1980

**Monster Movie**

Edison Dupree

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Things are coming to a head: the hunchback stares, amazed, as lightning pours in at the high window and strums his upright hair. The monster doesn’t care. He snoozes, strapped to his slab, a thick dream humming in his neck.

The girl is down in a corner, her skirt piled around her, uttering little cries like hard candies. Oh if only the good Inspector hadn’t sat in that poisoned chair!

And the storm is really revving up: the gables moan like wolves. Wolves shiver and moan in the forest. Now, distantly, an iron screech: the old gap-toothed portcullis clangs down. At last! the hunchback whines into his hands. At last! The Master’s home, he’s on the stairs, yes, he will help me!