

# Danger of Friends

By Aurelie Jones

Tamara stared anxiously at her friends, a painful smile pasted on her face. Her smooth, light cocoa skin hid any chance of noticeable blushing. Her shoulder length, pitch black, curly hair framed her young pretty features and accented her light blue eyes.

“Tamara? Girl - are you listening at all??” Jene asked.

“No, sorry . . .” Tamara said.

“We should do something before we graduate! Something fun and crazy,” Jene said.

“Well I don’t have any ideas,” Tamara said. She didn’t enjoy making plans for the group.

“Can I come?” Tori asked.

“Of course, just don’t tell mom,” Cameron said.

“Right, well no one will be going if we don’t come up with something,” Jene said.

“Oh! I know! We could go to that old rotting house on the edge of town!” Tori exclaimed. Her unnatural red curls bounced as she shifted in her seat, and her cheeks flushed pink with excitement.

“Uh, that place is haunted,” Cameron said.

“Aw, come on Cam-Cam, you scared?” Jene taunted.

“I just know that people go missing around that place,” Cameron replied, indignant.

Tamara remained quiet, as the three girls sitting around her turned towards her, waiting for her opinion. Tamara smiled sheepishly, and just shrugged.

“W-why not?” Tamara stammered.

###

It was eleven pm and the four girls walked up the dark concrete path. Huge cracks spiderwebbed across the pathway. The house was a three-story, old Victorian style mansion. The wraparound porch was rotting away, the wood full of bugs, crevices, and mold. There were multiple windows that had been smashed by previous troublemakers.

Clouds drenched the sky, concealing any light from stars or the moon. Tamara was in the front of the group, arm linked through Jene’s with Cameron and Tori close behind. Tamara’s hand tightened around Jene’s as they climbed the six rotten steps. The two girls paused in front of the door, when it creaked open just an inch.

“P-probably the wind, right?” Tamara asked. But no one answered. She swallowed loudly before Jene reached out a hand and pushing the door further open. The four girls slowly made their way into the foyer, it was pitch black inside. Everyone lifted their phones, turning on their flashlights; illuminating the entryway. Nothing too terrifying, just more rotted away parts and a straight staircase to the far left of the door.

“Oh, this isn’t so bad,” Tamara admitted, breaking the silence.

The door suddenly slammed behind them with a loud bang. All four girls jumped, Tori dropped her phone. The light scattered around the room, her phone bouncing across the floor before plopping into a small hole that lead to the basement.

“Crap! CRAP!” Tori whimpered.

“It ... was just the wind, had to be,” Jene murmured.

“Guys... my phone... I think it... ugh w-went through a hole,” Tori said. She moved closer, warily, towards the hole. The phone conveniently lying face down, so the light would be visible.

“It... looks like it went in the basement,” Cameron said.

“Tori, you can get a new phone,” Tamara pleaded.

“WHAT? No, I can’t I have stuff on that phone!” Tori said, “let’s just, go down together and grab it then we can leave.”

“What’re you smoking? There’s no way in hell I’m going down there!”

Jene grabbed Tamara’s hand, and began guiding her forward towards the basement door. Tamara reluctantly followed; her hand gripping her phone like it was a life line. Cameron and Tori pressed behind them. Jene opened the door and began to descend into the darkness. The only light provided from their tiny phone flashlights.

Once all four girls were down the stairs, they aimed their phones around. There was nothing, just another closed door. Jene frowned, she attempted to open it but it wouldn’t budge. Cameron came forward, and together with Jene they threw themselves at the door which gave way, sending them to the floor - on top of the now broken door.

When the dust finally settled, and Cameron and Jene were done having their coughing fit they were able to look around. Just a bunch of junk, stored and ultimately forgotten.

Gradually, an unpleasant smell burned into their noses. The four girls ventured bravely further into the cluttered room. Finally, they came upon the source of the smell; a rotting dead crow, with maggots writhing around its black feathered carcass. The girls recoiled in disgust. Tamara fought the urge to vomit. Another door slammed and echoed throughout the room! The door they had broken down, somehow had closed behind them.

Something scraped against the stone foundation of the house. It became quiet, the only sound being their own panicked breathing. Tori scrambled for her phone, she clutched it to her chest before turning around to ask everyone to leave. Her phone illuminated a pair of yellow-green eyes.

Tori screamed, attempting to get back to her group, but they were gone. She tripped over something, smashing her face hard, breaking her nose. Tears welled up as she aimed her phone to see what had made her fall. A horrified gasp bubbled up from her mouth, her sister, Jene, and

Tamara were crumbled on the floor in a pile. The skin on their faces missing, and their abdomens were hollowed out.

Sobbing uncontrollably, Tori desperately scrambled away from the violent display of her companions. She hit something large and solid. Hot liquid dripped onto her left shoulder; with a shaky hand she shined her phone on it to see that it was blood. The light from her phone strobed since she couldn't hold her hand still. She tilted it upwards, to see those same yellow-green eyes and bloodied teeth.

A long drawn out scream broke the silent night once more before it was quickly silenced. The clouds floated off, as moonlight spotlighted the house, and the front door creaked open once more.