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Domicile, Part Three

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Domicile

Part Three

Alan Foreman

Millions of thin red beams penetrated the cabinets, the refrigerator, the light sockets. Paul rose to his feet and started throwing open the cabinets in a rage. Inside each was a laser-targeting device attached to a mini-cam. The entire house was bugged. The living room had red beams in the china cabinet, under the couches, in the chairs, on the bookcase, in the television.

Everywhere, everything had an eye that had been watching Paul and his family for the few years they had been in the house. Cameras and microphones sent every image and every sound that Paul's household had spawned to some unknown place, to some unknown person. He felt violated, enraged, as he tore every piece of furniture apart finding the hidden source of the thin red beams of light, the light's pain that pierced his eye like a knife.

After thoroughly destroying the first floor of his house, Paul scrambled upstairs. Atop the stairs, he found himself face to face with that mysterious room he had entered only once, the room that had warped his life. The pain in his eye intensified as he approached. Each step he took toward the room intensified his pain tenfold. But as he entered the brilliantly white room, his pain vanished.

The room was just as he remembered, bright white with a chest cluttered with porcelain dolls and a bed in the center. He felt pain again, but briefly. Once it had subsided, he saw the beams in this room. They all emanated from the porcelain figurines. Paul slowly walked toward the chest. He lifted one of the porcelain figures with his hand, but it was so soft that the doll

nearly disintegrated in his grasp. He tore it to shreds, finding the same apparatus in it that he had uncovered before.

Paul frantically tore apart each of the dolls upon the chest. And in each was a microphone or a camera. He finished his task, but his eye hurt once more. Gripping his temples he screamed and the room became bare. The room was dark and unkempt, but on the walls a swarm of spiders writhed. Paul screamed again and they, too, were gone. The pain gone and feeling slightly better, Paul turned to exit this room forever. But one thing stopped him in his tracks.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .