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Domicile, Part One

Alan Foreman
NSU University School

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Domicile

Part One

Alan Foreman

Paul and Katherine Murphy had just moved to New Hampshire with their two children—Jonathan, who was fifteen, and Ryan, who was seventeen. The two boys slept in the back seat of the large Chevrolet station wagon as it coasted smoothly down the shady New England road. The car pulled into a driveway on a beautiful street named Edgefield Avenue.

Paul and Katherine stepped out of the car and removed the For Sale sign from the front yard of their new home. The house was situated in the arc of a bend in the road, and large trees graced the three-floor building.

Jonathan and Ryan awoke from their slumber and stretched while surveying their new neighborhood. Paul called the boys over to the front door and asked them to check out the house. The boys crossed the threshold into the living room, a large carpeted area. Adjacent to the living room was the dining room. A chandelier dangled from the ceiling. To the right of the dining room, through a doorway and down two steps, was the kitchen. Its enormous windows looked out upon an elevated patio and the woods beyond.

Upstairs, Paul was exploring the bedrooms. He saw the rooms for the boys and he examined the bathroom. Across the hallway from the bathroom was his and Katherine's bedroom. He opened the door and, to his surprise, the room was completely furnished. The walls were painted a blindingly bright white, yet there were no windows. Against the left wall was a grandiose chest covered with porcelain figurines and framed pictures. They were all hauntingly realistic. Paul felt as if thousands of empty eyes were watching him. He turned his head slowly and saw a king-sized bed with white sheets and a white bedspread. Upon the bed sat an elderly man dressed in black.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .