

Something's Coming

By: Phillip James Arloro

When I heard something was coming, my first instinct was to look into the distance. The sun was setting at the end of Main Street but there was nothing; no people, no cars, and no animals. Every man, woman, and child entered their homes and locked the doors. As I ran to my house I could hear people boarding up their windows and children crying. When I got to my house my mom was ushering me in, her hand waving faster than I thought possible. She was crying and grabbed me by the face, begging me to go into the basement with her but I needed to know what was coming.

My second thought was to stare into the pitch-black abyss speckled with bright dots of light that was the sky but nothing came. When I took too long, my father had finished barricading the front door. He dragged me and my mom down into the basement and nailed the door closed. They didn't stop panicking, took stock of how much food and water we had down there, and discussed how long we had before we would run out. My dad was a military man so of course he had his trusty rifle in the basement. He took it out of its box and loaded it with ammunition. My parents had no idea what was coming, but they felt ready.

My mother picked me up off the floor and placed me on the top of an old dresser we had. She hugged me tighter than ever and didn't let go. I tried asking over and over again if it would all be okay but she just wept into my shoulder while my dad guarded the door from the bottom of the stairs. The whole world seemed quiet for a second and she let me go. He gripped his gun tighter and aimed down the sights at the door. I don't think anyone expected what was coming from beneath. A giant gaping hole opened in our basement floor and a burnt hand reached out,

grabbing my father by the leg. Screaming began, not just from him but from everywhere, and he was yanked down into the hole with vicious claws that tore at his skin. My mom screamed in horror and ran over to try and help him but she was too late. My dad's gun fired into the ceiling and he was gone. The same thing happened to my mom except her leg was torn off and the hand had to reach back up to grab the other.

I waited as I expected the same to happen, but nothing ever came. A voice inside my head suddenly spoke to me as I sat on the dresser, waiting, "You have done no wrong"