

Cellar Dweller's

By Robert E. Tadlock

Introduction

Are we truly scared by what we know and understand? Sometimes just knowing what is out there and where it came from can take the realism from the horror itself. But what if something was out there and its existence could not be explained. What if there was something out there the existence of which was so evil and terrifying, it had no explanation. This is about a large house, which is surrounded by a large iron fence. The ground is covered with weeds and tall grass. The house stands on a quiet street in a quiet town. It hasn't been lived in for as long as the oldest resident of the town can remember. The mere sight of the house is responsible for its own loneliness. Boards on the porch are loose and creak in the wind. Passing baseballs, which still sit where they landed, has broken most of the windows. The paint is old and gray from years of sun and weather abuse. The upstairs windows are covered with large curtains, which flap in the wind, confirming the mystery of what lurks inside. The house is an eerie sight, but nothing compares to the unspeakable horror that lives in the lower levels. Often shadows can be seen through cracks in the wood. Sounds can be heard from different parts of the house, sounds that would make your hair stand on end. For as long as can be remembered, no living person has entered this house. But, for this small town that was about to change.

Part One

As the thunder cracks and the rains fall in a small town, everyone is inside escaping the storm. The thunder can be heard for miles as it echoes through the night. The lightning flashes through the sky, exposing deserted streets and abandoned front yards. In a dark alley, a homeless man lies in his wooden box trying to stay dry. Suddenly a gust of wind rushes through a cut out window covered with plastic. The wind proves to be too much for old wood and rusty nails, as the house blows apart. Now exposed to the elements, the homeless man runs to seek shelter. He runs from the alley, into the streets, and starts searching for a place to stay till the storm passes. As he runs down a lonely street, he notices a large house with an iron gate. Remembering the towns' people talking about the house he hesitates, but as the rains increase and the thunder continues the man decides to take his chances inside the house to escape the storm. Once inside, he shuts the door and shakes off excess rain from his clothing. He looks the house over and quickly notices an old lantern sitting on a dusty table. He takes the lighter from his pocket, blows the dust off the old lantern best he can, and begins to light it. As it lights, his attention is immediately turned to a blood stained cat that rushes by and escapes out an open framed window. With

his heart pounding, he quickly gets a hold of himself." Stupid cat," he says as he begins to explore his new shelter. As he walks the house, he notices the walls and doorways are covered with cobwebs. The floor creaks under his feet, as he finds an open door leading downstairs to the cellar. He slowly descends. At the bottom of the steps, a large box sits in a corner. Hoping to find dry clothes or a blanket to keep him warm, he starts looking. Suddenly he hears a deep growl coming from a three by three opening in the wall. "Is someone there?" he asks as he starts to tremble. The sound continues, as he slowly makes his way to the hole. Shaking uncontrollably, he lifts his lantern to inspect the opening. Suddenly a figure darts from the hole and knocks the light from his hand. It crashes to the dirt cellar floor as it goes out, leaving nothing but the sound of the man screaming as he's pulled through. In the darkness, his screams are drowned out by the sound of his bones crushing. He lets out one final scream, before all goes quiet.

The next day, the sun is shining, the storm has passed and the residents begin to awaken in the small town of Oaksdale, Mississippi. In the house of Tim and Ann Freeman, the smells of bacon frying and coffee brewing fill the kitchen. Upstairs, their son Tommy lays fast asleep. His room is like any other young boy's room, with pictures of his favorite sports stars taped to the beige colored walls. On a corner desk, is a small computer he hardly uses other than talking to an occasional friend or two on the internet. Next to the computer, sits a twenty five-inch TV and his collection of video games. His closet is a cluttered assortment of GI. Joe's, matchbox cars, and of course a pile of dirty laundry. His bedroom door slowly opens and Rufus, a large tan and black German Shepard slowly makes his way towards Tommy's bed. Tommy slowly awakens to Rufus licking his face. "I'm up...I'm up," he says, as he pushes the dog away. Lifting himself from the bed, he rubs his eyes and stares out the window. Outside his window, birds are chirping and land in a nest in a tree in the front yard. Beyond the tree he sees the old house, the iron gate almost surrounding it, and then remembers the stories he has heard about it being haunted. His head is quickly filled with fear and excitement, as he gazes at the abandoned house. He sits there motionless as if frozen by its mystery. Suddenly he jumps, as he is startled by his mother's voice calling him to breakfast. "Coming mom", he shouts as he takes one last look before getting dressed and running down stairs to eat.

He sits at the table to enjoy his favorite breakfast of bacon, eggs, and toast and overhears his parents talking about the new neighbors who moved in beside the old house. As Ann takes a pie out of the oven, she wonders where they came from, and they talk of going over to introduce themselves to the new neighbors after breakfast. They hear Rufus barking from the yard, and after several attempts to quiet the dog, go out to look. They walk out to a nice green lawn with an old rusted swing that sits beside a small bird feeder. As they approach the barking dog, they see him standing excitedly over the same cat the homeless man had seen. The cat is lying in a pool of its own blood and missing an ear. Through the left side of its body are deep wounds that appear to be claw marks. Ann looks down at the cat and quickly turns her head, as she feels sick. "Whatever could have done that?" she asked in a troubled voice. "Could have been about anything" explained Tim. "I'll inform the police after breakfast". He then covers the cat with an old wooden crate lying in the grass, then they all returned to the kitchen.

After breakfast the police were notified, and the Freeman's go visit the new neighbors. Tommy's mother grabbed the pie she had made earlier and they all proceeded across the street. The new neighbors introduce themselves as Dave and Paula Brown. They had one son named Billy. After a warm welcome and a piece of Ann's pie, the grown ups went into the living room, while Tommy went out to play with his new friend. As the grown ups talked, Dave asked Tommy's parents if they had heard the screaming from the abandoned house last night. He said it sounded like someone was in trouble, but before he could get to the window it stopped. Tim told them that they had not and told them about the dead cat in the yard. He also tells them about other animals that have been reported missing, never to be seen again. "I'm not sure what happened last night," Tim explained, " But I'm sure there's a simple explanation." Satisfied with that, all the parents continued to talk.

Outside the boys played for hours, throwing ball and running in the yard. They soon find themselves becoming good friends. But, as the sun slowly starts to settle for the night, a figure begins to move in the old house. The cellar stairs begin to creak, as a true hideous form makes its way upstairs. As if searching for something, the form walks through the house. It heads for the window overlooking Billy's back yard. As the form notices the boys playing in the yard, it becomes excited. With night slowly approaching, the form slowly makes its way to the door. It stares at the two boys with a glaring interest. It waits until the yard is almost pitch black and slowly opens the door. A large clawed hand can be seen, as the form slowly pulls itself through the doorway. Unaware of the lurking danger, the two friends keep playing. Ever so closer, the form makes its way to the wooden fence that separates the houses and the boys from certain death. As the form gets to the fence, it continues to focus its eyes on the boys. Just then the boys ball hits the fence in front of it. Its heart pumps with rage as the boys race to retrieve it. Now just a few feet from the beast, Billy's back door opens. "Boys come on; it's too dark to be out their," yells Billy's mom. The form, just out of reach of the boys, is distracted just long enough for Tommy to pick up the ball and run back "Coming Mrs. Brown, Tommy said as the boys headed to the door. Safely inside, the parents say there good-byes and Tommy and his parents return home. Back home, Tommy throws on his pajamas, gets a kiss from his parents and is off to bed as the house goes black for the night.

With most people now asleep, two young men walk down the street. They pass Billy's front yard and stop at the abandoned house. The men stand there staring at the house as they finish their last two beers. " Are you ready? ", Greg says as he opens the iron gate. " I don't know about this," James says and shakes at the mere sight of the house. "C'mon it will be fun," he says as he swings the gate open. The two men slowly walk through the gate and up to the front door. As they start to walk inside the house, the form hears the men outside and disappears back down to the cellar. Greg opens the door to an eerie creak, as they walk in. "Let's look around, " he says, as James stays close behind. "Do you think it's true what they say about this house?" he asks. " Hell no, they just say that to scare us," Greg replies". "Well it's working," James admits as they continue through. They walk through to an open cellar door and look down to darkness. Greg grabs his flashlight and begins to walk down the steps. Hesitant at first, James follows. When the two men

reach the bottom of the cellar, they start exploring. " This is creepy," James says as he follows the flashlight around the room. Greg finally agrees with his friend, as he notices a large opening in the wall. As they walk over to the hole, the two men discover a narrow passageway leading in. Greg leads of course, as the men walk down the narrow passage into an opening. As Greg shines the flashlight around the room, he notices a strong smell. " Man what did you do, shit yourself," he jokes his friend. But before James could reply, a noise in the corner attracts his attention. As Greg shines the light at the corner, both men scream in fear. The light shines momentarily at a large pair of sharp fangs, connected to a most powerful bite. Large hands swing at the two men, slashing them like a rampaging beast. Blood splatters everywhere, as the two men have no chance against the beast's power. As he tries to escape, Greg feels a tremendous pain across his shoulders. He screams in pain, as he is slashed open to expose the vertebrae in his back. James looks in horror as his friend falls to the ground. The beast stares at the cowering man, as James stands frozen. With a quick swipe of its powerful hand, the beast opens up James throat leaving the man gurgling in his own blood. The beast gives out a triumphant roar as James legs shake one last time before becoming motionless on the ground. The beast dives on the man, burying its fangs around the mans face, as if to taste his last breath. With a loud crunch, James jaw explodes in the beast's mouth, as it feeds on the two men until no meat is left on their bones. And then all turns deadly quiet.

Part Two

The new day begins with a knock on the door. Tommy's dad opens the door to find the police standing on the porch. " You must be here about the cat," his dad said. The police agreed as Tommy's dad took them to the back yard where the cat laid. The officer stares at the cat and covers his nose as the heat from the sun starts to rot the body. In a desperate attempt before he gets sick, he places the small corpse in a property bag. "We'll take it over to the lab. Maybe they can figure out what did this" the officer said as they made there way back to the car. "I'd be interested in hearing what you find out," Tim said as they continued walking. The officer explained to Tommy's dad, that it might take a while considering they are also investigating the disappearance of two men from last night. The police got back in the car and was on their way as Tommy's dad went back to the house.

Inside the house, the sounds of hurried footsteps could be heard, as Tommy ran down the steps and passed his dad. "What's the hurry?" his dad asked. " I'm going over to Billy's," he yelled back, as the door shut behind him. Tim walked into the living room and sat down in his favorite recliner. He starts reading the paper, when his wife walks in. " I'm going to the market to pick up a few things for tomorrow night," she said. "Tomorrow?" Tim replied puzzled. "Oh yeah Halloween," he remembered as he goes for his wallet. "Pick up a pumpkin and extra candy", he said as he handed her some cash. She acknowledged him with a kiss on the cheek and left him to his reading.

Tommy ran across the street as fast as his legs could carry him. He was so excited that tomorrow would finally be Halloween. Billy's mom answered the door, as Tommy knocked impatiently. "Hi Mrs. Brown," Tommy said as he rushed past her. "Hi Tommy, he's in his room," she said as she shook her head and smiled at the boy's enthusiasm. Tommy ran upstairs to find Billy already in his room preparing his costume. "Hey, Billy," he said as he entered the room. "Look Tommy, my mom gave me a sheet for each of us," he answered back. Tommy smiled and showed his appreciation as he sat down next to his friend. He then grabbed a pair of scissors and started cutting. Both boys cut out eyes so they could see and surrounded them with black marker to make them stand out. After that, they sewed the edges together and cut out armholes that took about another hour. Then they slipped them on and admired their work in the mirror. Happy with their work, they placed the transformed sheets on Billy's bed and ran out of the room to play.

About 3:00 that evening, the phone rang at the police station. Sgt. Connors, an officer of the town for 11 years, picked it up to find the lab on the other end. The lab tech. told him that the slash marks, found on the cat, were not from anything she could recognize. "Those gashes came from something very powerful and large" she explained. "Do you think it might have been a bear?" asked the Sgt.. "I thought about that, but I fear a bear's claws just can't make cuts so clean. I'll run more tests and let you know what I find" she explained. The Sgt. thanked her for the results and hung up the phone. As the officer in charge of the investigation entered the office, He could tell by the Sgt.'s face that something was wrong. "What's up," the officer asked. "Looks like we got a real mystery on our hands," the Sgt. replied as he explained the conversation with the lab. "Sounds like something from a movie," the officer said. "Yeah, but I hope this movie has a happy ending," the Sgt. admitted sitting back in his chair. They discussed the two men reported missing and the homeless man that was added to the list earlier that morning. They both agreed that with Halloween coming up, they should put extra officers out in the streets for tomorrow night. "Let's just hope we get to the bottom of this before the kids start trick or treating," the Sgt. said with concern. The officer agreed and left the office to continue his day.

As another night falls on the town, a gentle breeze flaps the upstairs curtains of the abandoned house. The house is dark and smells of mildew, as the weathered sofas sit ripped and torn on the floor below. On the walls, hang old pictures with broken frames, leaving the glass to sit on the floor below. While once filled with loved ones scurrying about, the house sits in a dead quiet. Just when the house looks to be empty; the awakening beast in the cellar disturbs the quiet. As it observes the bones of the dead men, it sees no left over meat from the kill the night before. The beast slams the bones against the wall in a hungered rage. This rage is only fueled by its desire to feed. As if unafraid of anything the town can offer, the beast makes its way up the stairs and into the unsuspecting town.

A block away from true raging horror, a group of teens party at a nearby farmhouse. Inside the house, the music is loud and rhythmic, as the teens dance and drink. A long table in a corner is full of chips, dip and snacks of all kinds. Coolers of beer sit iced under

the table, for a night full of partying. They yell and laugh as their bodies get loose and their words get braver from the alcohol. They sit and play drinking games, until they can barely stand. One of the teens, finding the bathroom full, goes outside to answer nature's call. The teen stumbles through the front door, walks out to the yard, and stops at a wall of nearby bushes. There he stands, as the bush consumes the liquid from his bladder. He stands and laughs as the party continues inside.

As the beast approaches the house, it spots the teen on the other side of the bush. Like a cat after an unsuspecting field mouse, it draws closer. The beast stands in front of the boy, as its mouth waters for blood and flesh. As the teen stands there, he starts to feel the heat from its breath and hears the heavy breathing from its vice-like bite. A light flashes from the house, which momentarily shines on the bush before him. As the teen's eyes focus on the bush, his body is suddenly filled with fear. He finds himself staring straight into the eyes of death. The beast's eyes are red and demon-like. Its nose is long and extends down to expose a mouthful of sharp teeth. As his heart pounds a million beats a minute, the teen frantically tries to back away. Suddenly the bushes separate, as the beast leaps at him slashing and tearing his flesh. The teen can do nothing but scream, as he's struck continuously. With a quick stab of its razor sharp claws, the beast penetrates the boy's stomach exposing the tips of its nails on the other side of the boy's back. As the teen tries to scream for help, his mouth quickly fills with blood. The beast swings him around like a rag doll, slamming his helpless body to the ground with a bone-breaking thud. As the boy's last breath is taken, the beast slams his hand down on the boy's head shattering his skull.

Inside the house the party continues, as the unsuspecting teens gorge themselves with beer and snacks. Chants of drunken laughter fill the kitchen, as a chugging contest starts to take place. One of the boys known as Satchel Ass, because he wears baggy pants, sits at one end of an oval table. On the other end, is a red-headed freckled-faced kid named Roger. As the two boys sit across from one another, the other four teens begin to open several cans of beer and line them up in front of them. Now with 5 beers sitting in front of each of them, the contest begins. "On your mark," "Get set," "Go," yells one of the teens to start the race. The two boys start snatching beers and downing them as fast as they can. They finish the first easy enough and even the second, but the third proves too much for poor Roger. With foaming beer running down his shirt, he turns behind him and begins heaving. As Satchel Ass raises his hand in victory, one of the girls notices the seventh member of the party was still missing. "Hey, where's Mr. I got to go pee," she asks in a joking way as she turns to check on him. The girl approaches the front door, as the others continue to laugh at their puking friend.

While outside mauling the boy's limp body, the beast crouches behind a parked car and continues to feed. Its ears suddenly perk up, as it looks above the car and sees the girl opening the front door. Welcoming the sight of fresh meat, the beast leaps over the car and charges at her. The others hear the blood-curling scream, as woman and beast come crashing inside. They land just in the front room, as the girl continues to scream. With a

quick swipe at the girl's throat the beast separates the girl's head from her body. As the laughter in the kitchen turns quiet, the now decapitated head of the girl rolls in front of them. They give a sobering scream, as they head for the back of the house. Just as they reach what appears to be the safety of the rear door, it explodes in their face as a second demon from hell roars from outside. The teens have no where to go, as the second beast enters just as hungry as the first. One after the other the teens are viciously attacked. The two monsters massacre the teens, as the dwelling is turned into a slaughterhouse. When the last one falls to the ground, the beasts have a meal of the bodies.

Part Three

As the sun rises to start a new day, the town folks prepare for a night of ghosts and goblins. The streets start to fill with cobweb spray and pumpkin heads, as everyone is busy setting the Halloween mood. Tommy and his dad slice and carve, as a scary face starts to emerge from their jack-o-lantern. His mother wastes no time, as she takes the meat from the pumpkin and prepares to make a few pies. As the finishing touches are made on the hallow pumpkin, Billy makes his way from across the street. Loaded in his arms he carry's some old clothes of his dads, so they can make a scarecrow. " That's cool," he says as he drops the clothes on the porch. "Yeah, we're going to have the scariest pumpkin on the block, " Tommy brags as his dad places the top on. With the pumpkin placed in a safe place, the boys start raking leaves from around the big tree out front. The boys rake endlessly, as they finally have a big pile. Then they take the clothes that Billy brought over and start to pack them full. With holes tied in the ends, they take the packed clothes to a chair and start to make their scarecrow. Satisfied with a job well done, they run up to Tommy's room for an evening full of video games.

Back at the police station, Sgt. Conners coordinates with a nearby sheriff over the night's security. " I think one of my deputies with two of your men, should be just fine," the sheriff states. " Yeah, that gives us five groups and should set up a nice perimeter," the Sgt. replies back. " I just hope we're not over reacting," he admits as the phone rings. The Sgt.'s puzzled look turns somewhat numb, as he listens to a strange report. " Are you sure about that? " he asks. " All right, don't touch anything till I get there, " he adds as he hangs the phone up. With a worried look, he quickly asks for the sheriff's company as he heads out the door. "What's wrong," the sheriff asks. " I'll tell you on the way," he yells as he runs for the car. As they hurry away from the police station, the Sgt. explains. His report is disturbing to the sheriff, as they race to the farmhouse.

Tommy's mom is just pulling a fresh pie from the oven, when the Sgt. races by with sirens screaming. " What do you suppose that's all about, " she asks her husband as he runs to the front door " Beats me, but he sure is in a hurry, " he replies. Tim runs out the door to see where the Sgt. is heading, when he meets Dave out in the street. "Come on let's see if we can help," he tells his friend. The two men climb in the car and are off. As they arrive

at the farm, they notice the sheriff is very excited as he talks on the radio. Through the car window, they see a stained sheet covering something in front of them, as the Sgt. walks out of the house. He walks over to their car and leans on the door. "Boys we got a real problem," he admits in a worried voice. "We've got seven slaughtered teens and a ruthless killer on the loose," he tells the men. "Mind if we take a look?" Dave asks. "No go ahead if you can stomach it, just don't touch anything" replies the Sgt. Tim and Dave step out of the car, as the Sgt. walks over to the sheriff. "I got three other counties on the way." the sheriff starts. "Better call the boys at the office," he says as he looks at the house. "We got a hell of a mess to clean up." As Tim and Dave walk up to the house, they quickly retreat from the terrible smell of death. Tim covers his mouth and enters the front door. He is horrified at what he sees, as he looks around the floor leading into the kitchen. He sees the bones from the teenagers are almost meatless as his foot kicks something solid across the floor. The girls severed head rolls across the floor, coming to rest against the wall. Tim looks down and notices her last scream still frozen on her face. As he feels a sickening felling in his gut, he runs from the house once again. He takes a moment to get some fresh air, as the sounds of sirens ring once again. Several cars start showing up, as the other officers arrive to assist in the clean up. Together, the men spend a couple of hours carrying bag after bag of mutilated leftovers from the house. As the investigator photographs the shredded body of the teen by the car, the sheriff wipes his brow with his handkerchief and suddenly remembers the night of trick or treat.

Deep down in the dwelling of the beasts, a large figure awakes. The beast is about six feet tall and solid with tree trunk like arms. As it slowly moves into the evenings last light, its features are exposed. Its face is almost wolfing like with a large set of fanged teeth. Long dark hair droops down its large head, covering a muscular back. As it looks around its domain, its body is somewhat scaly like a reptile with leather looking skin, a powerful chest and six pack stomach. Its hands are huge and strong, right down to the tips of its deadly sharp claws. Its legs are equally as powerful and scaly, as it kicks a pile of bones across the room and gives out an ear-piercing roar. The second beast awakes just as impressive as the first. It rises to its feet and joins the other in one last roar that fills the house. Raging for blood and flesh, they start up the cellar steps, and into the night.

With Halloween upon them, the boys throw their costumes on and run around the living room. Ann and Paula are busy in the kitchen, as they talk and prepare the treats for the little goblins of the night. "They've been gone along time," Ann says as she awaits her husbands return. "I sure hope everything's all right," she adds as she walks to the front door. "It's probably just something to do with Halloween," Paula replies as she tries to comfort her friend. "Yeah that's what worries me," Ann admits. Just then, the boys excitedly run into the room. "Come on mom let's go," Tommy yells as he grabs his candy bucket. "You kids go on ahead, we're going to give your fathers a few more minutes," she replies as the boys run out the door. They run down the block and are out of sight, unaware of the danger, as evil climbs the steps of the old house.

Part Four

The mood at the farmhouse is one of both confusion and denial as the guys regroup and discuss what they just witnessed. The sheriff walks over to the group of concerned men, gathers his thoughts, and takes a deep breath before speaking. " I don't have to tell you fellows what tonight is. "As I speak, your children are walking the streets and going door to door as some thing or things is killing- NO SLAUGHTERING, at will," he says as he raises his voice. " Now I don't know about you, but I think we have to put a stop to this tonight. The plan we discussed at the station is obviously not going to work. "I made a few phone calls and I've got twenty more men with high-powered rifles on the way. "As a matter of fact, they should be here in about an hour or so. Now, we have to stay in-groups of at least four. Each group will have at least one radio to keep in contact with the others. Will fan out in sectors till the others arrive and then go through this town with a fine toothed comb," he says as he finishes. Everyone was quiet for a minute. Tim then spoke up and replied, " That sounds like a plan to me sheriff. "But first I'm going home and get my crossbow and explain to the wife what's going on." Dave agreed as the two men were off in a flash. As they sped away, the others started making groups and began to patrol the town.

When the two men arrived back at the house, the women could tell right away that something was wrong. Dave explained everything to them, as Tim got his crossbow and bag of arrows out of the bedroom. When he returned, the women were teary eyed and very afraid. " My god Tim, the boys are out there somewhere," she said as she hugged him in worry. Tim reassured his wife that the boys would be found and they walked out the door. As they got out to the road, they met up with the Sgt. and two others from the block. " I guess this will be our sector guys. The sheriff just got word the others are about a couple of miles away." the Sgt. explained as they started their patrol. Tim was somewhat relieved at the sounds of extra help so close. But his thoughts wondered elsewhere, as he thought about the carnage at the farmhouse, and the fact that his own son was out here somewhere. As if trying to clear his mind, Tim inspected his crossbow as they disappeared down the street.

The boys ran from house to house like two deer's running in a field. Through the night they saw varieties of aliens, pirates and goblins, as there buckets quickly started filling. The boys got candy corn, suckers, candy bars, and loads of other stuff, that would make any dentist grimace at the thought. As the boys were leaving a big corner house, they noticed a group of officers ordering everyone back to their houses. " Trick or treats not over yet, is it Tommy?" Billy asked almost disappointed. " No I don't think so," Tommy replied. " But let's not take any chances. "Come on, will go over to the next block," he added as the boys ran behind the house. But they quickly noticed that all the streets were slowly starting to thin out. "Wonder what's going on?" Tommy asked, as he looked puzzled. " It must be ending early, I guess," Billy answered. " So you know what that

means, right, " Billy continued with a smile. " We get to magically make this candy disappear. Come on Tommy, I know just the place," he finished as the boys ran down the street. They cut through yards and climbed fences as they continued to run. Billy finally stopped at the back door of the old house. "In here Tommy, no one will find us in here." he said to his friend. But Tommy was too petrified to enter. He remembered the stories he heard about the house being haunted, and slowly backed up. " Oh come on chicken," Billy teased his friend. "No way." Tommy began. "Any house but that one." "Let's go to your house instead." Billy agreed with his friend and off they went.

Part Five

Back at Tommy's house, the two women were pacing back and forth. It had been about two hours since the guys left and darkness had already settled in. To block anyone's view of the inside, they decided to close all the blinds but the front, in case the kids walked by. Closing the ones upstairs, Ann looked out into the street at an eerie quiet. Where her street was once full of happy trick or treating kids, it now stood deathly still. The hair stood up on her neck, as she thought of those poor kids that we're killed at the farmhouse. Finally after pulling the last blind, she made her way back down the mauve colored carpet on the stairs. Paula was just finishing up in the kitchen, as Ann arrived. "Of all nights for something like this to happen," she said. "It's spooky enough on Halloween without some, some." She buried her hands in her face and began to cry, as Paula pulled down the kitchen blind. " Look, I'm sure everything will be o.k. "I don't think the guys are going to let anything happen to those boys or us. "Now c'mon, sit down and I'll make you a cup of hot coffee." she said in comfort. As she starts making the coffee, Rufus started to growl from the other room. The dog's growl was soft, but determined as his ears stood straight up. He looked around the room, as if something had spooked him. Just as the women joined the dog in the living room, a huge shadow passed by the kitchen window. The dog welcomed the sight of the two women, and started wagging his tail at the sight of them. Not hearing the growls of the dog inside, the beasts disappeared into the night.

As a crusty, old, and unshaven gentleman worked under his car, he is unaware that he is about to have company. The man is too busy and occupied in his work, to see his mixed breed mutt scamper from his side. The dog heads to the edge of the garage door, as it sniffs the air. Suddenly, the mutt starts to bark as if sensing danger. The aroused dog quickly agitates the old man under the car. " Shut up will you, ye flea bitten hound," he yells as he grabs his tobacco. But with his back to the garage entrance, he doesn't notice the dog take off around the corner. When the dog gets around to the other side of the garage, he sees a large figure getting closer. The dog's ears go up and a low deep growl

vibrates his throat. In a desperate attempt to protect his master, the dog charges the approaching beast. With a running leap the dog goes for the beast's arm. But, muscle and evil combine as the beast grabs the poor dog by the throat, snaps its neck and throws it aside in one quick motion. The dog crashes into the garage wall with a bone-breaking thud and lies motionless. Hearing the loud impact from inside, the old man spits tobacco juice on the floor and heads to inspect the noise. "Stupid ass dog, what the hell ye doing out there," he mutters as he stops at the door. Just then the beast rounds the corner of the garage. It stares at the helpless man and gives a ferocious growl. "God ole mighty, your a big sons-a-bitch," he says as he looks up. But as the man swallows his chaw of tobacco, the beast grabs him by the head and squeezes with a powerful grip. The man's head makes a disturbing crunch as his blood runs down the beast's hand. The monster looks at the man for a split second before throwing him back against the car.

The men the sheriff promised, start to arrive and blend in with the others. Now each group has a high powered rifle and two extra men. As one of the groups take a short rest, one of the men notices a large figure walking by a nearby yard. "What the hell is that," he asks as the beast stops and looks at him. "Quick radio for help," he yells. But before the radio can be used, the second beast slices the man in two that holds the radio. Now with both beasts among them, the first battle begins. Another nearby group runs over to help as the first shot goes off. It just grazes one of the beasts on the shoulder, as a hair-raising roar compliments its rage. The men that aren't being slaughtered, are frozen in fear at the mere sight of the animals. The battle is short, as several men easily go down by the power of the beasts. The leader of one group finally gets to radio the others, just before his arm is ripped out of its socket. With their bellies still full from the farmhouse, the beast's kill simply from overwhelming rage. As he's split from ear to ear, the last man falls to the ground. There's nothing left for the men to do but bleed, as the beasts run into the night leaving their bodies behind.

Hearing the gunshots, the two boys jumped up from empty candy wrappers and headed for the window. "Did you hear that Billy? "It sounded like a gun," Tommy said in an excited voice. He turned to his friend and noticed the fear in his eyes. Realizing that it was no longer a game, Tommy decided it would be best if they went over to his house with their moms. "Come on Billy our mothers are at my house." I think we'll be safer over there," Tommy explained to his friend. "No way Tommy I'm scared of guns. Besides our mothers will skin us alive when they find out where we've been," he said. The two boys sat back down on the floor to make sense of what was going on, when they heard a loud noise by the back door. "What was that?" Billy asked. "I don't know," Tommy admitted. "But it came from the back of your house," he added as he made his way to the kitchen. Scared but curious, Billy was close behind as Tommy slowly continued to the back.

Part Six

As Tim and the Sgt. made it to the spot where the other men had been killed, they were horrified at first. Then fear turned to anger as the Sgt. got on the radio. "Sheriff we got a lot of bodies over here and still no idea what this damn thing is," he shouts. "All right, all right just tell me where you are," he calmly replies back. After a few directions and about 15 minutes, the sheriff arrived along with two other groups. They joined the others in an unpleasant sight. Some of the men wanted to leave the town, and when a dispute started, a 357 Magnum rang in the sky. Everyone looked, as the sheriff was holding his smoking gun. "The next shot goes into the first chicken shit that runs," he says. After a short pep talk the men were once again ready to face whatever was responsible for their fellow officers lives. Just then Tim started to look around the group, "Where's Dave," he asked. "I don't know, I thought he was with you," the sheriff replied. But there was no time for conversation as a voice rings out. "Sheriff over here" replies a man standing over one of the bodies. The sheriff and the others join the man, to find the ground smoldering from a cigarette left by one of the murdered men. "Whatever this thing is it's close guys. "Spread out every five feet. "We'll find this damn thing yet" he replies in a confident voice.

As the two boys make their way to the rear of Billy's house, the noise goes still. The boys get to the door as Tommy goes for the doorknob. "What are you doing?" Billy asked. "Be quiet a minute," Tommy replies. He turns the knob and slightly pushes the door open. Just when he gets to where he can peek outside, the door is yanked from his grip and a hand grabs him and pulls him out. Both boys start screaming as a familiar voice fills their ears. "Boys calm down it's just me." The boys look up to find Billy's dad standing in front of them. He grabs the boys and hugs them both with tears of joy. "Thank god your both ok," he says pleasingly. "Mr. Brown what's going on," Tommy asks. But, before he can answer the man is pulled from the boys and tossed across the back yard. The boys look up at the eyes of the beast. They scream in fear as the beast roars at them.

Hearing the boy's screams, Tim and the other men run to Billy's backyard. When they round the corner they get their first look at the beast. The men freeze, as the beast roars at them. For a moment no one knows what to do. "Don't just stand there, shoot the damn things," yells Tommy's dad. He bursts through the group and fires his crossbow. The arrow whistles through the air as it strikes the beast in the chest. The beast roars as it falls to the ground. Just when the men think it might be over, they hear little Tommy screaming. "Dad help," he yells. Tim looks around in horror as the second beast grabs the boy by the arm and picks him up. The sounds of guns cocking and ready to shoot fill the air. "Hold your fire," the sheriff yells. The men slowly drop their weapons as the beast walks over to its wounded comrade. It bends down on one knee and picks it up. The wounded monster roars in pain as the arrow goes in deeper, and blood starts to drip from the wound. As it holds both boy and beast, it turns to the abandoned house. It walks through the opening in the fence and up to the door leading in. Not able to carry both

through the doorway, it slings Tommy's body aside, roars one last time as it looks back at the men and disappears into the shadows.

Part Seven

Tim runs over to his son in worry. Although he's a little cut up and extremely scared, he's ok. He looks inside the door to make sure the beasts are gone and then retreats back to the group. He sees Dave getting up and welcomes the sight of his friend standing on his own two feet. When he joins the others, he finds them talking about the size and strength of the two beasts. " All right guys, yes there big and strong, but they also bleed," the sheriff begins." Now we can stand here and talk about them, or we can go in and finish what we started." That was all the men needed to here, as they check their guns and prepare to enter the beast's lair. Before entering, a moment is taken by the sheriff to check on the condition of Tommy and Dave. Tim assures him they will be fine, and watches the sheriff disappear into the house. He then turns to see his wife running to them. " My god Tim is he all right. "I've never been so scared in my life," she says as she hugs her son. " He'll be just fine", he tells her. " You and Paula take the kids inside," he says as he looks back toward the old house. " I've got a score to settle." "We both have scores to settle," Dave says as he joins him. "You're not actually thinking about going in there with those. those. things are you," Ann asks in concern. " Your damn right we are," Dave says as he cocks his gun.

Inside the house the men start to sweat. They very cautiously walk through the house. The sheriff steps back out of the kitchen as he looks for signs of the beasts. As the other men are scattered throughout the house, he stops to wipe his brow. Just in front of the cellar door, he looks down to see a spot of blood on the floor. " Over here, " he yells looking down the steps of darkness. " Sgt., go get the lanterns and flashlights out of the back of my car," he yells. When the Sgt. Returns, he gives Dave one of the high- powered rifles, lights a lantern and turns toward Tim. " Here, in case of emergencies," he says as he winks at the man. He then starts down the steps.

Deep inside the hole in the wall, the beasts continue as if daring the men inside. The wounded one, now back on its feet, looks down at Tim's arrow and yanks it out. The pain is just enough to make it roar out in anger, as it just missed its heart. Now well within the tunnels of the passage, the beasts hide and wait for the men to approach.

Tim and Dave join the others as they all travel down the now well-lit cellar. The smell is almost too much for them as they push on. As he reaches the large opening, the sheriff shines his light around the room. He yells for the Sgt.. as he looks down at shredded and bloody clothing on the ground. " Guess the mystery of your disappearances is solved," he says as they recognize the clothes. " Here are the clothes from those two teens, and over there is the hat from the homeless guy," the sheriff points out. " Poor bastards," the Sgt..

says as he kicks them aside. Horrified by the amount of bones around them, the men continue. The sheriff hands his lantern to Dave, as he is the first to head into the narrow passage. After moving a metal tank from the entrance, Tim is right behind him with his crossbow. He follows about fifty feet, when he remembers to replace the arrow he shot outside. Tim holds up the line for a second, as he replaces his arrow and then carries on. When he looks up, he notices the sheriff turn a corner and disappear. The men stop in their tracks when they hear the sheriff up ahead. " Oh shi.." is all the sheriff can muster as the beast grabs his throat. The beasts were there waiting, as if a lion waiting for it's prey. The beast tightens its grip around his throat and slams him against the wall. Now with the sheriff in view, the other men can do nothing but watch, as it is to close of quarters to use a gun. The beast looks over at the men, taunting them as it holds the sheriff. Tim yells for them to back out. "There's no way we can fight them down here. "Go back to the cellar opening I got an idea." Tim instructs them. Then he takes one more look at the sheriff, as the demons from hell start to rip him to shreds. Tim realizes there's only one thing to do as he listens to the man scream in pain. With a tear in his eye he raises his crossbow, aims at the sheriffs head and fires, killing him instantly. He turns and runs to the opening with the sickening sound of flesh being mangled, as the beast rips at the sheriff's bones.

As the others all await Tim's arrival in the cellar, the Sgt.. looks down at some old metal gas tanks about half full sitting by the entrance of the hole. Thinking he knows what Tim's idea is, he turns to one of the men and yells. "In the trunk of my car in a foam case, is some C-4". "Get it and a fuse and bring it down" he commands. At that moment Tim's head popped out of the hole. " Damn right, we'll blow those pieces of shit out the other side," Tim replies. Then he takes the tanks and places them inside the hole. Just as the last one is placed inside, the C-4 arrives. The Sgt. places it on the gas tanks and turns to the men. " Get the hell out, " he yells. When the last man is up the steps, the Sgt. lights the fuse. He watches it burn a minute and then retreats up the steps himself. As he gets two steps from the top, his foot goes straight through one of the boards. He tries to pull his foot from the step, but can't get it out. Starting to panic, he looks down at the fuse and notices it is almost ready to get to the end. Frantically he pulls on his leg with negative results. Just as he's about to give up, a hand reaches in. He looks up to see Tim looking down with a smile. " Coming or what," he says. He pulls the Sgt.. out and both men leap out the door just as the house explodes. As the dust starts to settle, Tim slowly rises to his feet and dusts himself off. Next to him, the Sgt. gets up as well and turns to see the house in ruins. He turns back toward Tim and extends his arm to shake his hand. " Thanks," he says with a smile. "Don't mention it, Tim replies smiling back. Just then Ann, Paula, the boys and all the others come over to the two men. They all cheer and embrace as they look at the leveled mess. When the celebration is over, they take a moment to remember the sheriff. With their respects paid to a true heroic man, they turn and return home.

Part Eight

A couple of days go by and there are no signs of the beasts. Dave and Tim decide to take the boys camping. They load the top of the car with sleeping bags, a small grill and some other things. Inside the house, the women are packing a cooler full of drinks and various other things for the night out. The boys show up with a few fishing poles, as the men meet them at the car with the packed cooler. They all give the women a kiss good-bye and then they're off. As they drove down the road, the boys were excitedly talking about the trip. After a short drive behind Tim's house, they arrive at the campsite. It was a small cabin, right beside a narrow stream full of great fishing. The inside of the cabin had two small cots, a small kitchen and a wood stove. The cabin was just the right size for the four of them. Without skipping a beat, the boys grab their poles and run for the stream, as their fathers unload the car. When the last thing is taken in, Tim goes to collect some wood for the stove and a campfire. Meanwhile, Dave wonders down to the stream to check on the boys.

About three miles from the campsite a farmer inspects his property. On a small quad runner he travels around admiring his large crops of corn and tobacco. As he moves on, he comes across an open field full of milk cows. Counting the cows, as he usually does this time of evening, he discovers he is missing one. Getting off his ride he starts to look around. Over by a big oak tree, he notices something lying in a patch of grass. As he approaches the tree, he suddenly discovers it's a hind leg from his missing cow. "Dog gone bears," he says. As he searches the grounds, he runs into a trail of blood. Following the trail he sees a cave entrance. " Now you're going to get it," he says as he returns to his quad runner to get his rifle. He unties the rifle from the back, grabs a flashlight and heads for the bear cave. At the entrance of the cave, he stops to check that his double barrel shot gun is loaded and ready before entering. As he walks in, he comes across the leftover pieces of his milk cow. Angry, he cocks his rifle and moves on. He walks for what seems like an hour before discovering a pile of debris blocking his way. " I bet that's from the old house that got blew up," he says as he turns around. But just as he turns, the look on his face insures that he was after no bear. He raises his gun and unloads both barrels striking the beast, but he's immediately sliced from smile to appetite, as the bullets do very little. At the entrance of the cave a hair-raising roar fills the air, before going quiet.

Back at the campsite Dave arrives at the stream as Billy is pulling in a big fish. " Get him boy," he yells proud of his son. Billy fights the fish for another four minutes or so before the fruits of his labor is exposed. A large 18-pound flapping fish is now on the bank. Dave pats his son on the back for a job well done and they make their way back to the cabin. As dark approaches, the boys sit by the fire after a fine meal of beans, chips and Billy's fish. They roast marshmallows and tell stories for an hour or two before turning in for the night.

With the boys fast asleep after a big day of camping, Tim and Dave sit down to a cup of coffee from the wood stove. As they sit and talk about the events that happened with the beasts a couple of days ago, Dave turns towards the door. "What is it," Tim asks. "Listen there's something outside," he replies. The two men move toward the door and discover a low grunt of a growl outside. Just then something solid hits the door waking the two boys. "What is it dad," Tommy asks as him and his friend start to shake in fear. His dad holds his finger to his mouth as if to say be quiet and continues to listen. Petrified, the two boy's freeze where they lay. With the outside now quiet, Dave grabs a flare from a first aid kit hanging on the wall and slowly opens the door. As he looks out, he notices a large figure standing over the leftover fish and beans. Realizing a familiar site, he lights the flare and screams as he runs out the door. A large bear turns his way and is startled by the bright light. As Tim runs out he grabs the only thing he could, as he watches the bear disappear into the woods. Dave turns to him as he starts to laugh. "What we're you planning on doing with that," he asks as his laughter continues. Tim looks down to see what was in his hand. There ready to swing at the dangers of the night, he holds the meat tenderizer they brought for the steaks. " We better get back to the house. "When that bear discovers that he's in no danger he'll be back," Dave replies as he pats his hero on the back. They all join in loading the car and head back to the house.

Part Nine

As the Sgt. patrols the streets, he sees the guys returning from the cabin. " Hey Sgt., out keeping the streets safe I see," Tim says as he stops next to his car. " Yeah things have been kind of quiet since, well you know," he replies. Tim nods, as if to agree with him and tells him about the bear they ran into by the cabin. Just then, the Sgt. gets a call over the radio about a body found in a cave. " Looks like your bear is getting around," he says. He turns his car around, with Tim close behind, and heads for the cave. When they arrive, they meet up with the farmer's wife. The lady is in tears as she explains that she found her husband when he failed to come home for dinner. Tim takes the lady over to his car and sits her in the front seat for safety just in case the bear is still in the area. He then turns and joins the others as they enter the cave. Just as Tim gets to the entrance of the cave the Sgt. exits with a pail serious face. " What is it," he asks in concern. " That's not the work of a bear Tim." I think their back," he says. "Who's back," Tim asks as he sees Dave come out. But they need not answer as he can tell by the look on his friend's face that the beasts have survived the explosion.

With Paula at home, Ann settles down in the kitchen for a cup of coffee and a good book. She's so engrossed in her book that she is totally unaware that the beasts have returned to their side yard. She suddenly hears the phone ring. On the other end is Paula very excited and scared after a phone call from Dave. " Calm down Paula I can barely understand you," she says trying to calm her friend down. Just then Rufus wanders in the room with his ears up. The dog stares at the kitchen window and begins a low deep growl. Still trying to calm down her friend, Ann walks over and looks out the as well. With a blink of an eye, a large

scaly hand crashes through the window and pulls the helpless woman outside into the arms of the beast. The woman is face to face with the two monsters as they roar. With her face bleeding from the glass as she was pulled out, the woman faints at the sight of them. The beast picks her up throws her over its shoulder and they both crash through the fence in back and make their way toward the woods.

As Tim, Dave and the boys pull into the drive, Paula runs to them hysterically. She tells them about the phone call with Ann, as Tim runs for the front door. "Ann, where are you honey?" he yells as he enters the house. But there is no answer as he races through the living room. He makes his way into the kitchen and sees Rufus scratching wildly at the back door. "What is it boy?" he asks as the dog turns to look at him. Rufus wags his tail only for a moment before returning his focus back to the door. Tim walks over the broken glass from the window and opens the door. The dog rushes out the door like a flash, as Tim sees him run through the huge hole in the fence and into the woods.

Part Ten

Dave runs in the house after retrieving his high-powered rifle and looks for his friend. He makes his way into the kitchen and sees the glass on the floor. "Tim, where are you," he calls. But all he hears is silence. Now in his bedroom, Tim grabs his crossbow and arrows from the closet. As he starts to walk away, he hears something fall to the floor. He looks down and sees the small case he received from the Sgt. Remembering what the Sgt. had said, he grabs the case, sticks it in his pocket and heads down stairs to where Dave was waiting. "The son of a bitches got her," Tim said to his friend. "I'm sorry Tim," Dave replies. "No time for small talk now," Tim says as he heads for the back. "Come on, Rufus ran into the woods after them," he finishes as Dave follows him out the door.

Out in the woods Rufus charges on. He runs through the woods as if possessed by the demons themselves. Finally he catches one of them and leaps on its back. The beast carrying the woman, keeps going thinking for sure the other can handle the dog. Rufus has the beast on the ground, as he bites down on its throat. The beast roars in rage and swats the dog 10 feet away to land by a tree. The dog wines in pain, as the beast returns to its feet to finish the dog. The beast takes a few steps and again screams in pain. As it looks down, it sees its ankle is caught in a bear trap. It tugs on the trap trying to free itself, but the trap is anchored to a tree and wont budge. In one final desperate attempt, it uses all it's strength and jerks it's leg out only to leave its large foot lying on the ground in front of it. It falls to the ground as blood runs from its leg. Roaring in pain, the beast starts clawing its way forward to escape deeper into the woods.

Tim and Dave arrive, as the beast roars at them and continues to claw itself away. Dave cocks his high-powered rifle and fires at the fleeing beast striking it in the back. The beast is almost unaffected by the blast as it pulls itself away. Tim looks in horror, as he notices the little affect the rifle had on it. Remembering the case, he pulls it from his pocket. Tim

opens the case to expose three explosive heads for his crossbow. Just then Rufus gets back up and jumps on the beast. The dog bites down again on the beast's throat, giving Tim enough time to screw the explosive on his arrow. The beast once again knocks the dog off, as Tim is ready to fire. Rufus gets to his feet for another attack, but this time Tim calls him off. "Rufus no", he yells as the dog stops. "Come here boy," he commands. The dog snarls at the beast once more, before running to Tim's side. Tim aims at the beast's chest pulling the arrow back. The beast looks him in the eyes and gives out one final roar before the arrow hits its target. The explosion is so big, that it blows the monster apart. But to Tim's horror it also blows the side out of a tall pine tree causing it to come crashing to the ground and trapping Dave and the injured dog. "Dave you all right," Tim yells running to his friends aid. "I'm fine he says, but I don't know about your dog," he says in concern. But there was no time to look for his pet as there's still one beast left. "Here take the rifle," Dave yells. But Tim had all he needed as he disappeared into the woods.

The last beast made his way to the cabin and crashed open the door with a swipe of its powerful arm. It dropped Ann's helpless body down and turned to help its mate. Still running, Tim notices he is getting close to the cabin they just left. As he rounds the corner of a big oak, he runs right into the beast he was chasing. With a huge arm it swatted Tim aside knocking him down. Tim lay there helpless as he sees his trusty bow and explosive heads five feet away. The beast grabs Tim up and stares into his eyes as if to take a final look before killing him. The beast gives out a death roar as it raises Tim above its head. As it prepares to crush Tim's body against a tree, it roars again. But this roar was different, as it drops Tim and falls to the ground. Tim looks up and almost smiles as he sees the large bear from earlier. The bear roars itself, as it reaches for the recovering beast.

Part Eleven

Inside the cabin, Ann slowly starts to wake up. She sits up on the floor bleeding, but somehow ok. As she sits there trying to figure out where she was, she hears the battle of the beasts outside. She makes her way over to the door and peeks out. There she looks in terror as she sees the beast and bear fighting. Out of the corner of her eye she sees that there is something else in the woods. She steps out to see the welcome sight of her husband getting to his feet. "Tim," she yells. "No Ann stay there," he yells back. "You'll be safer in the cabin," he says as he looks for his bow. Ann goes back in and hides under the table. Tim is scurrying around like a madman looking for his arrowhead, as the battle goes on. Finally he spots his bow with the explosive heads lying near it. He takes the bow in his hand and then grabs the explosives and prepares his last two arrows.

The bear seems almost as strong as the beast, as they slash at one another. The beast grabs the bear by the arm and pulls it right out of its socket as the bear screams in pain. But the brave bear continues, burying its sharp teeth into the scaly shoulder of the beast. The beast gives out a roar in pain as it swings its arm and knocks the bear to the ground. It looks at its bleeding shoulder and gives out a roar that shakes the trees. When the bear

gets up to make another charge, the bear is ready. As the bear charges, the beast goes nails first deep into the bear's gut and slashes it open. The bear falls silently to the ground, as it lies motionless. The beast roars up at the moon and pounds its powerful chest in victory. Then it turns its attention back to Tim. Pulling back the arrow, Tim stands there with his bow ready. As if unaffected by him, the beast starts at the man as it shows its teeth. " So long sucker," Tim says as he lets the arrow go. But to his horror, it misses and explodes on the other side of the stream. In panic, Tim grabs the last arrow. As the beast approaches, he tries frantically to put it in place. Just as he gets it ready to fire, the beast swats it out of his hand. The bow lands with the arrow still in place as it hits the ground. But it's too far to reach, as the beast strikes Tim in the head slicing a deep wound in his cheek. It grabs him by the top of the head and stares him in the eyes. Then it roars, pulls back its arm, and gets ready for one final blow. Just before striking him, it hears a voice from behind. It turns to see Tim's wife holding the bow in her hands. Her arm shakes trying to hold the arrow in place. " Get away from my husband you piece of shit," she yells as she glares at the beast. The beast throws Tim's body aside and charges the woman, as if to dare her to fire. But as it gets closer, she fires the arrow penetrating its heart. The beast roars in pain, just before it's blown to pieces.

The woman throws the bow down and runs to her husband, as the Sgt. and others arrive. She takes her husband in her arms and hugs him as she cries. The Sgt. sees the mangled bear and wonders what happened, when he hears Tim's voice. " Dave and Rufus Sgt., how are they," he asks. " Just fine, they're on the way to the hospital as we speak," he replies. Then the Sgt. helps Tim to his feet. " What the hell happened here?" the Sgt. asks. " I'll tell you over a cold beer sometime," he says as he smiles at his wife. Then they all slowly make their way out of the woods.

The next day Tim, Ann, and Tommy join Billy and his mother at the hospital. Dave has a broken leg and shoulder, but he'll be just fine. Rufus recovers as well at a nearby kennel. Ann tells Dave the events of the final battle, as Tim looks out the window. He briefly turns to his wife and smiles, as she tells the exciting story. Then his thoughts return out the window over the quiet town. As he stares out, he thinks about the abandoned house. How many more old abandoned houses are there? And how many hold the secrets that have changed his town forever? Then a chill crawls up his spine, as he thinks about the beasts. How many more lives will be lost to the terror, now known as the Cellar Dwellers?

The End