

Feb 30, 1986

A nightmare right at home

The front door was unlocked and slightly ajar. I was sure I'd locked it before I left.

"Maybe I didn't close it all the way," I told myself, a little apprehensively.

Clinging to the bags of groceries I held in each arm, I leaned forward and nudged the door open wider.

Ed-Buffy-the-cat shot up to the folding gate at the top of the stairs and I set the groceries down to shut the door.

Then I heard the clatter.

Ed shot back down the stairs



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Karen Cubie

and gave me one loud, long, and petrified "meeooww."

I bolted out of the apartment, slammed the door shut, and locked Ed in with the villain and a

week's worth of sliced roast beef.

My heart was pounding, and my hand shook as I tried to find the lock and turn the key as fast as possible.

"If the door's open when I come back I'll know someone's been here," I thought to myself.

I ran next door to my cousin's apartment, thinking Mary could creep up the stairs with me and we could confront the thief together.

I pounded on the door, but there was no one home.

My heart was thumping faster

and my head was spinning. All the detective and murder mystery movies I have ever seen came flooding back to me.

Keeping my distance at all times, I walked around the building and peered up at the windows to see if anything was moving around. I waited to see if anyone would exit.

All seemed quiet.

I began inching my way up to the front door, but then I thought, "Maybe whoever it is is watching from the door to see where I am so he can take off."

"Maybe he has a gun."

There was no way I was going near that door — not even to rescue the roast beef.

It wasn't the thought of robbery that scared me. I don't like the idea, but a thief wouldn't find much in my apartment.

"Let him have whatever he wants," I thought. "I'll get out of his way and let him leave."

The thought of a violent crime was what terrified me.

Scary visions

I felt invaded. I didn't know if I could ever stay there alone again. I already checked the closets, under the beds, and behind the bathtub shower curtain before going to bed.

An apartment housing two single girls is a safe target for any pervert, I thought, with visions of the "Psycho" murder scene whirling through my head.

I jumped into my car and sped across town to my boyfriend's house.

Breathlessly, I blurted out my suspicions and convinced Bork to check my apartment out.

We drove back across town.

The door was still locked, and Ed was waiting to greet us.

"Hello?" Bork shouted.

No answer. We crept slowly up the stairs.

"Hello?" he shouted again.

Still no reply.

We looked behind every closed door, on the porch, in the back entrance, and even under all the furniture.

Everything was in place. Nothing had been overturned.

Even the roast beef was untouched.

I felt foolish, but I knew I'd heard something.

"Maybe they wanted something else," I thought, warily.

No one home

Later I learned my sister had stopped by.

When she found no one home, she did what any right-thinking individual would do. She used her key, let herself in, and made herself something to eat.

As she washed the dishes she thought she heard the door open.

PENDULUM

