

Dallas Texas May 10th 2031

"We are gathered here today, to remember an amazing woman, a wife... a friend... a neighbour... a colleague... and a daughter, to remember the life of Alison Mendoza, she was happy, a life taken too soon, from the incurable disease we call cancer. She will not be forgotten, her soul will forever be in all of us as she rests in piece, now for a speech, here is her husband Ryan Mendoza, to say a few words." A soft applause sounded.

I wiped the tears from my eyes, as I fumbled through my cue cards, my sister and brother, either side of me, pat my back making sure I keep my composure.

I stood up from my allocated seat and made my way to the podium, I adjusted the microphone, "Thank you, Father Johnson, for that amazing speech, she would be proud." I cleared my throat as I place the cue cards on the podium.

"Alison was and still is the love of my life," I choked back the tears, "We first met in LA, the year was 2013, we were young, reckless, really had no idea what we were doing." Muffled laughs sounded. "But we kept in touch; she was a young accountant at the time, while I just started my garage shop, from being an apprentice mechanic and now to a fully qualified mechanic with his own shop. She loved me for who I was, not what I was. Yes, she liked the tweaks I made to her 69 Chevelle." I smiled. Muffled laughs sounded. "She told me I made her car too powerful, that was demonstrated when she almost took out the mail box." Everyone laughed.

I looked at the crowd who were seated in the grassed area of the cemetery we were situated in. Everyone in their formal clothes suits and dresses alike. I continued. "I..." I paused confused as I noticed a figure, a person standing behind a tree as I look over everyone's heads in the distance, the figure was watching me, but hid itself behind the tree as if it doesn't want anyone to notice it. I narrowed my eyes at the figure; it was dressed in a black hooded jacket, but I could not see the person's face or textures, especially with the warm spring sun beating down on me, obscuring my vision.

But as the hooded figure raised its head, two yellow eyes made contact with my own, my eyes widen in horror.

I look down at my cue cards again and continue my speech, but as I look up to resume my speech, the hooded figure was gone.

"I... I..." After seeing the hooded figure, it's basically making me stall myself. "I have to go." I took my cue cards as I left the podium and walked away, towards where all our vehicles are parked.

I lean against my classic car that I have owned and tuned up, it was a 1968 Chevrolet Impala SS Coupe; the colour was a midnight black, fully polished to a mirror finish.

My brother, Liam, rushes over to me in an alarmed, angry manner. "Ryan, what the hell man?" he says holding his hands out, as I sit on the left fender of my car, overlooking my cue cards.

"What's the problem, Liam?" I ask not looking up. He throws his hands in the air, "The problem? You're asking me that, really? There is a problem! The problem is you!" he says

pointing the funeral flyer at me. "This is your wife's funeral and you just up and left mid speech! I have known Alison for years and to me that's goddamn disrespectful!"

My brother being younger than me, 6'4, full muscle and 200 pounds, was a being not to piss off, plus he is also a local cop, hmmm doesn't go well.

I look up at him, his face plastered with anger, because I stormed off like that mid speech in the middle of my wife's funeral. I look up and gaze around the surrounding area; I hear a twig snap, as I turn my head to a set of trees to my right, I see the hooded person again behind a tree, the person's yellow eyes studying me.

"Ryan, are you listening to me?" I looked up at him; I didn't hear a thing he said. "Liam do you see that person behind the tree?" I ask.

"What? What person?" he replies, looking around. I point toward the trees, "There," I say. He looks towards the trees but as I look back, the person is gone.

"Ryan, there's no one there." He crosses his arms, "See the death of Alison has already made you delusional, you're starting to see things."

"No Liam, I'm telling the truth, I saw a person there, it has been the second time I have seen this person, wearing a black hooded jacket and has yellow eyes."

"Right, was this person only wearing a black hooded jacket?" he asks irritated. "The person was also wearing black jeans; I could tell they looked like jeans from a distance."

"So? It was probably just some junkie wondering why a bunch of people out here in a cemetery dressed in formal wear are doing; I busted a few in this area of town."

"A junky with yellow eyes? Oh I don't think so, Liam. C'mon, you know what? Stop making me out to be the bad guy here, my wife just died, I think I have the right to a little time to myself."

He puts his hands up in defence, "Fine. Go home, get some rest, have some time to yourself, I will let you know how your wife's funeral goes." He says as he turns on his heels and starts to make his way back toward the crowd.

"Liam." I called out as I stand back up, he turns around as he places his hands in his suit pants pockets, "Be my behalf, for my wife, in my absence."

He gives me a respectful nod, "Sure. I'll do that for you." He turns around and starts walking away.

I turn my attention back towards the trees, no black hooded person there; I narrow my eyes as I reach into my pocket and fished out my car keys. I opened the car door, clunked into the leather seats, slotting in the key into the ignition as the big block engine roared to life, with that everlasting loud exhaust rumble.

I slowly drove down the road, out the gates to the cemetery to my way home, I'm sure all friends, family and colleagues watching me drive away would saddened them deeply, knowing how I'm not coping well with my loss.



I arrived home within ten minutes; I had hit the button for the garage door of our house, well my house now. Three garage doors were position there, one of them raising up automatically, as I pulled in, hitting the button again letting the garage door close.

Still dressed in my black suit, I make my way to the doorway that led into the house from the garage, unlocking it and making my way in.

I threw my car keys onto the dining table as well as my wallet and phone. I walk into the kitchen and just lean against the kitchen bench and sigh heavily. Silence was all I could hear, just having some time to myself. I give my face a rub with my hands, as I look around the kitchen I notice a photo frame with a picture of me and Alison on our honeymoon in Hawaii, with our smiling faces.

I walk over and picked up the frame as I gaze over it, the tears start flowing, as they drop onto the picture frame, I just start balling my eyes out as I fall to the floor, as I slide down with my back to the kitchen cabinets as I lean against them.

I burry my head into my hands, letting the tears flow, the picture frame dangled between my fingers.

I felt a cold hand on my arm, I raise my head, looking around confused, there was no one here but it felt real, the cold touch felt like a hand that I have never felt before, it felt not human, it felt as if a snake was touching me, it felt as if the hand had scales.

Then out of the blue, the cold touch grabbed my arm and hefted me up to my feet, now this was ridiculous. I flinch and back in towards the kitchen bench, "Whose there?" I stutter. Nothing was heard.

"Show yourself." I say aloud. Nothing, no noise, no anything to reveal what the hell just happened.

I shrug my shoulders, "Liam's right I am becoming delusional." I head to my bedroom upstairs, to change out of my formal clothes into something a little more comfortable, as I make my way down stairs towards the mini bar; I hear my floor boards squeak. I immediately stop in my tracks, "Someone here, you better show yourself? I will call the police." No answer.

I shrug my shoulders again, as I grab a crystal glass, fish into the bowl of ice cubes, then snatching the whiskey bottle, popping off the lid, and then pouring the amber liquid to the brim of the glass.

I put the brim of the glass to my mouth and take a swig of the sweet, tasting the beverage as it slides down my throat.

I pour some more in, and then screw the lid back on, placing the bottle on the bar.

Whiskey in hand, I make my way to the garage, opening the door from the house waltzing in and shutting the door behind me.

I flicked the light switch, the fluorescent lights snapped on, illuminating the garage better, revealing at the first garage door was my wife's 69 Chevelle, in the middle garage door, the second one was the latest project I'm working on, a 1967 Ford Mustang Shelby GT500, fixing it up, piece by piece, making it back to originality.

I forgot something, 'Damn.' I thought. I place my glass of whiskey on a tool box, as I swing open the door into the house and dash into the kitchen, grabbing my wallet and keys, just in case, if I need anything or something happens, or someone needs me in a rush.

I waltz back in, closing the door behind me; I hit the button to the garage doors opening both all the way, to let the fresh air in as I work on my car.

Snatching my glass of whiskey back off the tool box, I walk to my mustang, pick up a ratchet, snapped a ten mill socket onto it, as I place my whiskey glass on atop the engine block of the mustang.

I started working on the alternator, as it required replacing, undoing the bolts and then fitting the new one in. I look up as I lean both hands on the front bumper, and gaze at Alison's car, a lone tear leaves my eye, but I hold them back.

I started undoing the nuts holding the alternator in place, the familiar sound of my ratchet working echoes throughout the garage, I place the ratchet on the engine, stand up straight as I straighten my back, as I grab the glass and take a swig of ice cold whiskey.

I place a hand on my hip, but I notice movement in my peripheral vision. I look to the side of the bonnet of my mustang, my jaw drops, as I just stand there, whiskey glass in hand. The hooded person with yellow eyes was standing there, right in the middle of my driveway, mere feet in front of my garage door.

I aim my whiskey glass at the person, "You." I say hoarsely. "What the hell are you doing here? You're the one at my wife's funeral; you made me miss her funeral! Get off my property, now! You're trespassing."

Nervous to its intentions, I slowly place my whiskey glass down; I slowly walk over to my tool box, eyeing the person suspiciously, I was able to get a good look of the person, the closer I got, I could make out its eyes, they were slitted like a snake. "What the fuck are you, what do you want from me!?" I ask loudly.

As I got to my tool box, I slowly picked up a breaker bar, a long solid steel rod, which is used to undo the lock nuts on a wheel.

I slowly inched toward the person, or creature or whatever it was. But as I suspected, the creature made a dash for it, across my front lawn, down the street.

"Oh fuck no, not this time you're getting away." I say as I throw the breaker bar to the ground, rush to my car, whisk open the car door, slam it shut, fumbling through my keys, starting the engine, slamming the gear stick into Reverse, I fly out of the driveway in a fast speed, hitting the garage button, slamming the gear stick into Drive, I took off with a squeal of my tyres, my big block V8 roaring to life, with its loud muscle sounding exhaust.

I saw the person/creature, running down my street, I was trailing it in my car, and I caught up to it in a manner of minutes. It was so hidden under the hooded jacket, jeans and shoes, with its hands in its pockets; I had no visual clue on who or what this person was.

I was contemplating on calling my brother, who is a cop; he can track down this person and have the whole force out looking for it.

'Ah, fuck it, I'll handle it myself, some weird person with yellow slitted eyes, stalking me, making me miss my wife's funeral, this person WAS at my wife's funeral, I have to find out why' I thought.

The person/creature, came to an intersection, perfect, I can swing around the corner and slam on the breaks in front of it, stopping the person/creature in its tracks.

I did just that, I spun the steering wheel in a hard lock to the left, drifting around the corner, squealing the tyres, I slid to a halt in front of the person/creature stopping it in its tracks, but to my utter dismay, the person being taller than an average human, swiftly dodged my heavy muscle car, and made a mad dash to the right running up the adjoining street.

I slap my steering wheel, "Damn it!" I yell, chucking the gear stick into Drive once again, hitting the accelerator, spinning the tyres in the process, I chase after the creature once more, the person or creature ran faster than a human, but it was on foot, I was easily able to catch up without a doubt. "You can run, but you can't hide, you can't outrun a fully tuned Chevy Impala!" I yell out the window towards the person.

The person kept running, with me trailing it, it made a mad dash to the left down an alleyway. "Ha! I've been in this neighbourhood for fifteen years, and I know that's a dead end." I say to myself.

I swung my car around sharply to the left, drifting slightly into the alleyway, pulling into it, as the setting sun was making it dark, the person was cornered in a dead end alleyway. It had nowhere to go; it stood there in front of a barbed wire fence, facing me with a determined stance. I slowly stopped my car, applying the brakes, facing this person; I flicked my lights on, high beam, illuminating the area and the person more, placing the car in Park.

I left my car running, as I narrow my eyes at the person through the windshield of my car, the person did not look, frightened, scared or terrified.

I fling open my car door, stepping out, leaving the door ajar, I slowly and cautiously inched my way to this person.

"Whoever the fuck you are? You have no business stalking me like this, what do you want? Money? Drugs? Sorry I can't help you." I point my arm towards nothing, as I explain the situation in a harsh manner, and then point at myself vigorously, "My wife just died, you think stalking me like this is really keeping my sanity, you really think this is helping me!"

"But I can help you." Came a female voice from the person. With its hooded jacket obscuring its face. "What?" I ask confused, this was utterly insane and not to mention absolute bullshit, I have no time for this. The person raised its arms, grabbed hold of its hood and flicked it back, revealing the most shocking thing I have ever seen, my eyes went wide, as adrenaline started kicking in like never before. With the hood, gone, the face of this person was finally revealed, to the utmost horror this person is an anthropomorphic lizard standing before me. She hissed and then lunged at me, with everything going black.