



Greg 🤞 : The Crocodile at the End of the Hall

The hallway stretched longer than it should have. It always did. The lights buzzed with that low, sickly hum that made your skin crawl. Dan had lived in the old house for years now, mostly alone. He'd lost count of how many cats had gone missing. The house seemed to eat them up, just like it ate up everything else. But tonight, it wasn't the cats on his mind.

Tonight, it was the sound.

It started a few nights ago—just a thump. A low, dragging thump that came from the end of the hall, near the old closet. Dan told himself it was just the pipes, or maybe the wind creeping in through the cracks in the walls. But the sound had gotten closer each night, closer and more deliberate.

Thump. Thump.

He stood in his living room, staring down the long hallway, heart pounding in his ears. He hadn't planned to go toward it—he was smarter than that. He knew the rules of old houses. But tonight, something pulled him forward, something... familiar.

The flashlight in his hand flickered to life with a weak buzz, cutting a pale beam through the dark. His feet moved of their own accord, slow and cautious.

Thump. Thump.

The sound was right there. Right at the edge of the light. Dan's breath caught in his throat as he aimed the beam down the hallway, his knuckles white on the handle. And then, there it was.

A crocodile.

Dan blinked, certain he was seeing things. But the creature didn't disappear. It sat at the very end of the hall, in the dusty shadow by the closet. Not a crocodile like the ones you see on TV, sleek and dangerous—no, this one was small. Round, even. Its skin looked soft, smooth under the beam of the light. And its eyes...

They blinked up at him.

Dan froze. His mind raced, looking for any explanation, but none came. Slowly, impossibly, the crocodile lifted one stubby arm. And then it did something that made Dan's blood freeze in his veins.

It gave him a thumbs-up.

Dan stood there, jaw slack, as the crocodile settled back down, its little legs splayed out in front of it, completely unbothered by the man staring at it.

A single word drifted into his mind, unbidden, like a memory he didn't know he had.

"Greg 🤞."

He swallowed, heart still racing. The crocodile blinked again, still giving him that calm, lazy thumbs-up. Somehow, without fully understanding why, Dan felt the tension in his body start to fade. There was no malice in the creature. No danger. Just... Greg.

Greg, the little crocodile at the end of the hall.

