

Horror Shorts

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All characters are also fictional and have no resemblance to any other person, animal, or object, living or dead, or even undead, zombie or of ectoplasmic form.

No animals were harmed during the making of this story, except for those slaughtered to feed humans or satisfy experiments, feed predators in the wild, and those in unfortunate accidents.

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Notes

2020/xx/xx:

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Pest Control

'Just check it out.' his boss had told him. 'If there are really that much rats I'll send a team.'

'Great.' he said to himself feeling angry. 'They did tell you that pets had disappeared, and every night they heard squeeking, so why not send a team right away?'

He opened the door to the lower levels housing the infrastructure and shone his flashlight inside. He saw no crawling pests and walked in searching for a light switch. He found the dusty switchboard, turned all switched marked lights and heard the clicking of relays and saw some brightness appear in corridors. The light at the switchboard stayed dead.

'Don't they do any fucking maintenance here?'

He looked at the two corridors. One of them looked even less appealing because the light there kept flickering so he went into the other.

'Like a fucking horror movie.' he said and followed a sign indicating the direction to stairs.

He didn't like the heat in there coming from the heat exchangers. The humidity made him sweat and he hated that. He couldn't avoid touching dusty surfaces and that meant getting his clothes dirty and if he wanted to wipe the sweat from his brow he'd be spreading the dirt all over his face.

'Dammit! It's because you heard me saying your daughter Charlotte looked tasty, eh?'

He reached the stairs and went down one floor. The heat became a little less but not enough to make him feel better. Shining his flashlight around he decided on the next direction.

'Or is it because I think the idea of using biological pest control is stupid?' he said and went right checking every area between pipes, switchboxes, rigging.

'Use one pest to get rid of another? What good will that do!?''

He found a stack of old magazines and checked if these had been nibbled on. Finding nothing he tossed them back and went on with his search. Going around a corner he found himself at another part with defective lighting.

'Fucking great.'

He had no choice but move on because he would have to search that area as well. The occasional flickering of light made him even more irritated. He moved an old box and grabbed into old cobwebs.

'Oh, even more fucking great!' he said and tried to get it off his glove by wiping his hand against wiring.

He continued his search looking between more pipes, a couple of large kettles, electric closets.

'If there were any rats here they must have been eaten by the spiders!' he said wiping more webbing from his glove. 'But then you'd like that, eh?'

Just drop one of those suckers near a nest and let it run wild. Then you can fire most of us and I'll be the first to go. That's what you're thinking, right?'

He looked around one more time shining his flashlight across the ground.

'Well, you won't be able to get rid of this rat so easily, you'll need a

fucking big spider for that.' he said looking up at a duct.
He saw pairs of glistening eyes above two large fangs and hairy legs in a flicker of light the moment it jumped at him.

Shadow

The minivan stopped at one of the garageboxes. The middle aged man got out, opened it, opened the back of the van and carried a large sack from it to the garage before closing the back again.

Inside the garage he turned on the light, locked the door behind him, dragged the sack behind the classic car he's restoring and untied it.

'Hello, my dear.' he said as he let out a girl in her teens.

He left her on the floor while he took off his jacket and donned his coverall.

'I know you're not going to enjoy this, but just let it happen.'

The girl moaned and he moved back to her.

'Wakey wakey.' he said patting her cheek.

She opened her eyes, tried to get a sense of where she was, then realised the danger and moved back against the wall between a stack of tires and cardboard boxes.

He grinned at her. 'Good morning princess.'

'Let me go!' she shouted and looked around for an escape.

'Soory, can't do that anymore.'

'Let me go!'

He smiled. 'Scream all you want, it's quiet here.'

Her face turned serious. 'So you like to be in control, eh?'

He was taken aback for a moment. 'You're not scared?'

She ran her hand through her black hair to get it out of her face. 'I read about killers before.'

'Heh. An expert.'

'I just know a little more than average.'

'Next you'll tell me you've called the cops secretly.'

She shook her head. 'No need.'

He laughed.

'You think you can take me on alone?'

'Well, there are ways to dealing with psychopaths, especially those who target young girls. Their weakness is that they can't get it up anymore, the wife isn't interested anymore and gets it from somewhere else and their own kids think they're useless crap.'

He stopped her talking by slapping her.

'What do you know!?! I'm still the master of the house bringing in the money!'

She carefully rubbed her cheek.

'Call yourself the master? Even when the dog is pissing on your shoes?'

This time he punched her.

'Thanks.' she said wiping the blood from her nose.

'You like it that much?' he said smirking down on her.

'No, but I got what I needed now.' she said striking her bloody fingers on the floor behind her.

'If you need it that bad I can beat you up as much as you'd like.'

'This was enough.' she said and showed him an evil smirk.

'What are you looking like that for?' he said and picked her up by her shirt.

'You think you're getting away now?'

'I know I am, because you can't.'

'And what makes you think I can't?' he said preparing to hit her again.

She pointed down at the floor.

He looked and saw his feet covered in black. 'What!?' he said, stepping back and letting her go.

The black stretched, not letting go of his feet.

'What is this!?'

It didn't feel like a force pulled at his feet, but they did start to feel numb.

He tripped and fell backwards.

'What the fuck is this!?' he shouted, trying to crawl back farther.

The black had no reflections but he thought he saw movement in it. He

looked up at her. 'What have you done you bitch!?'

She smirked at him. 'Nothing. It's just that my little friends living in the shadows get excited when they taste my blood.'

A couple of tiny red spots appeared in the black.

'They don't try to hurt me for it, and they don't like my blood when I hurt myself.'

More red dots appeared and he froze, staring at them.

'But if someone were to harm me, and my blood gets spilled on a shadow, that's when they come.'

The black was still, but he saw movement and heard chittering all over it as it grew in size, crawling up his legs and arms.

'No!' he shouted trying to crawl away but his arms and legs gave way and he fell face forward on the black floor.

'I like to give them a treat once in a while.'

She watched him as he screamed and his voice died down while the black consumed him.

Instinct

My heart might have stopped beating. I can't tell. I've lost all feelings except for the tingle in my hands and feet.

I don't even feel the air rushing past me.

I visited the Cathedral Dona Maria No Céu. Built on the side of our southern mountains it's the tallest cathedral ever built at the highest altitude. One of the most amazing views on the planet.

I was crossing the smaller top bridge between the towers when the fear gripped me from inside and dropped me flat on the stone.

I barely dared to look up from the stone.

The stone railing prevented me from seeing anything but the blue sky and the end of the bridge. No people.

With racing heart I crawled flat on my stomach towards the end. Invisible pressure prevented me from getting up on my hands and knees.

I kept crawling until I reached the platform at the tower. I had hoped to feel safe again, but then saw the section without any railing and the far off view of the ground.

The inside of my chest heated up. I could hardly breath.

I couldn't avert my gaze from the wide open space beyond the edge. The distant sky and ground called. The itch in my hands and feet grew. Cold sweat chilled my body.

I'm frozen stiff. I can't even think of anything while I watch the ground from high up getting closer. Only the echo of my last thought; Fly!

The Things

I looked out over the white expanse, the throb of the helicopter engine and rotors pounding through me, draining me of the energy I had at the start of the flight. I'd be really glad to finally get to the base, even if it was the most remote base on Antarctica and won't be able to leave for half a year. 'Base in sight.' I heard the copilot say in the headphones to my delight. 'Not much longer now.'

I could see the relief on the soldier's faces as well. We would be the last flown in before the night season started.

One of the troops escorted me to commander Davis's office. He knocked and opened the door for me after hearing "Enter."

The commander stood up and walked up to me, extending his hand.

'Welcome to base 3113, doctor Maurey.'

He was younger than I had expected, but I heard he managed to get promoted quickly, so it was not quite as surprising. 'Thank you commander.'

'Sit.' he said, gesturing at the chair in front of his desk and taking the coffee pot. 'I expect you could use some of this.'

'Please.' I said, feeling my body slowly starting to get back to normal temperatures.

'No second thoughts about having to stay here for at least half a year?' he asked as he handed me a cup.

I inhaled the hot smell of the coffee to get used to the heat. 'I recently went through a not so fun divorce. I could use the time away from home.'

He sat and leaned back in his leather chair. 'Well, you'll forget about home as soon as I tell you what we're really doing here.'

I took a careful sip from my coffee to mask my surprise. 'Not a joint scientific effort by the US and Norway?'

He grinned slightly. 'That part is true. It's the subject of investigation which has been kept hidden.'

Now he got me curious. I couldn't think of anything that had to be kept in total cold isolation.

He leaned forward. 'I'm no shrink, but I can see you wondering what it is.' I nodded.

'Finish your coffee and I'll show you why I requested a psychiatrist after Miguel's suicide.'

I slightly regretted drinking the coffee too quickly, feeling how sensitive my tongue had become.

'Last year we lost contact with outpost 31.' Davis said as he led me through the corridors to the lab. 'It's nothing new to lose contact for some time during this season, with the storms and everything preventing radio signals getting through. But this time it took too long to hear anything from them, so when the first opportunity arised a helicopter was sent to investigate.'

We arrived at the lab door guarded by two soldiers. Davis punched in the access code and the door buzzed open to what I would have imagined a

lab to look like, big white room, tables and shelves with lots of beakers, cans, tubes, burners, electronics and what have you.

The men and women inside didn't look up from their work.

Davis led me to a wall filled with photos.

'This is what they found.' he said, tapping one photo showing the burned down complex.

'They had a terrible accident?'

'It was no accident.'

I looked at him. 'Deliberate?'

'We found evidence of explosions, disabled vehicles and helicopter.'

I looked at the photos. 'Sabotage? Did they all go mad?'

'We don't know, but it wasn't just one man who did this.' He moved to the photos on the left. 'And then we found this.'

I looked at more photos of burned buildings. 'What am I looking at?'

'A Norwegian outpost.'

'You're kidding?'

'Afraid not. It looks like it has been burned down before ours.'

I found a couple of photos from what seemed like something buried in the ice. 'What's this?'

He smiled and gestured to follow him.

We went through a larger door into a dome construction and I saw the thing I usually had to subscribe to for when patients talked about it.

'This is not a fake, or experiment?'

Davis shook his head.

I looked at the giant saucer, partly damaged. 'No Russian spy plane or swamp gas filled weather balloon either?'

'No.'

I had to sit down and felt lucky there was a crate next to me.

'Not quite what you had in mind, right?'

I shook my head.

'There's more.'

After a few moments to get the strength back in my knees I followed him back into the lab to a wall with large windows. There we looked into a freezer room where I saw the bodies of a white and a black man, a white woman and what looked like burned remains.

'The men we found frozen at our outpost, MacReady and Childs. The woman, Kate Loyd, we found several miles away from the UFO crash site in one of the Norwegian vehicles. It had run out of gas.'

'The burned bodies?'

'That's the mystery. Part of it looks human and animal. The rest, unknown.'

I could come to only one conclusion. 'Alien.'

'We're seeing if anything can be made from the charred remains.' a voice behind me said.

'Doctor Maurey, meet doctor Olafsson, the commander of the norwegian delegation and leading scientist.'

He looked friendly at me and gave me a firm handshake. 'Welcome to hell frozen over.'

'Heh, apt name.' I said. 'Nice to meet you.'

'You can understand what mental stress this thing can cause to people. I'd

hate for anyone to go through what that poor soldier had to go through.' I could see it bothered him. 'I'll go around and have talks with everyone. See if there are others having a hard time dealing with this.'

'Thank you.' he said, then went back to his work.

The commander had someone show me my room with attached small office I could use for private consultation. My luggage was brought here and I saw they had brought Miguel's belongings into the office for examination.

I unpacked and sat down at the desk, looking at the cardboard boxes on top of them. A wire hung out of one and I lifted the lid to find a walkman in the box. The wire was from the headphones.

It had a cassette in it but the batteries were dead. Wondering if it was stereotypical and he listened to latino music I put the tape into the recorder on my desk and pressed play while I looked further inside the box.

'One other thing,' a male voice said, sounding very tired. 'I think it, rips through your clothes when it takes you over. Windows found some shredded long johns but the nametag was missing. They could be anybody's. Nobody.'

I looked at the recorder.

'Nothing else I can do, just wait.'

I leaned closer to listen.

'R. J. MacReady, helicopter pilot US outpost number 31.'

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End notes

Thank you for taking the time to read this e-book. If you have any thoughts about it, leave a review on your favourite site or leave a comment on any of the free online sites where I dwell.

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