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PROMPT: It's your first night at the haunted house and your door shuts and locks itself. There's a ghost in the room with you, and it's trying to keep something else out.

Pephayah's Haunting

by **Fernando Karg**

It was a Wednesday...or was it a Thursday? No, it was a Wednesday. Almost Thursday, though—it was almost midnight. I go back to my computer. My code was not going to write itself.

My door slammed shut. I look over at the noise and return to my homework. This code was hard and I was in the middle of figuring it out a loop. I type in some more lines and run the code. It doesn't work. I am annoyed now. My desk is pushed to block the door.

That's weird. I didn't push it. "Hello?" I ask. There is no response. I start to open the door. I move to push the desk and I hear it.

"Don't do it! He is coming."

It sounded like my roommate...was that Turnip? I couldn't see him.

"Turnip? Is that you?"

"Yes—and my name is Mill."

"What is going on?"

"Pephayah is about to get back from school. If he sees me, he'll just start talking and I have Airspace stuff to do.

"Ch"

It sounded like Mill but it didn't look like him. "Why can't I see you?" I ask. He explained that he died. He wouldn't leave his room and eventually starved himself.

I look over at my wall and see his picture. It had, written in bold white letters, “Have you seen this man,” and I was beginning to wonder if I would ever see him again. I could hear his ghostly state but not see him.

That’s when I hear the other voice. It was Pephayah. Characteristically he came in and screamed hello to the room. He began talking.

“Turnip, Perando! You won’t believe what happened. I was driving down the street....and what is it...”

He goes into one of his conversational monologues. The short of it was that, as he was approaching a light, he failed to recognize that it was red. Because he was color blind he thought it was green and was met with a quick death.

Pephayah was also a ghost. He went into length to explain that even as a ghost he was color blind. I guess this was my life now. I would live with ghosts. Or I would until my lease ended.

As Pephayah kept talking, I realized one thing: I could leave the apartment but Turnip couldn’t. He would have to co-exist with Pephayah for all of eternity. They would always be roommates.