

The Terracotta Show

-By Arjun Kesavalu-

You'd never have guessed what it really was. You could watch the show on TV, or you could make the mistake of watching in person and sitting in the front row. Nobody knew it could be the last show they witnessed.

I had happened to make the mistake, despite realizing the host had the same body yet not the same face every show. I was invited to be the guest they asked the questions to the next day, and I had unfortunately accepted. The next show, I was asked some strange questions. Things such as "What is your blood type?" Or "do you have anyone that would miss you if you disappeared?" They had always asked these kinds of questions, but I felt a strong sense of unease as they were asked, each one more disturbing than the last, yet I still answered each one honestly.

After what felt like an eternal purgatory, the show was over.

They took me backstage afterwards, asked me if I answered honestly. I said I did, and they said I was perfect for what they'd do. I was, at this point, trembling.

Right before my very eyes, he morphed, what looked to be a painful process with limbs and bones bending with anatomically impossible positions, until, it came to a dry, fleshy yet boney, pale figure with a 10 foot frame, crimson red teeth, and large hollow eye sockets.

I tried to run, but a harpoon impaled my arm, seemingly coming from the very pits of hell. I felt pain and adrenaline like never before, but it was no use, as the harpoon was taken out, with a red string left. But oddly enough, it wasn't blood, and the harpoon lifted, almost as if there was an invisible hand. Three more pierced my limbs, and I felt how a marionette might.

The terrifying form of the host was staring at me through it all, with a grin not humanly possible. I felt as though I had no control over my own body, like the strings were controlling me, as the figure only said in a raspy voice, "Welcome to the crew..."

I should have realized it sooner, as a noose was slid over my head and around my neck, right as the figure slashed at my face.

The next show, I was the face luring in the poor victim as I helped with lighting and backstage as the strings commanded, with other unfortunate souls.