

## Static

By Citlaly Abundio

“You have two unheard messages.”

*Beep.*

“Hey, Tiras. It’s Veronica. It’s been a while... I miss you. Please call me back.” *Beep.*

“Hey, Tiras. It’s me, Veronica. I know you’re probably annoyed with me, but please-” I groaned.

“Can’t that tramp take no for an answer?!” I growled, chucking the telephone at the wall.

“Calm down!”

“What does she expect, Ernie?! I met her at a bar and she barely had any clothes on. She’s asking to get taken advantage of.” I grumbled.

“Let’s go to the bar to ease your temper, yeah?” Ernie proposed.

“Fine.” I sighed. I walked towards the exit, until I felt a vibration in my pocket. It was my cell phone:

*Silver Alert!*

“Another alert? Isn’t that the sixth one this week?” Ernie inquired.

“Seventh,” I corrected, “Whatever, let’s go.”

\*\*\*

“I’m heading out.” Ernie grinned. His arm was around a woman’s waist.

“We barely got here.” I snarled.

“Yeah, but this lady is taking me to her place.”

“How are you getting back?”

“Taxi. See you at midnight!”

“Fine.” I sighed.

I studied the women in the bar, searching for a hookup.

*Nice chest, but has nothing else going for her... Pretty face, but ugly body... Nice body, but ugly face.*

I continued to scan the room, until I heard static. It was distant at first, but it got closer over time. Desperate to find the source, I glanced at the televisions above me - *out of order*. Nothing in the bar could have produced the noise.

*Maybe I've had too much to drink.*

I shielded my ears with my hands, but the sound only intensified.

“Stressed?” a voice uttered. I recoiled in fear.

The static was gone.

“I didn’t mean to startle you,” the lady giggled, “My name’s Delilah.”

“No worries,” I chuckled, “I’m Tiras...” I slurred.

To say she was beautiful would be an understatement. She was a goddess. She wore classy heels and a fitted, red dress that accentuated her hourglass figure. She had voluminous, curly, black hair that fell perfectly over her shoulders. Her eyes were icy blue.

“Is this your first time visiting?” I asked.

“No, I’ve been coming to this bar for years.”

“Seriously?” I inquired incredulously.

“Do you think I’m lying?” Delilah giggled.

“Well, you’re the type of woman who’s impossible to miss.” I cooed. Delilah frowned, unimpressed.

“Listen, I know the type of guy you are, so cut to the chase. Are you going to take me to your place or what?”

My eyes darkened, overcome with desire.

“Yes.”

\*\*\*

“Do you want a drink?” I asked, opening the fridge.

“No, thank you,” Delilah smiled, “Can I please use your restroom?”

“Sure, it’s down the hallway to your left.”

“Thanks.”

The bathroom door closed shut.

I paced, texting Ernie about the beautiful woman I met. Absorbed in my typing, I stumbled on something.

“F\*ck!” I yelled. I looked beside me to find the telephone I threw earlier.

“You have one unheard message.”

“Ugh, how do I turn this sh\*t off.” I groaned, frantically pressing the buttons on the phone.

*Beep.*

“Hey, Tiras. It’s me, Veronica. I know you’re probably annoyed with me, but please listen for one second. I don’t know if you’ve been receiving those silver alerts on your phone, but men have been disappearing. The authorities have no idea what’s going on, but one thing they found in common with these cases is that these men were last seen with a woman. There’s some lady going around bars trying to hookup with men. It’s the same outfit each time - a tight, red dress with heels. I know that’s not a lot of information to work with, but trust me, you’ll know it’s her if you ever cross paths. Please be careful, Tiras. I worry about you a lot. And please, if you’re ever in a bad situation with this woman... whatever you do... **do not look into her eyes.**”

*Beep.*

I peered at the bathroom door.

It was wide open.

“You ready?” Delilah inquired. I averted my eyes from hers.

“I should find Ernie.”

Delilah guffawed.

“Ernie said he’ll be back at midnight. Let’s have some fun!”

“I-I know, but this is unlike him,” I stammered, “I’ll call a taxi for you. I’m sorry for all thi-”

“You know.” Delilah muttered.

“What do you mean?”

“You know, don’t you?”

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Then, why aren’t you looking at me? Your eyes were all over me at the bar. Why not now?”

“It’s just been a long day.”

“I’m not leaving till you look at me, Tiras.”

“Delilah, please-”

*“I’m not leaving till you look at me.”*

The room fell silent... but then it came...

Static.

Blood gushed from my ears. I quickly covered them with my hands, but the blood continued to ooze out. The television in the living room suddenly turned on, static marring the screen. I yanked the plug, but it continued to hiss.

“What the f\*ck are you?! What do you want from me?!”

I fell to the floor, wailing with my head buried in my arms.

The static subsided.

I remained on the ground, panting. I glanced at the television - it was off. I began to feel heavy breathing on the back of my neck, and a large hand on my shoulder, forcing me to face what I was so bent on escaping... but I did not see Delilah.

I saw a tall, slender figure, at least ten-feet tall. A huge grin was plastered on its face, a grin that traveled from ear-to-ear. No longer did I see Delilah’s stunning, icy blue eyes; they were pitch-black. Voidless. Staring deep into mine.

“I have followed men like you for years now, Tiras. You go to bars, make women feel special, use them for their bodies, and throw them away like trash. Look at you now, cowering in the corner of a room... afraid of the monster *you* created.”