

## Under the Bed

Keith McLachlan

*It* glanced out from the small slit under the bed. Everything was quiet and calm. In the dark bedroom, *it* could still faintly see the seashell pattern on the walls and the form of the toy figurines scattered around in the corner. Outside the window, a tree branch swayed quietly in an unseen breeze.

There was a *sound!*

Something moved above. There was a soft rustle of sheets and a snort. Heavy breathing subsided into something more regular.

*Oh god, oh god*, it thought, *there is something up there, I know it!*

It had heard stories about little boys, and—*oh god!*—the fathers and mothers of the little boys. They brought the light in with them. Horrific, burning, cruel light! And noise. It did not want to get pulled out from under the bed!

*Oh god, oh god, oh god...*

It crept deeper under the bed. It was safer there. It was darker there. Its heart pounding in its chest, it tried to not breathe for fear of being found. If it could just make it through the night, it would be fine.

It would stay under the bed. It was safe there.