

Time, and Time Again

The gasp broke through the dead of night. The heaving of her chest, the cold sweat laced against her forehead, the vomit in the back of her throat - her eyes shot wide awake. The night was silent again, as she stared straight ahead to the corner. Always the corner at the end of her room. The sweat was back, pricking at the base of her neck now. Quietly sucking in a breath as she swore she saw something move. Her eyes fluttered to the door, it was too far. The moonlight held her in a captive state, its illuminating glow surrounded her and floor boards around her - not to the path of escape.

Creak

Her eyes shot again to the corner, she could almost make out a human-like figure.

Creak

She sat there, her body and mind screaming to run. But she couldn't. She blinked and the figure dissolved back into the shadows, its figure not visible anymore. Her throat eased slightly, allowing her to gulp. She still couldn't move, fear coursed through her veins as she kept her eyes trained on that one spot.

'What if it came back? What should I do? If I move, will it come back out?' Question upon question, her mind raced. Finally, after what felt like hours of paralysis her finger twitched, her ring finger. Her blue eyes looked down, as feeling returned to her. The breeze picked up, flowing through the cracked open window, gently caressing the dream catcher on her bed frame.

Creak

The feeling went numb, she was too scared to look back at the spot she was so desperate to keep an eye on.

A voice as hoarse as the oldest woman alive smoking every single day of her life broke through the silence, "I've been watching you." The hair stood on the back of her neck, tears welled up dripping down her ebony skin. The voice spoke again, this time in a little girl's voice, no older than 5, "It's time to join us Alora."

Her lips trembled as she shook her head 'no.'

It was a familiar voice this time, an old lover's sweet and flowy voice, "Darling, come on. It's nice here." Again she shook her head 'no.' No courage to find lift head, and it sounded close, she almost could hear whatever it was breathing, "Don't you want to see me one last time."

Her own voice surprised her, "You're dead. This ain't you. Whatever you are, trying to be Damian, trying to be him. You can't. You're dead." She shut her eyes and gripped her red blanket.

A grumble made its way through the creature. The voice all merged, as it screeched, "Open your eyes Alora!" The shrill was enough to crack her window, her hands made it to her ears. They continued to scream that god awful scream, a siren more like to her. She felt her hand eyes now, her eyes shot open. The sound increased as she looked at her hand, blood flowing down her wrist.

In a moment of shock, she looked up. A creature darker than night, wearing a buffalo skull , long limbs dangled. The eyes were soulless, no pupils, no color, pure white. She gasped as it lunged towards her.

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