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Creative Writing

Goetzke

May 19, 2022

### The Monster

Finn Higgins is tucked into bed every night at approximately 8:25 pm. That way, his father can ask him about his day while lying beside him, and his mother has the opportunity to kiss him on the cheek, all before 8:30 pm. He often talks to himself once his parents leave his room—nothing out of the ordinary, simple one-way 7-year-old conversations commonly interrupted by humming or singing. He is almost always wholly asleep around 8:40 pm; at that point, the fun truly begins.

Except for tonight, November 15th, 2007, the time is currently 10:15 pm, and the only sounds in the Higgins' house are sporadic screams from Finn's mother and yelling over the telephone from Finn's father. The bedroom door was closed, and the lights were all off.

*'Psst. Hey Tommie, where do you think Finn is?'* Stella peaked her head out from around the closet door and cranked her neck to the far down to make eye contact with me. Her horns were far too large for her head, but her hot pink complexion was a distraction from her disproportional features.

"Gee, I don't know, Stella, but something has gone terribly wrong. Mister and Misses Higgins would never let Finn have a sleepover on a school night. And the only other time I've heard screams that terrified was at our last gig where the blonde girl with pigtails watched a scary movie before meeting us."

“You don’t think... something happened to him, do you?” Stella was now entirely out of the closet’s darkness and was sitting on the carpet by the foot of Finn’s bed. After scooching from underneath the bed, I rested my head on my paws and looked up at her.

“I’m afraid that’s the only reasonable explanation right now. We’ve just got to wait until we know what happened.”

And we did wait. It only took about 10 minutes for the police to arrive, but it felt like hours. Finn was our first gig that actually enjoyed the protection that Stella and I provided, even if we looked like foes rather than friends. After each child goes to sleep, their minds begin to create stories for them, and when the stories grow evil, it's our job to awaken them from their terrors.

Stella and I kept our ears pressed to the door as we listened to the police's news. Finn had been kidnapped.

“What kind of monster kidnaps a little boy?!” Stella gasped as she backed away from the door. “What do we do now?”

“We get him home.”

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The next evening, Stella and I searched through Finn's closet to find his Halloween costumes and discovered oversized trench coats and hats hiding amongst the vampire fangs and wigs. We threw on our disguises and snuck out the window after seeing Finn's parents leave that morning. After scaling the fire escape, we walked around the house to find Finn's green bike shoved between two hedges and hopped on. I had never ridden a bike before, but Stella had, so I let her pedal while I perched in the basket.

The Higgins lived in a small but community-oriented town, holding a press conference for Finn's kidnapping. The mayor stood alongside Finn's parents at a podium in the city pavilion.

“Finn Higgins has been missing since roughly 7:16 last night. He rode his bike to Meadow Creek park but never returned home. We suspect someone took him, as there is no evidence of a body or violence in the park or the path between his house and the park.” Mayor Tres said while he grasped the podium with anxious knuckles. He then pointed to a large screen with pictures of Finn sporting his familiar smile, with all but the two front teeth, and continued, “For those who don’t know him, this is what he looks like. If you see him, please inform the authorities immediately.” A weeping Ms. Higgins, accompanied by her husband, walked off the stage and collapsed into a bench once the conference was complete.

“How did we ride here on Finn’s bike if he was kidnapped while riding it?” Stella whispered to me as we walked away from the pavilion.

“And how was Mayor Tres so confident in the time? Didn’t Finn leave for the bike ride close to 6:30?”

“Tommie, do you know how to get to Mayor Tres’s house?”

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The Mayor's house stood about 3 miles from the Higgin's house, right at the city's center. It was a large, blue house with a garden in the front. Stella and I biked up to the house and sat around the corner of the garage while we waited for Mayor Tres to get home. Soon enough, we heard the garage door open and saw his car enter the garage. Before he could close it, we snuck in and squatted behind his riding lawn mower so we'd be able to sneak into the house.

Miraculously, Mayor Tres was only grabbing a toolbox from his garage, and he hopped back into his car. He mumbled something about the podium being wobbly and sped away.



After Stella and I took him home, we laid him in bed and allowed him to think it was a dream. It wasn't, so when he told his parents about his "nightmare" the following day, Mayor Tres was arrested. According to the newspaper that little John Peters threw on the Higgins' doorstep the next morning, Tres wanted to create a scandal to solve so he'd get re-elected for the next four years.

I'm just happy Finn escaped the Monster.