Roommates:

*Ring!*

“Leave it, Dylan.” Dylan looked at Mary.

“Of course, Mary. I’ll leave it.” They looked at each other for a few more seconds, no emotions. Then Dylan walked back upstairs from where he had come. Mary looked again at the door. The bell continued ringing then stopped. Once it stopped she looked down at her newspaper.

Mary was in the kitchen. Specifically, she was seated on a stool at a white marble island surrounded by uniform black cabinets and a matching black refrigerator. The marbled counters were astoundingly clean; all food, utensils, or dishware were hidden away in their respective drawers. This was how Mary liked it. The room over was a living room. It had a TV and a wall of glass that overlooked the city. Mary thought the view was nice. Dylan also agreed, finding it very helpful to keep watch on their city. From the living room a great hall could be met, a few steps and a long white corridor of marble. Additionally, various bars and bathrooms were sprinkled along the first floor. The upstairs was mostly bedrooms. This was where Dylan had gone. Most likely to Dylan and Mary’s bedroom, since they never used the others. In essence, their new house was much bigger than Dylan and Mary needed, but it was a fine space to enjoy and take care of.

Mary was still seated on the stool at the white marble island reading her newspaper. The newspaper lay flat on the countertop while her arms hung still at her sides. She was focused hard on the newspaper, trailing her eyes along the words but not moving her head.

By the time she finished the newspaper the clock was near eleven. Time for bed.

She got up, drank a glass of tap water, dried the glass, and put it back into the black cabinet. When putting it back she noticed a cabinet across the room was ajar. She walked over and closed it. She would have to talk to Dylan about this.

“Dylan, if you open a cabinet you have to close the cabinet.” They were upstairs in the bedroom now.

“You’re right. I just forgot again, that’s all.” They spoke calmly to each other.

“I understand. I was just reminding you.” They looked again at each other for a few seconds, then Dylan walked over to the door, locked it, and turned the light off.

They didn’t so much walk as they did slither down the stairs, if slithering was possible in the upright position. There were four of them, two young ones and two old ones. They drifted their way into the kitchen and prepared themselves a meal, the usual slimy mush they had on most occasions. They sat at a white marble island surrounded by uniform black cabinets and a matching black refrigerator. Quickly they ate and then went on with their activities: reading, chatting, carving, studying, thinking, napping. One of the old ones took to gazing out of the large living room glass wall and marveling at their beautiful city. In due time the creatures had worn themselves out. The clock was nearly at eleven as they made their way upstairs. One of the old ones scolded a young one for drinking so late at night, they didn’t want another accident. Shuffling into their bedrooms, they passed a locked one on their way. The young ones ran by it, fearful that it was haunted from noises they had heard once, and as one of the young ones swore, a vision of a ghost in it. The old ones noted that they must find the lost key soon. It was a nuisance to be locked out of one's own room.

“Dylan, wake up. It’s almost twelve, we must get on with our day.” They both sat up and got dressed.

“You’re right, Mary. Only so many hours in a day.” They unlocked the bedroom door and went downstairs. Once downstairs, Mary looked out through the glass wall, taking a moment to wake up before the beautiful sight. She continued on into the kitchen. Upon entering, though, she noticed that a cabinet was once again ajar.

“Dylan, didn’t I remind you to close the cabinets? Why is there one open again?”

“Yes, Mary, you did,” Dylan’s voice came from the other room, “but you’re mistaken. I haven’t gone in the kitchen today yet.” Neither had Mary. She closed the cabinet and found a fresh newspaper. She began to read, but paused to go to the bathroom.

She went to the nearest one and closed the door. After a few minutes on the toilet she got up and washed her hands. When she looked in the mirror, however, she was caught with surprise, for she could see two faces. One was human. The other was not. It was an ovular skull, but it had no eyes and the skin was stretched so thin that the cheek bones were visible underneath. The head was elongated in a terribly off-putting fashion. Even without eyes, it somehow stared in the mirror.

But just as sudden as the second face had appeared, it was gone, and Mary could see that the bathroom door was slightly ajar. She hurried out towards the great hall.

“Dylan! We need to go now, I’ll explain outside. Just come, we need to go.” Dylan came jogging to Mary as they made their way out of the white marble corridor.

“Mary, what’s wrong? Where are we going?”

She turned around and pointed at the bottom of the stairs. Mary and Dylan could see a dim face peering out from behind the banister. It quickly vanished. “That.”

Together, now, they scurried into their car and drove off. Whatever that thing was, they were relieved to have gotten away safely.

The young one hurried into the old ones’ bedroom. It awakened them and pointed out the window. The old ones could see their car being driven away, and could barely make out two grotesque visages in the front. The young one explained what had happened and how it suspected that the figures had been living in the house all along. The old ones looked out just as the car drove out of sight. Whatever those things were, they were relieved to have gotten away safely.