

REASONABLE
HAND-DRAWN
FACSIMILE

Weird Tales: Part One

Leon Stevens

I heard a tapping on the window, like the sound of a tree branch in the wind hitting the glass. At first I thought that I was dreaming, but I slowly opened my tired eyes, rolled over, and listened again.

TAP,TAP.

I wasn't going to be able to get back to sleep no matter what it was, so I got up and walked out to the living room. As I stood in the center of the darkened room, barely breathing, I heard it again, coming from the sliding patio door.

TAP,TAP

Slowly, I moved toward the curtain and slid it aside. There, on the patio was a figure, my height, holding a cup. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. It raised a hand slightly in a gesture that I took to be a greeting.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Can I borrow a cup of sugar?" he asked, in a gentle but firm voice. He held out the cup.

"Umm, it's kinda late and who are you?" I inquired. I didn't feel threatened; I felt curious.

I saw in his hand, where the cup used to be, was a jerry can. "I meant, can I borrow some fuel for my shi... um my vehicle," he said.

I should have done this earlier, and as I reached for the light, I said, "I'm going to turn on the light."

"OK."

It took a few seconds to adjust to the brightness, and a few more to adjust to what I was seeing. He was a grayish color, skinny, with larger, dark eyes. It looked like he was wearing something, but I couldn't tell what as it was somewhat form fitting and a slightly different color than his skin. I don't know what compelled me to, but I opened the sliding door.

"Thank you, it was getting cold out there," he said as he came inside.

"You're not from around here, are you?" I asked.

"Well, not here, but not far if that's what you mean," he answered. I didn't know what I meant.

"I mean you look different. Not human."

I could see a sense of concern in his eyes. "You mean I don't look like you?" he questioned.

"Nope."

He gestured to the kitchen table. "Can we sit?" he asked.

"Sure, can I get you something to drink?" I asked.

"Scotch, if you have it, " he replied. It just so happened that I did.

As he took a seat at the table, I grabbed a couple of glasses, the scotch, and brought them to the table. Pouring a couple of fingers in each, I slid one toward him. He reached out and with his spindly fingers and picked up the glass.

“You know, we can’t really tell you apart from one another.” He took a sip and placed the glass in front of him. “ We thought this,” he motioned to himself, “was pretty good.”

I looked at him and said, “It’s generally close. You have the right amount of everything.”

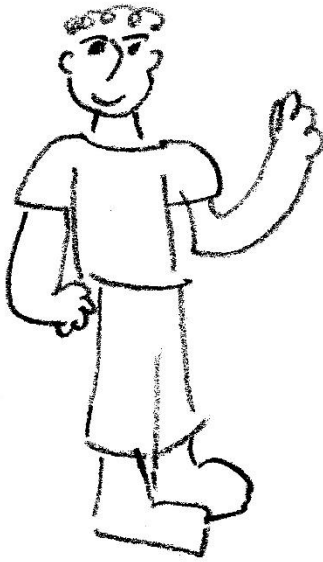
He looked dejected. “We have been practicing a long time. We made a bunch of paintings on some caves, scratched figures in a desert, made some big heads. One time we tried, and it looked like an animal. It’s frustrating.”

“It’s like this, “ I got a pad of paper and a pencil and started to draw, “I have a hell of a time trying to draw people. It always comes out close, but not quite good enough.” I finished my sketch and turn it to face him. “See, you can tell it’s a person.” His eyes lit up and he looked at me.

“Can I keep this?” he asked as he reached toward it.

My alarm went on for 10 minutes before I woke up. I put on my robe and went to make coffee. On the table was an empty bottle of scotch and two glasses.

So, if you see a guy who looks like this:



Don't let him in, he'll just drink all your booze.

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