

# TWO EYES



A bumpy night in a haunted house ends with—  
shall we say—a bang?

**There once was** a long, winding, dusty, pot-holed covered dirt road that went on for miles and miles. Nothing but trees lined the road. They were all ugly and gnarled and knotted and grotesque. If you didn't get scared, or tired of looking at nothing but trees, you'd come to a little town called Jonesburg, where our story begins.

Among its little town features, Jonesburg had two notable things. A haunted house, and Fester Skunkman. People in the town say that ol' Fester was one half skunk (because he never took a bath) and the other half lazy. He never worked an honest day's job in his life. Fester, of course, thought that he worked very hard at not working.

Not working was a twenty-four hour a day job to Fester. When he heard that there was a contest to see who could stay in the haunted house for one night, he was ready to go to his kind of work.

"This is like stealing candy from a baby," thought Fester. He should know. He'd done it. Stories about headless demons howling in agony, eyeballs floating in the air, and pools of blood coming from the walls spread around town. No children played around the house. No adults went there. It just sat, dark and ominous and empty.

The rules for staying at the haunted house were:

- You had to stay from 9 at night until 9 the next morning.
- You could only bring one bag of food, something to drink, and one personal item like a toothbrush or a book.
- If you left the house for any reason before 9 in the morning, you lost the contest.
- If you stay in the haunted house for the full twelve hours, you won \$500.

Fester went to the Mayor's office early in the morning to sign up for the contest. He thought there was going to be along line of people waiting, but when he got there he was the only one. "Where is everyone?" asked Fester.

"You're the only one Mr. Skunkman," said the Mayor. "Nobody else is crazy enough to stay one night in that spooky house."

"They all is yellow," spat Fester. "I'll show `em who's the bravest one around here. You go and get that \$500 ready for me and I'll claim it first thing in the morning."

At 8:45 p.m. that night Fester walked up to the house with nothing more than a bag of food and one personal item: a double barrel shotgun.



## TWO EYES (CONTINUED)

Someone in a crowd of townsfolk watching yelled out, "Hey Fester! You can't shoot a ghost." Fester just spit a chunk of chewing tobacco on the ground and said, "This here gun ain't for no ghost. It's for the morning, when I come to get my money and I know there ain't going to be any problems."

And with that he went inside the haunted house.

Some people say that Fester was too dumb to be scared. Truth is, Fester was too greedy to be scared. As he walked in the dark old house all he was thinking about was how he was going to get \$500 dollars for doing nothing more than sleeping all night.

Fester lit a candle on the table and looked about the room. Cobwebs were everywhere. Spiders crawled about by the hundreds, and the sound of rats running in the walls made it hard to hear even your own footsteps. The dust covered everything. It must have been at least two inches thick. "Heck," thought Fester, "this is better than my place."

As shadows rose and fell from the candle, Fester figured he might as well go right up to bed, so he could be rested the next day when he got his money. He walked up the creaking steps, careful not to step on the broken glass along the way.

He walked into the first room with a bed in it and decided that it would do. Setting the candle on the night table, and placing the shotgun by the bed, Fester took off his boots and socks and jumped in.

After the snakes and toads and bugs crawled out from under the covers, Fester blew out the candle and put his hands behind his head and started counting sheep. Except for a bit of moonlight shining in from the window, Fester was as relaxed as a kitten. He was up to sheep number eighty-seven when he drifted off.

Some time much later in the night something woke Fester up with a jerk. He rubbed his eyes and listened hard. His heart began to thunder in his chest.

Did something move in the shadows? Was there a whisper of a young child's voice near his ear? "Who's ever there I got my gun right here and if you don't git I'll use it on you!," yelled Fester, but nothing spoke back.

Suddenly there was a rustling to his left and a squeal to his right and Fester saw at the bottom of his bed a thing that made him stop breathing for a full minute and a half. Two hideous shining eyes were looking right up at him from the very bottom of his bed!

Whatever it was, it was so close that Fester thought he felt its hot breath on his feet. He was paralyzed with fear. Should he run? Should he hide under the covers? Wait! He had his shotgun. He quickly snatched the gun and aimed it at the two repulsive eyes.

"Back off or eat lead!" screamed Fester. "No one is cheating me out of this money!" The eyes made a left-to-right motion. "No, huh?" shouted Fester. "Well, I warned you. Now eat hot lead!" And with that Fester fired both barrels of the shotgun.



# TWO EYES (CONTINUED)

He felt a searing pain, but kept yelling, "You think you're going to take my money? You think so huh, you think so? I'm not leaving. You can't make me!"

Even after the Mayor and six of the bravest men came in and dragged poor Fester out of the house he continued to yell.

"I want my money! You can't cheat me out of what is mine! Give me my money!"  
One of the ladies outside asked the Mayor what had happened.

"Well," said the Mayor, "it's just like Fester that he got so mad, that the darn fool blew off both of his two big toes!"

