

"Son"

It was 9:00 p.m.. I've arrived at my destination that was Mr Macodrick's house. People say he had gone crazy after his family died because of him. Being a scientist gave the family a lot of money, but none of it would bring his family back. He was experimenting on them! He had sewn them together like dolls! I sometimes hear his family's death cries at night! All of these neighborhood gossip was playing in my head as I approached the door. The old messed up men opened my door.

Hello! - he said with excitement in his eyes and a mild smile on his face. Hello! I came because you called me. Are you Mr Mr Macodrick? I said then showed him my toolbox. Ah yes! The plumber, come in, I will show you the way to the basement, said Mr Macodrick. He leaned on the door letting me through, then closed it behind him, little did I know that I was coming to this house but never going out of it. His house was huge. I was sure that his family had money and they were doing well. Beautiful hardwood floor, amazing paintings on the walls, but it was empty. Empty for a long long time. The hallways once beautiful, was now covered in spider webs, trash everywhere, some of the windows were broken. So Mr Macodrick, do you live alone? I said well knowing the story of his family. Yes, I do. - he said still walking, not looking at me. From the tone of his voice I knew that saying that was hard for him. Oh I'm so sorry about this - I tilted my head slightly down. That's when I noticed it. The walls were covered in weird signs... no symbols. I stopped to look at them, and when I did Mr Macodrick did the same. I drew them for my son. They were symbolic to me, they remind me of him. He likes them - he said. Likes them? Didn't you say you leave alone? I asked a little shocked.

Ah! Yes, sorry! I meant liked. I saw that he got nervous from this, but I didn't think much of it. As we were walking I asked him about his work as a scientist. We talked and I learned that he was losing a lot of money. I could see that on him. Scruffy, old clothes, he looked overworked. Big Shadows on the his eyes. As I started to look at him for longer, I noticed he didn't take well care for himself. We were going down the stars and I noticed two things. The first one was that

we took a lot of turns in the house, it looked like he was trying to make me lose my orientation. The second thing was this weird odour coming from the basement. It smelled like something rotten. But there I was. The plumber that was meant to fix it. And here we are! He opened the door. We came in the basement and we went in. This basement was huge. As we were walking, he started talking. You know, I'm getting old. I'm 73 and I'm not getting any younger, a lot of things are hard for me to do now. He started talking as we opened something that looked..... like a room? No it definitely was not a room. A cage. A big metal cage. The smell was getting stronger and I covered my mouth with my hands. I looked around and noticed something horrible. A lot of that animals: deer, cats, dogs and other animals I couldn't recognize because of the state their bodies were in. What are you doing with these? I asked with a shaky voice. These? Oh these are for my son - he said as we found our destination. A big metal cage, that was decorated as a little boy's room. It looked like somebody lived there, no some thing. I thought you live alone? I asked and when I turned to face him something hit me. I walk in the middle of that cage. I was chained to the floor. What is that? This isn't funny, let me go! I screamed at the top of my lungs. He was smiling. I told you. My resources are getting low, I'm not getting any younger... neither is Michael. My boy is growing strong - he looked at the bed. That was something and it started moving. You know. As boys get older they want adventure! They want to do something with the dads. Or without them. Like hunt. But what do you mean? Your son is dead? What's in this cage and why I'm chained? I asked, tears started to fall down my face. As I told you my son is getting bored of his dad bringing his food. He wants to hunt. You are his prey. I looked at the bed again. He was approaching me. And then I saw that what people were saying was true. He experimented on his family. The thing looked like a human centipede. But getting closer it had sharp teeth. A lot of it. He was getting closer as I looked at Mr Macodric for the last time he was smiling and and said: Eat up, my son.

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