

Some things are not the toys we take them for. The model car on the Detroit executive's desk. The Steel Balance Swinging Ball Cradle. The ivory chess set. But no matter what you do ...

Never Use Cheat Codes on a Ouija Board

David Woodruff © 2018

I'm hiding now and even though there is some light coming from my computer monitor, I don't believe they can find me. Using this old computer, which I found is up in the attic, should keep me safe for a while. The first sighting was in my garage. There must have been twenty of them, maybe more. Counting them wasn't high on my priority list. They were crawling all over the Toyota. They were bashing the hell out of it with stone-tipped spears and clubs.

Imagine a crocodile with long frayed limbs and a standing-vertical posture. Now you have some idea of the appearance of these bastards. Picture one of the natives in those old 1940's jungle films. Grass shirt, beaded neckless, crazy feather headdress. The creatures seemed so outlandish, I figured they were a drunken hallucination. Until one of them threw a club at the door. You might be different, but my drunk illusions don't throw things at me which bounce off the door with a loud thud.

Managing to get the door closed, the sound of them banging on the other side was unmistakable. I'm not sure who was angrier, them because I interrupted their fun or me, watching them trash my Toyota. I imagined myself filling out an insurance form as a nearby clerk stood over my shoulder, holding a 'rejected' stamp. Locking the door, I headed for the kitchen to call the cops. Halfway to the phone, a club came crashing through the window. It was followed by one of them vaulting over the now empty frame.

"Hay, Markroo," he screamed in a high-pitched, shrill little voice. "You can walk right through the windows. Stupid Ape Boys can't even construct a proper arrow slit."

"Get out of my house."

"You gonna make me, Gorilla Face?" He picked up the club he'd tossed through the glass and approached me with deliberate menace in his actions. I threw a bar stool in his path and he started beating it with his club. His frenzy gave me enough time to get around him and into the front hall. Grabbing a chair, I set it against the doorknob as a makeshift lock. When I tried to leave, three more of the little reptile freaks blocked my way.

"Impeerk," one of them hollered, "He's in here."

I made a dash for the stairs. When I reached the top, I picked up a night table which resided in the hallway and held it over my head to toss in down upon my pursuers.

"Hey," the first one cried out, "Are you insane?" His admonishment caused me to pause. He used the delay to hit me in the shin ... hard. The result was, I let go of the table. This occasioned the nightstand to wind up bouncing down the stairs, dragging the creatures down with it. Using the extra time, I hobbled into the guest bedroom and slammed the door shut. I used the cheap push-knob lock on the door and then slid a dresser in front of it as a barricade.

From the front window, I could make out a dozen more of them taunting me from the front lawn. For a while, I was content to press my back against the wall and watch as they milled about. The group from the stairs had finally made it up the steps and were soon bashing their clubs against the door. The tip of a spear made its way through the door, but the rough stone head got caught. I listened as the creature tried to recover the weapon. His feet pounding the door with all the frantic energy in his body. Unfortunately, through the window, I observed the little creeps, who had found the extension ladder from the shed and five of them were setting it up against the wall.

“Shit,” I cried. I threw myself into the closet. Huddling in there, I imagined a clerk at my homeowner’s insurance office, leaning over me with the same ‘rejected’ stamp which was used by my auto insurance agency. I swear both clerks had the same morbid grin on their faces.

At the top of the closet as a trap door. I opened it up and scrambled up over a hanging row of old suits and clambered into the attic. I put the trap door back into place and started praying these things didn’t have a habit of glancing over their heads.

Down below the sounds of them vandalizing the place were distinct. There was no phone in the attic, but there was an old Apple Computer I’d stored up here in a box. Locating it among the shadows, I plugged it into the socket which hung above the single bare bulb between the rafters. Luck was still with me, the machine powered up and connected to the Wi-Fi in the house. I sent a message to the police but got no response. I should have told them it was a burglar. Now, I’d have to change my screen name to be believed.

“Find him,” one of the creatures shouted from below. “The moron has to be around here somewhere.”

The plates in the kitchen smashed to the floor. Lamps fell, and pictures landed on the hardwood. There had once been a collection of oriental vases in the living room, but not anymore. The next thing I heard was the front door opening. I check my watch. It’s 3 PM. Damn, my current girlfriend, Louisa Kibby had been coming over this afternoon. I should never have given her the house key.

“What’s going on in here?” Her demand was followed by a clatter and a loud scream. Do you recall the fake scream they do in bad horror movies? Turns out not to be so far off from the real thing.

“Hey, Ape Boy,” came a squeaky voice from below. “We’ve got the female. Don’t worry we’re not going to kill her. Yet. We’re not hungry right now. We’ll take her back to our lair, OK? You gonna come rescue her?” There was a muffled scream as if the sound’s passage had been interrupted by a gag. There was a noise of material tearing. “Hey, Ape Boy, this one’s got nice titties. Have you seen her titties?” This was followed by another scream. I could tell Louisa was pissed. There was clear, low grunt. I’d be willing to bet she’d gotten one of them in the crotch with those pointy pumps she likes to wear.

“You ape boys may be tall, but you have no ability to accessorize.” There was more tearing, kicking and a further round of screaming. Louisa’s feet rapped on the floor in frustration. From the muttering I could overhear, the creatures seethed with a unsoothed hostility, especially toward anyone who seemed stronger, smarter, or superior to them in any way ... which is basically everyone.

“So Sweet Stuff,” one of them asked her. “You going to give us some sugar?”

“Hey, Ape Boy, you ever see your girlfriend in nothing but a grass skirt? You better get out here. She’s got a nice body for an ape girl. You don’t want to miss this.” Since I hadn’t come to her rescue, I was imagining she was now my ex-girlfriend. But I wasn’t taking the bait. I might have been able to take a few of them, but not two dozen.

I sat, cross-legged, in front of my keyboard. I was connected to the Internet. I needed to make someone aware of what was going on. Getting them to, believe me, was the tricky part. The police message board was still quiet. I went from one social media outlet to every social media tool I could recall. Everyone

thought it was a big joke. The first response I got was from a UFO watch group. Great, I could have them call the police, but I'd imagine their call would get the same response I did.

Some of the groups were fascinated by my name. "How did you get a name like Bellwether Morton?" One of them asked.

"My parent were hippies, OK?" I shot back. "Call me Bell. It's what everyone else does."

"You're not supposed to use your real name on the Internet," another commented.

"I'm trying to get some help, Okay?" I fired off at them. "I need the police. There are lizard creatures tearing apart my house."

"What are you on? Sit back and relax, you'll come down."

"I'm not on drugs. This is real. It's no joke."

Still, another replied with the snotty response. "You need a room in the psychiatric wing, dude."

Finally, I got a meaningful reply from a Loch Ness Monster watch group. NESSIE1933 wrote back, "You got an infestation of varanid Kobolds, aye? How did you get them?"

"Via Ouija Board," I typed into the interface.

The only message they typed back was, "Boy are you screwed." Then there was silence.

In April 1912, Cyril Evans sent a dire warning from the *Californian* to the *Titanic*, informing them they were approaching ice. Nobody paid attention to poor Cyril either. Well, ignore this warning at your own risk: Never use cheat codes on a Ouija Board.



I found the thing in the Chester Flea Market. Someone had hand-carved the board from a piece of a tree. The letters had been burned into the surface with a soldering iron. The lettering was neat and crisp as if they'd been printed by a machine. In the center was a dark metal plate. Surrounded by marks burned into the surface, it gave the appearance of a compass ring. The

planchette, the part you use to ask questions, was also carved from the same type of wood. It was shaped like the head of the chimp with the round-open mouth as the viewer, revealing the letters of the spirit's answers. It had a fair amount of character to it, so I bought it for five bucks.

I should have been suspicious when the seller seemed a bit too pleased to be relieved of it. He didn't even try to haggle. Nobody at Chester sells anything without haggling. It's like a used car salesman taking your first offer.

At first, it sat on my coffee table, collecting dust. There it might have stayed, until one night I picked up the planchette. Technically, it requires multiple people to use a Ouija Board, but I was fooling around out of boredom. I asked it if Grim Nelson was going to hold onto his assembly seat. The planchette slid

over to the word 'Yes' like it was being pulled over to the position by a hyper-strong magnet. I took my hands off it at once. I showed it to Louisa after Grim won reelection. A grand jury had indicted him for embezzling state funds. The papers had outed him as the secret head of the New Hampshire KKK. Every paper in the west counties had predicted his opponent would take the seat with ease. Only the Ouija Board predicted the reverse.

Louisa went through a list of television shows, asking which would be canceled. Again, the planchette moved like it was ... well possessed. I couldn't explain it. The thing slid over the surface with a purpose. The kind of movement which makes you examine the bottom for wires or a trick motor of some kind. Yet the board seemed solid. It called each show exactly. I told Louisa the result wasn't anything. It was obvious 'Hearts Afire' would be canceled. It was a dumb show. But she kept at it. It was leaps and bounds better than channel eight at predicting the weather and knew every answer to Jeopardy. I called a halt when it came time to ask it who would keep their jobs at the office.

It gathered further layers of dust on the coffee table for the next three months. Then I got the idea to ask it for the ponies at Rockingham Park. The board called the first twenty races in a row. It was incredible. I must have made a couple of grand betting online. The realization finally hit me. I wasn't possible for me to guess twenty winners at the horse track. I didn't have enough information about either racing or horses. So, I started looking up Ouija Boards on the Web. Turns out there are all sorts of Ouija Boards. Eventually, I found a site listing cheat codes for the boards. At first, I didn't understand how a Ouija Board could have a cheat code. I mean, you ask it a question and it gives you answers. How do you cheat?

So I read some of the pages on the site. Are you aware you can get Ouija Boards to do more things than answer questions? I came across this cheat code for cash. You move the planchette to enter in the code using the numbers above the word 'goodbye.' Curious, I put in the code to make cash. I followed it up by asking the Ouija Board for ten grand. The planchette immediately slid over to 'yes,' but nothing happened. The board stayed still. Abandoning my wait for a magic puff of smoke, I leaned back into the couch. While I was reaching for the TV remote, I felt something jabbing me in the back.

Reaching behind me, I pulled out a stash of bills. It was two stacks of bundled \$100 bills each wrapped in a paper holder labeled \$5,000. I tried a few more codes I found on the site. Before long I had a deed to a ranch in Boca Raton and a pair of tickets to the symphony orchestra. On the final page, I found a code which stated it would give me something extraordinary. Entering the code, I sat back, but nothing seemed to happen. It was then the noises started coming from the garage.

If I ever get out of here, I'm going to take this stupid Ouija Board and shove it right down the throat of the smug dealer at the Chester Flea Market.

They're doing something downstairs now. Sounds like they are dragging the step ladder around. What are they doing in the closet? Wait a minute. Oh, shit, they found the trap door to the attic. If you are reading this, this is no joke. Send the police to 129 Ma ...