

The Wooden Room

By: S. Whittington

What is this, and where has it come from now? In the dark living room, I stare at the pile of envelopes slowly increasing by the days. No bills, no charities requesting funds, but there are letters and nothing but them. At first, I thought it to be a game, my friend, but now this is nothing more than your mockery. These letters all have your name written on them, my friend, Harry Jenkins, and I want them to stop now!

Ever since your last day, the rain has not ceased, and the crows continue to squawk at me through the windows. Cursed birds! Need I a distraction from my visitors, the tenants staying within me. But you, Harry Jenkins, your last day was your first day to stay here. I wonder if it is the source of the blighted crows and the letters flowing through the door. My tenants stay with me, and I am the only one who lives here, by myself.

When you came on your last day, Jenkins, I bid you adieu, farewell, never come back. Yet I allowed you to stay in the other room, a wooden room beneath my feet. The tenants tell me that you cause trouble when you sleep. This explains the pet crows that cackle in my waking hours. Savage tragedy this is for me to keep, Jenkins! I have yet to forgive you.

The letters themselves each have the same strange address: 0000 Ravens Grove. No road or province you are from, Mr. Jenkins, after all, when we met, it was as if you were to never exist again. My intentions were plain, and my wishes ready to commence. I commended I would be glad to have you on your last day here with me.

On this day, again raining with the crows calling in my window, a crimson envelope slipped through the door. This caught my eye. Surely this was your doing, Mr. Jenkins, for it was your handwriting, but how? How is it that this letter comes to me when you are staying in your wooden room beneath my feet? This letter had no address, neither did it have your name on it, but it had a seal on the front resembling three triangles in one with an eye in the center of the seal. I shivered as it read on the front, "Please read the letter".

A strange letter this is as the tenants said not to open it, but this time I listen not. I open the envelope as it reads, "Please accept my gift, Gabriel, as I accepted yours."

This will not do, I said. How can I accept the gift I have given when you are gone, yet you stay in your wooden room beneath my feet? But that is it. His ghastly tenant has come for me. I confess that my tenants are a condition of my mind, they are to blame for the gift I gave, Jenkins. The wooden room that you stay in beneath my feet is where I put you to rest. And thus, I leave this room, as the ghost of Harry Jenkins takes me to dine with the Lord's traitor in this wooden room that was beneath my feet.