

Nighttime Feeding

Bernadette Martinez

Kiran listened for noise from the hall, but found only eerie silence. She looked around the moonlit room, crouched in the corner behind the overstuffed reading chair, her hands trembling. Her glassy eyes looked out the window trying to see if the neighbors were there. She thought about jumping for it when she spotted the photo of her family for a short moment and she bit her lip.

It had gotten them. All of them.

She closed her eyes tightly trying to will away the image of her sister screaming and writhing as it consumed her. Miran had tried to protect her and pushed her out of reach as the thing wrapped itself around her legs and pulled her out of Kiran's grasp. All she could do was run.

She'd run to her parents' room. Her mother's blood sprayed on the floor as Kiran opened the door and watched two of the things rip her apart and devour the pieces. Her father's head lolled about as his torso vanished into another, a vacant look in his eyes. One of his legs was still on the bedroom floor.

Kiran turned for her brother's room and heard him yelling through the closed door. There was a crash and a thump then...just silence.

Her only option was to hide.

A soft shuffling sound entered the room and Kiran tried to shrink further into the shadow, holding her breath. She didn't hear the door open but she knew it was there. She tried to be still and hoped it would go look somewhere else, hoped she'd be able to get away.

Her scream caught in her throat as she felt the feathery tendrils wrap around her, pulling her into it and devouring her into its cold nothingness.