

...THE SPLOOGE...

A Spooky Story By Caitlyn Morehouse. 8th.

One windy night, two young children both only the age of 10 and 11, The younger one Harper was playing with legos in the living room, The eldest boy Henry was watching the television in their parent's room. Harper begins to get hungry and goes to find his parents, they are nowhere to be found. Harper goes to his parent's room where Henry lays watching the television. Harper speaks and asks Henry, "Where are mother and father at?" Henry doesn't reply, Harper walks over to his elder brother and looks at him in horror. Henry lays on the couch, lifeless with insects crawling around his eyes and mouth. Over Harpers cries for help, he hears a *Glug* then hears a *Glup*, The sound is

coming from the kitchen, Harper then softens his cries as they turn into sniffles and walks towards the kitchen. Another *Glug* and *Glup* sound appears, Harper listens for more trying to determine where the strange sound is coming from. As he waits for the sound to appear again, the seconds begin to turn to minutes, minutes into hours. After waiting for what seems to be hours Harper begins to walk away supposedly giving up, As he walks away he hears another *Glug*. This time it came from the sink, Harper looks back towards the kitchen and takes a deep breath, and begins walking, one step in front of the other. Harper wasn't looking at his feet but towards the sink, walking slowly he steps on the kitchen drain that's on the floor, after he walks past it a black goo emerges out from the drain and grabs his ankle pulling him down to the floor. As he looks at the black goo that's slowly consuming

his body, the only word that races through his head is 'Splooge', He screams for help, "Anyone, please anyone help me!". Harper grabs at the splooge not being able to grip the slimy texture of the black goo. As he's about to give up resisting the splooge that's slowly consuming him a single image pops into his head, A scenery of playing with his older brother at the playground in their backyard.

"That's it!" He yells remembering the time in their backyard, He and his brother Henry were playing around in their father's tool shed that Harper and Henry get into by crawling through a small hole in the back of the shed. Harper observes the splooge and sees that it seems to be much larger than himself. Harper tries anything to get the splooge off of him, He tries hitting it, biting it, poking it, but nothing seems to work. The sweat starts to accumulate onto his hands from all of the

movement, he then tries one last time to remove the black goo from his submerged body, he then slaps the goo with his sweating hand as he hears a loud screech from the splooge. “It worked!” He exclaims and squirms out from the goo’s grasps, He grabs a pitcher of water from the fridge and throws it onto the gooey substance as more shrieks appear each longer than the last, Harper realizes that the splooge had gotten smaller but it slowly started accumulating more mass over time. Harper decided to run outside and turn the crank for the water hose and snatches the long hose, Harper runs for the shed hole which is still wide open with the still-running water hose in hand. Returning to the still-growing splooge as it begins sliding towards the sliding screen door left wide open by the panicked little boy. *“I smeeelll you littleee hummmannn.”* Harper hearing these words,

shocked at the fact that that *monster* could speak at all. He Stays hidden in the shed feeling safer without being in the splooges grasp. The splooge slowly gliding towards the shed smelling the scent of the young boy, arrives in front of the shed door, in an attempt to break the door down pushes its body onto the door shaking the shed along with it. Harper feeling frightened tucks his knees into his chest hoping for the best, after a few minutes of banging coming from the metal shed door, the sound stops. Harper feels relieved yet still on edge about the shaking coming to a stop. After what could have been 10 minutes give or take, Harper hears a familiar voice coming from the shed door, “Harper are you in there? Please let me in that thing is still out here, Harper please!” It’s Henry’s voice, “But that’s impossible.” Harper thinks to himself and replies, “Henry is that you?” Henry

quickly gives a reply, “Yes, now please let me in I’m scared.”. Harper knows it can’t be his older brother, Henry would never beg for help even if it killed him. “Ok, come through the secret entrance in the back.” Harper says, not caring if it’s his brother or not. Harper hears a cackle from the splooge “*HAHAHAHAHAHA!*“ Harper just smiles as he sits by the shed door knowing what awaits him. As soon as the splooge comes through the small hole in the back of the shed, as the black gooey splooge leaps towards the boy and is about to consume him, He awakes to Henry pushing on his arm telling him to come to eat breakfast. He smiles in relief, “It was just a dream.”. *Glup Glug...* Harper hears coming from the bathroom Horrified.

..THE END..