

# Elder God

The phone rang. The young man answered it.

*Bad connection*, he thought: the voice on the other end was decidedly reedy. “Touch... the light,” it whispered.

...And that was it. Naturally, the young man hung up.

The phone rang again.

“No! Touch... the light! ...Sacrifices! ... Look... favorably...  
...Master.”

The young man almost hung up again, but he happened to look down. And damned if one of the dust motes maybe had a flicker of light to it. He touched the dust mote.

...a brief scream from the phone, then a dial tone. The young man frowned.

*Well, that was eldritch.*

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