

# Sierpinski's Square

---

Volume 3

Issue 1 *Sierpinski's Square*

Article 8

---

May 2018

Directed by M. Night Shyamalan

Noemi Leibman

Western Kentucky University, [noemi.leibman833@topper.wku.edu](mailto:noemi.leibman833@topper.wku.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wku.edu/siersquare>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Leibman, Noemi (2018) "Directed by M. Night Shyamalan," *Sierpinski's Square*: Vol. 3 : Iss. 1 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wku.edu/siersquare/vol3/iss1/8>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in Sierpinski's Square by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact [topscholar@wku.edu](mailto:topscholar@wku.edu).

## **Directed by M. Night Shyamalan**

When the typical white middle-class suburban family decided to start a new life far away from their average two-story house, the obvious choice was to go out somewhere far into the country, where cell reception would be scant and no one would be around to hear them. It was vastly different from what they were used to- there were no flower boxes on the windows, no 6500 square foot lawn to impeccably maintain, and all of the previous owners had died in unexplainable and highly violent ways. As the happy yet clueless parents, John and Mary, unloaded the minivan, their moody yet unconventionally attractive daughter Kirsten complained about the fact that she couldn't check her various social media sites.

“It's a fixer-upper, but a fresh start for us!” her father said reassuringly. Suddenly, the homely mother looked around, startled.

“Where is our wonderful son James?”

Apparently, James had run ahead to explore the new house. As soon as his mother spoke, he ran back out of the house, and started telling everyone about how frightening it was in there.

“Do you think it's... haunted?” he asked his parents, a tremor apparent in his nasally voice.

“Don't be silly darling! Of course it's not! Ghosts only exist in fairy tales,” his mother smiled down at him.

As the family entered the house, the floors creaked with their every step. Dust covered every available surface and weird stuffed animal heads hung on the walls. Why hadn't they visited the house before moving in? As they made their way through their new abode, the lights suddenly flickered, casting the room briefly but ominously into shadow. A voice reverberated through the many rooms, shaking the Southern gothic furniture.

“Leeeaavee!” the disembodied voice commanded, “Why can’t people just take the hint and NOT move in when they realize that all the previous owners have been killed? Like, come on guys, I don’t wanna have to kill y’all too.”

The family was not frightened. They had decided that it was just the wind.

That night, as the rest of the family was overtaken by a deep slumber, the tiny boy child heard a mysterious thumping noise. Instead of hiding under the covers like a normal child would, he decided to go investigate. Lighting a vanilla scented candle that cast an eerie glow over his slack pasty face, he walked down the stairs to the ground floor from where the odd sound was emanating. Suddenly he noticed that the previously intact carpet had been rolled back, revealing a hidden trapdoor! As he descended the precarious wooden ladder, the glow of his candle illuminated rows of rusty metal chainsaws, bear traps, and naked dolls with melted faces. Deciding that this was a perfectly ordinary thing to find under a hidden trapdoor, he decided to continue on his quest. As he advanced further into the cavernous room, he felt something cold and moist touch his virgin shoulder. He froze and let out a high pitched yet somehow guttural scream, reminiscent of a wounded bird of prey. He turned around slowly for dramatic effect, until his eyes came to rest upon a gruesome figure covered in blood and drool. The family had unknowingly purchased a haunted house, and now the original owner and founder was out to murder them all in the most horrific and cinematically exciting way possible!

Upstairs, Kirsten woke to the sounds of her brother’s screams. She sprung out of bed, and rushed to her parents’ room. They all descended the stairs together, perfectly coiffed hair and modest nightgowns flapping about their ankles.

“I think I see him! He’s over by that mysterious trapdoor! Oh I do hope he’s playing a trick on us,” Mary said. Unfortunately, she soon realized that her son had been murdered. Her

shrill wailing had to be promptly silenced by her husband and daughter, who had the presence of mind to realize that it might attract the attention of the murderer in question. Unfortunately, their efforts came too late.

As the bloody, sweaty figure that had terrified James not so long ago approached what remained of the naive family, they turned tail and ran. They ran out the door, past their perfectly functional car, and into the mysterious dark forest surrounding their rather unsafe new home. Dragging one of his numerous bear traps behind him, the ghost followed them, making strange gurgling noises. As the family ran, they all three simultaneously tripped over tree roots, taking a small dive to the forest floor. Foregoing the option of getting back up and continuing their flight, they instead scooted backwards on their bottoms, screaming profusely. The ghost raised the heavy bear trap and brought it crashing down upon their soft skulls. Soon all that was left of John, Mary, and Kirsten were wet spots. Having crushed all the bones and pulverised all the flesh, the ghost went back to his house. He wondered why people couldn't just take a hint.

And so it came to pass that another generic white American family was expelled forever from their brand new (and, incidentally, haunted) home. They never even realized why they wanted to move to such an isolated location in the first place.