

GPS

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Fact or Fiction?

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0 - Short Story

GPS

Terry had just moved upstate to attend college. Her parents helped her out with a small apartment so she didn't have to experience dorm life.

It didn't take her long to make a friend of one her classmates, Michele and Michele's boy friend, Steve. Michele invited her over to her house where she still lived with her parents.

Terry had trouble getting there due to all the one way streets in the unfamiliar town.

"Geez what you do take the scenic route?" Michele joked.

"Sorry I'm late; I'm just horrible at directions."

"You need a GPS." Michele inquired.

"I'm kinda tight on cash since I don't have a job here yet."

"There's a pawn store nearby, let's see what they have."

Terry and Michele hopped in the car and went a few blocks to a shopping center until finding the pawn shop. She got a deal on a GPS and mounted it to the windshield right away.

"Let's see if it works." Terry said.

"Well it would be a real bummer if it didn't because that guy looked to shady to take returns. I mean 'how may I help you ladies' as he ignored the customer he was with and stared at us."

Terry smiled, "So where to?"

"Put in Steve's address." Said Michele then telling her the street and house number.

The GPS gave them an estimated time of ten minutes and Terry drove to follow the map. Once they were one of the main highways the GPS rerouted.

"What's it doing finding a short cut?"

"No it would take longer if you past the exit. Just turn at the next exit."

Once they exited it kept rerouting to the same direction.

Michele wondered if she misspelled the street or something and looked at it.

"I said 12678 Jackson dr. Why did you put in 365 Midway?" Michele wondered.

"I didn't... maybe it just screwed up and went to the recent destination list."

"Just tell me rest of the way to his house."

"Oh he's at football practice now anyways." Michele told her.

They pulled over in a parking lot to put in another address.

"Damn I hope I needed just spend 30 bucks on a broken piece of junk."

Michele put in the college address. It calculated and mapped the directions.

Terry really didn't know how to get to the school from where they were so she followed the map.

They were on the highway going the other direction as before and about at the same point the GPS recalculated their route.

"Piece of crap." Michele sighed.

"Just tell me where to exit." Terry said.

"Wait, let's follow it."

"But we have a class in an hour."

"So..." Michele smiled.

"What address does it say now?"

"The same thing 365 Midway."

"Do you know what's out there?"

"Not really but it's out of the suburbs."

They took a u-turn and went back down the highway. The time the GPS gave them was 15 minutes. They were lead to a little ways out of town where the neighborhood had houses spread out apart. They turned off the highway and turned right on a road that turned left into Midway.

"Hey I think it's that house up there." Terry said, "So umm this was pointless."

"Oh my freakn god!" Michele's tone startled Terry. "That is Steve's car. I had a hunch the bastard was cheating on me."

Before Terry could even stop her car in the dirt drive, Michele hopped out and ran to the house.

"Michele, wait! Don't you think this is all too much of a coincidence?"

Terry saw Michele heave open the unlocked door and ran inside screaming. She just stood at her car

waiting to hear yelling or see Michele running back out, but nothing.

After a few minutes of silence, Terry went up to the door. It was ajar from how Michele left it.

“Hello?” she called in, nothing. She feared that Steve did something to Michele, and she got out her phone.

“Michele!” she called into the house. “Steve?!”

Still nothing. Thinking of the worse she slowly walked into the house with 911 already to go on her phone.

In the living room the TV was on, there was children’s toys on the floor.

She couldn’t hear anyone, no arguing as expected. She slowly went past the kitchen where the light was on and what looked like the half eaten breakfast on the table.

“Michele?” she called again and nothing. A sense of dread hit Terry as she held up her phone.

“Yes, sheriffs’ department. I think something is wrong with my friend.” She talked to the operator as she decided to back out of the house and sit in her car.

She explained what just happened and waited in her car for a deputy to show up about an eternity of 10 minutes later.

The deputy had his hand on his gun as he went into the house. A few minutes later he came back out, looking relaxed.

“There’s no one in there, anywhere.” He told her.

“What are talking about? Just a few minutes ago my friend went in there. Look that’s her boyfriends’ car.”

Terry was wondering if she was losing her mind. She was told to follow the officer to the station for questioning.

She showed them that’s where the GPS had taking them, but the last destination on it was that of the college campus.

“No, it wanted us to go to 365 Midway.” She pleaded.

The police report showed no signs of foul play, no breaking and entering, and nothing to prove Terry’s story. The missing persons report went out 48 hours later...

Michele, Steve, and the 2 adults and 2 children that lived at the house were never heard from or seen again...As if they just all disappeared.

Needless to say that my cousin, Terry destroyed the GPS and transferred schools the next week. She never once denied her story that her college friends vanished at 365 Midway on September 22, 2004.