

## Peekaboo

### The Humans

Sarah pulled the door closed with all of her failing strength, sweat beading on her brow.

Tears streamed down her face as the door thudded and rattled violently—something was on the other side trying furiously to get in. Through blurry eyes, she looked behind her at her children. The baby was screaming white-faced as his brother held him tightly, curled up and frozen in the back of the closet.

“I love you,” Sarah sobbed, fighting against her terror.

The door jerked again, and with a scream of panic-driven determination, she hauled back against the invisible power. How much longer could she hold on?

### The Ghosts

“Dude, it's a push.”

“No, it's a pull, I've almost got it.”

“You've got to push. Push! No, no turn the handle. Have you forgotten how to use doors?!”

“The chick won't let us in.”

“Probably because you were playing peekaboo with the baby last night, like an idiot. You know we never come over well on the monitor.”

“But the baby liked it!”

“Well, you've freaked out the humans, and we can't get in to make it better. Push!”

“It's a pull!”