

# An Eerie Prank

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The lights had gone off again. ‘What the hell? This is the fourth time there is a power outage in one hour,’ Mark said out loud. He was sipping some Mango juice as he read Bobby Adair’s *Slow Burn* late in the night. The blackout made it difficult for him to enjoy the book as he had to go for a candle, every time lights went off. The blackout wasn’t that much of a bother though, it was the noises that came from the kitchen that were disturbing. He could hear a pan drop every time the power went off and when he went to check the kitchen, he found that everything was intact. He could then go back to sit and it couldn’t be long before he heard a spoon drop. He could go back to the kitchen and before he checked anything, the lights would be back. Not wanting to waste time, he could go back to read his borrowed novel as he wanted to complete it in time to look for another. Mike had lent him the novel after reading. Both Mark and Mike were novel lovers. They often exchanged novels they had bought once one of them finished reading. Mike had been given the Bobby Adair book by Mike, and had promised to return it after a fortnight. He was a fast reader. He often completed novels within four to five days but due to the assignments that he had lately, he could only manage to complete one after two weeks.

Mark read six pages before there was a blackout again. The familiar noise followed and Mark shook from his seat. He was scared and didn’t want to go to the kitchen again. He nervously placed the book on the table and instead of going for a candle, he went outside. He understood the arrangement of furniture in his house and so didn’t have any problem moving towards the door even in dark. As he was moving, he knocked the glass of juice he was sipping and it fell on the floor. He also hit his ankle at the edge of the couch. Ouch! It was so painful. The ankle is the most painful part to get hurt. Before he could move a step to the door, he heard another sound, it wasn’t the familiar sound that comes from the kitchen, it was different. That of a coin dropping. He heard it clearly. He could even tell that it was a twenty shilling coin. He then heard a book fall. It was the book he was reading, *Slow Burn*. His heart stopped for a minute. “Is this house haunted?” he wondered. He quickly shuffled towards the door and went out.

It was pitch dark outside. No stars, no moon, just the nimbus clouds.

Mark felt his pocket to get his phone but could not feel the phone. “I must have left it on the chair I was sitting on,” He thought. He wanted to call either Mike or his brother, Moses but could not as his phone was in the house. Mike’s house was a stone’s throw away from his. He couldn’t hesitate to come if Mark called him even if it would be at 3.00 a.m. Mark later remembered that he had left his cell phone on top of the sink in the kitchen. The kitchen? He could not go to the kitchen. What if he heard the sounds again?

Mark felt a drop of water hit his shoulder. He moved a step from where he was and another fell on his head. He wanted to scream but could not. He moved to the house and stood at the door. He looked up and saw the nimbus clouds gathering. He let out a sigh of relief after realizing they were drops of rain that had fallen on his shoulder and head. It was dark both in the house and outside. He didn’t know what to do now that his phone was quite a distance. He imagined walking back in the house only to hear the strange sounds again and remained outside. He stood at the door for fifteen minutes and realized that he was not helping his poor self. What if the lights fail to come till morning? Will I sleep outside? Go for your phone Mark, the pan won’t fall again. I’m intrepid. A fearless and unshrinking motherfucker is what I am! Nothing scares me in this world; Not sounds of pans dropping, nor coins dropping. Go Mark! He told himself. Mark wore his imaginary mask of bravery and walked in. He walked slowly through the living room and when he got to the chair he was sitting on... Ouch! He let out a stentorian cry. He had stepped on a broken glass, the glass which he had been sipping juice with. The glass had broken into pieces after it fell on the floor when Mark was moving out. Mark cried like a baby. The foot which he had hit his ankle on the table is the same which he had stepped on the glass with. What a mishap! Double tragedy. He took out a handkerchief from his pocket and tied his bleeding foot. He then sat down, on the floor as he could not move with one leg, the house being dark. Mark felt his foot bleed but could not do anything to stop the blood from flowing.

The rain was pouring heavily outside, with deafening thunder and lightning flashing. Mark crawled to the door to shut it as the flash produced by the lightning was almost blinding. Just after he closed the door, he heard some sound from the kitchen. His wounded foot had made him forget the strange sounds that were earlier coming

from the kitchen. He freaked out a little bit peeing on his pants. Who/what was that and what was he/it doing in his kitchen? He

Wondered. The sound came in again. He listened keenly. It wasn't a pan, it wasn't a coin either. It was his phone. It was vibrating. The pain on his foot could not make him walk. He crawled towards the kitchen to get his phone. It was probably Mike or his brother Moses trying to reach him. He thought. He wormed his way to the kitchen and when he was about to get his phone, he felt someone tap his back. He shrieked and lay on his back.

It was his brother, Moses. Moses went behind the cupboard and switched on the light from the house's main switch. He was in a grim reaper suit and was holding a torch. He had been in the kitchen all along yet Mark hadn't realized. He would switch off the lights from the main switch which was located in the kitchen, then drop the pan and go hide behind the cupboard.

The kitchen door squeaked and Mike walked in. Mike had been in the living room all along. He was the one dropping the coin. He had been hiding behind a couch which was located at the farthest end of the room. Mark did not like the couch because it was old and torn, and not comfortable to sit on. That's why he placed it at the farthest end. Mike knew Mark never liked the couch and saw it fit for him to hide behind the couch. "What do the two of think you are doing? Are you mad? Look at what you've done to me" Mark, pointing at his hurt foot, asked them amid rage and pain. "Are you guys aware of what you've made me go through?" Mark questioned them. He was piqued by their behavior. "Relax, brother" said Moses. "Relax? In this state that I'm in?" Mark was so furious at them. "Are you guys nuts or what? Have you taken in something that made you insane?" "I'm sorry, it was just a prank." Mike came in. "A prank? You call this a prank? This is idiocy!" "We were only trying to prepare you for...." "Prepare me for what? Prepare me for an appointment with a doctor? You've succeeded. Look at my foot. You've finally prepared me a visit to a medic. So when am I going to Hospital? When will that be? Should we go at this time of the night?" Mike had never seen Mark that angry. He regretted listening to Moses' idea. All this was Moses' plan. Moses had planned to scare his brother before they went for a camp in a nearby forest. Mike didn't think anyone would get hurt and that's why he agreed to Moses' idea.

"I'm so sorry brother, there's this adventure we have been planning, and we wanted to see how spooked you can get before we informed you. Moses tried explaining to furious Mark. "True, none of us thought it would turn this dreadful for you, we are really sorry." Mike added. "Yes, I can see that both of you are sorry since we are all sharing the pain equally." Mark said sardonically. Moses excused himself and went for the first aid kit to come nurse his brother's wound. He regretted his scathing idea.

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