

### The Green Eye

Marr '40

In a room which was gradually growing darker, as twilight slowly settled over the earth, sat a young man and his sister. There was a strained, anxious look on their faces as they peered intently into a corner of the room.

As if in tune with the discord which existed in the house, the harmony of the elements was disturbed. Instead of the glorious sunset which should logically bring to a close a bright, clear day, a hushed expectancy filled the air. The atmosphere was mobilizing her forces to attack the earth. The air became heavily laden; dark, portentous clouds quickly formed a black rough carpet and rolled across the sky blotting out the last rays of a sun going to rest; in the distance, ominous rumbling sounds could be heard sounding the advance of the shock troops. Truly, the night favoured those who wished to work unseen.

In the room which was now brightened only by the intermittent flashes of lightning, the young couple sat trembling together. It was still there—that pale green eye—mocking them from a distance. Immobile, it seemed to be peering into the innermost depths of their souls. Their senses were numbed. Fear had taken a stranglehold on their minds. Yet they could not tear their eyes away from that corner of the room. The deep guttural voice that floated to their ears came from the direction of the eye. "Death calls you" it muttered in a tone with the ring of insanity in it.

The young man jumped from his seat. Something had to be done. "We will have to put an end to the ghastly thing now," he said to his sister, "or it will drive us both crazy". So mustering their courage they crept silently towards the dark corner. "Another step and you die", cried the voice.

The couple stopped short and glanced with fear filled eyes out the window into the stormy night. The rain was still rattling off the window panes, while the house trembled in the grasp of the over-powering wind.

After a few moments hesitation, they began once again to tread softly towards that dreadful voice. The boy reached out, but recoiled quickly as a crash of thunder rang in his ears. He was not, however, going to give up that easily, so once again he put forth his hand and finally succeeded in turning off the radio.