

The Fear Is Real
By
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The fear bubbled inside him, making his stomach turn and groan. He kept his palms pressed firmly across his belly, hoping to contain it.

His girlfriend told him to see someone, but who could he see? What doctor could possibly know how to deal with the fear that filled his insides?

He finally had no choice when he felt the tendrils extend up his esophagus, tickling his throat, grasping and grabbing to pull free from his mid-section.

“Uh,” his doctor said as grey black tentacles played about the edges of his lips. “That’s not an ulcer. You need a specialist.”