

THE SHED

Our parents were gone to work and we were stranded, home alone, on a day off from school. The heavy rain was pounding hard on the rooftop and it was gruesome outside. The metal gutters were overflowing and I could hear the shrieks of mothers trying to get their children inside their homes.

My brother and I loved playing baseball, we especially loved playing on the field behind our farmhouse and the rain wasn't enough to stop us that day. I knew that we shouldn't have been playing baseball because Mother had told us to clean the house and finish our chores. The ichor inside of me pumped as I thought of how Mother would react when she found out we did not clean up.

My brother decided when enough was enough and we did not play for very long that day. Jack suggested that we try something more interesting and dare taking. He suggested we should sneak into Father's forbidden shed, our father had an old shed on our farm and he protected it with all costs. Father deadbolted the door shut and told no one to go inside for safety reasons. However, today, the door to the shed was wide open.

Hesitantly, I agreed and said that we could only take a peek for a split second.

There we were, opening the forbidden door to the shed.

"You know what Jack, I don't think we should do this," I delivered with a rebellious sigh.

"Come on brother! You only have to crack the door open a notch! Then, we finally get to see what is inside!"

I sighed once again as I closed my eyes and worked up the courage to open the old shed door.

"COME ON!" Jack shouted in my ear.

Although he could be caring, he had his mean times as well.

Jack started calling me chicken and telling me I did not have the guts to open the shed door.

In an ululating scream, I wailed "Wait! Jack" and told him that I was about to do it.

There I was ... opening the door. Creak... The door opened slowly.

"See, wimp, the shed has nothing inside it!" my brother laughed in an obnoxious manner.

I chuckled and thought how much of a fool I was believing my parent's stories about monsters in the shed. Inside the shed was just an old set of pliers and some pool noodles.

Jack laughed and circled around the empty shed.

"You win this time, brother!" I exclaimed.

We went our own ways for the rest of the day.

When my parents came home, they instructed me to set the placemats for dinner.

“Why four honey?” asked Mother.

As I gazed at Mother with a confused look, she continued on.

“It’s just me, you, and your dad in our family..no one else!” she said with a smirk.

“What about Jack!” I exclaimed.

Father stopped cutting mushrooms.

“Who’s Jack?” my father calmly asked.