

SILHOUETTE

By Oliver Crabtree

Aged 15

Just returning from my late night shift at the nearby self-storage facility, the Church bell groaned again. Echoes whispered throughout the area, catching on the lementful wind that was strangling the town. Witching hour was approaching on this hellish, autumnal night and I was stood there right in the heart of it.

The streets were barren and the lights were flickering on and off rhythmically- like in some 90's horror movie. I paced down the moonlit path glaring through the shop windows into the blackness that swallowed them up. Occasionally, I noticed the odd silhouette of lampshades, couches and tables but nothing could have prepared me for what stood on the other side of the street.

Blankly. It gazed into me, through me almost. It just stood there, silently, patiently...murderously. I continued my walk through the streets that were littered with empty McDonald's boxes, beer cans and the odd trick or treat bucket. I kept my head down and began to speed my footing. I glanced back towards St Barton's street, it was still there. For a second I thought it must have just been a Halloween prank or something but I remembered... Halloween was 3 days ago. I returned my eyes to the pavement below and carried on my way home. I didn't take any more notice of the 'thing'. Until it followed me. I heard its footsteps stride closer- each tread getting more and more impactful. I knew it was him. Him? Her? It?!. I felt my heart clattering against my ribs and felt sick to the stomach with terror. I knew something was about to happen- and it wasn't going to end well.

Tap

It grasped my shivering shoulder with a sort of horrific calmness that shook me to the core. I didn't dare turn around and I began to sweat. I legged it up the road to my grandmother's house, not my original plan but it was the best I had. Praying that she was at home- at this time of night- and scurried up through the back entrance like a rat. I thought I had lost it for a second. But. It was there, right behind me, never slowing down. Even if I had ran at the speed of light, it's unnerving walk would have kept up. Somehow. I pelted my fist against the glass window of my Grans' kitchen and, being grandma, she took her time. Eventually she arrived at the door and I rushed in, not thinking to explain to her what's going on. I screamed, "LOCK EVERYTHING!!!" to her and without hesitation she did just that. I ran to the spare bedroom and took a sigh of relief. It was gone. I could rest easy. An hour had past and I was sat in front of her fire eating a rich tea biscuit and slurping the remains of a cuppa, when I heard a faint tapping against the window behind me. The curtains were shut but the lamp shone a painful silhouette onto it. I knew he was here. His gentle tapping was more painful than a heart attack. I froze. Gran had returned to bed after quite a freight herself and I was alone.

I peeled back the curtain, slowly, trying to keep undetected. I noticed a huge grin glistening in the light. Suddenly, his eyes adjusted to my position. The whiteness and deathliness shook me from my balance and I hurried upstairs. I was trapped. He was coming. For me.