

Suddenly he was woken up by his dog Milo, who was staring out the window and barking into the darkness. Raziel rushed over to the window and noticed a shadow- like-figure lurking behind the trees. No one has dared crossed this threshold in 3 years, ever since his father, Flynn, met that tragic accident, it has been just him and his mom after that. He stared out the window, looking at that figure which seemed to be a man, considering his tall muscular silhouette. Milo kept barking, he had to call his mom, *why isn't she home yet?*

The phone rang for a few seconds then disconnected, he noticed the rumbling storms outside and figured that to be the reason. Milo's barking subsided as he fell into a deep slumber on Raziel's bed. Raziel peeked out the window again to find the man but... he was *gone*. The sound of footsteps, deep and heavy, echoed so loud along with the thunder outside, Raziel could've sworn he imagined it. He rushed to peak from the staircase but all he saw was the landline's receiver on the ground. Finding it a little odd, he rushed to place it back just in case his mother called.

The storm was getting worse,
where is mom?

The thought of his mother worried him as the weather kept getting bad. He fumbled as he heard the landline ring. He picked up the phone, and heard a *cling* coming from the basement, he ignored it as his mother's voice filled his ears.

"I'll be home in 20 minutes, sweetie. My car broke down due to the storm, but I'll be home soon. Don't go exploring the

house till I get back!" she laughed and hung up. She always joked about that, telling him various tales about the beast that roamed within the walls. He was old enough to understand now and believed it to be the same tales that parents lied about to their kids, whether Santa or tooth fairy, it all seemed some joke she played.

The *cling* sounded again, and this time he went to check it. He tried to ignore his thumping heart and ragged breathing as he opened the "***forbidden door***". His mother's flashbacks conquered his mind repeating to never touch that door or go below, that's where the devil resides. He ignored the warnings in his mind and slowly went down the stairs.

He couldn't breathe at the sight, at the horrors this place held. He gasped as he was face to face with that tall silhouette again. Looking around he saw a pentagram painted in white on the floor along with a few things that terrified him: a skull, 3 candles, and a pot that was stained with blood.

He panicked when the silhouette reached towards him but his features seemed to calm it drew close. His mind was numb as the figure pointed to the centre of the pentagram. He knew what he had to do so he grabbed the shovel near the back door.

After 15 minutes, his mother approaches him and her eyes widen at the hole in the middle of pentagram and the body rotten within. He sees his mother's pleading eyes, figuring how he had been so naive to believe her. He didn't warn her as the darkness she warned him about consumed her. He looked at the figure again, locking his father's features in his mind.

He read the 3 year old paper in his hand one last time.

“Things needed for sacrifice:

- 1) 2 candles
- 2) An animal’s skull
- 3) Flynn’s blood and body”