

Don't Do That
by Eric Cecil

We're in the basement. It's dim. Ahead, there are partitions that bleed into total darkness. I can't see inside them, but I know there's something there.

The stranger next to me ignores my protests and says, I'm going in.

Don't do that.

I'm going in, he says. And he is.

Time passes in the instantaneous way of dreams. I can feel or sense webs in the rafters overhead, and the basement is still dark, but I can see its corners, can intuit them, brown and wooden and exposed.

The stranger returns from the partitions ahead. His eyes are wide. He's alarmed. Exasperated.

Did you see something? I ask.

Yes, he says.