

Vacant has done a lot of risky things, things that some would call downright foolish. Other things probably weren't even worth the risk for the reward. Often times the risk was risking death or injury, for something Vacant found amusing... Or just plain old theft.

But this?

This was probably the stupidest thing he's ever done.

'Haunting' and terrorizing the most heavily secured museum in the city, just so people think their newest exhibit, some priceless gemstone, was cursed. But if that fell through, or he got caught... He can always snatch it up to never be seen again. Of course his roommate wouldn't be too happy about it showing up in their apartment but hey, the crook wouldn't be able to do much about it.

Vacant had been at this for about a week now, of exploring and screwing with the security systems and scaring staff.

He'd have to shift into pod form, and wriggle his way through the vents, using his appendaged tendrils to propel and push himself. It took a few tries but eventually he learned how to navigate that maze quite well. Which vents led to safe rooms, the halls, and which led to places to avoid such as into sensors or often patrolled walkways.

Unscrewing the bolts from the vent hatches wasn't too hard either. For a place that boasted about its security so much, it certainly didn't live to it.

Now, he *had* space magic, and was quite adept in it as well, so he had the ability to shift in and out of places with ease. However Vacant had his reasons for not using it to enter, and only to escape. First of all, he found it made it a bit too easy to get by, and to him that ruined part of the fun. Secondly, he was unfamiliar with what lay inside the museum. He didn't want to risk jumping through a portal that landed him right in front of a camera or guard, or who knows what else. Overall it was just safer to save it for when he really needed it.

As for the actual haunting itself, he built up a bit of a routine. An inconsistent one, yet a routine nonetheless. Generally he'd start with changing the thermostat, or rattling in the walls and vents, then go to moving and displacing items. Sometimes he'd even throw them across a room or hall regardless of the presence of staff. Those were his main things so far. But rarely he'd make an appearance in a doorway and hall, briefly flashing by as a shadow of *something* else being there. A couple times a staff member had screamed. He had to stop himself from laughing.

It was all fun and games but he knew well the risks of getting caught, or hell running into the wrong guy, and any other numerous things that could happen if he messed up. Prison, fines, injury, possibly even death... Absolutely none of that was fun, but worst of all to Vacant would no longer be able to keep up with his antics.

But in a way avoiding those was part of the fun. A challenge to him, like any other.

Tonight he thinks he'll be a bit more bold with his tactics of scaring people. Possibly even tapping one on the shoulder, or whispering from the vents.

An hour had passed since he entered, creeping through cramped metal walls, keeping an ear out for any movement or chatter. Which didn't take long. Vacant heard the echoes of a conversation coming from somewhere up ahead, so he crept towards the source, eavesdropping.

"You're absolutely certain you've got the clearance for this?"

"I've never been more sure in my life." A voice vacant recognized replied. "Now, why don't you show me where these incidents happen the most?"

"Of course! Right this way..."

Ah, from the sounds of it, it was that bastard detective. Well, wannabe detective. Vacant recognized his incredibly irritating tone of voice that belonged to a yellow and black Gravent.

That guy was a fraud, sure, but he knew what he was doing and that was being a royal pain in Vacant's side. Things just got a whole lot more difficult. He knew the supernatural and spectral sorts of things didn't scare this guy, as he'd tried in the past.

So Vacant would need to be careful... lest he get caught and actually give the guy some credibility.

Sophie...? Sulphate? Sulphur? What was his name again? Eh, it didn't matter. He just needed to make sure he stayed clear of him.

The pod scuttled down the vent to the security room where the employee and detective had once been. Maybe they had left belongings behind... if so that's be perfect to fuck with them. Vacant jumped down into the room from the vent and locked the door in, just to buy him some time if they came back soon.

He looked around, and while he didn't find much of their stuff per se... he did find a broom and cart left by a janitor, and a discarded coat and bag on one of the tables.

This gave vacant an idea.

He grabbed the broom, coat, and various other objects around the room along with a chair and placed them in a peculiar way. Re adjusting it now and again to make sure the shadows lined up just right... perfect. From the doorway, it'd look like there was someone in the room. That should hopefully give a brief scare to those who thought they were alone.

Vacant unlocked the door, and carefully made his way back into the vents so as to not make a sound. Shifting back into his pod form he wriggled through the narrow space once more.

Minutes passed by in mostly complete silence, aside from the faint hum of whatever hvac system the place had.

“There! In the vents I saw a glimmer!” He heard the gravent call from somewhere in a room.
Shit! Vacant’s metallic markings gave him away... He’d need to leave and come back another night...