

The Thing at the Bottom of the Well.

Oglethorpe Crater was an ugly, mean little wretch. He dearly loved plaguing the dog and cat, pulling the wings from flies and watching worms squirm as he slowly pulled them apart. (This lost its fun when he heard worms feel no pain).

But his mother, fool as she was, was blind to his faults and sadistic traits. One day the cook threw open the door in near hysterics and Oglethorpe and Mommy came home from a movie.

"That awful little boy tied a rope across the cellar stairs so when I went down to get potatoes, I fell and almost killed myself!" she screamed.

"Don't believe her! Don't believe her! She hates me!" cried Oglethorpe, tears springing into his eyes. And poor little Oglethorpe began sobbing as if his little heart would break.

Mommy fired the cook and Oglethorpe, dear little Oglethorpe, went up to his room where he poked pins in his dog, Spotty. When mommy asked why Spotty was crying, Oglethorpe said he got some glass in his foot. He said he would pull it out. Mommy thought dear little Oglethorpe a good Samaritan.

Then one day, while Oglethorpe was in the field looking for more things to torture, he spied a deep, dark well. He called down, thinking he'd hear an echo.

"Hello!"

But a soft voice called up, "Hello, Oglethorpe"

Oglethorpe looked down, but he could see nothing. "Who are you" Oglethorpe asked.

"Come on down," said the voice, "And we'll have jolly fun."

So Oglethorpe went down.

The day passed and Oglethorpe didn't come back. Mommy called the police and a manhunt was formed. For over a month they hunted for dear little Oglethorpe. Just when they were about to give up, they found Oglethorpe in a well, dead as a door-nail.

But how he must have died!

His arms were pulled out, like people pull flies' wings. Pins had been stuck in his eyes and there were other tortures too horrible to mention.

As they covered his body (what was left of it), and tramped away, it actually seemed that they heard laughter coming from the bottom of the well.