

The Gateway Literary Issue

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Slipchut - GATEWAY '86
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A Ghoul's Passing

Sophie stubbed her body on a garbage bin and fell into a puddle of glue. Now she was stuck and he was getting closer. And of course he was grinning, only Sophie failed to see the humour. She did not want to feel the slime of his pickled hands clamping onto any part of her. She did not want to look into his senseless eyes or smell his giggling breath. She would have preferred insomnia. And yet, he came closer.

"Go away," she said, aware of the futility of these two helpless words. "Go away!" she cried anyway. "Oh God, please, somebody show up and help me!" Sophie squeezed her eyes shut and continued to whimper.

Bump.
Her eyes popped open to the safety of her room. Sophie reached over and

turned on the small light on the night table. She knew that drooling ghouls were not allowed in real life with the

lights on. Rules are rules. And the same goes for bumps: they just don't count in the light.

Bump.
The light went out. Sophie groped for the little lamp thereby knocking it off the table. Chances were still pretty good that the bumps and her cat were one and the same thing. If it wasn't her cat, it might be the sandman. If it WAS the sandman, Sophie would scream.

The noise was coming from her closet. (Noises know their business.) She knew what she had to do: get out of bed, go to the

closet, throw open the door, see a bloated, bulging-eyed face grinning back, scream and wake up.

Sophie got out of bed. A pair of pickled hands shot out from under the bed and grabbed her ankles. Sophie almost choked on her throat.

"No! Let go!" she screamed. Luckily the hands had a lousy grip as Sophie managed to wrench herself free. She stumbled with great speed into the kitchen, grabbed the keys, ran to the car and hydroplaned out to the

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