

Luke Jackson

Absolutely Not

A reversion of "[A Rhyme We Say While Skipping](#)"

Grandma was always weird about her kitchen. No one was allowed in there unsupervised. When she was alive, she made sure, with absolute certainty, that no grandchild stepped foot in there alone. It was almost clairvoyant how quickly we were reprimanded if we even tried.

I was never sure why, but my cousins and I liked to believe it was because of the little door in the pantry. Tucked away in the corner of the kitchen was a small white shelved storeroom. Crumbs of flour and rice always populated the nooks and crannies. At the very back, right along the floor was the outline of a little door. It was painted over, but you could see where the seam would've been if it wasn't. It was just about big enough for us to theorize that one of the smaller cousins could've crawled through if we could ever get it open. We never could, but it wasn't for lack of trying. Anytime we were in the pantry, grandma seemed to be hovering around. Once, we tried to push on the little door and grandma dragged us out by the ears and smacked our butts with her wooden spoon. I remember crying to my mom about it. She just laughed.

We were at Grandmas house in preparation for the wake tomorrow afternoon. It was late, but my mom wanted to make sure things were tidy for all the family coming. I told her she should be at home taking it easy, but I think this is how she needed to grieve.

We had brought flowers, but once we had spread them around the house, mom decided we didn't have enough. She said she was going to run to the store. I tried to convince her it was fine, but I think she needed the flowers more than the house did. I told her I'd stick around and finish cleaning up.

Luke Jackson

There wasn't much left to do, so there I was, alone in grandma's house. I smiled to myself, and a little jolt of electricity shot into my heart. I could be in her kitchen alone. I went in and sat right on the counter. I could almost hear grandma saying "no bums on the counter! Do I need to get the spoon?!"

I'm sure she'd laugh about it now. I'm sure she was laughing about it wherever she was. My curiosity got the better of me as I hopped off the counter and opened the pantry door. My vision blurred and blood rushed from my brain as I looked inside. The tiny white door was open.

There it stood, the gaping maw of my grandmother's kitchen pantry. I couldn't see inside the small open door, but it was dark. An unearthly kind of dark. I didn't bother looking for long. I rushed back into the kitchen and closed the door behind me.

I heard footsteps by the kitchen entrance. "Mom?"

Nothing. Just more slow, long, dragging footsteps.

Into the kitchen stepped a creature hunched over, tall, and haggard. Its sickly grey skin drooped unnaturally over its sharp pointy skeleton. Its black sunken sockets were more like voids than eyes. Its mouth hung open, as if its jaw was slacked and broken. Long shrill arms dragged on the floor by its rotting feet. It flipped its gaze towards me.

I ran out the back door of grandma's house. Absolutely fucking not.