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The Daily Boos

-Spooky Edition!

**IT'S ONLY
3
DAYS UNTIL
Halloween**

The Silver Tooth: Part 1

Nate Rotter

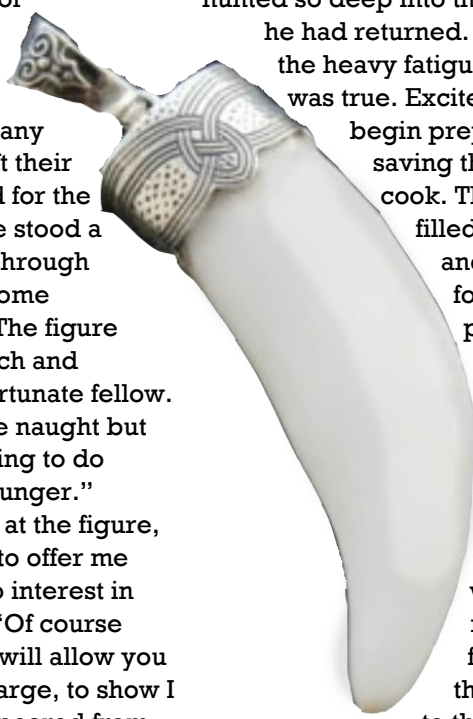
An age ago, in the squalid hamlet Keltch a poor man lived with his family. He was a simple man doing what jobs he could find, but at the end of every day his family was hungry. One night, deep in winter, the family awoke frozen in their cots. A gust had blown out the fire through one of the many boarded windows. The man quickly left their ramshackle home to gather more wood for the fire, but between him and the woodpile stood a figure. He could not see their features through the dark nor the cloak they wore, but some instinct told the man to avert his eyes. The figure spoke then, in a voice that changed pitch and inflection sporadically, "My poor, unfortunate fellow. I have seen you and your family. You're naught but skin and bone! Surely you must be willing to do anything to see your family free from hunger."

The man, still unable to look directly at the figure, was wise. "If you are some devil, here to offer me food in exchange for my soul, I have no interest in your bargain!" The creature laughed. "Of course not! My offer is not so serious. In fact, I will allow you to use my gift for one month, free of charge, to show I bear no ill will." A human arm then appeared from the robe, and in its hand was a single, silvered wolf's tooth. "This charm grants the user unparalleled hunting capability. You'll hunt enough game to feed the village!" The man approached cautiously, but was unable to hide his excitement. Ever wary, the man asked the figure "Surely such a power has a great price?" A smile flashed beneath the hooded robe, "As I said, I will let you use the tooth for one month. After such time passes, I will sell it to you if you're still fond of it." The man, almost drooling at the idea of a hearty meal, took the tooth. The arm retreated back into the cloak, and upon uttering "A deal's a deal," the robed figure vanished. Frightened, but still hungry, the man hung the tooth on a string around his neck.

The man awoke in his bed. Confused, he looked about. His wife was beside him, his kids in their cots. The fire was burning in the fireplace, but he had no memory of restocking it. In the center of their one room home was a great mound of meat. Blinking

slowly, the man sat up and felt for the Tooth. It was still at his neck. He must have restocked the fire and hunted so deep into the night he collapsed as soon as he had returned. He remembered nothing, but the heavy fatigue he felt suggested his theory was true. Excited, he leapt from the bed to begin preparing the meat for storage, saving the largest, juiciest piece to cook. The most delicious aroma soon filled the home, waking his children and wife. Upon seeing the pile of food the children cheered, pleading with their father for the first tastes. His wife looked in disbelief and asked him how he had acquired all this food. He regaled to them his meeting with the stranger last night and claimed he had hunted all throughout the night with the help of the Tooth. That night, the family felt full for the first time in many years. Then the man took the rest of the meat to the market, sold it, and bought everything his family needed. On his way home he noticed something strange. His neighbor was standing at the village's quest board. Traveling adventurers' hadn't come by in years- to post a job was a joke. Curious, the old man approached, "Tom? What're you doing there?" Tom turned around, and the man could see he'd been weeping. "It took them. A great horrid wolf took my Martha and Dorothy!" He cried out, "It got into the cabin, knocked the door clean off its hinges. Killed them and drug them off before I could do a damn thing." The man was terrified- If a beast like that was about it could break into his own house with ease. Unsure how to console him, the man said, "I dearly hope someone comes by and sees your post here. I'm sorry about your family." The man returned home, unable to stop thinking about a monstrous wolf hiding somewhere in the woods.

- To be Continued





Sixth Floor, Going Down

Gabe Witch

Down, down, down. The walls around me hummed with the monotonous tone of the motors overhead, lowering me in my cozy encasement to the ground floor. Beyond its doors were the freedoms promised by winter break: pond hockey, reading by the woodstove, hours drawing whatever I pleased, and **no** schoolwork. So caught up in my aspirations was I that I didn't realize that the elevator was suddenly quiet- Silent.

The display read "2", but the doors weren't opening, so why had it stopped? I pressed the buttons, but they'd light up but only for a moment. The elevator did not budge another inch. I pounded on the door- surely, someone would hear, some faculty or student finishing one last thing before the break. Time ticked by; I watched the minutes flash across my phone. It may as well have been a brick- there was no service in the elevator. I played enough Temple Run to put Indiana Jones to shame. The battery was low, as was mine. A quick nap would surely refresh me so I could resume knocking on the doors. Then someone would hear me- someone would find me.

When I woke, I could hear nothing save for the sound of my own breathing. Nothing had changed; the red lights still burned the number two. The phone that had told me how long I had been trapped had died, and I was left to my thoughts. How I longed for the sweet sound of the motors kicking back to life as I tried all the buttons, but it was not to be.

I started knocking again, at random intervals. I pulled out homework and solved every question. I opened the probability simulator on my calculator, and however many numbers appeared on the screen, that is how many times I would knock. I programmed a clock of sorts into the calculator, estimating how long it would take to graph a circle, and counted the circles it drew. I was hungry. Never before had I desired the overfilled dining hall and the shitty food it provided, but even the Salisbury Steak could not sour the appetite I'd developed.

There was nobody to talk to here. Nobody could hear me when I propped open my calc notebook and actually read the notes. Not a soul could hear me laugh at all the quirky jokes the chemistry professor had used. I answered all the questions on the slides like the know-it-all kid in the lecture. This was fun.

There was still no movement from the doors the next time I awoke. I abandoned knocking on the door. I pressed the buttons and watched them flash. I played them like a keyboard. I played every song I could think of until my voice grew hoarse and that too became uninteresting.

Two. I had come to ponder the number of the screen. I knew my goal was one, yet no matter how many times or ways I asked, that number would not change. Two. Always two. Two less one is one. Two divide by two is one. Two times half is one. Two to the zeroth power is one. So many ways to make two one, and yet the elevator would not. Two is infuriatingly close to one. Why could the lights not understand that all they needed to do was go from 5 short segments to a single continuous one to let me go? Once I reached first floor, I was certain the doors would open. I began asking my professors what the solution to opening the doors would be. They weren't there, so I answered for them.

I do not know how long I have been in this steel coffin. Even now, I know that if I press the buttons nothing will not budge. The red number on the screen will not change. My professors have no more ideas to help me escape. How I long for the sweet, sweet symphonies of the motors high above my head. Words could not do justice to how I wish that I could eat endless amounts of dining hall food. There is no describing the joy it would bring me to watch 2 become 1. 2 to 1. 2. 1...

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