

Man's Best Friend

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Age 14
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Two figures sneak through the cemetery. Sneaking, wholly unnecessary, as they are alone. At night. In a cemetery. But if they suppose they wish to sneak, who should stop them?

They sneak to an ancient mausoleum, where a discussion takes place, then a map drawn, knives sharpened.

Hidden away at the edge of the cemetery, bathed in the spectral light of the moon, a plot is born.

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The dark and stormy weather was reflected upon Mr. Thomas's mood as he was preparing for tonight's auction, then as he and Mrs. Thomas tucked little Jen into bed. His mood, unlike the weather, improved greatly once he and Mrs. Thomas arrived at the grand ballroom the auction was held at, and was in the company of those of considerable wealth.

It seems like Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will have a good evening. I'm afraid I cannot say the same for those at home.

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The figures slip from an alley, into the darkened street. Now, quite fitting to the circumstances, they sneak to the backside of the house and break the lock to the kitchen window.

The plot born of spectral moonlight and a musty mausoleum, begins.

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Jen was always a sound sleeper, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas counted on it, but tonight, she awoke at a loud thud coming from the kitchen. Frightened, Jen sought comfort in the form of her loyal dog, Tuesday, who slept on a cushion by her bed. She put her hand over the side of the bed, letting Tuesday lick her fingers, and safe, with her dog by her side, she fell asleep.

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The kitchen window opened soundlessly. The same cannot be said of the figures. The first, landed in the kitchen on sure feet. The second, fell to the floor with a thud that shook the silverware. Both froze at the sound of padding footsteps on the stairs. Tuesday came around the corner and growled low in his throat.

"Take care of it," the first one hissed.

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Jen awoke at another noise. She put her hand over the side of the bed for Tuesday to lick. Again, she fell asleep.

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The figures swept through the house, jewelry, silverware, all brushed into their growing bags.

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A thud from the hall woke Jen with a jump. Noticing Tuesday was gone, she crept out of bed, tip-toed down the hall and opened the bathroom door...

...and screamed at the macabre sight.

Tuesday's limp form lay in the washtub, and on the wall, with terrible, crimson letters was written: *Humans can lick hands too...*

Heart racing, she spun around, to a figure in black standing in the doorway. *That wasn't Tuesday beneath my bed!*

A bag was thrown over her head. She wanted to scream, she wanted to kick, but she was trembling, and her tongue felt like lead, and her tears felt like flames tracing down her face and *Tuesday, Tuesday, Tuesday- !*

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Mr. and Mrs. Thomas came home that night, shocked and devastated. Jen Thomas did not.

The End.