

In the closet

One night a friend of mine came home from a party. She had drunk too much and when she got to her room she fell exhausted on her bed and fell asleep. Two hours later she woke up to a strange noise. At first she thought she had only dreamed it, but then she heard it again. It sounded like someone bumped your foot. When she heard the noise a third time, she got up and went to the door of her room, still half asleep. She thought the sound was coming from the kitchen below. It must have been her father, who got himself a glass of water or a midnight snack. When she reached the door she heard the sound again and then she realized that it was coming from her closet.

Very slowly she went to the door of her closet. The noise was now more like a knock and it got faster and louder the closer she got to the closet. Until then, she thought that she was just imagining it or that her brother might be playing a prank on her. But then it occurred to her that he wasn't home for the whole weekend. Now she was frightened. When she stood in front of the closet, she took a deep breath and opened the door.

Before she could see who or what was knocking, something jumped into her face and clenched her soft skin with its sharp teeth. She started screaming and grabbed the slimy creature to pull it off her face. She fidgeted, but the monster's teeth only clenched harder. She stumbled and hit the back of her head on her desk and passed out.

When she woke up she was lying in her bed. She looked around, but there wasn't a monster. She got up and opened the closet. There wasn't a monster either. She must have dreamed it all and besides she had really drunk a lot of alcohol that evening. Relieved, she left her room and went to the kitchen to have breakfast.

On the way she passed a mirror in the hallway. When she looked inside she screamed. What she saw disturbed her. Her face was full of deep bite marks.

THE END