

THAT'S NOT DAD...!!!!

On another normal Tuesday, bored and tired as usual, I was waiting for the last bell to ring, so that I could grab my stuff and leave this hell of a school and go bowling with my Dad, as he promised to take me and my two cousins out for the night at Shrigalan's Axton. I wanted to feel excited for the night but you never know what a boring teacher will do to ruin your day as this chemistry teacher always did.

The bell rang and I dashed out of the class before anyone else, crossed the street and ran straight home, opened the front door. As I always do I wanted to grab a plate and start eating but something funny in the air really got me distracted. It was kind of something like rotten bacon being fried in onion gravy or something that was really stuck in my nostrils. *THIS REALLY IS GETTING ON MY NERVES...!!!!*

I screamed, "Dad.... Dad...."

And my dad came out of the kitchen and asked, *"Hey son, are you home early today...?"*

His voice was rather husky than usual and I was puzzled because this is the usual time I come home, so I said, *"Why are you asking? And what's wrong with your voice Dad? And where the hell is this stupid smell coming from?"*

"Easy... easy... son, why all these questions? I'm cooking something, go have a wash and come to eat, get started with your homework" he said. Now, I was really puzzled, is he blunt! Obviously something is wrong with him. I went upstairs thinking since when I had to wash before I had a meal after school, and since when did he start to make me do my homework? He doesn't even know which grade I'm in. Obviously, what homework? He promised me this morning to take us out tonight, how could he forget that? I stopped in front of my room starting at my door really puzzled. My dad's shoes were in my room half eaten by some

animal I clearly saw teeth marks in the part of the shoe which was remaining that I saw through the crack of my door. I went into my room and looked around. Everything was the same except the half eaten shoes of my Dad, and again that rotten smell filled in my room, too. THIS IS REALLY WEIRED...!! I thought to myself what the hell is wrong

with this house we don't even have a dog. Who the freaking hell is going around eating things in this house? I wonder what he is cooking;

I decided to go down and explore to settle this mess of a situation which was driving me literally crazy.

I went down to the kitchen and peeped in saying, "Dad are you taking us out today as you prom....." But that was all I could say. What I saw in the kitchen terrified me to death. In the kitchen was a large monster of a troll steering in a green mixture in a large motor and the smell was

actually him farting. The proof was the green gas emitting from the lower part of his body.

As soon as he heard me, he turned around and said "*I ate your dad.*"

I freaked out and my knees were shivering. I felt wet in my pants.



"The warm *wetness* in the bed must have awakened me" I said to my counselling therapist.

"Oh...! Son if that's the case analyzing your dream is going to be really hard work" he laughed out loud and

put his pen and pad down, "*So how often did you say that you see this dream*" the counselor asked me.

"Every night on Sundays for the past few weeks. It really bothers me. I said, "Ok we will see about that, for today, I think it's enough". Ok Doc, see you next time.

Building up stories to hide my real mental state was always my specialty.