

Under the Rug

Two weeks passed and it happened again. The thing under the rug was relentless, and kept on coming back for some reason Bob did not know. Everybody knew about it by now, it had already been in the news:

MAN CLAIMS THAT HIS HOUSE IS HAUNTED

“A man named Bob, age 42 claims that there is something suspicious going on in his small, one story house. ‘I was just coming home from work when I heard something. I ran inside immediately and tumbled into the living room where the noise was coming from. When I did, I saw a small lump in the rug. I had seen the same lump for split seconds twice, but this time, it was longer. So I tried to stomp on it with my foot, but then suddenly it moved. It was so fast it was gone before I could get over the surprise of it moving. I have no idea of where it went,’ he explained, when we questioned him why he thought his house was haunted.”

ONE YEAR AGO

One day, Bob was heading to his small car that felt roomy for his short body. He was going to work, but right when he was about to leave, he thought he heard something back in his house. “What could that be?” he thought. He had no wife or kids, he lived alone in his small three room house in the middle of Italy with fields stretching out for many, many miles out. It was rare for Bob to see anybody at all, but he was not lonely. In fact, he did not like other people that much. So when he heard the sound coming from the house he ran inside and tried to find the source of the mysterious sound, but he found nothing. “Hmm, that’s weird I must have been imagining things.” He said out loud.

A few days later he had the day off from his work and when he was getting ready for bed he heard something rustling right next to him. He started to sweat

and thought he saw something under the living room rug, but he blinked and it was *gone!* He thought that he was either dreaming or imagining things again. Because when he looked under the rug there was nothing there to be seen. So he went on the news and he told the reporter that there was something under his rug that he was either imagining or actually seeing and made it on the news. Next, Bob made an appointment with a therapist. He arrived the next day and told the therapist that he was seeing and hearing something under his living room rug, but when he asked what to do, she said that it was just his imagination and he did not need to worry about it. When Bob got home he was just going to lie down on the couch and lay there for the rest of the afternoon. When he got there he thought he saw something: a lump under the rug. *It's just my imagination, it's just my imagination.* Bob thought, closing his eyes. "It's just my imagination!" He burst out.

When he opened his eyes he still saw the lump so he went up to it and tried to stomp on it almost expecting his foot to go right through but instead it moved very quickly to the other side of the rug, Bob tried to stomp on it again and again, but it was too quick and was gone before he could see where it went!

From then on he knew it probably was not his imagination and was always on the lookout for it when he got home. Months past and seasons changed but he didn't see it again, but that all changed one day. You see, Bob did not think that that thing under the rug was real anymore and lately he was letting his guard down when he got home from work.

So one day when he got home from work he didn't even check the rug for the lump. He just went to take a nap but before he could even get in bed he heard something from the living room, and when he did he went half running-half stumbling into the living room where, as expected, he saw a lump under the rug. When he did he grabbed a chair and tried to bash it but, like last time it was again too quick for him and he ended up smashing the chair and pieces of it flew everywhere one ripped open the sofa but before Bob could realize all the damage he had done the lump was gone and Bob was once again alone in his house. So, the next day he went on the news *again*. So Bob thought up a plan and went to the next day to get some fireproof spray. When he got home he sprayed the whole house with all the spray he bought except for the rug.

Everyday after that he checked under the rug holding a blowtorch in case he saw the lump until one day about a week after he sprayed the house when he saw the lump. As soon as he saw it Bob used the blowtorch to set the rug on fire then ran as fast as he could out the door, then he waited. An hour later he finally

went inside the house. It smelled like burnt rubber inside but Bob didn't care about that. What he *did* care about was the lump under the rug.

When he made it to the living room he saw the burnt remains of his rug on the floor. There was also a hole in the ground which would explain how it disappeared so easily but he saw nothing that could have been the lump under the rug. He was annoyed with the thing under the rug; he was sure that his plan was going to work. A few days later he was reading an article and when he did he saw in big, bold letters: **Missing: Pet ferret. If found, call him by his name (George) and he will come to you. Then call: 555-892-7363.**

"What if?" Bob thought. Now he was more alert than ever and a few days later, when he was about to take his daily afternoon nap he saw a lump under his *bedroom* rug now and when he did he called: "George" in a soft voice. When he did, the lump moved toward him and he saw a small nose poke up from under the rug! *It was just a ferret the whole time!* he thought. Bob was mad at himself for trying to kill an innocent ferret. In the future, he decided, he would always check more carefully before he flipping out about something. He called "George" again and this time a small brown and white head of a ferret poked out from under the rug. "Hello, little buddy," he said in a sweet voice. Then the whole body of a ferret came out from under the rug. He was a small brown and white ferret about the size of a shoe. Bob thought that he was very beautiful and cute.

Bob went over to his phone and dialed the number mentioned in the article and when he did, somebody picked up right away and asked if Bob had found his ferret. The guy seemed very delighted when Bob said he had. The guy asked what his address was because he wanted to come over and get his ferret. Bob told him what it was, then he hung up. A few hours later Bob heard the doorbell ring and he answered it right away when he opened the door he saw a tall slender man that made Bob feel short, he had a friendly look on his face. He said his name was Fred and that he was the one who had lost the ferret. Bob invited him in for tea and biscuits and brought the ferret over to him. Fred took him smiling, saying in a soft voice "Hi George, it's been so long!"

The two men got along very well and were immediately close friends. They talked for a few hours then Fred said that he better get going. Bob said goodbye then Fred left and he was once again alone but with one less worry and one more friend.

Years passed and every so once in a while Bob would call Fred or Fred would call Bob and they would go to each other's houses and talk for hours. More years passed and eventually Bob got old and passed away of old age, but Fred

still lived for a few years after that and he would always be thinking of Bob but eventually he unfortunately, got sick and too passed away, but George the ferret still lived. When Fred's family found that out they immediately let him free in the wild where he could live the rest of his life in freedom.

THE END