

VINyED

FRENCH KISS



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Flash & Shorts Collection # 4

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Eduard Meinema

**French Kiss**

Vinyed, Flash & Shorts Collection # 4

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# Vinyed

## Flash & Shorts Collection # 4

*A collection of short and ultra-short stories with an unexpected twist (Twisted Tales). Imaginative, surprising, and terrifying. In this issue you will find the following six stories:*

### **- The Job Interview**

Excited about an invitation for a job interview Mackenzie enters a building he has never been before. Once inside, he realizes he is part of a world he has never known before. A horrifying world no one knew existed...

### **- Be the Badge**

Agent Hamill is investigating a report of vandalism. He hopes to be home in time for the most important game of the year. But these exceptional vandals demand the utmost from him. He must fight for his life to prove that he is worthy of the badge. Could you handle it? Would you be worth the badge?

### **- Roadkill**

Accidents happen. They overcome you by coincidence and sometimes with unexpected consequences; or fatal injuries. The deadly victims, Roadkill, are fine meat. Never bother how it got killed or how it got there upon the road. Just remember Roadkill attracts other guests. Or unexpected scavengers...

**- French Kiss**

This is not a love song. It is about a love song though...

**- Desiree**

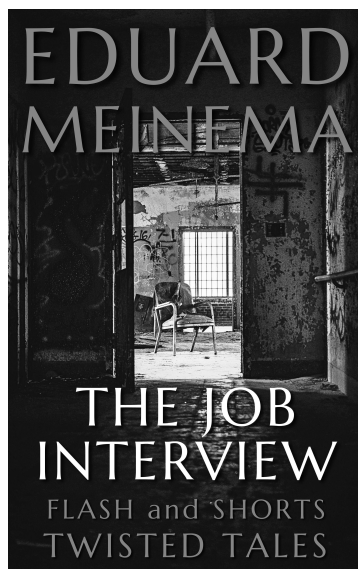
A story about love; in all its mysterious ways.

**- Scott**

Deep waters hold deep hidden secrets. Three fishermen brave the elements to earn a living. Their nets bring up something from the deep that should have stayed below...

*Are you ready for the unexpected? Start reading!*

# 1. The Job Interview



*Excited about an invitation for a job interview Mackenzie enters a building he has never been before. Once inside, he realizes he is part of a world he has never known before. A horrifying world no one knew existed...*

## 1.1

Mackenzie looked at the condensation on the windows. “You’re sure, this is the place?” he asked the cab driver.

“Lexington 270”, the driver briefly answered.

“Seems to be deserted.”

“Are you going in there or do you want me to drop you elsewhere?”

Mackenzie hesitated. “I’ll check it out. You just wait here, alright?”

“You got to pay me first.”

Mackenzie sighed. Threw a twenty-dollar bill upon the front seat and said: “Wait here.” A little nervous about the upcoming interview and feeling uncomfortable with this unexpected situation, he checked the GPS signal on his Smartphone. “It says Lexington 270. Right place and the right time. Well, ten minutes late; that’s close enough. So why is this place deserted?”

He gazed at the depressing neighborhood. The seven-story tall building was the last construction in the almost untilled, empty street.

Reluctant he walked through the revolving door. First thing he noticed was the warm moist air inside. He pulled off his coat and walked on, further into the huge, empty hall. The entire lobby was nothing more than a large open space. No seats, no furniture; only plain open space. “*The add should have*



*mentioned only candidates without agoraphobia are welcomed*", he grinned. Hastily Mackenzie walked up to the reception as if he would be able to catch up time. It would not matter of course; too late is too late. Every step he made down the lobby, echoed through the immense emptiness. Natural daylight peeked mysteriously through tiny holes in the black ceiling. Mackenzie moved on; there was no time to enjoy the appealing "starry night at daytime", designed by a highly creative architect. No one waited for Mackenzie at the desk. "So far for service with a smile," he laughed. He knew he was late; and he knew his late appearances pissed people off. But this was ridiculous. After all, he did make a call to tell them he would be there within a few minutes. Where the hell was everybody?

Mackenzie stared at the chaos around the desk. Papers all around, both on the desk and upon the floor; two empty coffee mugs and some spilled coffee or... was it? He studied the brownish color on the desk a bit closer. Was it blood? He was not sure. One of the receptionists' chairs was lying overturned next to the desk; the other one was standing far from the desk as if the people working here had left in a hurry. He imagined one of the receptionists had injured himself and both of them were now looking for the first aid kit. Still no sign of any employees though. No sign of anyone at all.

A bit uncomfortable Mackenzie looked over his shoulder. Peeked through the misty glass doors through which he entered the building hardly a minute ago; just in time to see the taxi leaving. "Thanks for waiting, asshole," he mumbled.

A sound in the distance made him look around. What was that? Was there anybody out there? The lights on the panel above the elevator doors indicated someone was coming down.

“Finally,” he sighed.

The elevator did not come down all the way though. Mackenzie heard the clattering of the elevator cables when the lift stopped. The only sound in a complete and total silence. He checked the light on the panel; the elevator had stopped at the second floor. Clearly no one was showing up yet. He walked around the desk. Every step he made, he could hear himself moving. The sound of his shoes, squeaking upon the floor, sounded worse than a train on a track in the grand empty hall. Carefully he moved the papers aside and laid his coat on the desk. “Hmm... time schedules, personal notes; must be from the receptionists.”

He wiped his hands over the computer screens to activate the monitors. “Password required,” they indicated. “Makes sense,” he thought disappointed. “Come on guys, where did you all go?” Troubled he looked around. “None of the monitors showed images of any surveillance cameras. At least surveillance cameras should be visible on screen all the time. Security must be watching me somewhere else,” he realized. The thought of people watching him, without being able to see them made him feel even more uncomfortable. Another noise at the elevator shaft scared him up. The lights did not indicate any of the elevators was moving and the doors remained closed. Yet he heard the cables rattle again. Iron cables clanging to each other; echoing through the shaft like bells swell out in a church tower. He shivered. Despite the heat in the building, goose bumps appeared upon his arms. Once the clattering of the

cables stopped, the breathtaking silence returned; a scary silence keeping Mackenzie from calling for help.

## 1.2

He studied the floor plan on the wall. “Wow, that’s some impressive schedule,” Mackenzie said. “More than fifty floors listed.” Of all the floors mentioned, only seven floors were situated above ground level. Apparently, most of the building was hidden underground. Some crazy architect, he thought. Then again, he was not looking for architectural delights. He had another look at the floor plan. There only was one company name listed. “Sanatan & Associates”, sixth floor it said.

“Well, at least I’m sure to be in the right place now,” he thought. Nevertheless, he felt more and more unpleasant. He was in doubt. There was no use waiting down here, in the deserted hall. “I might as well go up to the sixth floor by myself. It is obvious that nobody is going to stop me,” he imagined.

Decisively he pushed the button of the elevator when suddenly another sound stirred the silence. Mackenzie held his breath, carefully listening and trying to find out what he just heard. He was convinced it came from the staircase, but it did not sound like anyone climbing the stairs. It did not sound familiar at all. The spooky events started to freak him out. The ringing of the elevator’s bell scared the shit out of him. “Damned,” he mumbled startled. Trembling he watched how the doors opened falteringly. Once opened there was nothing but an empty, gaping elevator in front of him. The warm air flowing out of the shaft took him by surprise; it was even hotter

than the temperature in the lobby. What if there was a fire going on? He was in doubt. It was warm inside the building but not extremely hot. This situation made him feel more uneasy by the minute. Should he go in, or...?

“Jesus, I hope this is all part of some kind of test,” he mumbled. “If not, I’m not sure if I’m the right man for this job.”

Reluctant he moved into the empty elevator. The loudness of the bell, warning the doors were closing, scared him again. His sweaty fingers that followed the impressive list of floors abruptly hovered when he noticed the blood upon one of the buttons.

“Must have been the receptionists,” he decided, trying to get his act together. “Let’s see, -1, -2, -3..., holy shit, there’s an entire city underneath this building.” But he was not planning to go all the way down; he wanted to go up. He pushed the button for the sixth floor. Another “*pling*” sounded through the elevator, followed by the clattering of the cables indicating the elevator was moving, although it felt as if he did not move at all.

“Smooth elevator,” he said, when the doors opened on the sixth. Again, the silence was breathtaking. Slowly he peeked outside, staring into yet another empty hallway.

“Hello?” he dared to call. Taking a second look he noticed the broken sign of Sanatan’s logo; diffused upon the floor. The door at the end of the hall seemed to be forced.

“Shit, this doesn’t look good...”

## 1.3

Mackenzie knew he had to get out of the elevator sooner or later. Nervous and slowly he moved forward. Somehow, he was relieved when he did not see anyone. The sound of the elevator doors closing behind him scared him up once again. “Fuck!” he said too loud. For a moment he thought he heard some stumbling in the office behind the broken door. But there was no one to react. He checked the lights above the elevator. Nothing happened; it remained at his place. “Thank god...”

Cautiously Mackenzie stepped over the broken sign. “This must be the weirdest job interview ever,” he thought. “At least the scariest.”

All of a sudden, the noise on the staircase was back. Mackenzie rushed into the office behind the forced door, convinced he did not want to know whatever was going up and down the stairs. He stumbled inside, directly turned around, and tried to close the door.

“Get away from the door,” he heard a girl’s voice whispering.

His eyes wide open for fear, Mackenzie turned around. Only now he noticed the mess in the office. It was incredible. Not a chair or desk seemed to be in its place. The office was completely demolished. Spontaneous he also started to whisper: “Where are you?”

“Don’t just stand there,” the girl repeated. “Get down.”

Confused Mackenzie lowered himself. “What is this?” A terrorist attack? It is not part of an assessment, is it?”

“This way,” he heard the girl commanding.

On his knees he crawled forward through the chaos into the direction where he expected to find the mysterious girl. “What kind of freak show is this?” he asked without seeing her.

He almost froze to death when he felt a hand upon his arm.

“Hush,” she whispered.

Relieved to know he was touched by the girl, he gestured with his hands: “What?”

“Wait,” was all she said, followed by a finger upon her lips, telling him to stop talking.

He sat down next to her. A frightened, black haired girl his age; huddled together behind a fallen desk. He wanted to ask her some more, but she gestured him to be silent. She pointed at the door.

Mackenzie carefully tried to look around the desk but could not see whatever had scared her. Then he heard the noise. The same noise he had heard when he was waiting in the empty lobby, it came from the staircase and had now pursued him into the hallway on the sixth floor.

The girl pulled him back behind the desk. Once again, she put her finger upon her lips. “Hush!” she said, her body trembling and shivering all over.

They sat secretly, listening to the noise upon the hall slowly closing in on them. He tried to recognize the sound. What on Earth was moving around there? It sounded like a raging bull, although a big cat probably would make more sense. Whatever it was, it stopped before the door. Mackenzie looked at the scared girl, the both of them, keeping their breath, listened how

the door was being opened provokingly slow. Definitely not a bull, Mackenzie thought. He wanted to take her hand, trying to comfort her. She rejected him. The noise sounded like a big animal, sniffing the air to find its prey. When the noise came in close, she suddenly grabbed the fire extinguisher she had kept next to her. Pulled out the pin; stood up and sprayed carbon dioxide into the direction of the noise.

Mackenzie only heard the creature fleeing away screaming loud and anxious.

“We must run,” she said dropping the empty fire extinguisher.

“What the hell was that? What’s going on in here?” Mackenzie asked terrified.

“How the hell should I know?” she cried shaking. “I don’t know what I saw. It was like Jaws on feet. It... it’s big. And ugly. It came in and slaughtered... It took one of my colleagues.” She quivered reminding what happened. “We can’t stay, that was the last fire extinguisher I could find. Now that it knows we are here, it will be back.”

Mackenzie felt his heart beating madly. “Where can we go? Is there any safe place somewhere in this building?”

“Outside,” she said.

Mackenzie looked at the window.

“No way,” she said. “Too high, we won’t make it alive. We have to use the elevator.”

“You mean we have to go into the hall? What if the... that thing, is waiting for us there?”

“It’s the only way out.”

“Well, it was nice meeting you...?”

The black-haired girl looked at him, undisturbed. “Are you with me, or not?”

“So, I got the job?” Mackenzie joked.

The girl raised her shoulders and walked away. “I’m not the HR officer.”

Mackenzie looked around the devastated office one more time, and then followed her. “Alright I’ll go with you. By the way I’m Hewson. Hewson Mackenzie.”

The surprise in her eyes made him laugh. “What? My parents like U2, that’s all.”

She nodded her head. “So?”

“They didn’t want to call me Bono.”

Now she looked at him pitiful and not understanding.

“You know, Bono, the lead singer of U2? So instead of his nickname they used his family name as my first name.”

“Whatever dude,” she said. “We must go.”

“Wait, I didn’t get your name.”

“No, you didn’t,” she laughed and stepped into the elevator, “You’ve got Bono’s name.”