldly hug.

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**Boo! (2016-10-12 02:15)**



[1] I see you ...

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/watermarked-scan\\_20160830-5.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/watermarked-scan_20160830-5.jpg)

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**Monster (2016-10-12 07:25)**



[1]

Monster, why are you crying?

The kitty doesn't want me to eat it.

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan\\_20160922.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan_20160922.jpg)

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**Caroline's Kite (2016-10-13 07:00)**

Caroline started her day just like any other. She woke up to the smell of bacon frying. Snuggled all warm in her bed she turned over and tried to go back to sleep. It was no use, once she smelled the bacon, it was all over. She heard her mom walking up the steps and call to her that breakfast was ready. Jumping out of bed and running to the bathroom, Caroline brushed her teeth and got ready to start her day. She decided to wear her red shorts. They were her lucky ones. Her mom told her she was silly, but every time she wore them, something happened and *something* was not always good.

After her breakfast, Caroline went out to the porch and got her kite. She had left it in the corner by her favorite chair. It was a hanging basket that her grandmother had gotten for her 4<sup>th</sup> birthday. The kite was from her grandfather. He had made the kite just for her and every year he would put on a new tail and repair the red paper if it needed it. Caroline was ten years old now and both of her grandparents had been gone since she was eight. But still, the kite got a new tail and was repaired. She was very protective of her kite. No one but her was allowed to touch it. Caroline started taking the kite every where with her. It didn't matter where. Finally, her mother had enough

and told Caroline that the kite would have to go. Caroline didn't say anything to her mother, but calmly went out to the field behind the house where she normally flew the kite. Her mother was on the porch watching her. Caroline beckoned her mother out to her and she came. Smiling sweetly at her mother, she handed her the kite string. As soon as she took hold of the string, she knew that something was happening. She looked at Caroline with fright and again she got that strange sweet smile. "No mother. The kite doesn't have to go. You do." With those words came a flash of light and the kite carried her mother away. Later that evening, Caroline's father came home to find her sitting on the porch steps holding her kite. She was smiling so sweetly. He asked about her mother, but Caroline just shook her head. Her father looked everywhere for her mother, but was not found. She was never seen again. Her father knew somehow what had happened but never spoke of it. He just knew that Caroline was happy. His father (Caroline's grandfather) had a way of making things he didn't like *disappear*.

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Julie (2016-10-13 13:45:28)

Reblogged this on [1]Dragonfly Dreams and commented:

Must Read. Spooky little tale about a kite.

1. <http://dragonflyfantasy.com/2016/10/13/carolines-kite/>

### **Apothecary (2016-10-14 02:20)**

I am just no one special. I gather things. I gather herbs and grasses, mosses and stones, bits of this and bits of that.

I gather by the light of the Moon and by the Dark.

I am not shy.

I gather for those much higher up the food chain than myself. I have their permission. I have their protection.

I would never claim that I am the only one who does what I do, for I know this is untrue. I am merely a woman grateful for the peace and the security to do what it is I love.

On my doorstep this morning, along with the offering of a bevy of doves, all ready to be roasted, sat a note full of the list of items I am to have ready by the next cycling of the Moon.

I had plenty of time to gather my bits and my bobs, but I like to have plenty of time on the off chance that something goes awry.

This night, I decided a college would do for my collecting.

Room by room I went, a tooth snatched here, some hair cut there, a finger will not be missed this night. I shall be long gone by the morrow.

These are simple things this night.

Tomorrow, I must take my knife. Deeper things will need to be cut.

I know a place to go, the nursing home across town, to gather these meats and delicacies. I do my best to do it right, so none shall die in agony.

I need tissues from brains, long lengths of muscles, several different organs as well. Here too I find some unusual things clinging to the walls, various greenery and molds. I bring these back with me as well, careful to mitigate the items contact with others within my wicker basket.

I let the furor over that harvest blow over whilst I work on other things. The toenails of wolves. Eyes from spiders. I do my job well. None feel pain. Nearly all survive. Those who fail to thrive were those who made the choice to cross over, which is no doing of mine.

Herbs I seek this eve. Mushrooms and spores. Thorns and tears. I do what I can at my age.

I need to go out again, more organs are needed. More blood. More bile. An asylum in the next town is a handy place for me to slide through to take up my wares unannounced.

Here, there is no need for my cloak of Shadows. There is no need for subterfuge. Here I can speak plainly, ask for what I need, garner permission.

I feel calmer here, less the thief and more the healer. Oftentimes I am able to offer comfort to those trapped here. Many a man, a woman, a child have I freed from these torturous confines. Whether that be showing someone the way out under fence as I go, or offering to show them the Road onward is entirely up to them.

I have all my ingredients. I set up my shop.

I cut. I chop. I snip. I hang things to dry. Other bits get smoked, beautiful ash smoke, spilling into my valley with the wind. Some things are ground and turned to dust, collected into tiny bottles. Other things are boiled, boiled down, made into wine-like sups. There are tinctures and tisanes. There are poultices and dry rubs. Medicinal, ay, but more so as well.

I package every little bit, wrapping each offering in pretty paper, some in cloth, tied securely with ribbon and twine. Each package came with explicit and clear instructions of use.

The one last piece, the heart of the mage, had been too easy to obtain. Permission had been greatly given for me to take it. Peaceful now did the Lady rest. The heart needed time to heal. I set it in the box of salt and closed the lid. I knew my job there was done. A year from now, They would return the heart to me for further work. Until then, it was out of my hands.

I packed these up in a fresh new basket, adding loaves of freshly made bread and great lumps of goat's milk butter, along with a few bottles of dandelion wine. Who would I be if I did not give tribute to those I love best, who care so for me?

Now, it is time for me to sleep. Until they come for me the next time.

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Julie (2016-10-14 02:51:45)

What can I say, I so adore your writing. This is really a wonderful story! 📖

Tabitha Beck (2016-10-14 13:18:15)

Thank you :)

### **Live Shadows (2016-10-15 06:53)**

The trees blow wildly to and fro

Their shadows follow you wherever you go

Bare branches take on the form of hands with claws

Some of the shadows look like fang filled maws

Though you know that it's all in your mind

You begin to run as the road darkens and winds

If only you'd paid attention and filled up with gas

You'd be safely in the car and through here would have already passed

It was right by the old cemetery that the car had run out of steam

As you climbed out, you could have sworn that you heard a scream

Shaking it off, down the road you began to walk

Your phone was dead too because you just had to talk

The road seemed endless and the night was so dark

As you rounded the next bend, your car sat there, parked

It was right where you left it in front of the wrought iron fence

The screaming began once more to commence

Perhaps it wasn't the shadows of the trees at all that you'd seen

Everyone had warned you about this place near Halloween

The veils were thin and from their graves the dead said to roam

Looking for another to welcome into their home.

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## **Tie A Yellow Ribbon ... (2016-10-16 02:09)**

I have been released from my cage for the night.

Sweet it is, my little oubliette, but I am always grateful and joyous to be free.

Tonight is my night.

I have a job to do.

A collecting I must go, if I desire to continue to draw breath.

I creep out of the guts of the Tree, my Tree, the One I serve. Off I scamper like a child, always mindful of where I go and how to get home again.

I sneak into a house. I am in luck. There are piles of yarns and ribbons and such. I cut many lengths and stuff them as much as I can into my pockets.

What fun.

I creep in, one house at a time. It's late at night. Most people are asleep. Snoring softly away, dreaming their dreams of nothing. While I, once I am done, have a ball to attend. My feet yearn for the earthen floors once more, but this is my task and it must be done.

I lean over each one, taking out a length of string or ribbon, whatever I touch upon, and I say the words my Mistress did teach me over a thousand years ago.

Once the fiber begins to glow, and the color to fade from the human, I know my work is done here and I move along.

Again and again.

Time slows. Time stops.

I am the Sandman. I am Santa Claus. I am Magic. I am the Wind.

I am Nothing At All.

Hours do I toil, now carrying a bag with me, gone heavy with hearts and minds and souls. I admit I even grabbed a toy stuffed bun to take back home with me, something in which to find comfort during the coming times.

When the bag is far too heavy for me to drag about any longer, I burrow down within myself, find the last dregs of strength, all that I have, all that I can, and I make my way back to the Tree.

Day light catches me, but it makes no never mind there. I tie each ribbon to the old oak Tree, giving Her Her

fair due. Those I have stolen from do not all die at once. That would be a travesty. Hundreds upon hundreds dead in one night. No. We don't want that.

The Tree devours one at a time. As She swallows one soul, that body falls away. No pain. No anger. No hurt. Just peace. All gentle like. Calm and compassionate. The ribbon falls from the Tree.

When all the ribbons are gone from this Harvest, I will make my way out again to fetch Her some more.

The last ribbon is tied. I clutch my bunny bun to my heart. The Way opens up for me and I climb inside. It only takes a few minutes for me to find my own little space again. I am safe there. I know this. There is no denying.

Until next time, I bid thee, sleep well.

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### **Look Into My Eyes (2016-10-17 04:28)**



[1]

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan\\_20160906-5.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan_20160906-5.jpg)

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### **Berries (2016-10-18 02:47)**

Alas, did I bubble, bubble, toil and trouble...pricking my thumb and bleeding over the pot. I did. All night long. A fortnight of work I put into this. A year-long plan I had batted about for centuries. Foolish mortals. Foolish men. Think they can come into my woods, take away my lands, and tell me, tell me, how lucky I am they let me live. My



cattle all slaughtered. My dogs all shot. Me now with this brand on my back. Lucky, say they.

Oh, luck has nothing to do with me. Mayhap they be a bit more lucky that they think me a craven old woman, all alone, working the herbs to help heal and do what I can for the babes and the cows.

I still hold the deed, gifted to me in perpetuity by the High King Himself, in my possession. I will have what is mine back...and I shall take enough to cover that which was stolen from under me as well. Fine, I do agree, I shall take more than a bit for revenge for my old canine friends, raised from veritable pups into healthy adults under my stead. Oh, let me not grow maudlin for the old animals now. I must hold fast to the task I have set myself.

I plowed the field using the nanny goats, tied together. Both got with young, but still early enough it won't do them no harm. As old as I am, I have not the strength to dig these rows myself. I mean to bombard the castles below with my copious generousities, so I must plant great long rows. Plus, as I must do this in as much secret as I can, I must do this in many different places.

Now, each plant I grew in my dour little home. A burnt out cave of a thing left over from decades past, when once they hunted witches and their ilk. Old folk always bore the brunt. I knew the people here. No witches these, just elderly and no children to lend help to them. Dead and gone now. Their spirits with me, whispering, talking, aiding the growth of my darling sprouts with visions of vengeance dancing in their ethereal heads like sugar plums for Christmas.

Thousands of these plants did I sow and handle with such valiant care. Each by hand, months and months at a time, did I plant. I did not expect a yield the first year, nor the second either. Little did I expect these little darlings of mine to take on life of their own. I had no idea these small shoots would gather their own forces and grow forcibly into tall bushes, thick and thorny, with a wild fruit with a scent so fragrant and mouth-watering none could resist. A scent that traveled nigh on for miles.

And so it was that the most work-intensive part of the plan for my own sore body came not to pass at all. With that smell wafting and wriggling through the vales and the valleys, soon men and woman came of their own accord looking to gather the fruit. And what fruit indeed. Huge conical shapes, much like strawberries, which is indeed what I had intended them to be, yet now monstrous in size, a single berry engulfing the palm of a man's hand. Dipping into one, biting it, brought on such euphoria.

At first, I was stymied. Whole towns gathered in my woods to strip these berries from their bushes, gorging themselves on the fruits as they picked, for the berries never seemed to be picked and gone. Always more leapt up in their place. I wanted to see these people suffer. I wanted them to hurt as I did. I wanted them writhing in pain, screaming as their eyes bled. I wanted to watch them burn in the fires they themselves lit as they faced their own eternal damnation. Yet, that is not at all what I saw.

Week after week, they came to harvest and to eat. Week after week, they went away. The cold set in. The snows came. I began to lose the fires of my anger. I felt worthless, as if I had failed. I wailed in the night to the Shadows and to those who had passed on. I dug in and I allowed the cold to permeate my old bones. I slept, tears drying in my eyes as I did. I slept.

In my sleep, I wandered, as I am wont to do. I walked into town. Empty. I walked through the castles. Empty. For twenty miles around. Nothing. No people. No dead bodies. Nothing. Just...gone.

I turned around and prayed to Heaven to send me an answer. The Angel Himself came to me and explained.

The berries were not mere food to be swallowed, complacent with their place in the botanical kingdom. Through my own sorcery, and through the prayers of those who had passed on, not only those in my own house now, but

those from miles around who heard the tales and aided me in my work, they too came to add their prayers and their magics to my mix.

When the people are the berries, it seemed they walked away fine. The truth of the matter was that inside each huge berry was a smaller one, one alive, one with a powerful hunger of its own...and the teeth to eat itself out of the gullet enclosing it.

Each berry was diminutive, so it took them time to extricate themselves from the walls of flesh surrounding them. In the end, however, with so many berries eaten, so many berries taken from the hills, so many meals prepared, so many tributes given and eaten themselves...that for all around in any direction for many miles, no one now existed. Their depravity had been fed back into the earth as offal from the berries.

And the berries, I asked, clear in my awe? The angel smiled, leaning forward. The berries, they learned to evolve. Once each one had eaten its fill, it burst into a rainbow display of spore. Billions of tiny particles now spun though heaven and earth, looking for the fertile fetid land necessary for the plants to grow to their full fruition.

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### **Cassie, The No Longer Friendly Ghost (2016-10-19 06:56)**

Night after night, since the first night that I spent in this house, I've been awakened by the sound of footsteps walking the hallway and doors opening and closing. Ever since childhood, I had dreamed of owning a big victorian house, complete with turret and wrap around porch. After many years of trial and error, I was able to buckle down and get serious about my writing and consulting business. My endeavors really took off, and my dream of owning a victorian house came true.

There were some in my new neighborhood who had stopped by as I worked in the overgrown rose garden who told me that my home was haunted. Little did they know that this didn't bother me in the least. My consulting business was an intuitive consulting business. Yes, I'm otherwise known as a psychic, or sensitive. From my initial tour of the house with my realtor, it was apparent that the house was indeed haunted. What most people do not, or wish not to realize is that most places with any amount of history are haunted, which means that just about anywhere you might go is.

After a little negotiation, my real estate agent was able to get a decent price on my house. The owner had wanted a bit more than I was comfortable paying, considering the amount of work which needed to be done. There had been several owners in the past twenty years, and all of them had done various amounts of renovation on the house before moving out abruptly. The series of half completed renovations had driven up the price as the owners wished to minimize their losses, but sure had left the beautiful old home a mess. As soon as I got into the house, I started ripping out any renovation work which was too modern for the home. My dream was to restore it to a state which would honor the era in which it was built.

Each night, the middle aged female spirit who roamed the halls would wander the house before stopping by my bedroom. There was such a welcoming feeling when she came into the room, and the sweet scent of a floral perfume. I could hear the rustle of her skirts, but she hadn't shown herself to me yet. So, each night I greeted her

warmly as she entered my room and asked her if she was pleased with the work that I was doing on the house. Each time I asked her that question, the room would fill with the sweet scent of her perfume, so I knew that she was pleased. That made me happy. The previous owners had left in such a rush that they had left everything behind, and I do mean everything, including their clothing.

It was hard for me to imagine that the sweet spirit that I was getting to know would do anything so awful as to make people abandon their every belonging. Who knows, maybe they were just the type of people who were afraid of spirits no matter what their nature. Anyway, it really doesn't matter. I just kept working on the house and gardens, restoring them to a state of beauty. After being in the house for about a year I could finally start focusing more on décor, as most of the heavier work was done. This was the fun part and I was so excited.

Searching for period furniture which was also comfortable was sometimes challenging, but I had been waiting for this for so long that I didn't really mind. I have to admit that finding cool wallpaper was a lot of fun too. Room by room, the house was nearing completion. With only five rooms to go, things began to get a little weird. After I finished the front parlor in various shades of green, when the spirit entered my room that night, the door opened with a bang. It slammed against the wall so hard that I feared there would be a hole when I was able to take a look at it.

I still greeted her in a friendly way, but felt some trepidation when I asked how she felt about the parlor. Instead of filling with the familiar sweet scent of floral perfume, my bedroom was flooded with the sickening smell of decay. So, I asked if she was unhappy with the room. In response to my question, a heavy crystal vase flew from the top of my dressing table and smashed against the wall a few feet from my bed. This is when I started to understand what had caused the previous owners to leave in the manner that they had. After a few questions about individual aspects of the parlor, I was able to determine that she was not a fan of the wallpaper. When I promised her that I would change it, the familiar scent of her perfume filled my room once more.

The next day, on my way to the home improvement store, I stopped at the library and found some old newspaper articles about my house. When it was originally built, the owners of the house had been named William and Cassandra. William had died first, leaving Cassandra (who everyone called Cassie) to live alone in the house until her death at the age of 52. There had been some speculation that she had killed William, who had been known to be a cruel man, but there had never been enough evidence to prove it. This made me wish that I had done more research into the home before I had purchased it, but I still felt confident that I would be able to keep a harmonious balance.

The work on the remaining four rooms proved to be challenging, as well as expensive. Cassie gave me a lot of trouble with the kitchen appliances, the furniture in the study, and fixtures in the main bathroom. When I reached the final room, I was very happy. She had grown more violent with each passing mistake on my part. My body was covered in bruises from the objects which she flung hitting me, and I no longer looked forward to her nightly visits. It was now clear that the spirit with whom I shared my home was a bully. Even though I tried every trick in my own book, and invited a few friends to try some things to either appease Cassie or get her to leave, none of it worked. So, it became clear that I would have to just work hard to make sure that I got the library right.

I would only do a small amount each day, and asked her each night how she felt about things so far. It wasn't worth doing the whole room and trying to sort out the details later in a room like a library. There were just too many items to wade through. About halfway through the work on the room, Cassie finally revealed herself to me. She was a small woman with almost black hair, a pinched thin lipped mouth, harsh eyes, and pale skin. When I got a look at her, I was amazed at how good a job she had done at concealing her true nature in the early days. She was so good at deception that it was no surprise they hadn't been able to prove any of the charges against her all of those years ago.

Once the shelves were full of books, Cassie had thrown a book on poisonous plants at me so hard that if I hadn't ducked I was sure that I would have been seriously injured. As I bent to pick it up, a small desk with a lamp on it was bumped a few inches, which I took as my cue to place the book on the desk. As soon as it hit the wooden

surface, the pages in the book flipped rapidly. When the pages settled, the book was open to a spread of pages on arsenic. Now, I was certain of how she had caused the death of her husband William. Upon looking more carefully, I saw that there were several plants in the back garden.

Even though it was almost dark outside, my anger with Cassie was great enough for me to grab the book and go out into the back garden shed. I grabbed gloves, a shovel, some gasoline and matches. Marching to the spot in the garden where the plants were growing, I shoved the gloves onto my hands. Cassie tried to hit me with the shovel but missed. Hurriedly, I dug the plants up and tossed them into a pile. After pouring gasoline onto the pile, I tossed the book on top of the pile, before striking the match. As I tossed the match, I felt a pair of small hands give me a hard shove from behind. Into the pile of burning plants I went.

The next morning, I awoke to the sound of birds singing and footsteps approaching. Realizing that I was in the back yard, I stood up quickly right as my neighbor screamed. Following the direction of her gaze, I looked down to the spot I had just risen from to see my own charred remains lying on the ground. Well, it looked like Cassie had killed again. At least I'd gotten rid of her book and poisonous crop. Once I got over the shock of being dead, I looked around and saw Cassie glaring at me from the back doorway. It was in that moment that I decided to stick around and keep my eye on her until the day came that the house was gone for good, because I knew that she wasn't going anywhere as long as it stood. At least I'd be able to keep her from hurting anyone else.

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Julie (2016-10-19 22:45:55)  
Dang!! You killed yourself off. LOL

Tracy Moore (2016-10-19 23:20:31)  
Lol, no. Cassie did it.

**Worm Eater (2016-10-20 04:24)**



[1]

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan\\_20160920.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan_20160920.jpg)

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Julie (2016-10-20 15:52:00)

Oh Grosssss!! Worm Eater...I Love It! Great Job. :)

### **Nightmare Loop (2016-10-21 06:58)**

When it's late at night and you hear the floorboards creak  
It isn't your imagination, but something of which you dare not speak  
Your mom and dad tried to tell you that monsters didn't exist  
That sure makes the creature under your bed an interesting twist  
You can hear its growls and its long claws as they tap and click  
The beast is just waiting until you dangle a leg, so that it can give it a prick  
The pain is searing and as the blood trails downward over your skin  
It enters your mind that this is an argument you'd rather not win  
Closing your eyes, you tell yourself over and over that it isn't real  
When you hear it sliding out from under the bed you squeal  
The rustles grow louder as it stands beside the bed, breath hot and dank  
Even with eyes closed, you can't deny its existence, the smell is so rank  
You open them to see if there is a way to escape this beast  
It locks gazes with you, licking its lips for a feast  
Startled, you sit up straight in bed breathing hard, but wait  
The monster is gone, it was a dream, death is not tonight's fate  
Your breathing slows as you relax, wishing for sleep once more to begin  
The floorboards creak loudly, your breath catches, the nightmare starts again.

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Julie (2016-10-21 08:33:47)

To this day, I won't let my arms or legs hang over the edge of the bed when I'm getting ready to sleep. So...parents...your kids do believe what you tell them. Monsters DO live under the bed. Nice one Tracy...they got you too didn't they? [?][?][?][?]

Tracy Moore (2016-10-21 14:46:28)

Haha, yes Julie. I suppose they did get to me when I was a child. Thanks [?]

### **Pumpkin Pie Anyone? (2016-10-22 02:59)**

Every year there was a big Halloween Party down at the church. It started out with a contest for the kids and who had the best costume. Then came the traditional games...bobbing for apples, etc. You know the drill. Well, last year I started thinking about how much of a joke all of this was. Year after year after year. I started getting some ideas on how I could spice things up a bit. But, I am getting ahead of myself. Let me finish the story about the party. After all of the kids were done playing their games, Mrs. Flowers had them settled down in the playroom to rest. Soon the adults could start playing some of their games. There were about 30 adults, some were couples, some were married, some were spinsters that were settled in their ways and the other adults were rednecks to the core. Tobacco chewing, snuff rubbing, flannels shirts, jeans that showed the crack of their ass, and trucks that you needed a step ladder to get into. And I'm not just talking about males here...the females were just as bad. Most of them missing a tooth or two. Oh yeah! I forgot about Preacher Justify. I kid you not, that was his name.

The adults were more or less on their own for a couple of hours. Going into darkened corners in groups of three or four, playing their own games. Let your imaginations take over here. We lived in a farming community. I never took part in any of this. I always made the excuse that someone had to clean up the mess in the kitchen. The last part of the party was always desert. I volunteered to make pumpkin pie for everyone at the next party and they all agreed that I made the best pumpkin pie in the valley.

I researched all of this a few towns over so as not to draw attention to myself. I found the perfect poison. Arsenic. It causes severe gastric distress, burning esophageal pain, vomiting, and diarrhea with blood. If the victim is given a high enough dose so that death occurs quickly, the autopsy will find only an inflamed stomach and possibly a trace of arsenic in the digestive tract. I had to get busy baking. This years party was coming up soon and I had 30 pies to bake. Hell, I would even splurge on whipped cream in a can.

The night of the party had come and all the pies had been carried into the kitchen. While their little orgy fest was going on, I was busy slicing up the pies and putting the whipped cream on top. By the time their little party was over, they were hungry and some of them took two slices of pie. I watched closely to see the effects and I was pleasantly surprised by the look of shock on their faces as they realized what was happening. I stood up at the front of the hall with the microphone and asked,

"Pumpkin Pie Anyone?" They could not speak by this time, they were all holding their throats and making a gurgling noise. Some of them had started to vomit. They all got what they deserved. The children were safe. They would go to good families. I made sure to tell Mrs. Flowers not to go upstairs and to call the police and tell them that something tragic had happened. She smiled and told me to go, she would take care of things. As I turned around, she asked me one question, "It was the pumpkin pie, wasn't it?"

Without turning around, I just shook my head yes and walked out. I got in my car and drove away, far away. I had packed a small bag, cleaned out my bank account and got out of town. I don't think they will find me, and even if they do, they were sick and I had cured them.

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Julie (2016-10-22 15:03:14)

Reblogged this on [1]Dragonfly Dreams and commented:

Pumpkin Pie Anyone? Try a slice! Bwahahahaha

1. <http://dragonflyfantasy.com/2016/10/22/pumpkin-pie-anyone/>

## **Soul Cake (2016-10-23 02:41)**

We put up signs all over the neighborhood: "Free Shots"...with the date and the time of the party we were having.

Hey, we were young. We were single. 'T is the season to get your spooky freak on, right? We had this huge freakin' house all to ourselves thanks to my girl's former, erm, boyfriend. His folks were out-of-town. We didn't care if it got wrecked or what. We wouldn't be on the hook.

The party was in three days. We set about decorating. Weren't we lucky to have spiders galore helping out, spinning intricate thick webs all over the interior -and the exterior? There were spot lights. We had bonfire pits, several of them. All but one were small, for little gatherings to hook up and float around at. Then the main attraction, the huge bonfire, meant to burn up to the High Heavens and blow smoke up the skirts of every god.

Candles? Check. Skulls decorated with funky fare and glittery jewels? Check. Chatty magpies hung in Gothic looking cages? Oh yes, check. Greenery and vinery and slithery things that go bump in the night? Check. Plenty of dry ice, to keep the fogginess alive? Check check.

Then there was food and plenty of drink. Three punch bowls. Deviled eggs. An open bar. Deadman's finger cakes. Colas and ice and red plastic cups. Frozen eyeballs. Plenty of jello shots. The regular assortment of chips and dips and sweeties galore. And cupcakes, walls of cupcakes. Plus, the one final piece de resistance...the soul cake, right smack in the middle of everything.

The soul cake looked so plain in the center of all that frivolity. A simple single tier of leavened cake-like bread, baked in a simple circle shape. Golden brown. No icing. No decoration. All around it, the myriad display of violent and explosive color.

What bliss.

The flyers said party starts at seven, but by six o'clock, people were lining up, jostling to get in. They overran the yard, already delinquent with drink. It was a party and we hadn't even started officially yet. So, we opened the doors and let them all in.

The band appeared out of nowhere, playing these incredible jazz flairs that sucked up in and held you tight. The tunes never wanted to let you go.

These ... people ...flew at the food and the shots as if they'd not fed since we put the flyers up that day. They wolfed everything up with glee, getting louder and rowdier with every breath. The music swelled up and encircled us all. Ensnared us.

You've never felt such power as grew while that party raged on. Oh, the things that took place there, the debauchery. Hours passed into days and no one seemed to notice.

I stood watch at the food table, as the soul cake grew and grew. When the top of the now blood-red cake touched the vaulted ceilings, I knew it was time to go.

My friend and I gathered up the cake with the special tools given us as the musicians played on. The cake magically transformed to fit inside a very tiny little box, much like a ring box, which I slipped into my pocket.

I leaned over and kissed my dear friend on the lips, amused as she slid from vibrant life into the dull blue-grey of the bereft. It was not my place to take her with me. I could not deviate from my given task.

A thousand souls that night we took, each one jovial and soused to the last. I led the exodus, with the band falling into step behind me. One by one, we took wing and flew up into the heavens.

What a wonderful place to be.

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### **Play With Me (2016-10-24 03:01)**

Ten year old Samantha sat at the edge of her bed, looking across the room at the gifts that her aunt had brought her today. Her aunt was one of those people who haunted thrift and antique stores looking for off the wall stuff. Today, when she had dropped by, she was holding an ivory gift bag, with fake lace at the top which meant that she had gone to Harbinger's Haven again. She had taken Samantha there a few times, and it weirded her out. Any time she was asked to go to that store, she got out of it if at all possible.

When Aunt Hazel told Sam that the bag was for her she didn't even want to touch it, but she knew that she would have to answer to her mother if she refused the gift. Plastering on a fake smile, she thanked her aunt and opened the bag. Inside was a collection of hand crocheted figures for Halloween. There was a ghost, spider, and bat. Sam told the truth when she told her aunt that she thought that they were adorable. What she didn't say was that the figures made her skin crawl just like the store itself always did. That place felt always made you feel like someone was watching you. As weird as it might sound to someone, the girl had always thought that the building itself felt unfriendly.

She had tried to tell her mother how she felt. Needless to say, it didn't go over very well. Her mom told her that she was being silly and that she was letting her imagination get the best of her. Any time she tried to explain things to her mom, the first thing out of her mouth was usually that Samantha's love for creepy stories and movies made her imagine things that weren't real. What her mother didn't understand was that the things that her mother didn't believe her about were the things which caused her interest in that sort of stuff in the first place. She had



given up on trying to explain the things that she saw and knew two years ago, when she was eight.

After her aunt had left, Samantha took the figures up to her bedroom and sat them on top of the dresser across the room from her bed. After she had them placed as she wanted them, she crossed the room and sat on the edge of her bed to look at them. It didn't take long before she heard a raspy little voice whisper, "Come play with me". Jumping up from the bed, Sam bounded across the room to see if she could tell which one of them had said it. Just as she was bent over them asking them who had talked, her mom walked in, without knocking of course.

"Seriously Sam, what now?", her mother asked.

Figuring that she had nothing to lose, the girl tried to tell her mother what had happened. She didn't even get to finish her thought, before her mom cut her off and told her that she was being ridiculous. As soon as the door closed, Sam looked down at the figures and asked them why they didn't go play with her mother instead. She immediately felt bad and retracted her words. Even though her mom made her angry, Sam knew that the figures would have a different idea of play than most people. She asked again which of them had spoken. Receiving no answer, she gave up and decided to go to bed and read her newest "Goosebumps" book.

Just as her eyes were drifting closed, she heard the raspy little voice again.

"Come play with me", it said.

After what had happened earlier, she wasn't in the mood to try to figure it out and turned to face the wall. After a few more tries, the voice finally stopped and she fell asleep. When she woke up in the morning, she noticed that the spider was on the opposite side of the dresser from where she had placed it. Walking over to the figure she said, "So, Mr. Spider, it was you". Before she could get any further, her mom yelled from downstairs that breakfast was ready. It didn't bother her at all to walk away from the creepy spider. Now that she knew which one of them it was, she would have to figure out a way to get rid of it without her mom or aunt noticing.

When she got downstairs, her mom greeted her by asking if she'd had any nice talks with her new friends. Even though her mom thought that she was joking, it was very upsetting to Samantha that her own mother would treat her as though she was crazy. As soon as breakfast was finished, she went back to her room and walked straight over to the spider figure. "Mr. Spider, I know that I've been confusing about this, but I've changed my mind again. I would like to ask you to go play with my mom instead of me. She thinks that you're a joke and needs to be taught a lesson".

A short burst of raspy laughter reached her ears. She smiled. Since it was early Fall, the weather was beautiful so Sam had spent the entire day outside playing. Her mother opened the back door and called her in to get cleaned up for dinner. "Come on inside now Sam. It's starting to get dark. You don't want to take a chance that one of your new friends will come out there and get you when the sun goes down".

Sam was infuriated. She said, "You're going to find out mom. This stuff isn't a joke. When you meet one of my friends someday soon, you'll be sorry for being such a jerk".

Her mother crossed the room and smacked Sam in the mouth. "You know better than to talk to me like that young lady. One of the things that has always driven me crazy about you is your inability to take a joke. Get your ass upstairs and get ready for dinner".

There was no way she'd let her mom see her cry, so Sam whipped around and flew up the stairs to the bathroom. After she finished crying, she washed her face with cold water and collected herself. Before going back downstairs, she stopped in her room for a moment. Walking back over to the dresser she said, "Tonight, Mr. Spider,

please". She could have sworn that the toy nodded at her. Feeling much better, she went down the stairs for dinner.

As she settled in for the night, she waited for the spider to talk to her. Nothing happened, and she ended up falling asleep. In the middle of the night she heard the familiar invitation. "Come play with me".

By the light of the small nightlight, she saw that the spider was beckoning her closer with one of its legs. She slowly got out of bed and crossed the room. The spider used the same leg and pointed down at the floor. Looking down to see what he was pointing at, she saw the light glinting off of the small hatchet that her dad had left in the garage when he moved out last year. In an instant, the spider dropped from the dresser and landed next to the hatchet. Sam knew that she was supposed to pick it up, so she did.

The small raspy voice said, "Let's go play".

Samantha followed the spider as it slowly made its way down the hallway to her mother's bedroom door.

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### **Surrender To Me (2016-10-25 07:00)**

"There is no reason to make this so difficult. A promise is a promise. I don't care that it was 20 years ago. It doesn't have to be this hard you know. You knew who I was when you promised me your soul. I showed myself to you then as I am now. You said to me that if I would just please make your Mom say yes about taking the car and going to a party that I could have your soul whenever I wanted it."

"WELL I WANT IT NOW! Do you think it was a joke? I take my job very seriously. You keep saying it was 20 years ago that you were just a kid. Really? You were old enough to know to call on me for help knowing fully what the consequences were. YOUR TIME IS UP! DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?"

"It just so happens that I need a new secretary and I thought you would fit in just right. Are there any questions that you would like to ask before we leave?"

1. "What about my family?" "Really? Well I'll tell you something about that. If you come willingly, they will know nothing about any of this. I can make it so they think you died in a car crash. BUT...if you give me a fight, I will not be responsible for the consequences that my little demons will cause. Any more questions?"
2. "I was just wondering if it was like really hot down there?"

"They tell me it is, but I honestly haven't noticed. After a while they say you get used to it."

"Look my dear, it is getting late and I am going to miss my dinner. You don't want to make me miss my dinner. I might have to have a little rack of Stan!" "Hahahahahaha!"

"No...please don't. You don't have to hurt Stan. I'll go with you."

"It's about time you came to your senses. Now come over here. I won't hurt you. And don't look at me that

way. I keep my promises. No harm will come to your family unless you cross me.” “It’s time to go. Now take my hand...Surrender to me.”

She took his hand and within seconds she felt herself being pulled and moving very swiftly. She closed her eyes. She could feel them getting closer to the heat. Hearing screams and the sound of cracking whips. She finally opened her eyes and it was just like she always thought it would be. Little demons everywhere cracking their whips so that the fires would keep being fed. Red hot and sweltering. She felt that if she got any closer that she would burst into flames herself. But the worst thing was the constant screaming.

She didn’t know where she would end up, but her last thought before she blacked out was...Don’t wish for things that have these kinds of consequences. They really do come back to bite you in the ass!

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Julie (2016-10-25 15:29:41)

Reblogged this on [1]Dragonfly Dreams and commented:

Really HOT short story. ?

1. <http://dragonflyfantasy.com/2016/10/25/surrender-to-me/>

### **Pinata (2016-10-26 02:16)**

My father handed me a present and told me to go to the party next door.

We were not friends with these people. We were not friendly with these people.

Yet, here I was, with a large rectangular box, well wrapped with pretty paper, a lovely silver bow gleaming grandly from the top.

I went next door and rang the bell. The woman was there, with her plastic smile and her dead eyes. I could tell by her smell she’d been drinking for quite a while. She didn’t even notice my gap-toothed smile. She just waved me in, not caring at all who I was or why I was there. She too had her job to do. Who was I to interfere?

There were children everywhere in the house. They chased one another, yelling and screaming and caterwauling. It was ... unseemly. Adults were strewn haphazardly about the place as well, sipping strong drinks, getting bleary-eyed. All too typical here.

That was all right.

I walked around the house as if I belonged, as I had been taught to. I saw the present table, piled high with gifts that no one would care about the day after tomorrow. I added my charge to the pile.

I took one more look around. Clowns performing. Pony rides. Bouncy houses. Mayhem. I want no part of their mayhem. I wanted to go home to my books.

My father had not told me to stay at the party, so I hastily-but politely-made my retreat home.

As I walked through the front door, my father asked me to accompany him to the upstairs office. We as children generally stayed out of that room, only because both parents used that room for work and we did not want to disturb them. I knew the room well.

As we entered this afternoon, instead of the usual single telescope set up, there were three. Father motioned me towards one. He clapped his hand to my shoulder. "Put an eye there, my darling, and watch the festivities." We both leaned into our telescopes and watched the party next door from up above.

How boring could it be to watch these simpletons behave so deplorably? So many times I sighed, wanting to reach over to my father, to ask him why we were doing this...but he would shush me gently when I sighed and back to my gazing I would go.

At some point, my benumbed mind picked up that it was time to open the presents. Thank goodness I was spared the interminable dialogue as they did so. Ours was not the largest present, and the boy seemed determined to open his gifts from the very largest to the very smallest...

We waited as he waded through gift after gift. Finally, he came to ours. It was the boy's favorite superhero. How my father knew, I did not question. I personally could care less. The superhero was a pinata, complete with several sticks to beat the thing to pieces and a lovely matching blindfold. The boy became overjoyed. We watched him clamor and demand the pinata be hung immediately so that he could beat it senseless.

My father chuckled.

It was a dark chuckle that struck a vibrant chord in my heart.

This was going to be good.

I watch, all intent now, as the father wrapped his son's head with the blindfold, spun him around and around, handed him a stick and pointed him nearly dead center to the pinata. He probably hoped to get this entire farce over as quickly as possible so as to get back to his gin and tonic and the hot blonde who was not his wife that he had been quite wrapped up with all night.

One missed smack. A whack that connected. The boy pummeled the pinata, and yet it did not crack and break as it should. Other children began to line up, begging to have a turn by the looks of their faces. The boy would have none of that. He tore off his blindfold, grabbed a second baton, and went after the pinata with the seriousness of a serial killer on the prowl.

He made short work of the pinata. As the paper mache disintegrated under his blows, it was not candy that fell out...it was...blackness. Writhing moving ... blackness. I adjusted the telescope a bit. A virulently angry mass of black spiders...and they swarmed the party. Every single body at the party. Except for the little yipping dog that my mother always took pity on...the dog the spiders avoided. Interesting.

The spiders were not eating the people. But they were biting.

"Are they black widows?" I asked my father.

"No...." He looked me in the eye. "I called in a few favors." He smiled, that evil grim thing I knew so well when he was bedeviled. "These are uniquely modified grave spiders, sent from Below." He pointed back to the party. "Watch."

And so I did.

At first, I saw where the spider bites had landed. The areas swelled up, angry red and grossly puffy. I expected them to burst open and spew pus everywhere, but that's not what happened. As the sores reached that point of bursting, they deflated, as if they were a balloon someone just stuck with a sharp pin. Then the deflated areas began to leak something, green and thin, almost like blood, but the wrong color, the wrong texture.

The humans at the party began to fall to the ground, lime colored foam burbling from their lips. Their eyes bleeding emerald tears. They clawed at their throats, but all I saw was greenish gore.

The massacre took very little time at all. All too quickly every body was on the ground, a green mass of goo taking over. I heard a distinct pop, even from my secure height at home in the window. I didn't see a door, but apparently one appeared. The spiders all dove through that door.

Something huge and black, blacker than blacker than the blackest of nights, covered my vision. I heard what under normal circumstances would be a big sweeper broom over concrete. It lasted only a few moments. My sight returned to normal...and the party was completely gone. No bodies remained. Only the presents and the remnants of cake and ice cream.

And one tiny little dog, shivering, pressed tightly against the wall of the fence, crouching in a corner, silently terrified.

I was amused to see my mother walk out of the house and search the yard for that little dog. Mama leaned over and reach out her arms. I watched her mouth move. The dog didn't hesitate for a moment—it ran straight for her and leapt into her arms, where it buried its head under her arm and stayed very still.

Mama brought the dog home. She renamed it Melissa. It's the sweetest animal we have ever known. An amazing fact given her abusive past. She never has to worry about that again. None of us do.

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### **What In The Darkness Dwells (2016-10-27 05:04)**

Night closes in and you know that soon, you should hide

Don't be caught out after dark, when the doorway opens wide

Letting into our world creatures and ghouls of which you've never heard

Those who've seen them before have never spoken another word

Get into your houses and lock your windows and doors tight

Before they swarm over the land in an unholy blight

Sweeping rapidly over land and sea looking for prey

Sometimes it isn't flesh they seek, but souls who will obey  
If they catch you the choice will be to do their bidding or death  
Either way you go, there's no way back from the depths  
Roam as you will for as long as there is light in the sky  
As the sun lowers there will be no escape, ask not why  
It is an ancient law as old as time which cannot be broken  
The choice is yours as to whether you follow the rules or become another token  
These rules care not for your rhyme or your reasons  
Once the darkness sets in, it is hunting season.

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#### **Riot Gear (2016-10-28 04:26)**



[1]

1. [https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan\\_20160915-3.jpg](https://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/watermarked-scan_20160915-3.jpg)

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## Yes, I Can Drive A Stick (2016-10-29 02:17)

So, like, once upon a time...someone opened up a door somewhere...and somehow, I managed to squeeze out. I walked right out of the Shadow and into the Light. What? Like it's hard? Please.

I walked out of the Shadow...into the Light...and I began to live. Life as we know it, it could blow some people away.

Then comes 'round this little boy. Oh, no. I'm not into kids. Let me tell you. This was a grown man, by his outside looks—but get to know him and – yup—he's a grown-up little kid inside sort. Jealous. Petty. Looking to be the center of attention, the center of someone's world. I'm not that woman, for anyone.

I don't have time for that sort of thing. As soon as I saw that about him, I straight cut him off.

He didn't like that.

I didn't care.

One morning, I woke up and he was just sitting there, smoking a cig, staring at me. He had this big ol' jack knife in his hand.

"What do you want?"

I didn't get a chance to say anything else, because he jumped up and slapped me across the face. That was a mistake. Not mine. The taste of my own blood does not instill fear. A show of violence, of supposed 'superiority' only uncoils the viper in my chest.

I woke up to his cigarette being crushed out on the back of my hand. The scent of singed flesh clung to the air. It seems he had been at it a while, trying to wake me up. Too bad he didn't realize I have no pain tolerance...because I don't feel pain.

He was ranting as soon as he saw my eyes open. I shrugged and tuned him out. Why should I listen to how I bwoke his widdle hweart anyway? I didn't care.

I had assumed I would wake up all trussed up like a Cornish hen or something, but no. He wasn't even that intelligent. From the feel of things, he'd gathered up whatever yarns and ribbons of mine he had found in the flat and had used those to just bind my wrists together.

Mistake number two.

There were countless little slices all over my body. Most of my clothing seemed to have been cut away with his big bad knife. Nothing looked deadly, or even more than I would receive from a rousing bit of playtime with my local domestic house cat.

What a letdown, really.

I knew what I needed to do, but why waste all his energy? He seemed to really be getting into his speech-fyin', so I let him rock it.

By the gods, that fool did go on and on and on.

Was he drunk, you might ask...nope. He chain-smoked like a steam engine sucked back coal, but he did not partake of spirits, you might say. He didn't agree with drugs or chemical enhancement either.

Suddenly, there was silence. I looked over at him, my eyes half-shut, trying to play the part of terrified damsel in distress. I guess he had thought I would be hanging on his every syllable and he had asked me a question.

"Well?" he shouted.

I had no idea what he wanted, nor did I care.

I closed my eyes.

He punched me in the stomach.

I smiled.

He punched me again.

I opened my eyes.

He slapped me in the face. I guess he lacked the cojones to punch me in the face. His loss. Those were his last free shots of the evening.

I smiled and released the controls within. The Great Viper slowly calmly uncoiled. Bindings on me? No longer an issue. Disintegrated.

I stood up, still smiling, my eyes boring into his soul, never breaking his gaze.

I grabbed him by the throat and dragged him through the house.

He struggled. I felt like King Kong carrying...a insignificant dung beetle all over my island paradise. I did so carefully, however, so as not to crush the tiny struggling thing.

I threw him into the backseat of his truck.

He sneered, spitting as he spoke. "You can't drive a stick." He caught my elbow in his face. All I could do was hope that I hadn't broken anything so badly that shards saturated his brain. That's not what I wanted for him.

I started the truck...and sat back. The Viper did all the work.

I heard the boy gagging from behind me. What did I care?

I can drive a stick, but this isn't my shtick, driving this truck. That is why the Viper and I work so well together.

I don't know where the Viper drove us, but I did recognize the smell coming out of the joint.



Another 'long lost' door, out on the edge of nowhere, masquerading as a bar.

I slid the boy from the back of the truck. He'd pissed himself. Now that was a great thing. I'd have to drive all the way back, or all the way to wherever I was heading, with his fear-drenched piss enveloping me the whole way.

His knife fell out of his boot. I hadn't even noticed it. It's not as if something like that could do me damage, in any world.

I picked it up and wiped it gently on my own jeans. I prefer to use a clean weapon. The dirt, dust and blood had to come off of there...and since it was my blood congealing on the blade, I had no qualms about wearing it for a time.

I slashed both his cheeks with loving care.

I snipped open both thighs. I wasn't trying to hit anything important. What was important was his fear and the scent of blood in the air.

I was chumming the waters here, you might say.

I heard the low din shift from general talk to a concerted hunt. Growls and mutterings came closer.

I knew I was safe.

Woe unto any other that might walk through that parking lot for the next hour.

But me, I have nothing to fear here. Not among my own kind.

I spat in his face, in his eyes specifically. I wiped that saliva across to get it in both his eyes.

That was to open his vision up so he could see what I saw.

He started shrieking, screaming, gibbering like a little girl in the middle of a wolf pack.

Mayhap at this point that is what he was.

I dropped the knife in the gravel and rubbed my hands over my legs to clean them off a bit.

I smiled and walked away. I left them the truck. Why should I be shackled with it?

Time to find a new place to thrive.

The Viper hunkered back down inside, nestled up like a squirrel for the winter in its nest. It gave a contented sigh and off to sleep it was.

We were again ready for anything. Ready for next time.

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## Someone For Everyone (2016-10-31 02:07)

Maggie sat at her computer, debating whether or not to write a personal ad to place on Craigslist. She had been indulging in her little fetish for a while now, but had never shared it with anyone else because she was afraid of potential ridicule or rejection. Not only that, but she sure didn't want any of her family or friends to find out about it. So, for the past few years she had been closing her blinds, putting her phone on silent, and slathering her entire body in marshmallow crème. The entire experience was so sensual. She enjoyed every last part of it, from the scent to the way it felt as it smoothly glided over her bare body.

Just thinking about being able to share this with another person was enough to help her to move beyond her fears, and she began typing. Once she had her ad written, she went over it at least five times to make sure that it was exactly as she wanted it to be. By the time she finished, the ad read:

### Marshmallow Girl

Single, attractive, 27-year-old female looking for a fun guy to share some marshmallow fun with me. I'm looking for someone who wants to sensually spread marshmallow crème all over my body and pleasure me as I writhe in ecstasy. Not to worry, there's definitely something in this for you too. If this sounds like something you'd be interested in, please send me a message and we can talk about it. Must meet in a public place before going any further.

Before she could chicken out, she posted the ad. Since it had taken her half the night to write it and gather the courage to post it, she closed her laptop and went to bed as soon as she had finished. Since sleep had been scarce, Maggie had set her alarm for the latest possible moment for work the next morning. Even though the first thing she wanted to do was to check her email to see if anyone had answered her ad, she didn't have the time. So, she hurriedly got ready and left for work. Getting through the day at work was torture. The company didn't permit employees to check personal mail, and cell phones had to be turned off upon entering the building.

She was counting down the hours until lunchtime, so that she could tuck out and check her messages on her phone. At 11:30, an email popped up in her work inbox. It was marked urgent, so she opened it up. The message said that there was a quarterly report due the following day which hadn't been completed, so employees were being asked to forego their lunch in order to help get the report done. Maggie groaned in frustration. Oh well, she thought, at least they were bringing in a catered lunch. That helped a little.

The clock finally rolled around to five. She couldn't remember the last time she was so excited to have a work day end, and that was saying something because she was always happy to get out of there for the day. A few of her co-workers had tried to get her to join them for drinks, but she begged off. Normally, she would have said yes without even thinking, but the suspense was killing her. She had to get home and find out if anyone had answered her ad. As soon as she got in the door, she kicked off her shoes and changed into her favorite shorts and a tank top.

When Maggie got into her email account, her eyes widened. There were no less than fifteen replies sitting there. Who would have thought that there would be that many people who shared her interest. She waded through the replies, and with each one she grew more disappointed. Most of these guys suggested something other than marshmallow crème, and others were so unattractive to her that no amount of marshmallow crème in the world would be enough to make up for it. Even though she almost gave up to make dinner, she decided to click on one more.

To her pleasant surprise, the guy, Brad, was really attractive and his message read that he had been happy to see that someone had posted an ad about his favorite thing in the world. In addition to that, he told her how cute she was. What impressed her the most was that he didn't get all pervy on her. He simply asked if she'd like to meet for coffee and left his number so that she could text him. Without even thinking about it, she texted him that she'd like to meet him on Saturday in the late morning at a local coffee shop. He texted back right away that he'd see her then. She smiled all evening, anticipating the meeting with this man. Only two days to go.

Even though the rest of the work week was busy, it went by fast. She and Brad had texted back and forth a few times. He seemed so normal. She was on cloud nine. Even though she knew that some people might think that she was a freak because of her fetish, she thought of herself as a pretty normal person. Their texts were about simple, everyday things, like work and favorite foods, etc. The usual things that people just getting to know one another talked about. Saturday finally rolled around.

She was so nervous that she almost canceled their meeting. Thankfully she had slept late and didn't have enough time to talk herself out of it. When they met at the coffee shop, she was pleasantly surprised to see that he looked just like the picture he had sent her. He grinned before giving her a quick hug, and opening the door for her to enter the coffee shop before him. Wow, she thought, handsome, smart, and a gentleman. She was wondering why she hadn't placed an ad before. It didn't matter, he was here now and that's all that mattered.

After they finished their coffee, they decided to walk around for a while. After strolling for about an hour, they stopped at the park and chatted for a few more hours. When the sun began to dip over the horizon, they agreed that they'd better part ways. Brad walked Maggie back to her car, thanked her for a great day, and asked if he could see her again. He didn't have to ask her twice. She agreed before closing her car door and driving home. Over the next few weeks, they continued to talk and got together each weekend for a day out.

After three weeks of knowing him, Brad asked her if she'd like to go camping the following weekend. Maggie happily agreed. She loved being out in nature. He asked if she'd like to toast some marshmallows while they were there. Maggie chuckled nervously and said that she would. Before they parted ways, he finally kissed her and told her that he'd bring everything that they needed. She drove home on autopilot. If it were humanly possible, she would have floated home.

After the longest work week in history, Maggie walked out of her house with her bag to wait for Brad to pick her up. After a few minutes, he pulled into her driveway with a big smile on his face. He got out and hugged her before taking her bag and placing it into the trunk. They drove for over an hour. Maggie had asked him where they were going. All that he would tell her was that she would be pleasantly surprised. He pulled his slate-colored BMW onto a dirt driveway which led to a beautiful cabin.

He was right, Maggie thought, she was pleasantly surprised. She told him that he hadn't needed to go to the expense that renting a place like this had to cost. Brad laughed and told her not to worry about expense. The cabin had been in his family for about fifty years, and he had inherited it last year. They took their things inside the well-appointed log home and headed out for a walk to the large stream which ran through the property. Brad said that he loved this place because there was no one around for miles. She liked that too. After a long week surrounded by humming machines, ringing phones, and demanding bosses it was nice to get away from it all. Besides, she thought, there was no one near enough to worry about anyone seeing what they were likely going to do.

Once they got to the stream, Brad pulled her close and kissed her with a lot more passion than he had before. She leaned into him and met his passion with her own. The next thing she knew, they were on the ground tugging at one another's clothing excitedly. There was no stopping them now. Once they finished, she couldn't believe how amazing he had been. She was imagining what it would be like once the marshmallow cr me came out later. He kissed her neck and whispered in her ear that he was thinking about it too. She smiled at him hazily. After a little

while, they got up and dressed to head back to the cabin for lunch.

The day went by quickly, with the two of them hiking a few trails and enjoying a picnic dinner before heading back to the cabin for the night. Once they got there, Brad asked Maggie if she'd like to have a bonfire and have a little fun. Knowing what he meant, she said yes. Her entire body was tingling in anticipation. He told her to head inside and grab a shower if she wanted to while he got everything set up. She was a little stiff from all the walking, and headed inside to take him up on the offer.

Maggie finally made her way back outside. They sat by the fire talking for a little while. It occurred to her that while he had talked about having a heavy workload that he had never actually told her what he did. When she asked, he told her that he owned and operated a crematorium. She was a little weirded out by that, but brushed it off quickly. She told herself that someone had to do it, and that the pay must be good, considering his car and the cabin. Brad looked at her nervously and asked if she was comfortable with his profession. She assured him that she was. Maggie could see and hear his obvious sigh of relief.

After a little more small talk, Brad asked if she was ready to play. She was so excited that all she could do was nod. He brought out several large containers of marshmallow crème and opened them as Maggie undressed. As he smeared the goo all over her body, she writhed with pleasure. She could tell that he was getting excited as he slathered it on. His breathing was getting faster and his hands began to move over her with more force. Just when she thought that she couldn't take anymore, he stopped. Looking over her shoulder, she asked what he was doing.

The look on his face had changed. The line of his mouth was very serious and the look in his eyes was almost feverish. When he told her to turn back around, she complied. She was game for whatever his surprise was. Next thing she knew, she felt him yank her arms out from under her. Finding her self face down on the ground, she tried to move but couldn't as he had her pinned to the ground. Maggie was starting to get nervous now. She felt some sort of binding go around her wrists and ankles. Thankfully, he took his weight off her. Relieved, she rolled her body over to smile at him. The smile didn't last long.

In his hand was a long pole. Brad proceeded to tie her to the pole before dragging her over to the fire. Lifting her feet first, he lifted the pole up and placed it between the prongs of a large metal bracket in the ground. Before she could even try to figure out what he was doing, he was at her head, lifting her by her arms and putting the upper half of her body in a second bracket. She opened her mouth to demand that he let her down, but before she could even get the words out, he shoved a rag in her mouth and spun her so that she was facing downward. To her horror, she saw the reason that she had been rapidly getting hot. He had placed her directly over the fire. She now knew that she was trussed to a spit, like a damned chicken.

He continued to turn her, over and over. She was uncomfortably hot. In her mind, she was certain that he was going to burn her to death. How could she have been so stupid? She couldn't believe how easily she had been fooled. After a few minutes, the marshmallow began to sear into her skin. She let out a muffled scream. To her amazement he stopped turning her and took her down from the fire and put her on two more brackets a few feet away. He smiled at her. For a moment, she thought that maybe things would be okay...that maybe things had just gone a little too far and he had realized it. She noticed though that something about his smile was off. He turned and dragged a five gallon bucket close to where she was dangling.

She watched as he took the lid off and grabbed a ladle from the nearby table. As he tipped the ladle over her, she smelled chocolate. Her mind was racing as she tried to figure out what he was up to. After he had drenched her in the chocolate sauce, he grabbed a large sheet of something from the table and carried it toward her. At first she thought it was a sheet of plywood, but when he laid it on top of her, she noticed that it wasn't heavy enough to be wood. Once again, her nose picked up a scent. It smelled like a giant graham cracker. What the hell?

He grinned that maniacal grin at her once more and told her how much he loved s'mores. Brad explained to her that he had made a mold and had made the graham crackers himself at work. He was so matter of fact as he gave her a step by step tutorial on how to bake things in a retort, which he explained was the proper name for the oven in a crematorium. Was he serious? She couldn't believe that he thought she'd be interested in this. Then again, she realized that he probably didn't care what she was interested in. Maggie was in a panic, her mind trying to figure out how to get out of this mess.

She snapped out of her reverie as he began taking bites out of the graham cracker and licking the chocolate and marshmallow from her body. Okay, she thought, maybe he would be satisfied with this and she'd get out of this alive after all. He was moaning in pleasure with each nibble that he took. After what seemed like hours, Brad had finished pleasing himself and took her down from the spit. She looked up at him and tried to smile. He ignored her, heaved her over his shoulder and carried her to a pickup truck behind the cabin.

After being unceremoniously dumped into the bed of the truck, Maggie understood that she was still very much in trouble. She just didn't know how much. Finally, the truck stopped bouncing and the motor shut off. Moments later, Brad was lifting her back out of the truck and carrying her into a building. Once her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she realized that he had taken her to the crematorium. All of a sudden, the reality of what he was going to do hit her. He laid her on a table and opened the door to the retort. The inside was glowing so hot that parts of the fire looked white. Heaving her roughly off the table, Brad carried Maggie over to the open chamber. Right before tossing her in he said, "I like my marshmallows properly toasted".

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Julie (2016-10-31 03:40:21)

OMG! That's seriously twisted and I love it ☹

Tracy Moore (2016-10-31 03:42:40)

Thank you!

Rasz (2016-10-31 16:18:55)

OMG!!! That was amazing. Your writing brought out so many emotions throughout the story. I am still on edge. That ending, all the build up for her and Brad...Wow! Excellent. Took my breath away.

Tracy Moore (2016-10-31 16:26:10)

Thank you Rasz! This story was my favorite of all the ones I wrote for this year's spookfest. Glad you liked it. I really appreciate the feedback! Hope you'll come back again next October. We do this here each year, for the entire month. We've talked about putting more stuff here throughout the year, but until we decide what we're doing we all maintain our own individual sites. Thanks for visiting me at both spots today! Happy Halloween ☹☹





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