

## There is Something in the Basement

by K.T. Slattery

There is something in the basement.

I open the white door, find myself standing barefoot in the sand, waves rolling in as the sun begins to melt into the horizon. I know this beach. I have been here, but I need to get my camera before the myriad of reds and oranges fade to black. I go back to the house, let myself in and remember

Something important in the basement.

I open the door. The waves lap in the distance. I want to swim but forgot my bikini. It is almost dark, and I remember swimming here once at night without a swimsuit. I am too old for that now. A flash of copper out of the corner of my eye reveals a fox on a chain. He tells me the sanctuary is coming to get him, but this is his home- he wants to stay. I tell him he will be safer away from here, knowing that the lady approaching to collect him will never believe we spoke. They depart and I go back into the house for my bikini and remember

I am supposed to see what is in the basement.

The kitchen of this place is full of rotting food. They left in a hurry. I need to clean it out. Boxes of frozen pizzas in every nook and cranny. I open a freezer to find slices piled neatly, encased in a block of ice, polka dots of pepperoni suspended in the past. *We must get rid of these* I say to my sister. She replies that there is a freezer missing. I remember it is

In the basement. We must go there.