

“Can You Feel This?”

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[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 1: “Can you feel this?”

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“Tell me again—why are we stuck clearing out this shit?” Andy made a face of disgust, drawing back her hands. There was a fine film of dirt on her palm. How old were these boxes that they’d become so filthy? She made an attempt to wipe it off on her jeans, but to no avail.

Vinnie, for the moment, ignored her sister. The box she was currently elbow deep in had something wedged at the very bottom. She freed it, finally, and brought out the box. It was wooden, intricate designs inlaid into the lid. The hinges weren’t even rusty.

“That doesn’t even look old.” Andy leaned into Vinnie’s side to reach for it, but she pulled it back to her chest. At the look she shot her, she backed off. “Alright, geez. Just curious.” She looked back, eyeing the shelves and the other stacked boxes in the cramped garage. “Mr. Donovan’s got a lot of crap. Nice of him to call mom and unload this shit and leave us stuck doing it.” She let out a mirthless laugh. “Do you really think there might be something here we could resell? Or give to Mason. I mean, if there’s any cursed junk...”

But Vinnie had stopped listening. Her gaze was still drawn to the box. The finish was smooth—lacquered or something. What was inside it? It was probably something incredible, something amazing. The more she held it, the more intrigued she became. There was definitely something there. Something—

“Can you feel this?” she murmured. It was like warm sunshine. It felt like a good book. It felt like dirt beneath her hands. It felt like a first kiss from a really pretty girl. Her fingers slid along the seam, searching for the clasp to open it. It felt like every Christmas and every birthday. It was—

The box flew out of her hands. She blinked, startled, some noise of protest escaping her. The box hit one of the shelves, clattered against some other junk, then tumbled to the floor. She immediately started for it, but Andy’s hand enclosed around her forearm.

“Let me go! It’s mine!”

“Vinnie! Vinnie, look at me.”

A firm yank on her arm sent a glare in Andy’s direction. The second she met her sister’s wide-eyed stare, the spell was broken. Vinnie blinked, feeling the haze lift from her.

“What—?”

“The box—cursed or something. I was just saying there might be something like it here. You wouldn’t answer me when I said your name. Shit, Vin.”

Vinnie pressed her lips together and slowly glanced back to the box, still sealed, on the floor. “It felt

like—I don't know. It was too good.”

“Usually a sign that it's dangerous.” Andy sighed. “We need to be more careful.”

“Yeah.” Vinnie had to agree. She looked away from the box quickly, lest she be influenced by it again. “Let's hurry up so we can get out of here. I've got the creeps now.”