



IT'S IN THE TALL GRASS

A DREAMVALE SHORT STORY BY
SOMAYA DUFFEY

CERTIFIED DREAMVALE

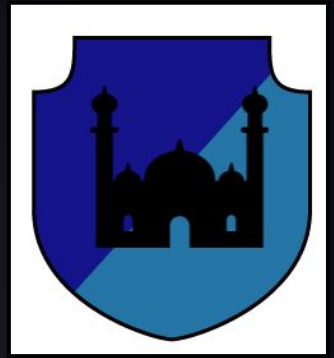
Name: 4480 W.Walker Ranch

Age: 79

Species: House/ Building

Gender: N/A (Boy at heart)

Home Planet: (Googa) WoogaZul (Zul Zul)



Personality Traits

Timid
Meek
Scared
Anxious

Abilities

- Blow wind through house.
- Open and close shutters.
- Turn off and on lights (If available).
- Make sounds in the house.

Dream(s)

-To move to a better place

Fear(s)

-Blanche za Walker
-Monsters
-Losing Owners

Quote: "These weeping wooden floors just want to lay on a new street."

Backstory: 4480 W. Walker Ranch is a house built in 1907 and still stands there in Detroit Louisiana today in 1988. It's owners are both in their 80's and soon fostered the house as the houses near slowly turned into ruin, then plainfield for miles to come. When the sun comes down there's things in the fields , it's sounds from animals echoing...but nothing seems to live around there except for the couple.

Inventory



Old Shaky Shutters

The shaky blue shutters are frequently being blown around by 4480 W. Walker Ranch to ward off the outsiders and the family dog



Musty Wrinkled Rug

Inside of the house is a wrinkled old rug sat in the living room that 4480 likes to roll up and create bumps.



Creaky Busted Recliners

The busted recliners are out in the living room and although Mr. and Mrs. Tamika have a bedroom, Mr. Tamika falls asleep in the living room on them sometimes.

Companion



Mrs. Tamika

Mrs. Tamika is the wife of Mr. Tamika and one of the two people living inside the house. Mrs. Tamika was born and raised in the Bronx in 1906 and moved with her husband to her now home in Detroit. She is now 82 and takes great care of the house while her husband sleeps.



Home Planet: (Googa) WoogaZul (Zul Zul)

Life on Googa WoogaZul isn't any fantasy world, it's full of hate and regrets just as much as happiness and success. The discreet plains of Googa WoogaZul are often not just plains but carry heavy rumors of unwanted visitors. Technology hasn't developed much yet here in 1988, time is much slower and delayed from other planets however life is good, inflation is at its lowest and Dr. Pepper is still 50 cents! This is one of the most habitable planets in the galaxy, good water sources and seasons that bring harvest making survival easy and life expectancy somewhat high.

Hometown: Detroit Louisiana

Down in Louisiana it's beautiful, great plants and fields and also great buildings and economics. However in the more grassy fields of Detroit there aren't many visitors or residence...



Political Climate / History: Over in Detroit Louisiana and Googa WoogaZul in general there is a common democracy amongst the states. The States were combined into one big unity after many wars and battles, thankfully things are much better now. The different states have come together in harmony to now live a nice life as the United States of WoogaZul.

An Interview by Tatum

Q: *What's it like being alone in the middle of nowhere?*

A: *I will say, it's lonely believe it or not. When there's no sketchy activity however, it's amazin'.*



Q: *How do you feel when your owners don't pay rent on time?*

A: It never bothered me. I've never experienced them not playing the bills. The only time they've been close to not paying the bills is when I was 3 years old. The owners were probably Mr. and Mrs. Tamika's parents.

Q: *Have you ever been broken into?*

A: No, I've never been broken into. There one around to freaking break into me.



Antagonist: Blanche Za Walker





Chapter One: Sweet home Louisiana

Welcome to Detroit Louisiana, it's quiet and the only people here for miles are the Tamika residence.



Chapter Two: I'd clip the grass with scissors

It's not the normal quietness of the country it's radio silence, if nobody's outside making a sound..or you can't hear anything from one of the rooms in the residence it's the strange noises of nature out in the tall grass. As the afternoon stretches on and the humidity starts to calm it's about time for the special routine.



Chapter Three: Hours in silence

When the night calls it's time to wind down..relax, take a bath and go to sleep. Even Mr. Tamika is up for the routine, it doesn't matter if he hadn't moved the whole day..if he didn't check for locked doors and windows he'd be paranoid the whole night. Thankfully 4480 W. Walker Ranch never forgets.



Chapter Four: How do you say white in French?

Once the windows are shut for the night and the sun starts to fall there is one dreaded entity left in the tall grass. It wasn't any bunny or bear, if it was a bear nobody would bat an eye...however this thing was different, something you ain't ever seen before.



Chapter Five: The answer is Blanche

Blanche za Walker is out and about, afraid of the light but thriving in the darkness and dim of the moon. The windy fields reveal it with each sway but 4480 must keep it out of the house.



Chapter Six: Snapping back to power

The lights buzz and whistle with life for once in eighty years. The waters running and TV's you didn't know where on reflected off the walls. With all of this commotion...there was a calming sense to it after everything that had just happened.

Chapter One: Sweet Home Louisiana



This place is a ghost town, even the word 'town' seems too strong to describe a home like this. Here is nothing but tall grass and lengthy field, no good except for ticks and cowardly rabbits trying to survive. As a matter of fact this place would be an overgrown forest of sharp blades of sage and yellowish if one house didn't stand in the middle of it today. It'd been here since 1906 and the child that once lived here found love and resided here for over 60 years until now. Mr and Mrs. Tamika were exceptional owners toward 4480 W. Walker Ranch but there was one thing, they didn't pay their dang bills.

"Shoot dang sugar! D'you catch that? I ain't never seen an Alligator so fast!" Mrs. Tamika squeaked grasped hard onto a half knitted poncho big enough for a small dog. Mr. Tamika could hear the wretched tanging of her metal knitting from his recliner, that wasn't any new occurrence, you could hear anybody from any corner of Detroit Louisiana.

"Yes ma'am, but..you're sure it's not one of them geckos this time? A-A-Ain't that what is was last week?" He howled out stuttering with southern draw. Mrs Tamika rolled her big hazel eyes and scrunched her nose to adjust her thing gold spectacles she wore only to knit.

"I know a damn Alligator when I see one.." She grumbled on looking for any sight of water but- Y'know what maybe it was a gecko.

Chapter One: Sweet Home Louisiana



Just like that there was an astounding woosh that rattled the shutters causing them to slam against the vinyl of the house with a loud crash. Mrs. Tamika sprung up from her rickety chair and steadied herself on the nearby railing that hugged 4480 W. Walker Ranch, her home. It was a mighty gust of air that was harvested through the whole home, every inch of every room. Guiding air throughout the place was 4480's classic hobby, something to help the owners or cause some sort of panic like now. Mrs. Tamika threw her kitted mess onto the old chair and patted herself off with a scowl.

"This house, it's gonna give me a heart attack, Brandy!" She yelled out to Mr. Tamika referring him by his name, Brandy. Her words started off cold and angry but progressed into a bit of sadness as she pushed her way inside through the front door. 4480, was the house actually, and he'd been in the middle of nowhere since '06, 1906. There's nothing around except good old fashioned air to whoosh around, no lights or water, the last time any payments were made for the house were years and years ago. Wait, no, Mrs. Tamika bought a doormat about a day ago, but we're talking the big stuff..bills. There was another wave of air this time coming back into the room making the rug in the living room almost levitate before landing at it's spot. Mr. Tamika stepped his strong foot on the rug making it all start to calm, and the house creak internally sounding like a long groan.

Chapter Two: I'd Clip Grass With Scissors



Time goes by so slowly when there's nothing fun to make it fly, and that's exactly what 4480 W. Walker Ranch *would* say if it could talk. There were quite a few things it'd say if it had the ability to, instead it's all creaks, bangs, whoosh, and crack!

There were some things it'd do though, the brilliant house: it'd push air through doors, windows, curtains...anything all in the name of entertainment. As a matter of a fact, the only other thing it could do was spectate the main rooms and the conversations therein, like the living room and kitchen, but it was always the same old same old, so why look?

There's been something being said about bills? Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Tamika would be muttering about it under their breath whenever they'd have to make trips to the well...or light a candle and 4480 W. Walker Ranch could only dream of what it could do with light and water. Nothing bad of course, 4480 would never wish anything bad onto Mr. or Mrs. Tamika, never.

Mrs. Tamika lived here all her life and had always been good to the house. She swept and kept up the home everyday like a routine unless she was doing something else like running through paths of cut grass Mr. Tamika buzzed down just for her. 4480 looked out past the plains for miles and miles...only some paths made or small ponds in the far distance.

Chapter Two: I'd Clip Grass With Scissors



Just then out comes Mr. Tamika wiping his forehead and squinting out to the beyond. He shook his head and let out a grunt.

"I'd cut this grass with scissors, it'd work wouldn't it? It's tall enough ain't it?" he called out to Mrs. Tamika but 4480 could see her just wave him off from the sofa reading some old magazine.

Chapter Three: Hours in Silence



The hum of the crickets as the sun started to fall on the horizon was calming but almost like an alarm. 4480 was basking in the cool breeze of the afternoon but soon locking in as the animals of the night showed themselves. There were certain rules out in these plains and one contained of turning 4480 W. Walker Ranch into Fort Knox. 4480 had heard stories from Mrs. Tamika about the horrors in the high grass and the terrors in the far trees. Although over 4480's whole existence there's always been one constant worry upon every person that lived inside the house, they called it Blanche Za Walker.

It's disgusting and wretched, always on all fours with backwards feet and hands that somehow still ran like a trackstar backwards. The moonlight glistened on it's pasty white skin as it's gummy smile let out terrible screeches and other soft sounds. The legend was that it'd kill and eat the animals around the plains and mimic its sounds in an uncanny manner, it's supposed to be the same with humans however only a handful have ever lived there in the first place. Although for some reason, there was always one human voice outside that sounded..wrong, every night. However, over the years overcoming Blanche became easier, but it's always a caution, and it always will be.

4480 shut the shutters then locked the doors and windows in swift motion one by one. Although Mr. Tamika always knew 4480 understood the routine and locked up the place, he always had to double check. He didn't want to lose anything to that thing.

Chapter Four: How Do You Say White in French?



As the sun made its round and Louisiana was left in complete darkness only broken up by a few stars shining down. There was a familiar cold humid breeze outside that only 4480 would feel but guard Mr. and Mrs. Tamika from. Hours passed by since daylight and all life that hides in the sun was now out on prowl to hunt or be hunted. The geckos crawled beside windows and crashed into bushes in a fit of fight or flight making Mr. and Mrs. Tamika jump as they sat in the living room.

"M-Maybe you should go to bed, you know i'll fall asleep on this chair" Mr. Tamika stuttered quietly clearing his throat for some more volume. Mrs. Tamika shook her head running a hand through her curly locks that have turned grey after many beautiful years.

"No, no..Actually I was gonna talk about the bills-" She started off glancing back over at her husband, Mr. Tamika, who was near sleep already even after starting the whole conversation. He choked during a snore in his sleep causing him to wake.

"Bills, you're the one who ain't wanna pay bills in the first place, now why?" He groaned although he wasn't angry. Mrs. Tamika shook her head and shrugged her shoulders.

"They're expensive, but we've got all this money now from years and years...we ain't even using it, I mean, why not? It'll last us until death by now." She smiled a bit proud of herself, she wasn't wrong. By now with all these years of saving and no bills, they've raised just more than a million. Mr. Tamika shook his head reaching over to the side table that wobbled and pulled an old caramel candy unwrapping it carefully and trying not to fumble too much. Mrs. Tamika sat up from her spot and began to walk off in the direction of the bedroom, once close enough she smacked his hand and spoke in a bit of a growl.

"You ain't supposed to eat no sugar past eight."

Chapter Four: How Do You Say White In French?



Mr. Tamika let about another groan put the caramel in his mouth anyway grumbling to himself, however while Mrs. Tamika kept on walking he felt a pang of regret and stood after a try or two.

"Wait baby,nah, I- I'll fill in the letter that just sent, i'll get them bills paid alright?" He hummed with a bit of a stutter just standing there talking to the back of her head. Mrs. Tamika turned the exclamation and smiled walking on over to him and reaching out for a hug.

"Awe, let's pay those bills Brandy" She cackled as they both marched on to the bedroom ready to sort through a little box of bills ready to sign em' all up. On the other hand 4480 was listening in with a smile absolutely nobody would know of. Inside of the house was just about as dark as outside or worse when no candles were lit and all 4480 could do was listening in on the conversations since it couldn't see. It could feel the eeks and creaks of the wooden floor as Mr. and Mrs. Tamika walked across them and an overwhelming feeling of calmness just being happy for the two. A long hard screech played off in the distance outside.

Chapter Four: How Do You Say White in French?



The faint noise trailed off and turned back into silence, this wasn't new to 4480, it'd heard this sound many times before. Since 1906 back when Mrs. Tamika's parents were building the house plank by plank they'd always flinch at the sound before running off into a tent. That tent terrified little 4480, he watched his builders scurry off into the thin walls and try to keep silent as Blanche Za Walker roamed the high grass all around. This also frustrated 4480 deeply.

"Damnit, this is gon' take all year-" Mrs. Tamika huffed upstairs from the bed watching as Mr. Tamika signed away at the papers. The whole room was a mess, old papers full of opportunities to pay bills scattered around the hardwood dating back to 1907, but only three sheets were getting signed tonight. Once Mrs. Tamika found all three pages for Gas, Water, and Light for the year 1988 it was Mr. Tamika's turn to do the work. He scribbled their names as neatly as possible and filled out all the information, all was well until there was a audible thump outside the wall. Mrs. Tamika jumped.

"D'you hear that one? Was that Blan-" She started on but was so rudely interrupted by her spouse.

"Don't speak of that thangs name, you gon' attract it...it's probably some stray air hitting the window." Mr. Tamika growled slamming his pen down making the sound echo throughout the room bouncing off walls. Mrs. Tamika rolled her eyes full of ignorance.

Chapter Four: How Do You Say White in French?



"There ain't no damn window there you buffoon scarecrow...that's a damn wall.." She shook her head mumbling the near end to herself...but not to herself, she wanted him to hear the last part.

"Ain't no window- Tell me again there ain't no window-" Mr. Tamika rambled right back at her turning his head and being met with a wall, he shot back around at her shaking his head and adjusting his glasses. Mrs. Tamika let out a proud belly laugh that came from the soul.

"Look at ya, talking silly...you done lived in this house about seventy years crazy boy." She shook her head still smiling until Mr. Tamika was too, that was one thing Mrs. Tamika could do, make everybody laugh. Nowadays all she's got is Mr. Tamika though, but he doesn't get sick of it. Meanwhile, 4480 listening in on the conversation and laughs noticed the thump outside seemed to be a tin garbage can hitting the siding of the house. Now there was garbage seeping out and already creating a pungent smell, thankfully there wasn't a window. So then and there, 4480 W. Walker Ranch used the one of the side shutters to temporarily unblock half of a window and rush some of the country air into the pile of trash pushing it away from the house.

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



The home let out a long creak through the floorboards mimicking a sigh of relief from the stench however it didn't last long. Some of the air used against the trash blew out a nearby candle sending the whole kitchen into complete darkness. Now the inside of the kitchen seemed just as jet black as the outside. Just then, another creak rang through the house but it was short and abrupt like a swear nobody could understand. The mutual darkness between the inside of the kitchen and outside made everything much more visible, the crooked leafless trees, the tall tall grass and something else off in the distance. The only source of light was the moon but it only shown on the opposite side of the house, it couldn't save anybody now.

From the outside there was a gut wrenching scream, one that made the house quake like a shiver when down it's imaginary spine. It sounded like a cry for help, the type of scream you hear right before a person's death. That would confuse anyone, there were no other people in Detroit Louisiana except for Mr. and Mrs. Tamika, so who was off screaming in the field? Then, you could see it, 4480 was stuck on it. About a football field away from the exterior of the house stood some white figure on all fours just standing still on what seemed to be it's hands and feet. Though it was so far, you could just barely make out it's movement. There was another terrible scream coming from it's direction, it barely moved though. How could something sound so distressed but look so monotone?

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



Then and there Mr. Tamika bursted out the bedroom door looking around the dark kitchen with his arms wide in a protective stance. His brows were furrowed as he spotted the unshut window immediately.

"This shutter...was..closed!" He groaned angrily pushing the window up and open however it was old and took lots of force that an old man didn't always have. 4480 could help him, it pushed in the opposite direction on the shutter planning on closing it but the wind outside had an unnatural strength and fought against it. The shutter squeaked and shook left and right before eventually getting swept in the wrong current being ripped off of the house and quickly thrown into the black hole that was outside. The look of horror and disbelief took over Mr. Tamika's face as he hastily tried to undo his work on the window pulling and pushing it down, while doing this he glanced straight out into the dark.

There was yelp, it didn't sound like any regular animal..maybe multiple at a time. There was a bit of a stutter to it, as if it didn't get it's point across the first time. Mr. Tamika shook his head muttering crazy nothings pushing down the window that squaked and protested against his work. He glanced up again and that thing was starting to make moves. It bent it's neck one way, then the next as if it was cracking it and sunk it's chest close to the ground as if it was doing the 'downward dog' pose..or starting a race. However, it only stood back up to walk casually amongst the grass.

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



Mr. Tamika's hands started to shake out of fear and exhaustion, he himself had to take a deep breath before finally pushing the window back into its place and locking it, he glanced around for some sort of coverage and started to focus on finding it. 4480 couldn't help but feel like a complete and utter failure as it watched over Mr. Tamika, with so much less of a breeze since the windows and were closed it couldn't do much in the first place. Now though, 4480 was going to help some other way.

It pushed gentle air flow through picture frames, books, bath towels...anything that stood in its way before finally the rug center of the living room. Mr. Tamika stood right upon it when a burst of air went under and created a wave under his feet almost throwing him off of it. Mr. Tamika landed on his feet grabbing onto the near recliner and side table.

"Damnit, this house-" He grumbled reaching down and grabbing hard at the rug stomping off to the kitchen. When Mr. Tamika turned the corner into the entrance though he became more cautious stepping much more quietly.

There it was again.

A screech went off like a siren but it sounded much *much* farther away this time. He let out a sigh of relief walking up to the window and setting the rug on a nearby counter. At that moment Mrs. Tamika rushed out of the bedroom.

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



She quivered.

"D'you hear that? It's close..I feel it, you know what they say, the farther it sounds the closer it is. It's tryna tick us, tryna trick you hun! Get in here!" She yelped grabbing at her elbows and holding her arms, Mr. Tamika just shook his head.

"That ain't true, that parts just a myth-" He started off but just as he finished his sentence there was a giant bang against the opposite side of the house. Mrs. Tamika's head shot in the direction and looked back at Mr. Tamika in complete horror.

"It's not afraid of us anymore Brandy, it knows we can't fight it-" She whispered shakily like she was about to cry until the big bang went off again near the front of the house. 4480 was listening to Mr. and Mrs. Tamika until looking out and spotting something familiar down below near the front deck. It had to be it, it was disgusting white pasty skin that was stretched too tight amongst its body. 4480 could still remember it's tall gummy smile from it's first time seeing it back in 1906 when Mrs. Tamika's parents were hiding away from it. It was that Blanche Za Walker that's it, it was exactly how Mr. and Mrs. Tamika once described it. On all it's fours walking unnaturally steady with backwards hands and feet. It gave the house chills down it's siding.

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



Balance Za Walker crawled around the front of the house making it almost to the front door before making some sort of animal noise again. It didn't make sense why, but it seemed irritated by something, like a gnat flew into its eye before it curled back like a rearing horse and sprinted right into the wooden railing of the front deck breaking off the small white pillars. The crash started the people inside but 4480 wanted to do something about it...it just didn't know what. Blanche Za Walker on the other hand ran off in front of the kitchen window again falling forward before steadying itself on all fours again. It rubbed it's face onto the ground scratching itself while Mr. and Mrs. Tamika watched in horror not knowing if it could see them or not.

Blanche kept it's head to the floor letting out harrowing breaths that turned into deep guttural gasps for air. In that moment, Mr. and Mrs. Tamika stood there frozen letting out their own small quiet breaths. 4480 was watching as well keeping calm and alert as it didn't take it's attention off of it. Then and there, the whole house went into radio silence as Blanche za Walker struggled outside. Mrs. Tamika spoke up an incredibly quiet and quakey whisper.

"We're supposed to act like it's not there.." She trailed off and although she was almost to quiet for 4480 Blanche winced and flinched at the sound shooting it head up and toward the window left open. It stayed in it's spot still breathing deeply before poisioning itself facing away. Now the backwards feet were fully

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



visible to Mr. and Mrs. Tamika...and there was a bit more silence and Mr. Tamika began to backup motioning for Mrs. Tamika to get in the bedroom. She understood the hint and began to move away but at that moment Blanche Za Walker began to walk backwards toward the house to quickly to even react, then it switched from all fours to his hind legs to run more efficiently. Mr. and Mrs. Tamika let out screams themselves as Blanche Za Walker Crashed into the window with it back turning over to claw and bite at it.

In that second 4480 didn't know what to do or how to fix this, it never had to deal with Blanche Za Walker directly. However as it struggled to get inside it began to get closer to the other side of the window that still had a shutter. Just then 4480 raised the shutter open and away from the window and cracked it over the nasty thing shutting it again. Blanche let out a horrible holler as it fell onto it's back before running alongside the back of the house where Mr. and Mrs. Tamika's room was. It threw itself against the outside making sure the owners inside could hear it and they really could. Mr. Tamika turned to Mrs. Tamika with a stern look on his face.

"I'm getting those bills turned in, we need light." He groaned stomping over to the desk the bills sat on. Mrs. Tamika shook her head real quick.

"Do it tomorrow, we can keep safe till morning-" She protested but Mr. Tamika shook his head grabbing onto the papers and turning back to the bedroom door.

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



"We ain't gonna make it till tomorrow if we have nothing to repel that thang with. Now listen, all your hooting and hollering about this *sentient* better be true alright? I'm taking these paper right to the mailbox." He said holding the bill paper right up so she could see them, she watched as he grabbed the door knob but she had to just say one thing.

"Wait!" She yelped. Mr. Tamika looked back at her, he couldn't help but listen.

"Well, w-what is it?" He hummed with his occasional southern stutter. Mrs. Tamika held her hands on the edge of the bed.

"If I never see you again..I love ya, and i'm sorry for calling you a buffoon." She said with sorrow, Mr. Tamika on the other hand rolled his eyes and swayed his fist.

"I will see you again tomorrow get off your high horse, we'll be just...fine" He mumbled walking out on her and leaving her in the darkness of their room. 4480 could feel his heavy steps throughout the kitchen and front hall but once he made it to the front door it wouldn't open. Mr. Tamika jiggled the knob quietly again but 4480 wouldn't let it happen. Mr. Tamika tried and tired but after many failed attempts he lifted his fist to the door in defeat.

He never really believed the things Mrs. Tamika said about the house, he didn't understand but maybe if he fed into it, everything would work out. He spoke to the door...

"Listen, you don't understand...if I don't make these papers into the mailbox,

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



we're all screwed. I need to do this, this is gonna save us man..I need you to open the door." He spoke quietly before slowly lifting his head up, he felt a ringing in his ears but it didn't completely cover the banging from Blanche Za Walker over in the bedroom. Then, in that moment the ringing shot dead and Mr. Tamika heard the sound of the door unlocking. He waited for a moment to see if it was something else...but hesitantly twisted the door knob.

"Thank you, t-thank you m-man, once these are in the mail..they'll be sent out automatically, we gon' light this house up." He smiled taking a second to think about all he needs to do before opening the door and just running for it. Off of the half broken deck and onto the man made trail of flatted high grass Mr. Tamika sprang toward the mailbox just at the end of the D.I.Y road. He breathed heavily tired from sprinting taking a second to pull up his pants and open the mailbox shoving the papers in and positioning the red tail upward.

In that moment Blanche perked up from behind the home and starting debating which side it'd pop out from to get Mr. Tamika. It let out a deep guttural growl and snarl before running on his hind feet backward to meet him in the middle. By now, Mr. Tamika was half way down the trail and to the house and in the nick of time Mrs. Tamika busted out of her room. The house rang with an unfamiliar sound of...humming, like a buzz of a generator. Mrs. Tamika furrowed her brows running up to the nearest light switch right next to the front door and slammin it up.

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



A bright savior of a light casted down onto the grass, Mrs. Tamika watched in horror as Blanche Za Walker bolted to her husband of many years in what felt like slow motion. Just went the lights were flashed upon them Mr. Tamika blinked hard covering his face as he raced to the door and Blanche Za Walker stumbled falling past Mr. Tamika by only a few inches landing on its face.

Mr. Tamika's old self took a dive through the front door landing on his stomach letting out a howl of victory.

"SHOOT DANG!" The words rang throughout the lit house and 4480 couldn't help but feel a sense of overwhelming triumph. If it could to this now...it could only do so much more. While Blanche Za Walker tried to stand up again 4480 flashed the light on and off into an alarming strobe only hurting Blanche's sensitive eyes. It let out several screeches and screams running up and ramming against the house in anger and pain.

There was another part to the house, the basement, Mr. Tamika used one room down there and it was used for cooling meat. However there was an old gas furnace never able to be turned on...until now. Blanche Za Walker groaned and stumbled blindy across the side of the house near the outdoor entrance to the basement. It fell down to his side kicking at the house and making all sorts of sound on the verge of animalistic and humane. Just then 4480 got the brightest idea...it harvested strength and thrust the doors of the basement open.

Chapter Five: The Answer Is Blanche



Wind rushed in both directions, keeping the doors wide open and beginning to suck Blanche Za Walker inside. It clawed and screamed being thrown against the grass and directed in front of the entrance. At this point it forgot about it's hands and used its teeth to dig down into the ground.

By now, Mr. and Mrs. Tamika ran outside with various items like a bat and empty bottle. They aimed at Blanche but let their guards down watching in shock as the sound of the gas furnace burning loudly projected from the basement. 4480 dragged the wretched evil monster into the basement while using air and gas to make the fire rise. The heat from the just in the room made Blanche's blood boil and it tried it's hardest to protest until finally being launched into the flames.

Just like that the iron gates shut hard on Blanche keeping it from escaping.

Chapter Six: Snapping Back To Power



The booming thud of the iron gates made Mrs. Tamika flinch however Mr. Tamika stood strong trying to get a good look at the basement entrance. The screams of sorrow and pain that spewed from Blanche Za Walker were now muffled and fading away.

After a good while the wind stopped, the grass was still again, and the screams from Blanche Za Walker were finally silenced.

"It worked? That thang's gone?" Mr. Tamika grinned holding his hands up to his head. It was like fireworks on the fourth of July right now for him, he felt like jumping up and down. Blanche had been terrorizing the couple for too many years to count and how it felt like a billion pounds had been lifted off Mr. Tamika's shoulders...then again it was the same for 4480. Once the screams were abruptly cut off, 4480 couldn't help but feel accomplished, this thing had made it's owners miserable and afraid for years and now it put an end to it's antics. Mrs. Tamika was jumping up and down screaming for all the right reasons waving her hands in the air.

"We done! We done!" She yelled looking between Mr. Tamika and the house..before her husband though she ran up to the side of the house hugging the siding. Mr. Tamika shook his head resting his arms but pinching the bridge of his nose. He couldn't help but chuckle, of course his wife was on about the house, but then again now he saw just what it was made of.

Chapter Six: Snapping Back To Power



"This house was made just for us, it's a gift from heaven." He smiled from his spot watching Mrs. Tamika do her thing. She eventually got off the house making her way to Mr. Tamika and giving him a hug as well looking back at the house.

"We safe now?" She asked although she definitely knew the answer. Mr. Tamika just held on watching the house as well.

"We safe." He mumbled quietly listening to the small sounds of real nature...nature he knew came from real animals that weren't Blanche Za Walker and there wasn't a possibility it could be.

"Maybe this house *is* sentient."