

The diner buzzed into the evening with its usual retinue of truckers and the detritus of midnights. Hot coffee and stale cigarettes, an old jukebox pumping out old country and classic rock tunes, a little Martin Denny by order of Reggie the short order cook flipping greasy burgers on the spatula. Reggie was a middle aged black man with silvering dreads and tattoos from years of following bands on the off season.

Vera was older and attractive with a dishwater blond hair in a bob cut and the attitude of a woman who knows what she is about and her place in the world and what she wants of it. The smile lines on her face well earned.

Spitbite curled around the table watching sphinx like as it licked at a saucer of cream lazily. Snatchy having brought him on a jaunt from Lulas to Arkhams wanting a midnight snack in between. He settled his chubby haunches into a small booth and Vera brought him over crayons and a little glass of soda. He looked up at her and brought out some money out of a little overall pocket "I have this much" he says counting it and holding up his fingers. She smiled and then ruffled his hair "it's on the house, you know that". She smiled and let him pretend to tip as she ordered up and brought his Luther sandwich, a melted combination of buttered donut with sharp cheddar and a medium rare hamburger in the center.

The raccoon had started into his third bite when it happened. The heavy static sound picked up on the wind. The sound of shuffling and something trying to eat out the neon of the diner. The music box began to croak out lyrics in twisted modulated tones. Johnny cash the man comes round as sung by a thousand locusts covered and then edited for digital. The box sparking as it began to ooze out a black lchor as spitbite hissed and spat at it.

Then the first thing hit the door, it clawed at the panes glass and shattered against the bright pink and yellow neons. Then the second. Men stood up ready to fight, denizens of the secret world and regular punk kids all got up. Reggie and Vera grabbed a butcher knife and a scalding hot pot of coffee in quick order.

The glass shattered and they were in the diner leaping onto patrons. Some fought back. One of the filth cornering Vera was scalded bubbling black tar skin as she hit it with the coffee pot. Spitbite ran over to Reggie and climbed up him slashing out with his butchers knife sinking it into the skull of one of the filth infected

Truckers began to run toward their rigs, some even making it into the cabs. One pulling alongside the building as a barricade as he got others inside from the door before taking off down the road the front of his grill crawling with the tarry blackness of the filth. Others were pulled into or under their vehicles kicking and screaming, their guts spilling over cold gravel of the evening, a fat plumber jerked kicking through his window into the truck by a spider like thing waiting, his feet flailing until a boot flew through the air.

Spitbite leapt over Reggie onto snatchy and growled into his ear "we have to go" he said as he pulled as snatchy digging his claws into the chubby fur. Snatchy looked at the chaos around him and grabbed his food off the plate slinging the diner Chinette like a frisbee shattering it against

the skull of the one lumbering toward a pair of blajini out for onion rings. It whipped around and rushed at snatchy with fury as it's tendril claws ripped the air. Spitbite leapt by that time and was on it mauling it by the face, everywhere he scratched glowing ethereal with cryptosporidium spores growing out of the tar flesh as it began to fight and pull at its own "skin" in madness.

Snatchy grabbed Vera and Reggie and pushed them toward the back entrance. A warlock grabbed a teenage girl and shoved her over the counter as one of the fae smashed her Druidic staff into the face of another. More and more bodies began to flood in and a retreat was made toward the exit. Anyone who fell and couldn't be grabbed was hauled under or outside by black hands. Women and husbands torn apart, a son watching his father with pepper in his hand one moment and then being drug and torn apart the next in the broken glass doorway of the diner

a teenage goth and her golden retriever boyfriend shoving through football style holding hands barely making it from the bathroom to the back stall door into the kitchen. It was a mad dash for survival now and both the mundane and magical ran for exits and the safety of the moment in the kitchen, some sacrificing for their others, some making a mad dash.

Reggie held the door with the handle of a stainless steel fire axe that was rapidly beginning to bend. Outside the delivery truck was still idling with it's loaves of bread half delivered on a small dock from roll doors. Reggie's looked at the survivors and the door "those of you who can get out through agartha go!" He said as he kicked open the back door into the parking lot, still empty as the filth assaulting the lighted front and from the woods a buzzing could be heard. Ghouls lifted blajini to help run with them, vampires and forest spirits grabbing onto mages and running with them toward the glowing orange amber portal.

Reggie began to take his knife as Vera grabbed a young crying girl and began to move her toward the truck "come on honey we gotta go" she said as Snatchy took her other hand "it's okay I'll protect you" said the tiny raccoon holding up his face to the crying teenager holding her hand and pulling her shocked into the bread truck.

When everyone was inside the truck Reggie laid down his chefs knife slamming it into a butcher block as he cut the last of the gas lines. The metal axe bending near to breaking. He laid down rag after oil and grease soaked rag from the dinner bins tied into a knot as he shoved himself into the cab of the bread truck and lighting the tail end of the filthiest greasiest oiliest rag you ever saw it blazed as he stepped on the pedal the truck lurching as Vera slammed the metal gate shut on the back, the metal fire axe snapping as the filth crawled through the doorway into the kitchen.

The bread truck smashed over bodies and through them dragging them under the vehicle one hanging for miles as in the distance a rumble was heard and the air shook with thermal ignition as the entire diner went up in a plume of flame and smoke tearing through the air. The neon sign spinning and slashing its way down the highway imbedding itself in a spinning fury finally into the asphalt of the beginning morning.

Vera only knew that they would drive until the next safety of a diner or gas station and then she would find a working phone and call Arkham. He would have to make this right.

The diner had fallen, long live the diner.