

Ghost Story

Hi, they call me Dan. A few months back, Something crazy happened. Just before I say what I just want to let you know. I'm not insane, my mother had me tested. So the incident that I'm referring to is only something you can see in a movie or a TV show. But I assure you, this was real. I'm questioning my own sanity here, and they hushed it up, every last detail, found and erased, gone. Except for me. They didn't silence me.

It was a cold night, the sun had retreated below the horizon and the sky opened up like an empty grave. Me and the boys had just finished our seven hour long Halo marathon in the good old year of 2006 and I was heading home for the night. I was walking alone in the street when I heard something, Something unsettling, a rasping of the breath and yet, It wasn't quite human. I felt something touch my shoulder, My heartbeat quickened and with a spur of unwavering courage spun around. Nothing, Absolutely nothing. I relaxed, it must have been my imagination. I turned around to continue on my way when I saw it. A tall, monstrous form that looked like it had come from hell itself. It wasn't human, that was for sure. It had blood red eyes and a wispy body that looked almost like a mass of swirling gas. It cocked its terrifying head, as if confused but then leapt forward with an ear-splitting screech.

Then nothing, for a split second I could have sworn I was inside a portal of some sort. Travelling through the very fabric of space itself. I was surrounded by blue light streaming past me faster than a bullet and I descended into darkness again. Then light flooded into my eyes once more and I could see. I was back on solid ground, but not where I had expected to be. I was in a long, dimly lit corridor, with thick inky black vines covering the walls and a sense of doom about the whole accursed place. It was then that I realised that a long, grotesque tendril was holding me in a vice-like grip by my leg. I ripped it off its main stalk and a sticky, blackish liquid spurted out all over my clothes. Then I saw it, the creature. It was hunched over something and making a squelching noise. I changed my angle to try and get a better view. What I saw horrified me, The horribly deformed remains of what must once have been a human, limbs were missing and the poor soul's face was unrecognisable from its wounds. I gagged and threw up on the ground. I regret and will continue to regret this till my dying day. The monster turned and saw me, it shrieked like an animal that should have died long ago and started to glide towards me. It had no eyes, no nose or ears. Its entire face had opened up to reveal a horrifying circular hole with rows upon rows of jagged teeth being revealed. Spiked Mandibles detached from the inside of the creature's mouth and started to vibrate, as if excited for fresh meat to feast upon. It

was coming closer and closer. I tried to run, I couldn't move, I was frozen on the spot. Nowhere to run, Nowhere to hide. I screamed as it leapt upon me. Then, nothing.

I woke up in bed, When I opened my eyes, daylight streamed into my eyes and I knew that I was gone from that nightmare, I looked around. I was in my room, alone, no monster, no, nothing. As normal, I went to school, Everything was normal, I argued with my classmates whether Lord of the Rings was better than Harry Potter and laughed about how many times I'd died in the previous day's marathon. I even told my teacher about what I had experienced, spurred on in the heat of the moment. What worried me was how he called someone on his phone as I walked out of the door. Everything was the same, nothing unusual or out of place, until two tall men in ebony black suits took me to the hospital without warning for a "routine checkup". The doctors did a series of mental tests on me. I was diagnosed with extreme schizophrenia and madness. I tried to explain that I was not mad but they wouldn't listen. They cast me aside as if I were a bug. When I arrived home, my room had been cleared out. Everything was gone. My mum explained that men in black suits had taken everything away in boxes without a word passed between them. From there my life went downhill, I tried to warn people about the monster but people laughed at me, calling me crazy or stupid. I was refused jobs, not granted entry to public places due to fear that I would hurt someone, but mostly importantly, My life was taken away from me. All because of them. I know why they did it, the fake diagnosis. To deter people from listening to me, but you know now and that's all that matters.

More and more people are starting to disappear now, the world is starting to panic but I just watch, my revenge being served, they should have listened I tell myself. I know what is happening. And I know what is to come.