3 Blind Mice… Essay, Research Paper

Oranges, Disney World, and hurricanes- the first three things to come to Fabian s mind when he thought of the most boring place to grow up- southern Florida. Let s face it, Florida can collectively be summed up as Home to the Happiest Place on Earth . Those Disney jerk-offs had commercialized their theme park so much that every child wanted his or her family to drop what ever they were currently doing in their lives, pack up the van, and take a fun-filled family vacation. That s suburban America for you, spoiled rich little brats. He could hear them, their high pitched pre-pubescent squeals of joy reverberated in his mind. Mommy, look at that silly mouse , he cringed at the thought.

Just then a blood-curdling scream rang throughout his apartment. Rise and shine my little one, a rough demonic voice demanded. Fabian uncrossed his arms from atop his chest, reached for his alarm clock, turned it so that the red flashing display pointed toward him, and shut it off. 12:00 AM, 12:00 AM, 12:01 AM it flashed. Stumbling in the dark over titles such as, Let Them Burn- The Salem Witch Trials and Crimes of Mayhem (both complete with detailed pictures), he made his way to a light switch; which was actually a useless source of illumination because the socket was occupied by a black-light bulb. None the less, he flipped the switch causing everything in the room to give off a glowing white aura. Walking over to his closet, Fabian slid one of the doors to the right exposing nothing but black shirts, tight black pants (mostly leather), two black capes- complete with hoods, a couple of trench coats he picked up off some bum s shopping cart, and a pair of black combat boots bought from an Army surplus store. A favorite of Fabian for they had supposedly been worn by a Nazi officer who operated one of the gas chambers in a concentration camp. He donned an outfit and completed it with a razor-spiked dog collar, several chain link bracelets, and a large ring that covered most of his middle finger. This was his most prized possession and there was no reason why it shouldn t be, it had taken a lot of work to obtain it.

One evening, almost a month ago, Fabian and his Goth friends got together and decided it would be fun to try and raise someone, or at least some spirits, from the dead. Needless to say they were unsuccessful. So after they finished off a fifth of gin and about a six-pack apiece, Fabian walked to his car and pulled out three shovels. If they couldn t raise a corpse from the dead using their mental powers they would have to do it using their physical powers. And with that the three of them walked to a random grave and started digging. About two hours after they began, Fabian struck wood. Together they moved the rest of the dirt and pried open the coffin. There was a hissing noise like when you open a soda, followed by a billowing cloud of smoky stench. In their drunken haze, they had neglected to note the year on the tombstone. This guy had only been in the ground for about 4 months so he was still decomposing. All three stood in shock – mesmerized by the shadowy undulations of the corpse s clothing. Fabian reached in and unbuttoned the front of the sport coat maggots began spilling out of the hollowed out abdominal cavity that was still oozing with black moldy bile. Shuddering in disgust, both of Fabian s accomplices jumped out of the grave and began vomiting. The booze was beginning to wear off and Fabian was getting a little freaked out himself. As he climbed out of the grave, a glint of red caught his eye. He looked down and saw a skull and crossbones with ruby red eyes occupying a digit on the body s left hand. Wanting a souvenir, he jumped back into the grave and quickly began prying off the ring. It wouldn t budge, rigger had set in and he would have to break the finger in order to get it off. So that s what he did. There was a crack and a jagged portion of the bone pierced the skin. He slid the ring off and quickly exited the grave.

Those were the days, he said to himself. He grabbed his backpack, black of course, and stuffed a shirt, toothbrush and toothpaste, some boxers, and bar of soap into it. About a week ago, he got a letter from is landlord saying that the apartment complex wasn t up to par with the state fire code and that he would have to leave for about two weeks until the problems could be remedied. And it just so happens that in this unfortunate week, Fabian had gotten word from some ritzy attorney s office that he was the heir to a cabin in the everglades. It turns out that his third uncle removed on his mother s side had passed away Tuesday night of a stroke. As he closed the door to his apartment behind him, he felt a touch on his right shoulder.

Get the hell off of me you psycho, Fabian shouted. It was Morgal or Morgue as Fabian and his friends referred to him as. Morgal was this crazy old guy that lived next door to Fabian. He always walked around in a black dusty robe, carrying a staff, and touching people hoping they would drop dead. Basically, in Morgal s sick dark mind, he was the Grim Reaper.

So where are you off to at this ungodly hour of the night? Morgal inquired.

Everyone knows that vampires can t be out in the sunlight, Fabian answered.

You didn t answer my question, you ungrateful dreg. Where are going?

Why should I tell you?

Never mind. So where are you going to stay while our idiot land lord fixes this dump?

Again, why should I tell you?

I was just thinking that instead of renting two hotel rooms we could share one. I would pay for half of the room and dinner on the weekends, Morgal paused. Trying to sweeten the deal, he reinstated the fact that Fabian would only have to pay for half of the bill, a tremendous savings considering the tourist price rates anywhere in Florida.

Cynically, Fabian divulged the information that he had recently inherited a cabin in the Everglades and that Morgal could tag along. Besides maybe the guy will get eaten by a crocodile while we are out there, Fabian mumbled to himself

How about we leave tomorrow morning, that way I ll have sometime to pack up before we leave, asked Morgal.

Fine, replied Fabian as he walked back into his apartment. He dropped his backpack by the front door, kicked off his shoes and climbed back into bed. Exhausted from a s ance the night before, it not long until Fabian was asleep again.

The next morning Fabian awoke early and helped Morgue carry his bags down the stairs to his car. If I don t carry them we ll never leave, Fabian mumbled. Morgue hobbled over to the car and got in. Fabian turned the key started the engine, and they were on their way.

Where does the map say to go? Fabian snapped at Morgal.

It says that we continue down this road until it forks, veer left, and continue til you cross a set of railroad tracks. Follow them until the bridge. After you pass under the bridge, stop and their will be another set of directions and a key to the cabin.

They continued to drive, passing the orange, rust-hued guts of several scrapped cars. They were about a 1,000 yards from the bridge when something darted in front of the car.

What was that? Morgal abruptly shouted.

Fabian! What are you doing? Open your eyes. Fabian! Just then the car crashed into the bridge and Fabian came to.

What s wrong with you? What happened? asked Morgal.

Well uh… you see uh I guess I forgot to mention I m narcoleptic.

What? What did you say? Are you completely insane? You let me get into your car without warning me that you might just suddenly want to visit the inside of your eyelids!

Calm down, my medicine is just wearing off. Open up the glove compartment and hand me the yellow bottle. Fabian popped two yellow and black stripped pills with pointed ends that resembled yellow jacket hornets into his mouth.

Caffeine pills, he chuckled. They keep me awake.

God lets hope so, Morgal said followed by a deep sigh.

Fabian restarted the car and shifted into reverse. The rear tires spun throwing clods of mud in all directions.

Guess we ll have to walk the rest of the way, said Fabian.

Enthralled by his surroundings, Fabian made sure not miss the slightest detail. He felt like he walking in a scene from an Alfred Hitchcock film. The earth beneath him was soft and spongy, comprised of decaying plant and animal matter that yielded to the slightest pressure and crumbled with his every step. Rotten logs that were home to infestations of worms, termites, and centipedes surrounded them.

When the reached the cabin, Morgal looked over at Fabian and disappointedly said, This is it?

Shut-up Morgue. It is better than that dump of a hotel you suggested. They stood facing a small decrepit shack. There were two windows in front that were covered by a film of dirt and resembled closed eyes. The overhang from the roof was sagging, and looked like a furrowed brow atop the windows. The steps leading to the front door were barely standing and the porch was riddled with holes. Several shingles were missing from the roof and the chimney was leaning like the Tower of Pisa in Italy.

Fabian walked up to the house and caressed the blanket of moss that enveloped the wooden siding. He reached for the doorknob, turned it to the right, and gave the door a firm push with his shoulder. The rusted hinges gave way and the door crashed to the ground. A flight of bats flew out followed by a gray cloud of dust. Only something didn t seem quite right. Instead of settling, the dust began to rise. Similar to what a mushroom cloud looks like. As it dissipated, they unpacked the car and began to settle in for the night.

Morgal hobbled in with what was probably the only two dry pieces of firewood in a one-mile radius, and began to build a fire. Moments later, the cabin was filled with warmth, complemented by the popping and crackling of the fire.

After eating dinner, both men were thoroughly exhausted and ready to retire.

There is no more wood left, we ll have to just tough the night out and find some in the morning, said Morgal. Morgal climbed into bed while Fabian entered the bathroom to brush his teeth. By the time Fabian was finished, the old man was fast asleep.

With Morgue sleeping for at least the next six hours, Fabian had plenty of time to play. He walked over to his bag and pulled out a worn black journal that was bound together by a scarlet ribbon. He opened it to a page that had obviously been read several times for it was ragged and about to detach from the binding. Reaching into the bag, he pulled out several glass bottles, braided straw, a dead bat, and some other interesting toys .

He began by drawing a two-foot in diameter circle that encompassed a star whose every point touched some part of the perimeter. At the end of each point, a silver charm was placed and used as a marker. The bat s head was severed, it s blood squeezed into a silver cup, and swallowed by Fabian. Who then proceeded to light the end of the braided straw on fire when he suddenly fell asleep. He awoke when the straw had reached the end and singed his fingertips. Startled, he glanced over at Morgue who had begun mumbling in his sleep. Getting a little scared; Fabian abandoned the spell he was going to attempt. A quick rendezvous on the Ouija board will calm my nerves, he thought. As the pointer quickly glided across the board it spelled G I V E M E M Y R I N G, and abruptly stopped. Shaking in horror, Fabian passed out. When he came to, he was strapped to a table. There was a dark mass floating above him exactly like the dust cloud that had appeared earlier. Only now it had distinguishable features, like glowing green eyes and bronze razor sharp claws that were dripping with blood. Attempting to escape, Fabian began thrashing about like a fish out of water. The monster extended one of its claws and began writing on Fabian s abdomen, GIVE ME MY RING. Blood began to fill the crevices of each cut, making the letters bold against Fabian s ghastly white complexion.

MOrGal MoRGal, Wake up!! HeLp mE, Fabian screamed in terror.

Fabian, Fabian wake up. It was just a nightmare. It wasn t real, Morgal said as he shook Fabian.

Fabian awoke and sat up. The room was spinning and he felt a little lightheaded. He slumped back, letting his head become engulfed by his feather pillow, and let out a sigh. He was drenched and decided to get up and take a shower since he was awake. He lit a candle that was next to his bed and immediately noticed that his ring was gone; and in it s place was nothing but a imprint of where it had been. Panicking, he lunged forward out of his bed, trying to reach a lantern that was across the room. But as he jumped he noticed that he was being held by something. Stretching and pulling he managed to reach the lantern and turn it on. A faint glow resonated throughout the room. Still mesmerized by the imprint that now occupied the space where his ring had once been; Fabian noticed a thin film of crimson on his fingers. Following the trail down his arm, he noticed that his entire body was covered in blood. His bowels and entrails were strewn about and some parts were caught on the bedposts. Feeling faint, Fabian lied down on his back and closed his eyes. Maybe he had just had too much to drink tonight and was imagining all of this. Yeah that s it he thought I just had too much to drink. After a moment of reassuring himself, he opened his eyes to see a message scrawled on the ceiling G IV E ME MY RI N G…