

Gobble-Gobble

*A Tale of
Thanksgiving Terror!*

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2st Edition

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This book is a modified screenplay
and still retains much of
its screenplay characteristics.
Now gobble it up.

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Prologue

It was a brilliant day. The green rolling pasture seemed to stretch into heaven itself as it embraced the wide blue sky in the distant horizon. Bertha, with basket in hand, took in a deep breath of sonorous content as she approached the wooden rail fence. Jim had noticed her approach and was now casually resting against the fence with his big cowboy boot on the bottom rail, and his elbows on the top. He was the quintessential cowboy, from his brimmed hat and checkered shirt down to his snakeskin boots, wrangler jeans, and oversized oval belt buckle. He was patiently waiting while chewing on a straw.

Bertha pulled her eyes away from Jim as she felt that shiver. That now familiar pang she felt every time she met up with the younger man but never dared admit. How could she? Not only was she five years older than the thirty-five year old Jim, she was a married woman who loved her husband dearly. She shook off the feeling, but still swung her right arm through her charcoal black

hair. Hell, she may be forty but her figure had maintained its youthful curves. There was a time when she was the belle of the ball with her deep blue eyes and perfect figure, and as far as she was concerned, age was only a number because she still felt like that young woman.

“Good morning Bertha.” Jim’s strong voice snatched her from her nostalgic thoughts.

“And a good morning to you Jim.” She responded with an uncontrollable broad smile.

Tipping his hat. “What’cha got in that there basket darling?”

“Oh just a few apples. I’m thinking about baking an apple pie later on today. You want a few?”

Bertha responded, as she stopped in front of the fence across from Jim.

“Well, your pie sounds mighty tempting... but I’ll take an apple.” Jim responded playfully with a sly wink, while Bertha gave him a coy smile as she lifted the basket hanging on her left arm.

“Are you flirting with me Jim? You know I’m a married woman.”

“How do you like them apples?” Jim answered with a wink while biting into his apple. But before Bertha could respond he looked over to his right past her.

“Hey there neighbor.” He shouted out to Joe. Bertha looked over her shoulder and was struck by a different pang as she watched the man sluggishly approaching. Her momentary pang of guilt vanished as she studied her husband Joe. She could not help but notice the difference. She knew she loved her husband, but something happened over the years. She can’t pinpoint to when or how, but there was a time when Joe was just as full of energy as Jim. Now, wearing black rubber boots, dark blue coveralls and a conductor’s hat, he was as sluggish as an old man, even though he was just a few years older than her. While her hair was still raven dark, his hair was peppered with strands of white..

“Howdy Jim.” Joe shouted back, interrupting Bertha’s melancholic thoughts, as he stepped up to the fence next to her.

“How’s your morning been so far?” Extending his right hand.

“Not bad except for that pesky cougar. He hit my coop again. Got two turkeys this time.”

“That darned cat’s been spooking my cattle for weeks.” Changing his tone from friendly to agitated. “One of these days, I’m-a catch it in action and shoot it between the eyes. Nobody messes with what’s mine, you know what I mean, Joe?”

Joe shyly nodded in agreement, than looked to Bertha, “Well we’d better be heading back, I got that tractor I want get fixed by the end of the day.”

“Thanks for the apple Bertha, and ya’ll have a good day.” Jim continued with a friendlier tone.

Without ever looking up at Jim, Joe turned while Bertha waved goodbye as they walked away.

Joe is up in his cabin-less tractor struggling with something under the steering wheel. He is mumbling in frustration. From behind the tractor, walking past the shiny round blades of the tiller hooked to the back, Bertha is approaching. She is carrying a plate with a slice of her apple pie.

“Joe I think it’s time you take a break.”

“Damned this tractor.” snapping frustrated, “I don’t know why I still bother with it.”

“Here honey,” as she steps up the tractor’s small foot rail, “taste my pie, it’ll raise your spirits.”

Joe stops his fumbling down in the gear-shifter well and rises up on his seat looking into Bertha’s blue eyes. His frown immediately turns into a melancholy pout.

“Thank you honey.”

“Thank me? You haven’t tasted my pie yet.”

“Oh, I’ve tasted your pie, and you know how much I love it.” Joe responds with a growing grin on his face as he bites down on a forkful of pie. Bertha shakes her head with a sly grin when suddenly... the tractor jerks forward. Joe’s plate of pie flies out of his hands as the engine roars to life and the tractor starts moving forward. Bertha nearly falls backwards from the sudden start, but Joe quickly grabs her.

“Hold on darling... what the...” but the tractor is jerking, moving roughly. Joe quickly grabs the steering wheel and reaches for the ignition key, when the tractor leaps forward with another sudden jerk, and... Bertha falls off the step. Joe reaches out to her, but she’s just out of arm’s length.

She falls but grabs onto the side of the tractor, which causes her legs to fall under the step. The tractor, now moving forward, drags her further under.

“Bertha hold on!” Joe yells out as he leans sideways and grabs her. He has got her in his right hand from under her left arm, while with his left he’s fumbling with the shifter struggling to stop the tractor.

“I just got to get this thing in neutral...” but a yell from Bertha forces Joe to grasp for her with both his hands as she loses her grip and begins to slide under.

“Oh no no-no...” Joe panics as he loses his grip on her completely. She falls to the ground. Joe lunges to jump off the tractor, but he is yanked back as one of the pockets of his coveralls gets hooked on the gear shifter... just as Bertha lets out a horrific scream. Her legs are pulled under the

tractor's massive rear wheel. The tractor hops gently as it crushes and mangles the poor woman's legs.

"Nooo, God damn it!" Joe yells out as he rips the cloth of his coveralls and jumps off the tractor. He furiously turns towards Bertha who is moaning in pain, but it is too late. He is simply not fast enough. Time comes to a near standstill, yet there nothing he can do. He watches, in slow motion horror, as the round blades of the tiller behind the tractor slide over Bertha's body, slicing and dicing her, from the neck down, like a piece of meat. Before he can even react a loud "*pop*" from the tractor silences its engine bringing it to a stop.

The sudden noisy stop snaps Joe back into real time. He stares frozen in horror at Bertha trapped under the tiller. A whimpering groan snaps him into action. She is still alive! He rushes next to her head which looks nearly decapitated from the machine-mangled body.

"Joe." Bertha manages to blurt between her sniffles and moans.

"I'm here darling. I'm here," shaking, trembling, his voice breaking. "don't move. Oh God. I love you." As he starts crying, "Don't move. I won't let you die. I promise. I'll never let you die." Becoming infuriated. His voice deepening. "Never! I swear to God, damn it, we will be together forever!"

Chapter 1

The night is as still as can be. The air is thick with fall mist and fog. The dead forest floor seems alive, painted with eerie shadows from the iridescent black and white glow of the full moon. The gnarled leaf-less branches of the autumn forest seem timeless, when suddenly... two small lights flicker out of the dark, side by side, like two candles in the night. They flicker, and then they move. The two points of light slowly start creeping out from behind a bush... revealing the silhouette of a cougar, and it seems to be stalking something.

The cougar is looking at a farm house in the distance. It glows in the moonlit mist. The animal is frozen still, watching, observing, preparing.

There is movement at the Farm House. In one of the dark corners something is moving. It is the silhouette of a man, squatted down, doing something. He stops, slowly rises to his feet and

turns, looking right into the eyes of the cougar. It is the silhouette of a tall gangly man, hardly more than a shadow himself. After a moment's stare, he turns away, and squats back down to do whatever it is that humans do.

The Cougar continues stalking, dragging on its belly, slowly approaching the misty farm in the distance... when a new set of eyes, much larger, light up directly behind it. There is something in the bushes stalking the stalker.

The cougar's eyes glow in the moon's reflection, unaware of anything besides its own focus on the farm. It slides a few more steps forward... when suddenly, a ruffling noise breaks the cougar's concentration. The cougar quickly looks over its shoulder, but it is too late. A black heavy shadow lands on the cougar's back.

The Gangly man rises out of the dark corner, turning his head, following the eerie death growl of that dying cat. He stands there like a motionless shadow for a moment, as the cougar lets out its last piercing cry of death. The Gangly Man moves his head as if to listen for a final cry, but nothing comes. A second later he squats back down doing whatever it was he was doing completely unperturbed.

Professor Jensen, a pony-tailed mid-thirties hipster-nerd, is pulling out his *Environmental Sciences* manual and other materials from his manly murse, laying them out on his desk. He then unbuttons his corduroy jacket as he looks up at his class. His students still filing in are settling in their desks preparing for the class to begin.

“So, let's talk turkey.” The Professor cuts through the chatter pausing for a moment expecting a reaction from the class... but none there. “OK, well then, so did everyone do your assigned research?”

Some of the students nod their heads; some verbalize in agreement, but most just ignore him.

“Excellent.” Oblivious to his students' disinterest. “Then you should all be ready for the field trip tomorrow...”

Dirk, a cocky, rebellious alternative-rocker type wearing a faded green military jacket and black jeans, interrupts the Professor.

“I can't believe you idiots are coming to school on Thanksgiving.” Dirk smirks as he folds his arms.

“Technically Thanksgiving is not until the day after tomorrow.” The Professor responds somewhat condescendingly to Dirk. “Plus this is a volunteer assignment. No one has to come, but those who do will receive extra credit. Something you could use Dirk, if you are serious about graduating this year. Do you really want to be a high school senior a third time?”

Dirk glowers as he looks away from the Professor who turns to the pretty girl at the front of the class.

“And Amy, thank you again for making all this possible.”

“No problem Professor.” She responds with a soft sensuous voice while locking the Professor’s eyes on her with a sensual smirk. “Anything you want Professor... just ask.”

The Professor’s Adam’s apple swallows hard, while his hands fumble the pen he was holding dropping it, before finally breaking away from Amy’s enticing gaze. There is a moment of uncomfortable silence as he reaches for, and picks up his dropped pen off the floor. He looks back up at the class. Everyone in class is looking back at him, unimpressed.

Jaime, a punk/Rasta heavily pierced girl with dirty blond dreadlocks rolls her eyes. A moment later the awkward silence is cut by Melissa, a cute overly eager small-statured girl who is completely oblivious to the situation.

“Professor Jensen, I’ve got some great follow up ideas after the field trip. Yesterday, I spent three hours on the internet...”

“Thank you Melissa.” The Professor interrupts her in mid-sentence. “I’m sure you did great work, but we can’t take any more days from everyone’s holiday.”

“I don’t mind. I think school is very important, and like I said, I was on the internet looking at turkeys and learned that they have big...” but Dirk cuts her off.

“Penises!”

“Dirk!” The Professor snaps at him while Melissa pouts, offended. “Can you please show at least a modicum of respect for your fellow students?”

“No, not really.” Dirk replies nonchalantly. “Hey Melissa, maybe tomorrow you’ll get to see a real one.” Dirk continues unperturbed.

The Professor looks away, shaking his head defeated, before turning to Jaime, “Were you and Josh able to get the DVD’s?”

“Yes we did, got them right here.” Responds Josh, Jaime’s boyfriend who looks like her twin brother from another mother, as he pulls a couple of DVD’s out of his bag.

“Great. I think everyone will find these videos very informative.” The Professor continues, deepening his tone and folding his arms in confident satisfaction as he leans back on his desk.

A pair of rubber boots walk up next to a pair of nice clean shoes and suit pants. The man in the rubber boots is wearing denim coveralls, a plaid shirt, and a train conductor’s hat. In profile he looks similar to the Gangly Man from the night before. The man next to him is wearing a cheap suit. They are both slightly hunched over, staring at something on the ground. As they lean in closer the man in the coveralls shakes his head in disapproval. It is Jim, but he looks older, worn out, like life has not been easy since the last time we saw him several years earlier, biting that apple.

“See what I’m talking about!” Jim speaks agitated. “Now what could do this to a cougar?”

The slightly older and rounder man in the suit squeezes his lips and shakes his head with no answer. They continue staring at the remains of the cougar. All that is left is the cougar’s head with the spinal cord still attached as if it was pulled right out of the body like a cork out of a bottle.

“Look at the way the spine was pulled clear through.” Jim continues. “It’s just like the goat remains I brought you a few days back. Head and spine ripped right out with nothing left. Now what could do that? You tell me.”

“I’m at a loss Jim,” the man finally responds, shaking his head and squeezing his lips befuddled. “In all my years I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Well I have, and so have others, and that damned sheriff don’t wann’a believe my story.” Jim continues, getting more frustrated. “I’m telling you, whatever did this to that poor cat, killed my goat and some of my cattle. I’ve lost seventeen animals in all. Seventeen!”

“I’ll compare notes back at the lab with the goat remains...”

“There ain’t no point.” Jim, getting more agitated, interrupts the man. “I can tell you who’s responsible.”

“Jim, I think you should keep your opinions to yourself right now.”

“I’m telling you, he’s somehow responsible. I don’t know how he’s doing it, but he’s doing it. I live next door, I’m losing at least a couple of animals a month, and he hasn’t lost one. How do you make sense of that?”

“Trust me Jim. Wait until I get more evidence before you make any accusations or you’ll get the sheriff even more irate with you than he already is.”

“Damned Sheriff, he’s protecting that son of a bitch.” Jim muses, looking away, frustrated, while the Man in the suit stares at him with a long look.

“Why would he?” The man in the suit finally breaks the silence.

“I don’t know, but ever since the accident he’s only been talking to the sheriff. He hasn’t spoken with me in four years. We used to be good neighbors, but... everything is different now.”

Professor Jensen’s class is silent as they watch stock footage of turkeys, turkey farms, and slaughter houses. Dead animals on hooks, bloody decapitations, unsanitary conditions, warehouses filled with thick feces upon which unhealthy animals live, all narrated in gruesome detail. The videos are graphic enough to turn even the staunchest meat eater into a vegetarian.

The Professor stops the video and addresses the class.

“So who’s ready for some turkey this Thursday?”

“And people wonder why I’m vegan,” dread-headed Jaime cuts in.

“Me too.” Josh seconds his girlfriend. “These videos are disgusting.”

“And sad.” Amy jumps in with her sweet voice, “It’s so inhumane the way they treat those animals. Don’t you think Professor?” She twists her head looking at the Professor with a sad but sweet pout and big baby eyes.

“Yes Amy, I do.” The Professor answers, momentarily loosing himself into Amy’s sad green eyes, followed with a quick masking cough as he nervously forces himself to look away from her.

“Please, this video was hilarious.” Dirk interjects. “Who gives a crap about turkeys anyway? They look like chicken with down syndrome, yet still delicious.”

“Dirk you are so uncool.” Josh counters Dirk’s comment. “How would you feel if a turkey ate you?”

“How would you feel if I nailed your freakazoid girlfriend... while eating turkey?” Dirk responds with a cocky smirk.

“Asshole.” Josh retorts while Jaime just shakes her head side to side dismissively.

“I can do her there too...”

“OK, that’s enough,” the Professor cuts through the chaos, “and Dirk, tomorrow, you’re coming on the field trip.”

“What? Dude you can’t make me go!” Dirk grimaces at the Professor with discontent.

“It’s simple. You’re already two points away from failing my course. If you want to finally graduate this year, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Dirk frowns as he looks away annoyed. The class is silent.

A frosted glass door reading, *Dr. Anthony Hopkins MEDICAL EXAMINER* slowly opens up. From inside, The Man that was with Jim earlier, but now wearing a white lab coat, gestures to someone to follow him in.

Sitting in a waiting area, a man dressed nearly identical to Jim stands up. As he approaches the examiner it is clear that it isn’t Jim, yet he seems familiar. The two men shake hands and then enter the examiner’s office.

“Hello Mr. Jackson.” The Examiner greets the man as he leads him through the door.

“Just call me Joe.” The man responds with a soft voice.

As the examiner closes the door it is now obvious who this man is. It’s Bertha’s husband, but he is hardly recognizable. He looks like he has aged a hundred years. He is thin, gangly, and his face looks devoid of human emotion, except for a dark heavy sadness in his eyes. The years have clearly been even harsher on Joe than on Jim.

“I’m sure you are wondering why I asked you over.” The examiner pauses, waiting for a response, but Joe simply stares past the examiner out into the infinite universe. “I was hoping you could help us with something we found.” The examiner finally continues.

“Sure, anything I can do,” Joe responds, still staring out into vacant space.

“Good. It’s right over here.” Joe follows the examiner into the next room which is a morgue. In the middle of the room there is an examination table covered by a white sheet. The examiner pulls away the white sheet revealing the remains of a cougar and a goat. Both are just the heads with the spinal cords still attached.

The examiner looks up at Joe’s face for a reaction. Joe simply stares at the carcasses with no reaction at all.

“Have you ever seen anything like this before?” The examiner finally asks.

“Nope.” Joe responds with a slight side to side negating gesture of his head. The examiner says nothing. He seems to be staring through Joe trying to read him inside out. Joe, finally showing a little emotion, possibly discomfort, continues. “What happened to them?”

“I was hoping you could answer that for me.” The examiner counters, still studying Joe. Joe again shakes his head side to side indicating ignorance while staring right through that examination table.

After a long moment the examiner breaks the silence. “We found the cougar just outside your property line this morning. You sure you haven’t come upon other strange carcasses? Or heard any strange noises... anything like that?”

“No. Nothing.” Joe answers while standing as stiff as a statue. Only the side to side negating expression of ignorance shows any signs of life. His eyes are lost in distant vacant space.

“All right, well that was it.” And even before the examiner can finish his sentence Joe quickly turns and starts walking away.

“If you come across anything, or remember something, let me know,” trying to follow Joe with his words. Joe momentarily stops in the doorframe and turns in profile to the examiner looking into new vacant space. It’s the same profile as that of the Gangly Man from the night before when the cougar was killed.

“Yes sir. I’ll do that.” Joe responds quietly under his breath before opening the frosted door, then steps out, and just as he does...

Jim is walking up towards the same door, and comes to a sudden stop four feet in front of Joe. Joe looks up, but when he realizes he is face to face with Jim, he bows his head back down like a sad little man.

“Finally, I got you!” Puffing his chest out and standing steadfast in front of Joe. Still somber, and with his gaze down in front of his feet, Joe starts moving to his right, and then to his left, trying to get around Jim, but with his usual slow gait.

“Where the hell do you think you’re going?” Jim steps from side to side easily blocking Joe’s path. “I asked you a question Joe, and you’d better answer it!”

Joe stops. He stands in front of Jim defeated, yet still defiant in his sad and morose way.

“What the hell kind of creature you got that’s killing my livestock?” Jim asks and then awaits a response, but gets none. “I know it’s something of yours Joe, there ain’t no point in denying it.” Jim takes another break still anticipating an answer, but nothing. “God damn it Joe, talk to me! I’m a peace loving man, but I’ve lost too many animals to resolve this peacefully now. Don’t make me turn this into something un-neighborly.” Jim’s agitation is growing, but his aggression is interrupted by a strong voice behind him.

“What’s going on here gentlemen?”

Jim looks over his shoulder. It's Sheriff Ward. He is a large potbellied no-nonsense kind of man who's been around the beat a while. He is flanked by Deputy Andy. Young and eager, sharp and topped off with a crew cut, he clearly looks to have a military background. Intimidating as they are, Jim does not hold back as he turns his attention to them.

"Why don't you tell me Sheriff? Why are you protecting this man? He's dangerous. He's been killing my animals and costing me money." Jim turns back to Joe. "Joe you're either gonna pay me in cash, or replenish my stock, but one way or another you're gonna pay."

"I didn't kill nothing." Joe responds with a stifled tone. "Maybe you did, and now you blaming me. You've always been after what's mine."

"What?" lunging forward. "You son of a bitch!" ...but the Sheriff and Andy grab Jim and hold him back.

"Jim settle down. Don't make me take you in for assault." The Sheriff warns. Jim promptly relaxes himself in the Sheriff's grasp. Joe takes advantage of the opportunity and walks around them picking up his pace. As he approaches the exit Jim starts yelling out to him from between the Sheriff and Deputy who are acting as a barrier.

"You ain't getting away with this Joe. If you don't fess up, I'll go over to your land myself and turn it upside down until I find what killed my stock. You hear me! I'll find it, and I'll kill it!" Jim shouts as Joe hustles through the exit door. Joe's usual expressionless face turns to anger and frustration as he leaves the building, sealing Jim and his yells behind the closing door.

The Professor is sitting relaxed on the edge of his desk having a conversation with his students.

"Eating meat is barbaric." Jaime emphasizes her words by crossing her arms.

"I respect your choices," the Professor counters, "but I want you to keep an open mind tomorrow. Not everyone can be a vegan, and the purpose of our course is to find a balance between nature and our needs."

"The best balance is just not eating meat." Jaime responds squeezing her folded arms and sealing her statement with an angry frown.

"Are you suggesting that your way of life should be forcefully imposed on others?" The Professor counters.

“No, I’m not a Nazi! I’m just saying…” but Jaime loses her momentum.

“I’m not pushing you in a corner Jaime. In fact I’m really glad we’re having this debate, and I think things will become even clearer tomorrow. The turkey farm we are visiting was initially established as an agricultural research facility, and years ago I even lead a protest to shut it down, but it has changed a great deal since then, and now it is considered one of the most humane turkey farms in the country. The man who runs the farm is a true animal lover, and for him this is not just a business, his turkeys are his passion.”

“That’s just straight up weird.” Dirk chimes in changing the tone of the conversation.

“Actually, Dirk is right for once. The guy is weird.” Amy adds to the new tone this time without any of her usual sexual flirtations. “He keeps to himself… doesn’t really have any friends. He only talks to my dad, and my dad somehow talked him into letting us visit.”

“I guess it doesn’t hurt when your daddy is the Sheriff.” Dirk teases mockingly imitating Amy’s earlier flirtatious tone.

“No, it doesn’t, Dirk.” Amy retorts with cold stern words and a hard dirty look towards Dirk.

“Why don’t we just call the man eccentric. I respect any man that dedicates so much love to what he does…” but the Professor interrupts himself looking at his watch. “It looks like time’s up for today’s class. I’m sure I’ll see most of you tomorrow right?”

“You can count me in Professor.” Melissa shouts out eagerly.

“I already have, Melissa.” The Professor responds as she smiles gleefully. The rest of the students head out of class, but Amy is slowly gathering her book bag while occasionally glancing at the Professor. By the time she rises out of her desk everyone else is out of the room except for the Professor. She rises up, pushing her chest out, emphasizing her round perfect breasts which are nicely contoured by her tight white blouse. Then with a cute flirtatious stride she heads for her prey, undulating her perfect ass, gently swinging her little schoolgirl skirt.

The Professor politely tries to avoid looking at her. He is visibly becoming more and more nervous as she stops in front of him and smiles with a hint of sexual enticement written all over her full pink lips.

“Ahmmm, Amy?” The Professor forces himself to look at her angelic face with all the confidence this hipster-nerd can muster.

“Ahmmm Pro-fessor.” Amy stretches her words while smiling and curtsying cutely for the Professor like an innocent but naughty girl. The moment is followed by a brief pause for Amy, but a long uncomfortable silence for the Professor.

“Uhhh, well, thank you again for what you did for the class.” The Professor finally cuts the silent tension then quickly looks away from Amy’s piercing amber and green eyes. He starts fumbling nervously with his manual and papers as he tries to stuff them into his murse.

“Oh it was my pleasure Professor.” Amy responds with a voice sweeter than honey, enticing him deeper into her sexual web.

“Ah-mmm-gosh... well, very good, ah...” The Professor is in a daze. But Amy only applies more pressure with another question.

“I was wondering, maybe, well maybe, if you could return the favor and... satisfy my pleasure?” Changing her expression to a cute coy smile.

Nervous and confused the Professor doesn’t even want to consider what she is insinuating. “Uh I, I, I don’t know what you mean?”

“I was hoping you could give me... some private tutoring.”

“Oh, oh, okay, yeah, well... you know actually I, I know a great tutor...”

“Actually, I would prefer to do it with you.” Amy cuts the Professor off with an enticing tone spiraling him into even deeper turmoil as his murse fumbles out of his hand, nosily dropping on the ground, papers spilling out.

“Uhhhh, well I, I can’t, I’m... sorry, I just... you know... I’ve got all these things to do, I’m... I’m so busy.” While looking down at his murse and the papers around it.

“OK, maybe we can do it... in the future?” She stretches her words as she smiles with a sexy wink.

“Uhhhhhh...” It is all the Professor can do as Amy walks away undulating her cute little ass for him. She looks back, over her shoulder, at the discombobulated man now on his knees, frantically shoveling his papers back into his murse.

“Bye Professor.”

Without ever looking away from his murse the Professor just nods, horny, numbed, and outclassed.

Chapter 2

Like a sad old man Joe groggily shuffles his feet in the dark of the night carrying a filled burlap sack on his shoulder as he enters the barn. He swings the door open to enter a dark creepy corridor lined with wooden boards. It is long, unkempt, and seems to disappear into an infinite dark abyss. He continues with his sluggish pace a few more steps and then comes to a stop. There are several wooden doors up ahead but none where Joe has stopped. He slowly turns in place and puts his hand on one of the cross beams holding up the wall. He twists it and a secret door opens in the wall.

He enters a new corridor. This one is even creepier than the former. The walls of this corridor are concrete. They are decrepit and stained like the inside walls of a slaughter house. Adding to the horror is the eerie light glowing on the nasty walls from the dim yellow sulfur lights. Every ten feet or so there are door-less openings that look like horse stables on both sides.

Joe walks a few more yards until he reaches one of the center stalls then stops and stands there staring into it. A moment later he drops the burlap bag onto the ground. Out of its open end an animal foot with a small hoof pokes out. Joe stares into the stall and very quickly his eyes start glazing over with tears. A moment later he steps forward disappearing into the stall.

“I’m sorry.” Joe’s gentle voice echoes in the concrete stall. “I’m so sorry I have to keep you here like this, but I have to protect you.” His voice starts crackling with sniffles as he starts crying. “You know that, right? You’re my baby, and I love you. I will always love you, no matter what.” His voice and sobs echoing in the empty concrete hallway are the only hint that there’s anything alive in that hellish hole.

A moment later he steps back out in the corridor, bends down and pulls away the burlap sack revealing the headless corpse of a goat. He grabs the headless goat by its rear legs and tosses the carcass into the stall. A quick huff and a puff can be heard before nasty sounds of flesh ripping and bones crunching echo out of the stall. Joe flinches and looks away disgusted, and sadder than ever heads back up the decrepit dimly lit sulfur-yellow hall.

Joe exits the barn through the same door he entered. He stops for a moment and looks out in the distance. He seems to be starting at something. Far out into the moonlit misty night, two distant beams of light are visible moving towards him and his farm.

It is a mid-nineties four door sedan emerging out of the forest on a dirt road. At a clearing the car pulls next to the forest’s edge, coming to a full stop, but its headlights remain lit.

Inside the car a teenage boy is looking over his steering wheel at the farmhouse in the distance. Satisfied his face morphs into a big grin as he turns his head towards the passenger seat.

“Are you sure about this?” The cute teen blond sitting in the car next to him asks concerned. “What if we get caught?” She muses nervously looking out the window.

“Don’t worry. No one is going to catch us here.” He confidently reassures the girl while turning his body towards her and with his right hand gently pushes her long blond hair away from her face.

The Girl is still looking around out of the car’s windows.

“This place is creepy.” But before she can continue the boy leans in to kiss her. She immediately pulls away and points towards the farm in the distance.

“What’s that?” The Boy follows her finger and responds a bit annoyed.

“I don’t know. Some farm. Don’t you want to do this?”

“Yeah but...”

“But what?” Cutting her off.

“I don’t know. This place, I don’t like it. It doesn’t feel right.” She is now fidgeting in her seat.

“You’re just nervous. Don’t worry, it’s my first time too.” He says it with a tone of emphasis as if it is true. He leans in and starts kissing her. Their lips quickly begin to undulate in a lustful dance. It seems her discomfort is a long lost memory now as she begins to moan and melt in his arms. His lips move from her wet mouth to her soft cheek, and quickly down to her neck. He begins nibbling on her soft skin just below the ear like a hungry vampire. His hands quickly move to her white blouse and he begins undoing her buttons.

Looking out from the forest, from behind a moonlit bush, something pushes the gnarled branches aside, revealing the car no more than ten yards away. Something is in that forest, and it has the car in its sights. Through the steaming car windows blond hair is visible being pressed against the passenger side glass. Past the car, the farm’s silhouette floats like a ghostly old building in the moonlit mist. It seems still and lifeless, and lost somewhere between space and time.

Whatever it is, in that black and white moon lit forest, it is still looking at the car from between the braches. The windows are now completely steamed up and the car is a rocking and a rolling. Soft feminine moans of pleasure can be heard emanating from the rock’n rolling automobile.

In the car the Boy adjusts his position as he begins to pound the pretty blonde harder, but out of the blue she starts pushing the boy off her. Her moans of pleasure are now complaints and demands.

“Stop! Stop it. Danny I said stop!” ... and she forcefully pushes him off her.

“What is wrong with you?” Danny bitches as he moves off back into the driver’s seat, leaning with his back against the driver’s side window.

“I want to go home.” The blond complains as she fumbles with her jeans trying to find the open end in the dark so she can put them back on.

“What? Why?” Danny responds confused and angry. She has no answer. She shakes her head and pouts while still struggling with her jeans.

Danny, pissed slams the steering wheel as he complains.

“God damn it! I can’t believe I wasted my time with you. I should have listened to Mike, he told me you... AHHHHGRR!” ... his bitching is interrupted by a guttural grunt behind him. Danny quickly tries to turn his head around, but before he can make a full turn, a large beak-like thing smashes through the driver side glass window swallowing Danny’s head whole. Then just as quickly vanishes, yanking Danny right out of the car through the smashed up window.

Danny is gone!

The Girl screams flinging her jeans at the shattered window. Delirious with panic she fumbles around in the car trying to open her door, but in her frenzy she is unsuccessful. Outside, the misty night echoes with the terrible sounds of Danny being ripped apart as he screams and groans, and then... silence.

Flustered by the car door she stops to listen at the quiet hell, but before she can enjoy even one second of peace... the car starts shaking and rocking like it is in a tumbler. Loud pounding noises echo in the night as the car shatters, rattles, and nearly rolls. Something monstrous, something huge is slamming it, pushing into it, and tearing at the metal as if it is a toy... when suddenly something swift streaks past the front windshield, and instantly... all is quiet.

In a doorway of the darkened barn, the Silhouetted Man stands like a stone cold sculpted shadow. He is staring at the headlights in the distance. His shadowy head moves slightly, at the sound of a distant yell, then nothing. Silence. After a few more moments he finally turns away and enters the barn shutting the door behind him.

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