

BAD THINGS HAPPENED IN QUARANTINE

Flashfiction horror: Pest Control.

No exterminators would come out. Two weeks minimum, they said. Wasn't because of Covid contagiousness. They were too backlogged.

I had found a really, really big cockroach. That's what we called it. My roommate and I could not actually identify it. It was about as big as your hand.

We trapped it in a jar. Then put it in an old empty aquarium.

Nothing to do.

So we put it up to fights.

We put a big spider we found into the aquarium which we now called deathdome.

The roach won.

That thing was strong.

I lost ten bucks on the bet.

Pest control still won't come out. We caught a rat in the kitchen.

Put it in the deathdome.

The damn roach smothered it to death.

Wouldn't believe it either but I saw it with my own eyes.

Made twenty bucks on the bet.

We started putting all kinds of things up against it, and webcasting it with my roommate's equipment. Took bets, too. It was starting to pay the rent on the place.

We'd collect up whatever weird-ass bugs we could find, or lizards and snakes, and it would be weirdbug vs whatever-the-hell.

Weirdbug won against everything. People kept betting. It was serious money. Something to do in quarantine.

I had made a deal with some of the high rollers online. I feel a little guilty, but it is what it is. All I had to do was fix a camera into my roommate's room. That was just about it for set-up.

Few days later the cat got curious. The weird bug was tapping at the aquarium. They got into it. And that bug clenched to the head of that cat

until that cat did not get up anymore.

At least that's what I figured happened since we had gone out to the market for food.

And my roommate turns to me and says,

Where the hell did it go?