

Come in from the cold

By hirataitokyo

Submitted: December 18, 2007

Updated: December 18, 2007

18-year-old Katharine is looking for work around town. When spotting an old looking bar house she finds out a mans sick idea for friends.

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1 - You're Trapped

Come in From the Cold

It was a warm night, just starting to cool down from the day's heat. Katharine was cruising around town looking for employment. "You won't be able to pay the rent if you don't find a job, and I'm not going to wait for you forever," her landlady had strictly told her. So here Katharine was, at age eighteen, in her car looking for a place to work. She was extremely thirsty when she saw a bar, called the House's Safe. It was a small, dingy kind of place the dark windows had dimmed light coming through them.

Even though it didn't look like a nice place, it seemed like it was calling to her. "Come here Katharine, we have what you want," just like in one of those strange horror movies about haunted houses. But this place seemed harmless. She parked her car in the small lot in front of the bar. As she started to open the door, she noticed how cold the handle was, like it was made out of ice, but as she walked in, a warm pleasantness came from the inside. It was as if she took her cold self and wrapped herself into a blanket.

A middle aged man was standing at the counter in front of the arrangement of drinks on shelves. He seemed nice, dark brunette, with sweet and charming blue-grey eyes. "Good evening miss. What brings you here?" His voice was raspy, but pleasant to the ear nonetheless.

"Just a drink," Katharine said as she made her way to a seat at the bar counter.

"What would you like?" the man motioned to the variety of glasses behind him.

"Oh just some water please." The man nodded and began to rummage under the counter, as Katharine turned around in her seat to look around at the others in the bar. They didn't seem to move or talk much, just seemed to be staring at their glasses not even interested in what they bought.

"Here ya go miss." The bartender set a glass of water in front of her "Enjoy." Katharine gratefully grabbed the glass of water and drank eagerly. As she took her first gulp of refreshment, she noticed that it tasted a bit off; no matter what the taste, she kept drinking her thirst away until she finished half of the glass. As she set the glass down she looked up to see the bartender looking at her with an expectant look in his eyes, as if he was waiting for something to happen, yet after she blinked, it was replaced with a charming smile. Katharine thanked him for the drink.

"So what brings you around here? Employment? Place to live?" He said the word she was looking for.

"Yes. I was looking for employment." The man looked at her thoughtfully, yet while looking his eyes wandered below her face then back up.

"As a matter of fact I was looking for employment." Katharine nodded, then soon got up from her place and went over to some of the other people who were at the bar. She tapped on someone's shoulder to talk with, yet, when she did, the person's shoulder felt hard and cold. It felt like ice under her touch, and when she went in front of the person she saw that it was a male, and his eyes were glazed over, like he was... Katharine gasped in surprise at the... what was it? A person? A doll? "Oh... I see you've met my friends. They don't talk much"

Katharine was speechless. Who were these people? How did they get like this? "I think I should get going," Katharine said while heading toward the door. "Thank you for the drink."

"Oh, but my dear you just came. I'm rather lonely, please stay," he said while stepping out from behind the bar.

"But who are these people what happened to them?" Katharine asked anxiously, not sure whether

or not she wanted to know the answer.

“Oh, them?” the bartender said nonchalantly. “They’re my friends, who have worked here for a long while. As you will do the same. You’re looking for employment, no? Well now you’ve found it.” The bartender smiled at her, eyes shining.

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Well here is a little story I did for my English class after reading The Landlady by Raul... Dahl? I’m not completely sure how you spell that! Sorry ‘bout that. Any who... We had to make up a story like that and here’s mine! I got an A on it, but any constructive criticism is welcome for future stories.

Ha... Short stories are fun -^^-