

A Thousand Legs, a Giant Tail, and Two Thin Antennae

In my story, the main character eventually learns that his wife wasn't actually his wife but rather an alien. Sometimes you have to discover the truth that you didn't know you were looking for.

"Man, you gotta get her out of your head! Sometimes- a man needs a break. We need some one-on-one time, me and you. Without Trudy." Regan said. "Oh please- I remember 3 years back- you were telling me to go talk to her. Look at you now." He shrugged at me, acting oblivious. Trudy walked over with the drinks, and we all arranged ourselves at the table on the deck. "Happy birthday Henry! 23 and so on! You the man." Regan said. I smiled, looking over at the moon. "Thanks Regan." Trudy rubbed my shoulder, looking over as well. "Happy birthday Hon." She said, "Glad I could spend it with you another year. And-uhm-Regan." I laughed, "Really rubbing salt in the wound there." Regan hit the back of my head and said, "Ya, ya, laugh it up. Better laugh as much as you can, because soon me and Janit are making it official. Just you wait." I sighed in disappointment, "In your dreams maybe. Look, Regan, we know your "girlfriend" is really just a mop." Regan had been single most of his life. Not even a lover at 25 years old. I used to always call him poison ivy, because wherever he went people would avoid. "No, seriously man. She's real. We went on a date last week. We're really hitting it off!" He said. Toby walked over to where I was sitting and settled down on the floor. "How old is that dog now? Five?" Regan asked. "Ya, we adopted him at just two years old. He was a rescue. They found him in the middle of the highway-just a pup." I said, patting his head. Toby turned his head out to the sky, getting up from his position and walking to the edge of the deck. "What's wrong, boy?" Trudy said. Toby started to whine, his tail stuck in between his legs. "What's wrong with the dog Henry? What's he doing?" Regan said. "I-I'm not sure?" I said. A shooting star passed through the sky. Beautiful as it was, it was blinding. The biggest one I had ever seen. Trudy stood up from her chair, "Oh my god! A shooting star! Everybody make a wish!" She said, "Don't say it out loud." I didn't believe in shooting stars, but I made a wish anyway. A big ol' slice of cake.

I woke up. The fan was on, but the room was silent. My vision was blurred, and in bed Trudy was beside me. I sat up from the bed and looked around the room. I felt a cold breeze in the room and noticed that the window was open. When my vision cleared, I spotted Toby's cage and noticed that the door was open- no Toby. "Trudy wake up." I nudged her. She groaned, "What do you want..." I said, "Toby's gone. I thought you put him in the cage?" She sat up quickly and looked at me. "I did, is he not in it?" She looked around the room. "No, h-" "The doors open." She said, "Did you leave it open?" I replied, "No, I didn't. Wait here for a minute- I'll check it out." I got up from the bed and trudged through the door, looking out across the hall. I walked through the hallway, turning corners for what felt like forever. I couldn't see anything, and stumbled over a dog toy. It made a loud squeak, contrasting to the rest of the house. I finally made it to the entrance of the house. The door was wide open. I ran back over to the bedroom. "Toby's gone! The front door is wide open!" I said. Trudy got out of the bed and ran to the door. I hurriedly put on

some pants and ran over behind her. She said, "I'm gonna look for him. He can't be far- it's pitch black outside." "Ok. Take your phone, I'll wait here." She took her phone from my hands and ran outside into the darkness. Her figure disappeared into the night.

"She's missing." I said on the phone, "I haven't seen her for days, mom." I was weeping, my face drenched. Toby never came back- and neither did she. "It was such a short amount of time... I don't know how to feel..." I told her. My hands were shaking, and I stood in the center of the room, surrounded by cops. "What? No, she brought her phone. Yes- yes, I've been calling her non-stop..." I rubbed my eyes. "Ok, ok. I'll see you in a bit. Bye." I hung up the phone and put it in my pocket. A policeman walked over. "We haven't found anything out of the ordinary. There is a search party outside- they're looking everywhere. Nobody has seen her, Henry." He told me. I looked to the side, avoiding contact. "Well, look harder..." I mumbled. "What?" He said. "I said, look harder!" Everyone in the room stopped working and turned over to look at me. I turned around and walked outside. I took a deep breath of air, and sat on the steps. A car pulled up in my driveway. It was Regan. He walked over to me. "Hey man. How are you feeling?" He sat down beside me. "Horrible. There's nothing, Regan. Nothing. Not even a footprint. It's like- it's like she dropped off the face of the earth." I said. I covered my face with my hands, and felt him rubbing my back. "Henry, they are going to find her. She's a tough woman- I know she'll be fine." He said. "I'm not so sure, Regan." It was quite startling, very, but the silence that bothered me for so long was broken. All the policemen ran out the building, calling each other over. I turned over and saw them all run down the street- there I saw a figure. "Holy crap man, th-that's Trudy!" Regan said. I stood up, getting a better view. "She's limping... Is she ok?" I said. I ran over in shock, but was blocked by the crowd of policemen. There she was, as clear as day. "Trudy!" I screamed past the crowd. She looked over at me with a blank expression. I managed to get through the crowd, and give her a big hug. "Henry, step aside, we have to take her to get checked out." One policeman said. "Trudy, oh my god... are you ok? Where were you? What happened?" I said. "Henry! That's for the police to question! You can speak to her afterwards!" Another exclaimed. I looked deep into her eyes for a moment. She was blank. Like a paper dummy, or a meat doll. Was she really my Trudy? I was pulled away from her by the policeman and she was loaded into their car. I watched her drive away. Regan stood beside me.

All she had was a sprained ankle. It turned out, she lost her way through the woods, and her phone died. Not much detail was provided. There was also zero sight of Toby, unfortunately. We assumed he died, and made him a grave in the yard. But everything else carried on as normal. "Trudy, dinner is ready." She walked down the stairs and sat on the table. "Here." I said, placing her plate down. She looked down at it, and took a long pause. "Thank you, Henry." She said. We sat in silence for a few minutes. "So, I was thinking, we should plan a meet-up with Regan again. Tomorrow the game is on." Trudy looked up from her plate and said, "Ya. That sounds fun." "Hey, uhm, Trudy. If you need to talk, don't hesitate. I'm sitting right in front of you." She continued eating, not even pausing. I suppose it was the shock.

Regan came over the next day. We sat on the couch, watching the game, while Trudy stayed in the bedroom. "They flagged it! They flagged the play! This ref is a prick, fire him!" Regan screamed, "0-10? What is this? Ping pong!" I stared intently on the screen. The Steelers were losing to the Eagles at 0-10. "Must be some foul play. No way in hell it's a zero!" I exclaimed. "Hey Henry, I gotta use the bathroom. I'll be back." "Ok! Don't be too long." I said. Well, clearly he didn't take my words to heart, because before I knew it 30 minutes had passed. I grew concerned and walked over to the bathroom. "Regan? Are you good there?" I knocked on the door, but found that it opened. Nobody was inside. That's when I heard it. A knocking sound, coming from our room. I threw my head over, and saw the long hallway towards the bedroom. It was like walking through a jungle. Slow, ominous, and exhausting. I felt my body stiffened. *Bang, bang, bang.* Noises were coming from the bedroom. I stopped in front of the door, and took a deep breath. I turned the handle, silence. Complete silence. Then, I opened the door. It was- it was something. Something inhuman, something unfamiliar. A thousand legs, a giant tale, two thin antennas... and... Regan. In the mouth of the thing. His legs kicked, kicked, kicked, until they stopped. "R- R- Regan?" I felt a stinging sensation in my head. So many things, all going on at the same time. I could barely get any words out, I was mumbling on my speech. *Trudy, where was Trudy?* Then, it went all *black.*

"Breakfast, Trudy!" I called down from the kitchen. She came down slowly, walking over to the table. "What'd you make?" she said. "Mmm, bacon, eggs, and toast. Haven't had a full breakfast like this in a while! Also, Trudy, when I'm done I will be heading off to work." I told her. She nodded, eating the breakfast. I sat down beside her. "Man, I must've gotten so drunk last night. Can't remember a thing." I told her. "Ya, you went down as soon as you got in our room. Slept like a log." She said. I laughed, eating the food. "Oh! It's that time already! I've gotta get going, enjoy the food." I kissed her on the cheek, put on my coat, and headed out the door. It was a beautiful morning that day.

When I made it to work, I sat down at my desk. "Hey, I heard what happened this weekend. I'm sorry." My colleague said. "Than kyou, ya it was awful. Luckily, no one was hurt." I said. I worked for a bit, taking sips of my coffee as I went. For some reason, I felt extremely tired. "...Henry? Henry? Henry wake up." I opened my eyes and saw a blurry face. "Ugh... Did I doze off?" I asked my colleague. He replied, "Ya. Do you need to go home?" I shook my head no. Suddenly, the door slammed open. "Good morning my friends! Ugh... smells like someone died in here! Sylvia, will you please light that candle over there? Ya, thanks hun." I sighed, the most annoying worker had just walked into the door. Sophia Turnip. The oldest worker in the whole building, and yet still the most lively. "I'm gonna use the restroom.. I got a headache." I said. I got up from my seat, but was stopped by Sophia. "Where's my hello?" she said. "Hello, Sylvia." I said, and squeezed past her quickly. "...Sylvia...candle..." I heard her mumble behind me. Everyone's voices got quieter, and I finally made it to the restroom. I put back my dark brown hair, and bent down over the sink

to wash my face with water. I wiped my face with the nearby towels, and looked in the mirror. "Regan?" I turned around. No one was there, but I swore I saw Regan in the mirror. "Snap out of it... snap out of it." I looked up at the mirror, staring into my big green eyes. I thought, for a minute, I was looking into the face of a stranger. Then, I heard a knock on the door. "You good in there, Henry? You've been there for quite a while?" my colleague said. "Ya, I'll be out in a bit." I replied, moving towards the door. The rest of my day was unlively, and exhausting.

When I finally got home at 7:30, my wife was in the living room watching the television. "Hey Trudy, what's for dinner?" I asked. "Didn't-" She cleared her throat, "Didn't make it." "You didn't make it? It was your turn to make it today. What did you eat?" I asked. She ignored me, and turned up the tv. "Ok, be like that." I spent the next hour making dinner, but found every time I tried to do something I'd start dozing off. At some point, my head was almost in the bowl. I decided that night, no dinner would be made.

The next morning, it took me a while to get up from my bed. Trudy leaned over and kissed me. "Done being distant?" I said. "Ya, I'm sorry. I got my period yesterday, I was a little grumpy, haha." she said. I leaned over and hugged her, then finally gained the energy to get up and make breakfast. "Hey, Trudy? Have you heard from Regan? I called him yesterday but he didn't reply. That's not like him." I asked. "No, sorry." She slurred her words while talking, which I found a bit odd. "Ok." I sat down, ate my food, and quickly got up. "I'm running a little late this morning. I've gotta go, I love you." I told Trudy. She smiled and continued eating her food.

I sat down at my desk like usual. "Ugh, this stupid fly keeps following me." I said. My colleague coughed, "Kill it then." he said. I swatted at it multiple times, but it kept avoiding me. I eventually grew impatient. I stood up, walked to the bathroom, and grabbed a piece of toilet paper. Then, I managed to catch the fly and throw it down the toilet in anguish. "Ha, stupid fly. Mess with me one more time. One more time!" I said, angry. I then sat down back at my desk, and worked in silence till the end of the day. I got home around the same time as yesterday, 7:36 PM, but Trudy wasn't anywhere that met the eye. "Trudy?" I asked. No response. "That's odd." Then, a door opened. I looked over across the hallway, and saw Trudy come out from inside the basement. Then, she locked the door. "What's with the key?" I asked. "Surprise, just for you, hun. Don't go there just yet." she said. I walked over and gave her a hug. "Ouch..." I looked down at my arm, and found something.. something *moving* in it... "Oh god, Trudy, I- I have to go to the bathroom!" I ran over to the bathroom and locked the door behind me. I scratched at the mark, revealing something white. I gagged at the sight, and grabbed the thing inside my arm, excruciating pain hitting me. "Oh, oh my god, It's a maggot!" I retched over the sink, dropping the maggot on the floor. My arm didn't bleed, there was just a big hole in it. A big, *ominous* hole. I wrapped my arm with toilet paper, and walked out like nothing happened. *Don't freak Trudy out, don't freak Trudy out.* I thought, *I'll just see the doctor tomorrow. A check-up. That's all it is.* Throughout the rest of the night, I felt discomfort. My arm stung.

3:05 AM, I woke up. I heard a noise in the basement. "Trudy?" I asked, no answer. She was like a log. I got up, heading towards the basement, ignoring Trudy's words. *Thunk, thunk, thunk*, I heard. Slowly, I grabbed the key from inside the junk drawer, then I walked to the door, unlocked it, and looked in the room. It was pitch dark. *Nothing* could be seen from inside. So, I grabbed my phone and used it as a flashlight. Slowly, I walked down the steps, taking precaution in every measure. Then, I finally made it to the bottom of the stairs. At first, I saw nothing out of ordinary, until I flashed my light to the very, very corner of the room. Tears fell down from my eyes. It was... It was Toby. He was strung to the wall like a puppet. A meat puppet. The fan to the side of the room had pushed him into the wall, making a thunk noise. I watched as his lifeless body hit the wall, again and again. Then, I remembered something. I remembered the day after Trudy came home. *Everything* came back to me. Finding Regan, the *thing*, everything. I looked down at my hands. "I'm dead, aren't I? I was killed. My skull was crushed in. Why am I not dead?" *Why am I not dead? Why am I not dead?* I thought, over and over again. I grabbed my old metal baseball bat from the side of the wall. "I know what to do. I know what I have to do." I said. I walked up the stairs, my legs getting weaker as time went on. I made it to my room. There laid Trudy, asleep. Well, what I thought was Trudy. Whatever happened in the woods- Trudy was gone. Then, I held the bat tightly. I held the bat, and I walked towards Trudy's side of the bed. I stood beside her, tears coming from my eyes. *She's not real, she's not real...* I thought. Then, I raised it high. I raised that bat real high. Then, I swung. I swung down with *everything* I had. *Thunk*.