

# Motel

An SSTWL (Scary Story Time With Liam) Creepypasta

Unofficial Transcript by John David

“Well at least we're not going to die” Rachel laughed, dropping her stuff on the motel bed and plopping down beside it seconds later. “What do you mean?” I said grinning, “This place looks shady as hell, if we were going to die anywhere this would totally be the place.” “Nuh-uh John” she jeered, “The motel owner wasn't a creepy hillbilly warning us about staying the night and spouting nonsense.” “Yeah!” Max scoffed, “We're in the middle of a damn Nevada desert as the only current residence of this shady rundown hotel and although we already know a murder happened here, as long as the owner is fairly friendly we're all good right? The owner is John's brother anyway so it doesn't even count.” Mike chuckled, “You're right I mean aside for me taking the role of an eerie foreshadower there's not really a whole lot that could make our situation any more of a cliché horror setting is there, well short of us finding an old book written in Latin or a broken porcelain doll in the closet.”

“Chill guys” I joked, going along with it. “I heard this place was built on an Indian burial ground but that's never bad right?” “Naw” Rachel replied, “Although I did bring a ouija board and happened to discover pentagrams underneath the carpet.” “Oh yeah I saw those!” Steve laughed, “Drawn in blood of course uh too bad we don't get cell phone signal out here and our car is out of gas.” We all chuckled and said about unpacking. In all seriousness the hotel owner Mike truly was my brother, we had all agreed to help him get the place into fairly decent condition during the winter so that it might be at least presentable for the next summer season. Hell if by some miracle we actually got any work done we might be able to get the place open for business when the time came, that was incredibly unlikely though. My friends and I honestly had no intention of doing a damn thing other than lazing around and drinking together. My brother wasn't a hard ass either, it's not like he would get pissed at us for doing so. In all honesty he was just as unmotivated as us to try and restore my family's old motel. We thought it would be nice after our mother passed away a year ago and it's not like we meant her any disrespect by not exactly being the hardest working team alive but in our defense the place really had fallen to complete shit. My mother had never even truly owned the place, it was far older than her, her only memories were of playing in it as a kid. The place went out of business and began to decay before her 10th birthday so it was understandable that after so many years of utter neglect this place wasn't exactly going to be a quick fix or even a plausible one for that matter.

The unsettling thing was that although we joked about many horror clichés there truly had been a murder here long ago which is what led to the downfall of the business. Well... it was deemed a murder despite conflicting and strange reasons for that claim. There was certainly no evidence to even attempt to identify an assailant but calling it a suicide didn't make much sense either. The police found the body in a mangled mess on the floor, its left hand hacked off, the other having been shoved into a blender, fingers cleaved down to a stump. The cadaver's left leg appeared to be broken, supposedly self-inflicted by smashing into a table. The right foot was shattered, again supposedly self-inflicted by dropping a heavy object on it. In fact everything in the autopsy strongly suggested that all of the wounds were

self-inflicted. It already seemed fishy enough that someone could allegedly stay alive long enough to saw off their own hand, remove their other one with a kitchen appliance, and then finish it all off by breaking their legs but the real kicker came next. When the police arrived the man's corpse was found leaned up against the door, it looked as though he had been scratching at the door knob with his stumps the wood was all layered with dents and bloody slash marks. The guy had been trying to get out, right up until his death. The nearest town to the hotel was very small and my brother was friends with one of the officers which is probably why we were able to hear so much information upon inheriting the place.

Whatever really happened in that case though it exploded out in papers all over the country and the motel business tanked overnight. We certainly remember the horrific story as we stepped into that very same room where the man's corpse had been lying but for the sake of the business we could only hope that the general populace wouldn't remember or even have any idea about an incident that took place over 30 years ago. Surely the story could resurface if we were able to get the place running and popular again but in a twisted sense the infamy might actually help its popularity. Staying in a room where such a mysterious and gut-wrenching incident had taken place in the sick world we live in there were bound to be plenty of people who would not only do it but would come to us from hundreds of miles away for that reason alone. Certainly none of us were happy about it however. Our earlier joking banter had been our own way of trying to convince ourselves that we weren't scared. We looked at each other with stupid grins carved on our faces but I was positive that everyone felt the same way I did underneath our carefully constructed disguises. I'm sure they all felt their stomachs heave in light dread as we first stepped inside that room, the same way I had. I'm sure they noticed how heavy and depressive the atmosphere felt. I'm sure that just like me they assured themselves that it was just their imagination making it seem that way. It wasn't as if we really had a choice however... well they did, but me and Rachel sure as hell didn't. This room and one other were the only two rooms with heating systems still intact and seeing as how brutally cold it got in the desert at night we knew that three people could squeeze into the other room but two unlucky contestants would have to sleep in the... murder room as we so aptly called it.

Rachel and I had picked the short straws and so we were sentenced to spend the first three nights there. Max, Steve, and my brother Mike would be staying in the other room and after 3 days were up they would have to draw straws again to see who could stay while the other two would have to switch with me and Rachel. It wasn't really all that big of a deal however. I dreaded the night ahead of us but it was a large sweet style room, even having its own kitchen and so everyone was bound to spend most of their time in it anyway while we were awake. It wouldn't seem so bad until night crept in and the three of them left. For now my fears were in the back of my mind as we all sat around the room talking and laughing. Mike got some spaghetti going in the kitchen and Max broke out the alcohol of every kind imaginable. "If you can still see straight tomorrow" he joked, "I'll be highly disappointed." "Jesus Max" Mike laughed, looking behind him at the liquor store now lying on the table. "If we can see at all tomorrow we'll have failed." "I'll call the ambulance" Rachel poked, "You guys care for some liver poisoning with your pasta?" "It's quite the lovely aftertaste." I smiled, getting up and helping my brother scoop portions of the spaghetti onto plates for everyone. All we had brought was pasta so.. that would be it every night. We all sat down at the crooked wooden table in the center of the room, gazing out the massive window taking up the wall to our right. Outside we could watch night fall over the desert as a cacti became silhouetted against a crimson sky and the darkness seemed to rush across the plains like a

plague. The distant hills quickly swallowed up the faintly blazing red sun. With no other buildings for miles the resulting darkness was eerily empty, looking as if someone had simply placed a black sheet of paper over the window. All we could hear was the unnerving hiss of light wind against the glass. We paid this little mind however and simply had fun drinking and talking to one another. We all thought we were hilarious but Rachel's face clearly showed us that we were perhaps a little too intoxicated to judge that properly. She rarely drank, it wasn't as if she was abstinent from alcohol or anything, she just simply didn't like the taste. Although we got her to grudgingly drink one beer she stopped after that and now just sat quietly judging us as we made fools of ourselves. We were up until well after midnight but soon the gang said their goodbyes and staggered to their room on the other side of the courtyard. Thankfully I was far too hammered to even think about why I'd been so scared of that room in the first place and within seconds of slumping on my bed I was out cold.

I awoke in the morning to find myself on the floor and all alone. There was a large pool of saliva drenching the carpet where my mouth had been. My head was splitting in two and the light seemed to be burning into my retinas as I groggily attempted to stand. The space around me was swimming but I could tell that Rachel wasn't anywhere inside. I quickly took a cold shower to try and wake myself up. After I changed into some clean clothes I vigorously brushed my teeth and swished several times with mouthwash to try and get the alcohol smell out of my breath. Sufficiently freshened up now I walked outside slowly, cringing as a sun beat down like I was an ant being burned with a magnifying glass. My brain seemed to pound in my head with every pulse of my heart and I thoroughly regretted ever allowing myself to drink so much. I had never had a hangover this bad in my life. I saw Rachel sitting in the courtyard on a bench, quietly reading a book. I slowly staggered over to her and gave a smile as she glanced at me approaching. She started laughing in huge bursts, nearly doubling over an amusement as she pointed at me. "Haha, holy shit." She cried, laughing uncontrollably, "You literally look like death was brutally murdered by a freight train." "That doesn't even make sense." I groaned, sitting on the bench beside her in agony.

"Why are you out here so early?" I breathed, flinching away from the pages of her book. They were so blinding white that they hurt my eyes. The cheerfulness in her face slipped slightly and her eyes nervously glanced back at our room as she thought of a response. "I don't want to be there" she said softly, turning a page in her book trying to seem nonchalant. "That place creeped me right the hell out." I laughed, "Really? That bad eh?" "You wouldn't know" She scoffed, angrily marking her page and closing the book. "You were out like a rock" "Jealous are we?" I jeered, flinching away as she punched my shoulder. "I'm serious" she said, her tone growing dark, "I've been out here since 4:00, I just couldn't take it anymore in there, I didn't sleep once the whole night." "Oh" I stammered, seeing her seriousness. "I'm sorry it must have been cold as shit out here, was it really that bad? I'm sure it's just your nerves that were getting to you." "Yeah" she sighed, "I'm sure it was but I just felt horrible the whole time, it's like there's a sickness in that place. I feel dirty just being in there. It was so much worse at night, I could barely even breathe and I felt numb. The only thing I could feel was my skin crawling." "Hey" I said, trying to be reassuring but wincing as splitting pain jolted through my head. "Only two more nights and tonight I'll actually stay awake until you fall asleep okay." She sighed, a slight grin appearing on her face, "I just can't take you seriously" she laughed, her tone lightening up a little "You genuinely look like you've gone to hell and back." She sighed again and reopened her book, quietly adding, "But thanks John." I nodded at her and leaned further back in the bench, rubbing my temples with my hands. "So

you must have seen me roll out of bed then huh?" I said, pointing to the light scrapes in my arms from the rug, "Didn't care enough to put me back I see." She laughed, "Number one, no, I didn't care enough to put you back into bed and two you didn't roll out of bed." She paused for a minute before continuing, "You got out of your bed, stood up and took several steps before just collapsing on the floor, I figured you woke up and were going to the bathroom or something." "I don't remember that at all." I said, looking at my arms, "I don't think I ever woke up." "Hm" she said, "Didn't know you were a sleepwalker." "I'm not usually" I replied, slumping further into the bench and chuckling. "But then again I don't think I've ever been that smashed so I'm not surprised I did some weird shit." I looked over at the other room to see that the curtains were still closed. "The gang is still sleeping huh?" I said, nodding my head in their direction. "Bet it will be a while before they get up" Rachel sighed, "I'm a little surprised you're up before noon to be honest." I spit some saliva onto the ground and swallowed hard, curling into a ball, determined to keep my stomach down.

We sat like that for another hour or so. Rachel reading her book and me just squinting my eyes at the light and rubbing my head. I had thought the fresh air and sun would do some good for me but my condition didn't seem to have improved at all. Even as the door to the other room eventually opened and Max, Steve, and Mike walked out my nausea and sensitivity hadn't gotten any better. They all looked like hell too but I couldn't help but notice that they seemed less affected than I was. The light didn't seem to hurt their eyes as much and after a minute or two of adjusting they were more or less fine. "Jesus John." Steve laughed, giving me a light shove. "One too many I see" I grumbled under my breath and swatted his hand away as he tried to poke at me. I still couldn't open my eyes all the way and was more than a little pissed that no one else seemed to have a hangover half as bad as mine. I had less booze than they did anyway. "Hey leave him alone" Max said, "Last thing he needs is your shit Steve, I mean look at the guy, he looks like death." "That was brutally murdered by a freight train" I grumbled. "What?" Max said, confused, "Doesn't even make any sense." I spit a large glob of saliva onto the pavement where it quickly began to evaporate in the ever climbing temperature as midday approached. "Ew" Max cringed, "John dude seriously go lie down or something." My mouth had been watering so intensely ever since I woke up that I found myself swallowing saliva every few seconds. It was like the feeling I got when I was about to throw up but continuous.

"I'm fine I'm fine" I breathed, steadying myself on the bench. "Let's just do something, I feel sick just sitting here in the sun." "Well we were planning on fixing the perimeter fence" Mike said, looking at me with this brotherly concern that always enraged me. "But I don't think you're up for that bro." I suddenly shot to my feet in a rage, "I know what I can handle!" I shouted, slightly surprised by my own abrupt temper, my tough guy stance quickly died out however as the sun shoved daggers at my eyes and my limbs grew weak. I bent over and my numb mouth fell open as I coughed a waterfall of saliva onto the pavement. "Sorry dude" I grumbled, glancing at Mike as Rachel ran to steady me. "You're right I... I better sit this one out." Mike smiled, "It's okay bro no need to apologize I know how it gets just take it easy." "Come on you poor soul." Rachel said, slinging me over her shoulder. "This sun isn't doing you any good, let's get you to lie down." She now spoke to the rest of the crew as she said "You guys go pretend to work on that fence or whatever, I'll make sure John here doesn't drown in his own drool or something." They nodded at her, snickering to themselves before heading off. Rachel began helping me to our room when I suddenly stopped her, "Are you sure you're okay with this Rachel?" I asked, having to swallow nearly every other word. "You said.. you said you didn't like being in there." "It's fine" she

laughed, "It's not so bad now that I've had some time to clear my head, I was being superstitious is all, besides that's the only room with a bathroom in it and unless you think you can run all the way to the outhouse to empty your stomach there's really no other option." She gave a cheerful grin and I couldn't help but smile back. "Thanks" I mumbled, spitting onto the ground. "Yeah... you're going to have to stop doing that though" she laughed. We had been sitting in the room for a little over 3 hours now. I had tried to lie down and get some rest like Rachel told me to but every time I did I just felt worse. My stomach would start to churn and I would start to choke on my own saliva. I felt as if my whole body was becoming numb and distant as my head throbbed with nauseating pain. Because of this Rachel and I had abandoned that plan and resorted to simply taking it easy as she said. We sat at the main table and played cards. Rachel was absolutely right, I wasn't exactly the best judge of this in my current condition but the room did feel sick. The air was heavy and stagnant, every slight creek sending shivers up my spine. I had felt bad out in the sun but I was now feeling even worse. My own sickness seemed to be amplified by the room and I eventually had to grab a bucket as my sticky globs of saliva began to be more than I could take. My skin prickled and shifted with unease.

"Was it this bad at night?" I finally asked Rachel after several minutes of neither of us speaking. "Was what this bad?" she asked even though I could tell she knew full well what I meant. "This" I said, glancing around the room, "This feeling." "No" she eventually replied honestly, "It was never this bad, it's gotten worse." She wiped some drool from her mouth and swallowed hard. The action made my heart stop. I stared at her, concern spraying across my face. "What?" she said nervously, checking behind herself. She swallowed again and repeated herself after I didn't respond. "What?!" She cried, "You don't even realize you're doing it do you?" I said pointing to my own throat, "Does it feel like you're making more saliva than you should be?" Her eyes widened slightly, "John?" she stammered, "You didn't even drink that much did you?" "No" I stayed slowly, "Certainly not enough to explain the way I felt since I've woken up." I suddenly felt as though the world shifted around me and I tried to grab the table to steady myself. I missed however and instead smacked the deck of cards off the table, sending them scattering across the dull brown carpet like dead leaves. Rachel flinched and I suddenly bolted upright, apologizing and rubbing my head. "John" she continued nervously, "Even if you did have a bad hangover it shouldn't have lasted this long, how do you feel?" "Worse than ever" I replied, saliva dripping down my face. I quickly wiped it up with a napkin and looked at Rachel nervously. Her face grew even more worried. "That's not a good sign" she swallowed, her eyes shifting anxiously, "Yeah..." I said, "I must have caught something, I feel like I have the flu and a wicked fever or something with a little strep throat tossed into the mix."

I stood up from my chair slowly and stumbled over to the wall, steadying myself against it. "Where are you going?" Rachel questioned, standing up in concern. I jolted upright and glanced down at myself. "I don't know" I stammered, my head swimming. I slowly walked back to the table on shaking legs and sat back down. "If this gets any worse we're going to have to call an ambulance." I nodded my head slowly, the lights of the room were leaving streaks in my vision. Looking at them made me cringe in agony. "I'm going to call the other guys and tell them to come over and get dinner going," Rachel said, pulling out her phone, "We'll take you to the hospital for sure tomorrow but maybe all you need now is some food in you." "I haven't eaten since last night" I said, feeling slightly better as I did so, "That probably has a lot to do with it." As Rachel brought the phone to her ear the world started spinning violently again and I found myself reaching for something to hold on to. I slowly came back to my senses

after several heads splitting bursts of pain to hear Rachel yelling at me. "Let go!" She cried, "John I said I've got this, seriously what's your deal?" I squinted through my blurry eyes to see that my hand was grasp firmly around Rachel's phone. She was fighting to tear it out of my grip as I heard Max's voice on the other end. "Hello?" He said, "Hellllo?" I slumped back into my chair and let go of the phone, apologizing again. "Sorry" I stammered, "I guess I'm a little out of it." My saliva pooled up on the table as I talked and I quickly spat several times into the bucket. My saliva had become even stickier, winding together in lengthy strands as it fell from my mouth in ropes. Rachel looked at me in bewilderment but slowly brought the phone back up to her ear, informing Max of the situation and telling them to get back quickly. My heart lurched again as I saw her pull the phone away from her face, a strand of saliva, trailing between it and her mouth. I pointed it out to her and her face flushed red as she wiped it up, "Are you all right?" I asked, "Yes." She said, putting her hands out, "Really I'm fine, just a little nervous is all." The night began to settle around us as the evening drew to a close and the once blazing sun was snuffed out.

Max and Steve finally showed up, telling us that they had left Mike behind to gather up and bring back the tools so that they themselves could get to us faster. "Still not feeling it hey buddy?" Steve said softly, the lack of a joke letting me know how seriously worried he was. "You're not looking too hot champ." He went into the kitchen, still glancing back at me as he started getting some water to boil. I tried to give him a smile but found that moving my mouth just resulted in saliva spewing from my lips. The room was becoming fainter and fainter around me and I welcomed it, anything to get rid of those hideously blinding lights. "Rachel?" Max suddenly spoke up, moving over to the table beside her, concern etched on his face. "Are you all right? What the hell happened to you?" She looked up at him and I watched her eyes narrow in pain as her dull pupils caught the light of the room. I suppose I hadn't noticed because I had watched the transformation happen slowly in front of my eyes but looking at her now and comparing it to what she had looked like earlier this morning made my blood freeze. Her face was sunken and gray, her eyes were seeding into her skull as her taunt skin did little to hide her bony structure. I was agasped, is that what I looked like too? "What?" Rachel stammered. "Nothing happened to me, I'm fine, it's John you should be worried about." She swallowed hard and licked some drool from her pale gray lips. Max looked at me again and I watched his dark eyes fill with worry, slight fear splintering across his face.

"Hey there John" he stammered nervously, "How are you holding up?" I slowly rose to my feet and staggered to the wall as I had done before, for some reason finding the need to prove that I wasn't as bad as I'm sure I looked. "Fine.." I said, saliva flowing out and dripping onto my shirt, rendering my speech almost entirely incoherent. "I just feel a little disconnected is all." The walls of the room were twisting and spiraling upwards as I tried to navigate towards the kitchen. The ground seemed to be heaving in rhythmic motions like waves during a storm. "John?" Max nervously called out, beginning to step towards me. He looked at Steve in the kitchen and motioned for him to help me. Everything in my vision was streaked with black now, as if crude oil had been spilled across the image and smeared the colors into a dull gray mess. Objects seemed to twist and waver as I tried to focus on them. Steve sat down the spoon he had been using to stir the pasta and turned to face me as I entered the kitchen and set my hand down on the counter. As I tried to steady myself the world just faded even further and the streak started to swirl in abstract patterns. "Dude" Steve said, his face contorting in fear and worry, "Sit down man what are you doing?" I tried to speak but just drooled out a clump of ropey saliva. My mind was racked with pain but seemed to be growing more and more numb. I looked down at the saliva

beginning to pool underneath me and realize that the usually clear substance was speckled with black smudges. Steve saw this too and took a step back, his hands rising from his sides. In truth I had no idea what I was doing in the kitchen but I splayed my hands out as I found myself beginning to stumble over despite being propped against the counter. My leg seemed to sway out from under me but as I tried to grab the kitchen counter more tightly my hand just uselessly skid across the surface, knocking over utensils and pans. Finally I was able to steady myself against Steve as I pressed my hand against his chest. I brought my other hand forward to grab him but as soon as I did so his face went white with panic and I heard Rachel's scream. Max suddenly cried out from behind me and I could faintly feel his arms wrap around my chest and pin my arms down. I went limp in his grip and heard a metal clang as something dropped to the floor. Confused and dazed I slowly looked up at him, I tried to make out his face and although I couldn't see clear details it was all too apparent that he was absolutely horrified. "What?" I mumbled out, getting spit all over his shirt. "Why do you look like that Max?" "Rachel call the police!" He yelled, ignoring my question, just squeezing tighter. "John! Maybe if you opened your eyes you'd be able to see what you've done!"

I felt my stomach drop and my blood run ice cold. Open my eyes? But my eyes were open weren't they? The more I began to think about it, the more I began to feel my eye muscles and this only served to heighten my confusion. I could feel that they were clenched tight and yet I was looking around the room. I saw Max's pale face staring down at me and I saw Rachel fish around in her pocket for her phone. I didn't know how I was doing this but it made my skin crawl with dread and I was finally able to will my heavy eyelids open. The room erupted into focus as the black streaks faded. The world around me ceasing to churn and sway. My heart stopped as I looked at the ground by my feet with clear vision now, lying in a pool of deep crimson blood was a steak knife. Right beside it was Steve, he was doubled over in agony, his chest spurting blood out of him in powerful jets as he tried hopelessly to cover the wound with his hand. I flashed back to the faint memory of my hand skidding across the kitchen counter as I tried to steady myself just seconds ago. I hadn't realized it then but surely I had grabbed that knife in my hand, it had felt like my hand was reaching out in a sort of reflex to falling but looking back now my fingers had deliberately grabbed that horrific weapon with a sloppy yet all too precise motion. I glanced back at Max with panic and cried out, somehow finding myself able to speak more properly now. My excess saliva having died down. "Max!" I cried, "Let go of me, I didn't do this!" "Hang in there Steve!" Max cried, ignoring my plea. He then turned to Rachel and yelled "Come on! We need an ambulance here right now!"

I was able to think clearly now, I still felt slightly nauseous but the light didn't hurt my eyes as much and I felt less numb. I wasn't sure why my condition had improved so drastically all of a sudden but when I turned to look at Rachel it abruptly all made sense. Her ghastly form stood by the door, swaying softly as she tried to punch the numbers into her phone. Saliva float down her face and began landing on the screen. She slowly brought her other hand up and gripped the device with both hands now. As I watched in horror, her eyes slowly slipped closed, as her sunken gray body staggered left and then right, her grip began to tighten. "Rachel?" Max cried, growing even more concerned. "Rachel! What the hell is wrong?!" "Let me go!" I shouted, "Max, we have to stop her!" My cries were too late however and my chest heaved as her grip grew so tight that she splintered the phone in half. Her fists clenched down so incredibly hard that the shattered plastic was driven into her skin, slicing her hands to bloody shreds. Her eyes were still closed as her mangled body slumped against the door, leaning against it as

her bleeding hand slid the deadbolt shut. The phone uselessly fell to the ground. "Rache!" I cried, knowing full well what was happening, "I know you think you're just sick, that you're falling over and having trouble seeing but you've got to snap out of it! Rachel you're not in control of your own body you have to open your eyes!" "My eyes are open" she slurred out, spewing blackened saliva down her pale and lifeless face. Her body began staggering towards us as her hands felt along the wall, smearing her blood across it.

Max was so utterly aghast that I was able to break free of his grasp. "Max!" I cried, turning to him, "Make sure Rachel doesn't get her hand on any weapons, I've got to take care of Steve!" His face was wild with panic, his eyes frantic and widened. I didn't even wait for him to acknowledge my order before I quickly knelt down next to Steve's body as he breathed faint and ragged breaths. Max nervously glanced between me and Rachel. "Steve.." I stammered to his deathly pale face, hurriedly attempting to address his wound with a towel from the counter. "Come on buddy, stay with me!" I grabbed the knife by my feet to cut the fabric to a proper length but as soon as my fingers closed around it, I glanced at Rachel to see her eyes groggily open as she jolted fully awake, knowing what this meant I immediately tried to throw the knife out of my hand in a panic. Just as it barely left my fingers however my stomach lurched and the world plunged into shadow. The sickening sensation I got caused me to double over to the ground and my arm tossed the blade straight down rather than across the room like I had planned. The weapon skidded across the floor slightly but it was still within arm's reach. I tried to scramble away from it but every one of my actions seemed backwards and lurching away from the knife only tumbled my numb body closer to its shimmering gleam.

I tried to yell at Max to grab it away from me but all I could manage to do was choke out black sludge. I was sure my eyes were squeezed shut but I could no longer force them open. I didn't have any concept of where my eyelids were. As I flailed and tried to back away from the knife all I could seem to do was barely avoid grasping it. My hand slammed against a serrated blade, cutting my fingers to ribbons. Before long my fingers became unresponsive but as soon as this happened I found my other hand slapping forwards. Just before I was sure to grasp the knife my hand exploded in agony as Max kicked the blade away. The weapon was sent skidding across a tiled floor, eventually stopping as it clanked against the far wall. My eyes suddenly opened.

I tried to keep my heart from stopping in terror as John fished for the knife. He was fighting the same thing I had been. I watched Max kicked the knife across the room but as soon as this happened my stomach began to churn, the light smearing with darkness. I watched John's eyes open and a sudden queasiness struck me, like my lungs had been compressed to nothing. The world corroded away into blackness and my movement started to play out all wrong. It was happening again. I tried to open the door but hadn't realized that I had locked the dead bolt. My hand quickly fell from the doorknob to the floor where I clumsily grabbed my shattered phone from my bleeding hands. The room was pulsing with blackness as I fell forward, staggering away from the door. I watched pieces of the phone fall to my feet as I barely held myself up. My mind was numb and faint, seemingly swirling with a dense sludge. I eventually realized in terror that my hand was now gripping nothing but a jagged piece of glass from the screen of my phone. I looked up with bleary eyes to see that I was inches from Max.



My vision slowly returned as my head pounded. I was on the floor and I faintly felt warm liquid spraying onto my face. I looked to my left to see Max's unseeing eyes staring directly through me. Rachel was on all fours on top of him. Her eyes closed and her shaking arm slashed a jagged piece of glass up and down, again and again, sometimes it contacted Max's throat and more blood squirted from the wound but other times Rachel seemed to be able to deflect it, just barely, driving the glass into her own wrist instead. I couldn't help but laugh a pain chuckle as it finally all made sense. The way that man all those years ago had mutilated himself had tried to render his body unusable. Mike would show up eventually and I wouldn't be the one to kill him, not if I could make such an act impossible. I staggered over to the kitchen sink as Rachel continued to slash her wrist to pieces. I chuckled again and turned on the disposal, already feeling the world start to fade into darkness. I watched Rachel's eyes fly open just as a horrible darkness switched host and tried to make me stagger back. It was too late however and the disposal blades cleaved my last usable hand to shreds as I shot it forwards. Except... they didn't.

My hand smashed against the counter. The disposal not at all where it appeared in my vision. The sickness had distorted my visual perception, I couldn't even see the sink anymore, just a blank countertop appearing in front of me. I fought in anguish but my limbs barely responded anymore. Through my black and twisted vision I watched Rachel stagger to the sink in my place. Tears streaming down her face as she gave an understanding nod, her left wrist was nearly carved out, her fingers entirely useless. In her working hand however she held the glass shard, she gave a pained smile, her mouth opening as saliva choked up from her throat, whispering something that resembled "Sorry..." Then she slashed the glass across my throat. As the world grew unimaginably cold and I ceased to breathe, in my last conscious moments I watched Rachel slam her last working hand into the disposal, her screams the last thing I would ever hear.

God damn why did my brother have to act like such a tough guy all the time. First he snapped at me for telling him he couldn't work the fence with us and look how right I'd been! I hope Steve and Max were able to get some food started and I hope that some rest was all John needed. I finally closed the shed door and all the tools we had used for the fence and started heading to the room. I tried to open the door but found it locked. "Hello?" I called loudly, giving several firm knocks in the heavy wood. "Let me in!" I waited for several seconds, no response came from inside. Just as I was about to knock again however I heard something, something faint but rapidly growing louder and more sinister, scratching. Someone was scratching at the door from the inside.