



Marcie Bucklefoot

Ghosts? Monsters? Oh I never believed in ghosts or monsters... but now I'm convinced that there are scary creatures everywhere. If you look hard enough.

I was closing up for the night.

The bar was empty and I was alone. I didn't want to, but I had to check the cellar before I left.

That's when I saw it. It was down there all alone. HUNCHED OVER. The cellar was much cooler than normal. It looked at me. More, it stared at me. I'll never forget it.

It breathed like a wounded animal but didn't move. I felt strangely relaxed as it gazed at me. I think it may have been in a fight. It was too dark to see what it really looked like, but I'm sure it had no fur. More like a BLOB OF JELLY. A SPOTTY blob of jelly. It stood much like a LARGE CAT. It was PEAR-SHAPED and its head was really rather small compared to its body. Very small. Its eyes were tiny and shone like little dots of light.

It appeared to no legs. Oh and it smelled a bit.

I'm sorry, that's not much to go on. I wasn't scared.

