

VACATION OF HORROR

1.

"Hey! Why are the streets empty?" I uttered.

**"I don't know maybe no one lives here," Ethan murmured as we both were stepping out of the bus.
The town looked all shady with homes as big as mountains.**

"I guess everyone has gone to their aunt's house for vacation," taunted Ethan. He was pissed off on my decision to spend the holiday at my aunt's house, he wanted to go beetles' concert instead. "Now get over that shit!" I exclaimed as we were walking down this dusty pathway that seemed to be long enough to make me dead by walking. Yes, it was my idea to spend this upcoming vacation at my aunt's, I've never met her, but I know her stories I hear from mom.

I remember her telling me how scrumptious pancakes she used to make, I hope she still knows the recipe.

Ethan was new at school; he was totally unaware of the billy boys at class. Believe me, even naming them give me chills...

I still get those chills whenever I think about them.

We were wondering the streets of this town, “creep Ville,” it’s weird right? I could listen to sound of the wind running through these bushes at the side of the road. It was nearly dusk with these heavy clouds rising up above us like it would rain cats and dogs. We reached to this junction and all I knew about the address was, “a big black house”.

“How nice would those hotdogs would feel if I had them sitting on

the front row listening to them”-
Ethan took a sigh. “Why don’t you
call your parents and ask for the
address?”.

“I---- I can’t,” I voiced.

“What do you mean by that? -call
them now!” Ethan yelled shifting the
heavy duffel bag of his onto his
shoulder.

“I told them that we were going to
the concert instead,” I exclaimed.....
I heard those billy boys were going
there too and that is the reason I
never wanted to go there.

Wind blew away the very blonde hair
of Ethan from his forehead leaving a
screw over his light brows. He looked
like he will just begin with a fist
fight starting with blowing out my
nose.

“And why would you do that?” Ethan said with a deep sigh-- controlling his wrath.

“They would never allow me to go to such a town in the middle of nowhere!” I said– “I know you love that band but trust me it is going to be fun...”.

These words were difficult to say when I had no idea what is going to happen.

Then I saw Ethan with squinched eyes looking behind me I turned to see but there was nothing just fog

“What the hell happened to him?” I thought.

And then came the answer...

I saw something, and it was coming right at us....

2.

It appeared to be a boy. Dark brown hair and a weird wound on his cheek

"let's ask him if he knows your big black house" Ethan said starting to walk towards him.

"Hey! Do you live here?" Ethan was waving his hand in the air at the full speed.

The boy stopped.

He looked at us as if we were some celebrities.

I guess guests are rare in this town.

"Why are you here?" he said with a frown on his face

"What kind of question is that ??"
I thought.

"We are to meet our aunt" I said "she lives in a big black house".

“Well-well, it’s a very accurate address you have!” - “every house here is a big and we only paint them black!” he said in a very cool manner like if he was showing off something.

“What is her name?” he asked

“I don’t know...” I said rolling my eyes, “she makes pies and lives alone.”

“Well, I guess you are looking for Mrs Pattinson,” he said

“Let’s go I’ll get you there” he turned around to this little sideroad.

We followed him to this scary country road to find a huge building all covered in webs and dust.

Well, I have to go now

**"Best of luck on your vacation!" he
smiled and ran, ran to disappear into
the woods.**

"Best of luck on your vacation"???

**Why would he say that?
Is he playing some prank on us**

What is inside?

3.

I knocked on the door.

No answer

**I knocked again and when I was
pulling my hand down from the door
the door opened shocking me to
terror**

There it was.

**With a long neck pointed downwards
and eyebrows falling Infront of the lid
Lips dry as a leaf**

**She tilted her head upwards to see
our tiny red faces.**

**she lifted her hands straight into the
air with fingers opened and with a
grin on her
my heart was beating so fast it would
have taken over a steam engine
she went with full force wrapping her
arms about me and pulling close to
her wrecked cardigan.**

And lifted me up straightening her bent back which sound like popping crackers

And kissed me on my cheek leaving this gummy saliva.

"FLUFFYYYY!!!" she screamed with her crackly voice,

**But wait that's not my name!
Are we at a wrong house?
Is she my aunt, mom used to tell stories about...**

"AWWWW, look at you... maria has raised a handsome man I can see."

**"Maria? That is my mom's name"
Well, I guess she is the aunt we were looking for...
"My name is Oliver," I uttered cleaning the stinky saliva off my cheek.**

She then went for Ethan.

He stepped backwards holding his hand up to avoid this slurpy greeting.

"And you must be Daxon," she said turning towards the entrance.

"Well, my parents have named and Ethan and I am happy with this name"

"I don't believe in names," she spoke while walking inwards not looking at us. "You can whatever you want and whoever you want! right Steve?" she turned her bone like face towards me.

"Well, I guess we have to live with that," I said walking inside

I turned to see Ethan's reaction and to my surprise he was walking behind me, with no sort of expression on his face.

**I turned ahead to see her standing in front of me
I was scared to death with this jumpscare.**

**"You will call me aunt Samantha!"
she said "And don't forget my name
"EVER".**

This echoed through the large walls of her living room

**That house was very different.
She had these faces of animals hanging on the walls.
This huge polar bear skin lied on the floor and very dull and dim lights lit the hallway leading to rooms on both sides
It was looking like an aisle.**

"Now go to sleep!" she shouted having our attention from the mansion of her to her wrinkled face.

"I am going to sleep now and you both get to your rooms now!" she shouted with the top of her lungs pointing to her hallway, and went straight to her room and slammed the door on our faces.

"Do they eat something? -- ever?" Ethan uttered holding his stomach which made a growling noise.

We went to a room with a slightly open door to find out a single bed with wrinkled bedsheets on it and nothing else in that room.

"Now we have to take turns to even sleep now" he said dropping his bag and staring at me with anger.

"Stop overreacting!" I said holding his shoulder "check other rooms, I guess this is not supposed to be room.

We went to see other rooms and they were all locked.

As we were just roaming around the hallway trying to open the goddamn knob,

"BANG!"

It came from the living room.

**"I believe that was your aunt's back,"
Shut up Ethan, we need to check if she is doing well.**

We went to the living room and turned the knob of her door,

She was not there!

We checked every corner of that room but there was no sign of her anywhere around.

We were now alone...

4.

**In such a scary house with dead
animals on the walls looking right at
us, we were all alone**

**I checked every possible room but
there was no sign of her...**

**“Oliver!”
That was Ethan’s voice.**

**He was standing next to the
staircase that led to the basement.**

**“What the hell is that!” I said looking
at this weird door.**

**some shining green sticky viscous
liquid was dripping from his door
knob. It was glowing. There were
fumes coming above it.**

“What is this?” I said softly

"I don't know maybe some kind of jelly," Ethan tried to turn the handle by grabbing it.

The green liquid got stuck to his palms.

**He tried shaking them vigorously trying to remove it,
But it had no effect.**

**"Are you playing this up?
I asked Ethan, he is very fond of doing pranks on me**

"Wait look!" Ethan exclaimed

The liquid slowly started to vanish and disappeared into thin air.

**We both were looking at each other in suspense...
I was actually trying to figure out what will happen to Ethan.**

**Yeah, I have seen a lot of movies...
I was wondering if he will turn to a
vampire...**

**Or maybe a werewolf, I don't know
but I was watching him dead in the
eye to see any change and figuring
out which way to run but.**

**Nothing happened, no change at all
He was standing still watching at his
hand like if some magic will happen**

**I guess he was more excited to turn
to a werewolf.**

**"Have you checked the front
garden?" I asked him**

He didn't respond.

Now, I was scared.

**Adrenaline was rushing inside of me
I was taking back steps slowly
getting ready to see a life changing
transformation of a werewolf...**

5.

**He turned his head slowly, opened
the very mouth of his as wide he
could and busted out the most eery
laughter I have ever had.**

**"HAHAHA—LOOK AT YOUR FACEEE"
He went rolling to the ground.**

**At first, I couldn't even understand
the gibberish he said but, in some
time, I got it...**

**It was his damn prank...
In a situation, here he is... pranking
me.**

"It is definitely not funny" I groaned.

**"Let's go and check outside for her"
he said still giggling. He was very
happy to make me piss my pants...**

I turned and went upstairs. The basement was very tiny, with stairs leading to a single door.

"Who builds such mind of a basement?" I was thinking looking at the door upstairs that opened to the very living room of our lovely weird aunt's big black house...

As we went outside of the main door, we thought of dividing to go to different directions.

Yeah, I know, in such a spooky situation, no one will ever want to do that, but I guess that was what the faith had decided on that day.

We had a fight. Ethan wanted to go to right side. I believe that was because there was this large doghouse on the left.

"I am going to the right" he made a statement.

He stood there with his arms crossed over his chest in a pose most kids would stand sulking.
Then I decided my own fate.

I went to the left and Ethan went right.

There were tall pine trees around that house. I stepped off the stoop, and went off to the grassy lawns.

The dog house was empty with a meatal bowl inside it.

I looked with my tiny squ9inched eyes to see any sign of a dog.

It was dark and empty.

I went ahead,
There was this window, it was placed at a very awkward place. Just above the ground.

"Well then this is to ventilate that locked room" I uttered slowly.

**I heard footsteps approaching me,
crunching those dry leaves beneath.
I looked over to see, it was Ethan.**

**He was brushing away these
cobwebs on his shoulder.**

**"Well, I should have gone to left
instead" Ethan rumbled, coming
close to me.**

**"Hey! What's that!" he said going
towards the window.
I followed him.**

**We could see the light hung from the
ceiling flickering. There were these
flies roaming about it.**

**"Hey! look" I exclaimed as I saw a
table full of bottles with the same**

green shiny slime, we found at the door knob.

"I need to go there and check if your dead aunt is in there" Ethan stretched out his arms and started removing his jacket.

"And do you think you could fit through this window?"

I asked him. I never wanted to stop him, even I thought it was the only option we could do.

I saw him sliding the window pane and slowly putting his feet first through the window to ensure some landing.

Then he jumped in.

That was a really loud bang. The shatters were crystal clear to my ears.

"I'm okay!" came out the voice of Ethan followed by the moaning voices one would make if they would break a bone.

I tried to tilt and look through the pane, to see if I am all alone now but then this happened.

My heart stopped pounding; blood went cold. All of my senses stopped working...

I felt a touch.

Yes, it was a touch!

I looked down over my shoulder to see a hand grabbing me from behind...

6.

**I grabbed all my courage and summoned all my forces to turn around the bright big moon was suddenly so bright I couldn't see at all. There was someone. Someone just my height standing. I tried to rub my eyes and there...
He was the boy that took us to this house.**

**The soul that had just escaped my body came back.
I could breathe now.**

He was saying something.

I couldn't hear anything; I was in trauma...

Then the voice starting to become clear...

“Are you alright?” he asked me shaking me.

“Oh yeah, yeah I am aright” I replied him taking a deep breath.

“What are you doing out here?” I asked him.

“I saw your aunt going towards the woods, she had a bag in her hand” he stuttered a bit “the police here have given out a notice, it is prohibited to go out in the woods during night”

“I came here to talk about her and saw you standing here from the entryway” he said explaining.

**I must say he uses his hand a lot while explaining something.
I was still rendering what he said.
When I heard a scream...
It was Ethan....**

7.

**I bowed down to see through the window.
The boy was beside me, keeping his cold
hand on my shoulder.**

**The weather was cold there was frost on
window. I tried to wipe it down with my
elbow and got a broad slit to look
through.**

**I gazed through the entire room. No sign
of him.**

He was not there...

**I tried squinching as far as I could but no
sign of him.**

“AAARGGHHHH”

A scream again, but where was it coming from.

Then I had to do it.

With my feet first I went in.

“Will you help us?” I asked the stranger while resting on the edge of the window with my legs waving in air.

“Go and call the police, they will help us from our witchy aunt...”

He nodded pressing his lips together.

I got this feeling,

Like in the Hollywood movies...I turned to leap in to the room of danger and here my comrade is ready to bring help. This was the most heroic moment of my life.

I landed softly into the room. The window was not that high, I wondered what made him crash.

I went ahead.

The room had a very foul smell,

Old styled wooden tables with carvings on their legs.

And on them were these bottles of that liquid.

Ethana was there, he was in a corner kneeling facing the wall.

I could see his back.

"Ethan!"

I tried to call out his name.

He slowly turned to me with tears in his eyes, one hand grabbing other forearm.

He cried with his total force.

His lungs about to explode...

“I’VE LOST MY HAND!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

8.

I looked down at his arm,

I hand was missing.

No blood dripping but his hand was not there.

I was shocked.

This impulse was rising within me.

I could not feel my body.

I was not able to move my limbs

My voice, it was like I could never speak anymore.

I was trying so hard to say something but my lips just refused to move.

Ethan looked up with eyes closed holding his forearm and let out a cry.

The most painful cry ever recorded in human history.

I wanted to hold my ears but my hands were not moving.

Then came a sound just outside the door.

The door which we tried to open. It had the same design from the inside too.

It was shaking like if some elephant was trying to open it.

“BANG, BANG, BANG!”

The knocking was intensifying.

I looked back at Ethan. He was not interested in that noise.

I walked slowly towards the door. The knocking was so intense, the wood started to shatter around that door.

I turned the knob slowly to open up to, nothing.

No one there, in front of me were the stairs that opened up to the living room.

“Come on Ethan, we need to leave now.”

I was so confused what to do now, where was Ethans hand?

Was it chopped off?

Is there a huge beast living down with aunt Samantha?

I was thinking while walking up the stairs.

As I reached the final and the last step, I saw a huge silhouette coming to the main door.

I creped quickly back to stairs and kneeled on my knees to see who was it.

It was aunt Samantha.

She had a huge butcher knife tied to her waist. Her hair open and frizzy. A bag so heavy she leaped on to the other side to keep up the balance.

Groaning she put the bag on the table just beside the entry door and slammed the door so hard the glass was just about to shatter. I looked back to Ethan to confirm if he was witnessing what I was watching. He was watching her with so attention that he didn't notice. His whole arm was now disappeared.

My breath started to rise and he looked at me to ask what happened I quickly turned back towards the aunt knowing if he would know that now he is disabled he would scream so hard to turn this house into sheds.

Aunt Samantha started this weird dance. I thought it was a ballet. But she was making these awful tribal noises gorillas make while hunting.

She grabbed the handle of huge butcher knife and went her way into the bag, pulled out a bush and started to chop it down with full force.

“a bush?”

Why would someone kill a bush?

With a damn butcher knife???

I was just thinking when she called out

“Stop looking at me from those stairs! You should be in your bunker at this time”

I was stunned, deep down from my core.

I took a hard gulp

“Wh—what will you do to use?”

I asked climbing up to the floor.

“You have to eat this!”

Then only you can go!!

HAHAHAHAHAH”

She turned towards us with a scary grin on our face.

At this time, I decided to make run of it.

I got hold of Ethan’s hand and made it.

Straight to our bedroom to grab our bags and lifted up the window pane to jump out of it.

I looked back at Ethan, he was looking back at me not saying anything with heavy eyes, not blinking.

I looked down to see that his foot was also missing.

He was slowly disappearing.

**Starting from his hand and half of him
was not there.**

**I was half in air when I noticed this
We landed on this pile of dry leaves near
the sidewalk.**

**I got as quickly as I could and brushed
away the dirt from my face and Ethan was
struggling to stand up, I got hold of him
and started walking towards the road.**

It was a sigh of relief.

**As we stepped on to some walkway, I
heard something.**

**It was like a howling of a wolf coming
from the woods.**

**I stopped to listen closely. Ethan was
beside me.**

“Aren’t you forgetting something!”

I heard it, it was from woods, just in front of us.

Then with the cracking sounds of twigs under feet came out the boy that helped us.

In his hand was the same bottle of green liquid dripping over from the lid.

“Why do you think I brought you here,”

“muahahaha”

“Click! brumm!”

The boy started shapeshifting; it was Infront of me.

His feet grew out of his shoes, nose bent in a particular way.

**His hairs started to turn colour and grew
in seconds just in front of me.**

He was looking like my aunt.

“Wait!”

It was my aunt!

**She opened up the bottle of her liquid,
tilted back a little like a baseball thrower
would do and then came in a flying knife!**

**Yes, a flying knife right from above me
hitting her straight in face, shredding it
to pieces.**

Blood all over the road!

We turned around to see.

“Aunt!” I screamed.

There she was, she was not a beast. Nor a witch...

It was dawn, sunrays shining from the canopy.

I turned towards Ethan to see that mouth was gone too.

I wondered why he was silent all this time.

I jumped towards her to give her a hug.

She handed me a tiny bottle with a little cork on it's opening.

It had blue liquid inside of it.

"This is the bring back liquid!" she said it with a smirk.

I quickly opened up the bottle and spread the liquid all over Ethan and looked back

at her to see that she was gone. No sign of her.

We went up to the main road, where we first got out from the bus.

I could see it coming.

I gave Ethan a final look of hope to listen him all again.

I climbed up the bus placing my bag first and turned around to help Ethan get up.

He was not there.

I was shaken till my core, I got out quickly to find him but there was no sign of him.

“Honk! Honk!” get in pal! We need to go!

I stepped in again.

The route felt shorter.

I was in shock.

I could hear voices, mainly of Ethan.

My station came. My house was two blocks away.

When I stepped out of the bus, I encountered the billy boys.

They wore this colourful shirts and caps with written “beetles” on them.

I ran with tears falling of my eyes. I opened my main door went straight to my room.

“How the concert!” mom was already in my room, like if she was waiting for me.

“It was great,” I murmured placing my bag.

“I wish me and your dad could join” she said standing up with a sigh.

“But we were to do this deal,”

“What deal” I asked her

“Remember aunt Nancy? the one who used to make pies, she died two weeks ago and we had to sell her house” she replied closing the door.