

Chuck E Scott Arcade
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It was a foggy summer day like any other. The school kids had just been dismissed, and some of them decided to go play games at the arcade. The arcade has a small basement, hardly big enough to be considered a basement. About 10'x10', more of a storage room. Charles, the arcade owner, used the basement to store old and broken machines and boxes full of personal belongings.

The group of kids had tried playing an ouija board at school but were unsuccessful and when they discovered this small basement, they immediately thought it would be a good idea to play it in there. They were unaware of the history of the arcade, which had once been used as a torture chamber. It was also the home of a lady who was accused of witchcraft.

After getting no response on the ouija board, the kids headed up the stairs. But the last kid was suddenly pulled back and dragged down the stairs. The kids screamed and ran away.

Charles heard the commotion and ran towards the kids.

"What's going on?" he demanded.

"Something's got Joey!" one of the kids told him.

Charles quickly ran down the stairs to discover there was nothing in the basement. There was no one, and nothing seemed out of place. But Joey Daniels wasn't there either. And after that, no one ever saw him again.

The word spread around town, and everyone lived in fear. Everyone was afraid of the arcade or whatever was in the basement. Some even accused Charles of being responsible.

For the next few years, the arcade got little to no business. Over this time, Charles became depressed. He never left the arcade in fear of being seen; he thought his life was ruined. He also began hearing unexplained footsteps and seeing mysterious shadows.

One day Charles decided to get rid of an old gaming machine in the basement. The machine was positioned against the wall, and when Charles moved it, it revealed a big hole in the wall. When he looked through it and shone his flashlight inside, he was astonished. There was a tunnel.

Charles immediately put 1 and 1 together and immediately thought this might have something to do with the missing boy. He crawled down the tunnel and after about twenty feet, it got bigger, and he could stand.

He continued down the tunnel, and eventually he made it to a room with a small pile of bones. The hair stood up on the back of his neck. Something—or someone—had died down here.

Charles got spooked and ran back. He made it out of the tunnel. He was shocked and terrified. But he was determined to figure out what was going on. He knew he had to go back, if only to solve this mystery so he would no longer be blamed for whatever happened to Joey Daniels.

He wrote a note describing what was going on in fear he might not make it back, then he got his rifle and made his way back down the tunnel. When he reached the room with the bones, he couldn't tell what the bones belonged to because there was no skull.

He then discovered there was another tunnel leading to another room. He heard a whisper coming from that direction, and he courageously made his way down the tunnel. After about two minutes of walking, he reached another room where he saw what looked like hundreds of human skulls. Hundreds of empty eye sockets stared back at him, and he could feel his soul wanting to flee his body.

There was yet another path beyond this room, but Charles did not have the courage to keep exploring. The whispering continued from the tunnel across the room. Charles couldn't breathe for the fear that was in his throat.

And then, Charles' flashlight ran out of battery, and everything went dark.

Less than a second later, he heard footsteps running towards him from across the room, and he began sprinting backward. He used his hands to feel his way through the tunnel. But the footsteps were getting closer and closer.

Charles turned and fired his rifle in the direction of the footsteps. There was a loud scream that did not sound human. But the footsteps continued and got faster. Charles kept running as fast as he could for what felt like an eternity. He could see the light ahead of him. Charles was exhausted, but the adrenaline kept him going.

The footsteps continued, closer and closer. The light was so bright it was blinding. Charles squinted his eyes and kept running as he could hear the footsteps less than five feet behind him. Then he tripped and fell face first to the ground.

He immediately got up and turned around to face the tunnel and raised his rifle. A human-like figure stormed out but immediately stopped as soon as it reached the light. The smell of burning flesh filled the air, and smoke billowed from its gray skin. It had massive

black eyes and crawled on four limbs, but it was very human-like except for being very hunched over and unusually large.

Charles only saw it for a split second because as soon as the creature came in contact with the hot sun, it screamed and turned around. Charles realized, then, that the tunnel system had led him out of the town. This was the first time he had seen sunlight in years. It hurt his eyes. There was no smog; the air was clean. It looked like the tunnel was a sewer pipe that ended in the woods into a stream of water.

Charles could not believe it. He followed the stream of water, which eventually led him to a bridge and from there, he followed the road, heading somewhere new. Somewhere unknown.