

2014MCC Creative Writing Contest

Fiction Category

Honorable Mention: "White Eyes" by Kyle Wendt

The rain stabbed at the man's jacket like daggers. The weather didn't slow him down though. He couldn't exactly recall why, but he knew he had to be at the restaurant. Something wasn't right. The restaurant was a

hadn't shown up. Cautiously, he tried the light switch. No power.

"Hello?" the man called out, "This is Jason, I have the package." Nervousness began to well up inside. He wasn't sure, but it appeared to be getting darker in the room. The adjacent dining room was completely black. The front desk seemed to be getting further away. Suddenly, Jason heard a whisper that seemed to come from the dining room. "Come here" it said. Something was definitely wrong. He wanted to drop the case and leave, but somehow he couldn't.

"I have the package, just like you wanted." Jason said, trying to sound stern. The whispering started again. Now it wouldn't stop. "Come here" it kept saying. The voice seemed to be coming from all around him now. Despite the cold, Jason was sweating. The nervousness was gone and fear had taken its place. Something seemed to be moving by the front desk. It was tall and thin, and pure black.

"I just want to leave the case and go!" Jason shouted. He was beginning to panic now. He was right by the door, he could turn around and leave if he wanted. Flee to safety and never return. Somehow, though, he couldn't. He couldn't take his eyes off the figure behind the desk. He felt that if he did, something horrible would happen. He might even be killed. His left hand

little relief, but not enough. The whispering was louder now, and more frequent. "Come here.

figure. Whoever I need to meet must be in there... he thought, if I can just get this brief case in there... but before he could finish his thought, he was suddenly in the middle of the room again. Then the remaining light vanished. Jason began to panic. He could no longer see the figure. The whispering was more intense now. It was almost right in his ear. He could sense movement

around him, rapid and quiet. He thought he was screaming, but he couldn't tell anymore. All he could hear was that whispering. "Come here. Come here". He flailed his knife frantically around him, hitting nothing. Suddenly, the whisper stopped. Before him he saw two white eyes, and a grotesque smile curl below them. The white light seemed to pierce right through him. There was

the dining area again, sure that whoever he needed to meet was in there. Then the whispering started again. This time it was saying "I'm here". The dining area was completely dark. Jason couldn't see his hand in front of his face. Still, he pressed on, determined to find his contact and end this madness. Suddenly, before him, he saw the white again.

"You can't stop me!" Jason shouted. "Get out of my way!" The smile curled under the eyes again. Jason gripped the brief case tightly, prepared to stand his ground. He reached for the jack knife again, but before he could, the figure rushed at him. The knife it held seemed to point right at him. Jason raised up the brief case to block, just in time for the knife blade to pierce the clasp, sending the contents tumbling out. Suddenly, it was gone. A light was coming from the open brief case. Inside was a picture of Jake Orson. Also, beneath the picture was the pistol. Then, the lights came on. In a booth at the end of the restaurant, sat Jake Olson.

When Jason had finally woken up, he saw that it was late in the afternoon. On a midwinter day like this, he knew he didn't have much daylight left. He quickly showered and dressed, tucking the pistol in an inside pocket of his coat. He was just about to shut the TV off when he saw what was on the news. A witness of the argument had come forward. There was identification, but there was a description. Dropping the remote, he frantically packed his things. It didn't take long, he didn't have much to pack. He headed out the door, being careful to avoid anyone who might be out. When he reached the first floor, he slammed his key on the front desk and walked out, trying not to look suspicious. Luckily, no one was at the desk. When he reached his car, he threw his bag in the back seat and made his way for the park he had arranged to meet Jake in.

He was in the park for what seemed like hours. Night time had now fallen. He began to think Jake had seen his description on the news. Finally, he saw him approaching. This is it Jason thought. He knew what he had to do now. If Jake died, the nightmares would die with him. He started down the path to intercept Jake. When they were close, Jason got right to the point. He pulled the pistol from his jacket and pointed it right at Jake.

"This is it!" Jason shouted. -1(i)-2(t)-2(!)3(")4(J)-11(a)h1 scn 70.56 306 470.88 13.8 reosght a d 3

from the world. It was only him and Jake. Something was shouting behind him. He couldn't quite make it out. It all sounded muffled. Suddenly, he felt an impact in his leg, and the world rushed back. He twirled around and saw a cop standing about 15 feet away from him, smoking gun in hand.

"You don't understand!" Jason shouted "This has to happen!" He turned towards the cop, suddenly realizing his leg wasn't working.

"You have one more chance to drop the weapon! Put it down or I will shoot!" Barked the