

The Playhouse

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Jonathan Kimble has been staring at the cramped polaroid photo for the entire evening, as tears are welled up in his eyes. He consumes a flash of whiskey as the powerful refreshment flows through his system that mediates the desolation from the photo.

A rainfall of tears continues to drop as Kimble fans his mouth with his hand in an effort for the neighbors not to hear him. Suddenly a strident sound came from the hall. Kimble quickly jumps up from his chair and glances at the hall, in which he faces the room at the end in pitch black.

An angelic little girl with her bright red pajamas exits the pitched black room, entering the hall. Kimble falls to his knees, as his mix of emotions has been compromised.

“Wendy?” asked, Kimble.

Wendy walks towards Kimble to the kitchen table, facing him eye to eye while wiping his teardrops with her soft palm hands.

“Hi, daddy. I couldn’t sleep, and I wanted to see you because you were sad. Are you ok?” Asked Wendy.

Kimble lightly chuckles.

“I’m alright honey, I’m alright. I’m sorry that I got you concerned”. Kimble warms Wendy’s shoulder.

“I’m sorry that I never got a chance to build you a playhouse. I know that I promised, and I should have started sooner....”

Wendy cuts Kimble’s statement.

“It’s ok, daddy. Do you think we can build it tomorrow? Asked Wendy.

Kimble then smiles like he has seen a sudden beam of sunlight in the summertime.

“Of course,” he responds.

The following week, Kimble finally assembled a medium sized playhouse in his backyard. He turns to Wendy and sees her constantly jumping with her eyes wide open. Out of excitement, she runs to the front yard and sees two kids playing duck and duck goose. One boy with golden hair and a plain white polo attire and a little girl with a green shirt. Both are siblings that live across Kimble’s street and see Wendy inviting the two over to her backyard. Kimble speculates the amusing children chasing one another as they’re playing a game of tag. As Wendy invites the siblings to her playhouse, Kimble opens his silver flanks and drinks the container until it is empty.

The following week, a local detective visits the front door of the Kimble residence. As she knocks, Kimble reaches the door answers.

“Hello, Mr. Kimble. I’m detective Williams, and I want to ask you a few questions about a missing case.

“Oh, of course. Please come in.”

Regina enters the residence.

Kimble’s cheekbones begin to lower down as tension increases on a particular subject Regina needs help on.

“Last Wednesday, there were two siblings that lived in your neighborhood area, and before the parents filed a missing report, they were last seen in their front yard playing. Have you seen them with someone that day?”

Williams pulls two sample photos out of her jacket and passes them to Kimble. He glances at the pictures and sees two individuals, one boy with golden hair in plain white polo attire and a little girl with a green shirt. Kimble tilted his head as his eyes began to narrow.

‘I have... seen them. Occasionally with their parents. But I don’t recall seeing them on that day.’

Kimble stutters.

“The department is making this case a priority. And because I’ve been assigned to the case, feel free to call my cell if you have any information.”

Williams then glances at the backyard window and notices the playhouse. She turns to Kimble.

“John, when did you build the playhouse?” She asked.

“Oh, two weeks ago. I had it set up for my daughter,” he said.

William’s motion is still, and her head is tilted as she hears the name.

“Wendy?”

“Yeah, she’s just resting in her room right now.”

Williams takes the two photos back from Kimble while holding her emotions in.

“Mr. Kimble...I don’t understand. I was at her funeral.”

Kimble then drops his flask and is frozen while coming into the realization that the daughter had died. Wendy notices the flask and her face flashes red.

“I’m so sorry. I should have known you’re still grieving. My apologies. I’ll excuse myself right now, but please reach out to me if you have any more info.” Regina exits.

Later in the night, Kimble finally looks at the cramped polaroid photo he had three weeks earlier. The image reveals a young Kimble with her only daughter, Wendy, who would have been older. John grabs the bottle of whiskey and races towards the playhouse. As he reaches the playhouse, he then pauses. He is hesitant to enter the pitched black space environment.

Kimble finally enters, and as he turns on the iPhone flashlight, he sees the rotten corpse of the two siblings, with slithering worms going through the nose holds and flies swirling around the bodies. Kimble retreats outside and vomits. He then glances up and sees Wendy, only that her eyes are now pure black.

“I’ve tried to play nice, daddy. I tried to have them play my game. When they didn’t listen, I told them that they have... lost”.

Shaken, Kimble takes off the cap of the whiskey bottle and violently pours it around the playhouse. Before he lights up the matches, Wendy reaches her hand out and pulls Kimble away from the playhouse with her psychic powers. Kimble lands on the grass floor and crawls away from the entity.

“You wanted me here, daddy. You want me to have my childhood. Now I’m asking for my wishes. The lives that reward my presence.”

“AND YOU ARE BREAKING MY HEART!” The voice shifted into a dark, heavy demonic voice.

Tearfully, Kimble lights his matches and throws them towards the playhouse. The stick lands on the spilled whiskey, and the playhouse is now engulfed in flames. Wendy begins to transfer into the actual form of the devil, finally screeching out its lungs as it is also starting to burn. The sound of the devil fades away as the gulf flames continue the roar.

The police and firefighters arrive in the residence to put out the fire and race towards Kimble as soon as they spot him. They escorted him safely across the street, where they wrapped him with blankets and jackets to comfort him. As Detective Williams arrives to ask what has happened, a tired and restless Kimble looks up and states...

“I... I did it, detective. I have led the two kids to their deaths. I’m responsible for them, and I’m sorry.”

Kimble then pours out the rest of his silver flask,