

## The Mole

“No.”

“What do you mean ‘no’?”

“I mean,” Cammie said with a little force in her voice, “no. I will not go into the abandoned house with you. It’s literally the setup of a horror movie.” She held her hands in front of herself, palms out, and said dramatically, “Two teens enter an abandoned house in search of little fun. Little did they know that the house was holding a dark secret in the form of a serial killer.”

“Come on, Cam,” Jason said with an eye roll. “There’s not going to be a serial killer in the house. I just thought it be cool to look around and... you know.”

“I’m not going to have sex with you in a spider infested crap hole.”

“We don’t have to have sex. We can just make out a little.”

At that, Cammie pushed away from the table with pure annoyance. “I have to go to class.”

Jason got up from the table as well. “I’ll meet you afterwards?”

“You don’t have to.” Cammie picked up her plate to take it to the dish depository in the campus dining hall.

Jason followed her. “I know I ‘don’t have to’. I want to.”

Cammie gave him a dry smile. “You’re sweet,” she said with false genuineness in her tone. “Now go away.” She glanced at her phone to check the time. “Now I really have to go. I’ll see you.”

Cammie rushed off to make it to her economics class on time. Though her professor didn’t

## The Mole

particularly care about lateness, Cammie herself was a real stickler. She hated to be late. She also hated to be early. Cammie preferred to be exactly on time.

When Cammie walked into her classroom, she saw someone she'd never seen before. If she attended a large university, she could credit it to not being extremely observant. However, her school was a small, private university, so a new face in a class of twenty was something to be surprised and curious about. Also, another reason that this new kid interested Cammie so much was because he was sitting in her seat. Her unassigned assigned seat. She huffed and sat down in a seat that was normally empty that just so happened to be directly behind the new seat stealer.

After Cammie sat down, she pulled out her phone real quick because she had felt it buzz on the way over. It was a text from Jason saying, "I'm sorry. We don't have to go to the house if you don't want to." Now, if he could man up and apologize in person, that would be nice.

The abandoned house that Jason wanted to go into was something of a school legend. According to the stories, an entire family had been murdered there just twenty years prior. No one had lived in the house since, even though the market value had to be a pretty good deal, it being a murder house and all. Going into the house and hooking up was something that students there loved to do, for some reason that Cammie just couldn't quite understand. Oh, so sexy with the spiders, dust and blood stains.

Cammie had trouble listening to her professor drone on about economic theories and whatever else he'd been talking about throughout the entire class. It wasn't like it was a class she normally paid expert attention in, but this day was worse than usual. For some reason, she couldn't stop staring at the boy's mole on the back of his neck in front of her. It wasn't extremely abnormal or anything like that, it was just... it was as if it was staring at her. Now, Cammie knew that moles

## The Mole

cannot stare at people, at least, not the skin kind. She tried to shake it off, but the mole truly gave her the wigs.

After class, Cammie rushed out to get away from the new kid and his mole. She found Jason waiting for her outside her class building. “I told you didn’t have to wait for me.”

“Ah, but I did anyways. Sorry, couldn’t help it.”

Cammie couldn’t help but smile. Stupid boys. They do stupid things and girls still liked them. It’s annoying.

That night at dinner, Cammie saw the boy from her economics class again. She couldn’t help but stare.

Jason looked between her and the boy. “What is it? Who is that guy?”

Cammie shook her head. “I don’t know,” she said. “He stole my seat in econ today.”

“And you’re still mad? It’s a seat.”

“First of all, it’s not just a seat. Second, it’s not that. He just gives me a creepy feeling.”

At that, Jason got suddenly protective. “Why? Did he say something?”

Cammie shook her head. “No, no. It’s just a feeling.”

Jason looked at the boy again. “You know what, that guy actually appeared in my history class out of nowhere a few days ago. Seems kind of weird. He never talks to anyone and no one really talks to him. Even my professor seems to ignore the guy. Really weird.”

## The Mole

Thinking back, Cammie couldn't recall the professor even looking at the mole boy. However, that could be because she was too busy staring at the back of his neck to pay attention to how other people reacted to the new kid.

Cammie watched the boy from across the room. When he got up from the table that he sat at alone, Cammie got up as well without thinking about it. "We should follow him," she said to Jason.

"We are not going to stalk the guy," Jason responded.

"I didn't say 'stalk' I said 'follow'. There's a difference."

"Not really." Jason said, but he got up from the table anyways. "And you think I have crazy ideas."

Cammie ignored him as they walked out of the dining hall behind the mole boy. He turned left as soon as he exited the building and continued to walk in that direction. Cammie and Jason stayed at a safe distance behind him, careful not to be too obvious. Eventually, the boy took a turn down a street with a line of old houses. The same street that the abandoned house happened to be on. Cammie thought that there was no way that that was where the mole boy was headed, but as soon as he reached the house, he turned and walked up the long front pathway and in through the front door.

"Did he just do what I think he did?" Jason asked.

"Yup," was Cammie's reply.

"And I'm assuming you want to follow him in there too?"

## The Mole

Cammie thought for a moment. She really had no interest in going into that creepy, old house, but there was just something about the mole kid that was making her a little crazy. So, she responded with another, “Yup.”

“Cool.” When the possibility of making out was not in the cards, Jason was not nearly as thrilled about going into the abandoned house.

“Okay,” Cammie said. “Let’s go.”

“Are we just going to walk in the front door? What if he hears us or see us?” Jason asked kind of panicky.

“Then we pretend that we’re a stereotypical couple from the campus.”

Jason nodded, looking a little nervous. Cammie grabbed his hand, thinking this whole thing was a little stupid, but she felt a little scared as well.

*Now or never*, she thought.

Hand in hand, Jason and Cammie walked up the long front pathway that led to the ugly brown door. Cammie put her hand on the rusted door handle, and with a little effort, pushed open the door with a quiet creak. They stepped past the threshold and into the front hallway. Mole boy was nowhere in sight. They crept into the living room that was to the right of the front door and still, saw nothing and no one besides the spiders that Cammie desperately tried to ignore.

Next, they entered the kitchen. There was a pot that looked to be a thousand years old sitting on the stove top that most likely no longer worked. Out of the corner of her eye, Cammie thought she saw something move. She turned quickly, but there was no one there. But what she did see was something dripping from the wall. She moved closer cautiously. She turned the

## The Mole

flashlight on her phone on and directed the light towards the wall. Whatever she saw, it was green and oozing. Cammie peeled away the already peeling wallpaper away from the wall, and saw that there was a small opening. The green goo was coming out of the wall in pulses.

“What is it?” Jason asked.

“Something very, very gross,” Cammie responded.

Before Jason could take a closer look, they heard a loud bang from up the stairs. Cammie moved toward the sound and made her way up the stairs with Jason closely behind her. The first room on the right was where all the sound was coming from. The door was closed, but Cammie knew she had to open it.

Her hand reached for the knob, but Jason grabbed her arm. “What are you doing?” He whispered.

“I need to know,” she said, a little overdramatically.

Jason stepped back looking defeated and said, “Alright.”

Again, Cammie reached for the door. This time, she twisted the knob and opened the door slowly. Whatever she was expecting to see behind that door, what she actually saw was not it. Mole boy, if she could even call him that anymore, was taking off his skin. Underneath the human skin that mole boy had inhabited, was a humanoid figure with pale blue skin and very large hands with six fingers each. Her mouth opened in shock.

Mole boy quickly turned toward Cammie, anger in his eyes. “What are you doing here?!” he shouted at her.

“I... I,” but she couldn’t think of a response.

## The Mole

Jason, on the other hand, said, “You’re an alien. You... you wear these... these skin suits until they burn out or whatever and then you dispose of them?” He gestured to the pile of what looked like skin that was melting into a green gooey substance in the corner of the room that Cammie hadn’t noticed before.

The alien looked away and sighed. “Yes. That is what I do. I am on a mission here to find out more about your disgusting race. So far, I’m not impressed.”

Cammie finally got her voice back. “But,” she said, “you’re killing people. You can’t just come here and use all these people and then discard them like last year’s sweater.”

“For the sake of science,” the alien said calmly, “I can.” He looked between Cammie and Jason. “And it just so turns out that I am in need of a new disguise.” He smiled and then he jumped forward.