

The Ballows Home

In a small town, everyone knows everyone. Older ladies sit on their creaky porches, whispering about the townsfolk. Mothers wheel their babies through neighborhoods, silently judging outcasts.

The home on the end of Ballows street had stayed vacant for 20 years. The neighboring homes stayed well kept, but the Ballows home stayed filthy. Children didn't dare come near it. The battered siding and broken windows scared even the adults away. Eventually, the house went up for sale. Cheap, and a fixer-upper, it attracted young families looking for a perfect home. But when families came and toured, they always ended up leaving in a rush.

Carrie's family had been looking to buy a home in a small town in Oregon for months. They needed a large enough home for the three of them, and the low price immediately caught their attention. After one glance at it in the papers, they bought it without even touring it. They compiled everything into their little 90's Subaru, and began the trek to their new life.

It was night when they arrived, the sound of rain pattering against the car window as they arrived. Tired and cold, they grabbed the essentials and made their way into the home. Immediately Carrie caught a whiff of a foul smell. The parents noticed it too, but they only had energy to lay out the sleeping bags. As soon as they laid their heads down, they fell fast asleep. The next weeks consisted of furnishing, cleaning, and repairing. Carrie began at her new school, and her parents at their new jobs. Life was pleasant, at least for a while. The rumors never subsided though, and the repulsive smell never ceased, but instead was joined with noises and figures.

Carrie disappeared a month later.

