

5-1-1995

## Domicile, Part Two

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### Recommended Citation

Foreman, Alan (1995) "Domicile, Part Two," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 2 , Article 14.  
Available at: [https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag/vol2/iss1/14](https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol2/iss1/14)

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## **Domicile**

### **Part Two**

*Alan Foreman*

Paul stumbled backwards in shock. "Who are you?" he stammered. The old man did not answer him.

"How did you get into my home?" Paul asked raising his voice.

Still the old man said nothing. He sat on the bed and stared at Paul. His eyes were a cold, empty gray. Paul stepped forward and with a shriek he collapsed to the floor clutching his head. The old man did nothing but stare at him.

Paul's head pounded and his eyes burned. His eyes were held open by some unseen force. Paul could do nothing but gaze at the old man's eyes. A red beam of light pulsed from one eye. The beam penetrated Paul's left eye and its intensity blurred his vision. Paul looked around but could see nothing but red light. The light became brighter, more painful, more disturbing than before. Then, just as abruptly as this had begun, it ended.

The old man was no longer on the bed, no longer in the room. Paul stood up and looked at the bed. A black spider sat in the same place where the man had once been. Paul looked around the room. It was empty. The large chest with its porcelain dolls was gone. The bright white paint on the walls was dull and dirty. All that was left was the bed. Paul looked down upon the bed again, and noticed it was black. The sheets seemed to be moving. As Paul looked closer, he realized that he was not seeing sheets at all. The bed was swarming with black spiders. Paul's left eye began to itch in a place he could not scratch. He ran out of the room and into the hallway.

Paul walked down the stairs. Years had passed since he had entered the room. He did not recognize his own family. Ryan was gone, John was much older, and he had another son. Paul stepped into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator in search of a drink. Looking into the open refrigerator, Paul froze. He saw a black spider in the back of the refrigerator. Suddenly, he fell to the floor claspng his left eye. Katherine ran to his side and helped him to his knees. Paul opened his eyes and saw them . . . millions of them.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .