

It was an ordinary morning.Nothing but the singing of the birds in the trees and the golden glow of the early sun from the dew left there by the fog in the night.Charlie had not slept well.All night long he had tossed and turned,often waking up in a cold sweat.He couldn't explain it,just put it down to getting the flu or some other bug.

He lived in Christchurch city.A well spread place of some 300,000 inhabitants,with its city centre of half a square mile,surrounded by little suburban areas.One of them was Richmond.This is his own little community.Lots of houses with lawns neatly mown,with flower gardens dotted throughout but inside the immaculately trimmed edges slaved lovingly over by caring elderly inhabitants.Just the same as the house in which Charlie lived.His house was a rather large one,some five or six bedrooms to choose from,a huge lounge room with every luxury extra,and a matching kitchen/dining room equiped likewise.He was proud of his bathroom,it was the main feature of the house.When friends came to visit ,they would ultimately end up in the spa pool.There were so many plants in there that one could swear they were in a jungle.When the spa was on,a soft green glow emanated from within its gurgling bowels.Deep,soft ,sumptuos and all consuming it radiated throughout the room.With its flashing white surf like waves,it was like being at the beach but with a warm green sun shining.

The alarm clock finally removed all doubt that morning had arrived. Charlie opened his tired eyes and peered at the time.

"Shit, six thirty all ready, I feel rotten" he said to himself. He headed to the bathroom for a shower. Quickly cleaning himself up, he went back to the bedroom and put on his grey suit, complete with white shirt and pink tie. Tying the laces on his matching grey shoes, he heard a knock at the door.

"Wait a minute" he yelled. The knock was repeated.

"I said wait, are you deaf".

The knock resounded, this time it echoed through the neat house as though a train were coming through. How it hurt his ears. The house seemed to him to be shaking, he thought it was because of losing his sleep the night before that he was imagining things. He put his hands over his ears to protect them as his face twisted with pain began to grit the teeth contained within its small regions. The noise stopped. There was silence for a few moments. This time the knock, a small knock of little significance was repeated. It was more of a tap. Charlie tied his other shoe and went to the door. Outside stood a tall good looking woman, apparently in her early thirties. With her was a small boy of about nine years.

"Hello Charlie!" said the woman.

"Tania!! What are you doing here?" Charlie asked rudely. "It's been eight years since the divorce and now you show up, what do you want?"

"Can we come in, or do you want to discuss our business with the whole street?" replied Tania unemotionally.

Charlie ushered the twosome inside and bade them sit on a large black leather sofa in the lounge. Lighting his first cigarette he asked. "Did we have an earthquake or something just as you arrived?"

"No, why do you still think you can make the earth move at will" came the reply.

"If your going to be like that ,you can get out" snapped Charlie.

"Sorry, that's not why I'm here"

"Then why are you here?"

She turned to look at the boy. He was very small. His small face was like that of an old man. Well weathered and tired .Charlie could see that the weight of the world was on his shoulders. The small ginger haired boy looked at Charlie. There was no smile, no expression not even a flicker.

"What is your name?" asked Charlie.

The boy said nothing.

Charlie turned to the woman and said "Is there something the matter with him?"

"Allo I can tell you is that he is your son. I can

not take care of him. You must take care of him or I will have to send him to an orphanage, please can you help him?" she begged.

"How do I know he is my son, you left me eight years ago for that bastard Hoani.?" snapped Charlie.

The woman and the boy got up to leave.

"Wait!" Charlie squeaked, "Why can't you look after him?"

"You must not ask questions of me, just trust me. I have only been with Hoani, He is a Maori and you are white. The boy is also white. That is all the proof I can give. I do not lie. What is your answer?"

Charlie thought for a moment. The added worry of having a son to take care of might get in the way of his lifestyle. Even his friends may stop visiting. He turned back towards them. Tania was gone. "Where is your mother boy?" asked Charlie desperately. The boy just stood there staring at him "Have you got a name?" said Charlie.

The boy nodded.

"Then tell me now" snapped Charlie.

The boy smiled at him. His grin was fiendish. The taught, thin little face was beginning to relax. As the grin widened, his white teeth showed. There was one blackened one in the front of his mouth. For a moment, Charlie could have sworn that he saw a bright green flash in the boys eyes. But he thought that he must be seeing things.

The boy turned his back on Charlie. Charlie became angry.

"I'm talking to you, you little bastard !!!" he shouted as he grabbed the boy's arm. The boy spun around on an axis with such force that he threw Charlie to the ground. His eyes were glowing brilliantly green. He walked away from Charlie, to a wall. He picked up a piece of coal from the fire grate that stood beside him and raised it high in the air. It began to glow. The light it gave off was blue. It was so bright that Charlie had to hold up his right hand to fend off the brilliance of it. With a deafening explosion, the coal disintegrated. Flying all around the room in thousands of pieces and many colours, red, blue, green, yellow and others. Charlie believed that his life was threatened. He clawed and scrambled his way out of the room, while all around him there landed little shining stars. Furniture burned and other objects toppled from their shelves. Charlie had reached the bathroom, and safety.

As suddenly as it had begun, the noise stopped. It was several minutes before Charlie was game enough to go out and take a look. There stood the boy. As if nothing had happened. He was still smiling.

"Don't ever touch me you bastard. I'll kill you!!!!"
"he said.

On the wall behind where he stood was a name. Nomed. It was written in the black of the coal.

Charlie stood bewildered. The room had returned to normal. All but for the boy, who was standing near the wall with the name on it. Charlie closed his eyes and then opened them again to see whether or not he was dreaming. The boy was gone. So was the name on the wall. Charlie shook. This was something that he had not come into before. A totally new thing. He took hold of himself and prepared to go to work.

All of that day, he worried over what he had seen and heard. At last the five o'clock bell rang and he was off home. On the way, he stopped to buy some sedatives at the drugstore. Getting into his little Escort, he quickly put two of the small tablets into his mouth,

"That's better" he thought to himself a minute or two later when the sedatives had started working. He drove off a little bit more relaxed.

As he drove into his driveway, he was unaware of the presence that watched his every move, from inside the house. He parked the car out front and went inside. All was still. All was cold. He noticed that. It was so cold and it should have been warm since the house had central heating. There was a stench over the whole place. It stunk like the rear of a fishmongers shop. Charlie reached for a light switch. He found one and flicked it on. Nothing happened. The place was now in semi darkness. He thought it might be a fuse blown out but wasn't sure though.

Carefully, he made his way to the fuse board which was in the main hall. When he got there, a terrifying sight met his eyes. The fuse board had burnt out like nothing else he had ever seen. It was melted and the remains were running down the wall in an ugly gloop. Terror struck him with a horrifying blow. He turned and ran blindly through the house, clutching and scratching at everything that he ran into. This seemed never ending; The terror. The butterflies in his stomach leaping to get out. That awful stench and the feeling of helplessness in which he was gripped as though caught and crushed in the jaws of some huge wild animal with his life blood draining away into the earth. There came a roar. Then nothing. Charlie stopped dead. Riveted in his tracks by some unseen force.

"Who is there?" he squeaked. "Come out and show yourself to me" he whimpered. A small sound from the bathroom. A bit like a cat purring in a large glass jar, could be heard. Charlie walked slowly towards the bathroom. Inch by inch he crept until he stood beside the door. Slowly, ever so slowly, he moved his head around the doorway to look in. To his dismay there was nothing. He went in to the bathroom cautiously. Slowly, step by painful step. His stomach felt empty and churned up inside. He had taken no more than three steps into the room, when the door slammed shut, trapping him inside. He turned and went back to the door. It was stuck fast and he was at the mercy of whatever was in there.

He turned again, and gasped as he looked back into the room. All was silent. Deathly silent. He heard that small sound once again. It was coming from the spa. There was a green glow coming from within its depths. Increasing in brightness, second by second. Brighter and brighter until it filled the room with an eerie presence.

Everything now glowed green. Rich and vibrant. Almost pleasant to Charlie. Without warning the pool of light began to bubble furiously.

"How can this be, I saw the fuseboard melting with my own eyes" he said with fearful curiosity. The bubbling increased in ferocity until the water was running over the side and onto the floor. Charlie stood spellbound, glued to the spot by curiosity-born out of fear.

Suddenly, with an enormous thrust there appeared an apparition from out of the murky depths. A creature half man half indescribably inhuman and hideous as anything you could imagine, leapt high into the air.

As Charlie watched, terrified, it lunged at him and snatched at his body; He jumped out of its way and ran desperately at the door, throwing himself at it trying to escape with his life. It lunged at him again. This time it did not miss. Its huge jaws snapped shut cutting his frail body in half. With another lunge it sent the other half splattering against the ceiling, to come to rest on the floor. with blood squirting from every hole in it.

"Aahgh" shouted Charlie as he woke. He was in a cold sweat and shaking profusely.

"Shit, I was dreaming" he consoled himself.

The alarm clock sounded with a deafening noise.

Seeing that it was indeed morning, he set about getting ready for work.

As he tied the laces on his grey shoes, there came a knock at the door. Walking to answer it, he glanced into a mirror. He saw the word **DEMON**. He turned to the wall. He saw the name Nomed.

THE

END?