

The house was exceedingly small and dark, but that was the way he liked it. He was never good at socializing and hated unwanted attention. *Keep quiet and blend into the background*, his mother always said. Since his mother had been gone, he had not done much with the place. All the family pictures still sat on the fireplace mantel. The furniture was old but still in decent shape. The long sectional sofa and the reclining chair occupied most of the small room. He started to think what a mess the place was. After looking around for another minute he decided that it didn't matter. The people I bring here will not be worried about the mess, he smiled to himself. He kept that smile as he opened the basement door and heard the muffled screams.