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From a short story called “House Call” about Skully, the non-binary lead guitarist of a punk band, who after being dead-named and attacked by a stranger, gets lost in their own mind. Soon they begin vomiting up golden light that begins to change the house around them from a dirty punk house venue into their literal childhood home, bringing their bandmates, (Tim, Layla, and Billie) and all the other members of the house, including its shitty owner Chris into the crossfire. This is the moment where Skully has a panic attack and things begin to change and a vision of their mother, Olivia, appears.

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“Look at me,” said a voice that Skully recognized as Layla’s but couldn’t fully *recognize*.

“What?” is all they managed in return.

There were other voices. Everything was crowded and a few people screamed which made Skully jump. The voice that was Layla’s said something about backing up. The space cleared and things became more open, but Skully felt eyes on them. Why did the eyes have to be *on them*?

“*Skully!*” cried a voice. A voice that belonged to Tim. Tim was Skully’s friend and bandmate. When Skully first met Tim, they had drunkenly made out behind a bar until Tim vomited on their shoes and they never talked about it again. That was seven years ago.

“Don’t fucking scream!” screamed Layla’s voice. The person holding Skully was probably Layla, Skully decided. Skully laughed. How stupid was that?

Someone from the crowd of blurry people came over with a cool towel and some water. It felt nice on Skully’s forehead.

“Hello” said Skully, testing out their voice.

“Can you count to ten for me?” said a voice that was unmistakably Billie’s. Skully could see Billie standing over them.

“I-” said Skully.

“What?” Skully said.

“Please, if you want to help, call an ambulance,” said Layla. She was talking to the others in the crowd. Skully had been moved to a couch by Billie. The light was no longer exploding from Skully’s brain in violent god rays, but Skully still felt the heat. Now the light was heavier, falling more like fluorescent tears from Skully’s eyes. The floor and the walls that the fluid touched seemed to still radiate that light. They began to change. Color and light bending around them as the light grew like roots into the wall. Billie ran through a de-escalation exercise with Skully. It seemed like Skully knew where they were again, but the tears wouldn’t stop. Layla turned to Tim.

“I’m not sure anyone’s going to fucking pick up Layla,” said Tim.

“What does that even *mean*, Tim?” said Layla.

“Layla, I need you to look outside,” said Tim

“You were supposed to be with Skully,” said Layla. It was at this moment, Chris came into the room, followed by a crowd of others who heard the commotion. Luckily, the light vomit was enough to distract most people from the unending void that surrounded the house. For now at least. Tim snapped.

“They were in the bathroom, Layla!” said Tim. He felt fire in his chest.

“Couldn’t you have waited until *your best friend* was safe to smoke with Billie?”

“*They said I could go!*” Tim screamed.

“The fuck is going on up here?” said Chris. He looked drunk and angry. “What the fuck did you four do?”

“Guys? I need you to lower your voices please,” said Billie. Skully started hyperventilating again. The tears were big and fell heavily.

“What the hell is that thing?!” Chris.

*“Did you need a fucking cigarette that badly!”* Layla.

*“Don’t talk to him like that, Layla, that’s unfair!”* Billie? Skully had never heard Billie raise her voice before.

*“Look at them!”* Skully couldn’t really tell. It was just noise now.

*“They ditched me while I took the rest of the food from the kitchen!”*

*“You took food from my fucking kitchen?!”* Someone was knocking on a door.

*“Don’t start! You took half our god damn tips, don’t say a god damn word!”*

*“Look outside!”* There that knocking again.

A knocking on a door that wasn’t really there. In the house’s living room, between an armchair and a cheap flatscreen, Skully could have sworn there was a door. The chaos of the living room nestled softly into a numb pocket in the back of Skully’s brain. All that remained was Skully, and the door.

*Knock knock knock*

The door looked so familiar. It was the bathroom door from the house Skully grew up in. A figure faded into view in front of the door. A tall woman with dark, curly hair, her name was Olivia. She was Skully’s mother. She looked so young back then. Skully hadn’t been home in almost a decade.

“Did I hurt you?” said Olivia, speaking through the door. She sounded genuinely concerned. A voice from behind the door spoke back.

“Yes.”

“All I said was that I thought you should tell the family at dinner tonight.”

“I don’t want to,” said the voice. Skully mouthed the words along as the voice behind the door spoke them.

“ [redacted] . You’re being difficult.” Skully winced at the name.

“I said I don’t want to! Why do they have to know?!” The voice was of a child. About 13 years old.

“These people are your family! They're not strangers!”

“I just don’t.”

Skully knew this moment well, but had never experienced it from this side of the door. Olivia had her head in her hands. There was a large silence.

“I’m sorry honey, I really am but...I ” The apology felt obligatory.

“What?”

“I already told them.”

“ ... ”

“ [redacted] ?” Olivia called to the other side of the door. “Don’t be *like that*. ”

“Why?” [redacted] ’s voice was desperate. Skully didn’t feel the tears this time. But they were there.

“Why?!” [redacted] repeated. [redacted] ’s voice was cracking, threatening to break.

“I thought it would be easier if they already knew. So maybe they wouldn’t be surprised when you told them.” said Oliva, before sighing frustratedly and speaking again.

“We just want to talk to you about this....trouble you’ve been having. I didn’t realize you would be so stubborn”

The voice behind the door didn’t reply again, but Skully could hear a soft sobbing through the wood. They wouldn’t come out of that room for the rest of the night.

Skully approached the door. They watched Olivia slide back against it, face still buried in her palms. Skully reached for a door where there was no door.

There was a door there now.