

Special painting

By Jesse Capo

Dark. Wet. Humid. Luca stood in the dark doorway, his foot tapping, hands in his pockets. He glanced left and right waiting for his partner to arrive. Suddenly he heard the rev of an engine, bright lights shone in his face and then faded just as quick. The door swung open and swung close.

“About time you arrived,” Luca said. He jangled the keys from his pocket and shoved them into the door’s lock. “You had me worried, I thought you got caught. I bought the keys so we can lock’er up when we leave.”

“Luca, c’mon. We’ve been doin’ this how long? Do you really think I’d be caught?” his partner said. “Besides, good ol’ Sean’s got the luck of the Irish on his side. I mean look at this red hair and beard, doesn’t get more leprechaun than that.”

“Yeah yeah, whatever. Let’s just get this over with so we can get the money,” Luca said. Silence. “This is the last time I’m doing this. I can’t keep putting my job at risk just for your little gang, okay?”

“Luca your just gonna leave me like that? I swear we’re gonna pay you back!” Sean said. “You’ll never understand. Look just grab the one you like and let’s go. Security comes at 4 and it’s already 3:30.”

Sean stepped forward and headed towards the back rooms. There it was. The painting he dreamed of taking. One decorated with a realistic unicorn and a majestic angel riding atop of it.

“This one, Luca. This is the one I’ve been waiting for. I figured you were gonna give up soon, so I saved it for last.”

“Really? This one? Why?”

Sean smiled and his eyes shimmered in what little light there was. “I’m takin’ it ‘cause it’s my dad’s.” Luca’s jaw dropped as he looked at Sean. His dad? This artist?

“Your joking? The great artist Oswald Yankovich is your dad?”

“Well, no, the guy he stole it from is my dad.” Sean clicked and clacked the painting until it came off the wall. “Mister Sean O’Donnelle the first. Then that Oswald visited our house and snuck into his car.”

“Well, that sucks. We should get going.” The two headed back towards the doorway. Suddenly, the footsteps behind Luca stopped. He turned and looked at Sean. “Hey, what are you doing? We have to get out of here. Security us going to be here In ten minutes.”

“This is me?” Sean asked.

“What?”

“This painting. It looks exactly like me.”

“Okay, and?”

“Who painted it?”

“What do you mean? Isn’t it underneath the painting?” “It says anonymous.”

“Does it matter?” Luca pulled on the stolen painting’s frame. “Let’s get out of here. Wait, what the hell?” Luca looked at the painting. There he was as if looking in a mirror. The lighting was dim, but from what the two could see this painting was their spitting images. “Now who would do this? How come we’ve never noticed this?”

“Someone had to be lookin’ real good at us to do this, Luca.”

“You think someone’s following us?”

“Beats me. Wait did you see that?”

“See what?”

“The eyes. I swear they just moved.”

“Alright alright. That’s just your eyes playing with you. Let’s go we can investigate tomorrow.” The two began to tip-toe away when suddenly a loud dripping came from behind them. They

stopped.

“Sean. Before I turn around, please tell me that’s you breathing on my neck.” “Ain’t me Luca ‘cause I got one breathin’ down my neck too.”

The two slowly turned, large sharp teeth and an open slobbery mouth hovered above them. It’s long fleshy part reached into the anonymous painting.

“Sean.”

“Yeah?”

“Run.”

Before they could even get far the two screamed, feeling the slobber cover their bodies and the world got darker and darker.

“Get it off me! Get it off!” Luca said.

“I’m trying but it’s too strong even for me!” Sean drilled punches into the organism. Their torsos flailing about as their bottom half disappeared.

“Please don’t let it take me! Sean!”

“I can’t get it off! Luca, I’m so sorry!”

Silence.

And then there they were, happily in their painting