7/24/09

I can hear it. It's outside my window right now. I can hear its claws grating against my window. I can hear its ragged breath heaving in and out. It all started several days ago. My parents left to visit my brother at college and left me alone. I can't remember anything from the day they left, but I remember the dreams I had when i fell asleep. I was being chased. I don't know what it was exactly, but it scared the living shit out of me. It's skin was gray and moldy, with red, bleeding cuts all over it. It's eyes were just empty black sockets, and its jaw hung down with rows of sharp teeth. it had long thin arms ending in jagged claws. its body ended in a stump of four feet, twisting and turning to get to me. I ran, I ran as fast as I could, but everywhere I went it just followed me, never getting closer, but never getting farther behind either. Eventually I just gave up, I stopped, turned around and it was gone. I then woke up and thought nothing of it. I went about my normal day in my house, but weird things kept happening. I'd hear a bottle fall, but I could never find anything. That night, when I went to bed, my dreams were better. There was a woman, and she told me I had been chosen. He face was so peaceful, so pleasing. The next day went on fine, that was yesterday. Then tonight, everything went wrong. I was in my neighborhood, and the thing was back, chasing me again.

I ran down the streets towards my house, and at one point I heard a house door open and close. I saw the thing go behind a hill, and heard a woman scream. I wanted to go back, to see what had happened, and now I know I should have, but I was too scared, so I just kept running. When I got home I thought I was safe, I thought I had made it, but as I looked out the window of my front door, I saw it coming, turning into my cul-de-sac. I heard my dad downstairs and warned him, told him to lock the front door. He wouldn't listen, so I jumped down to my front landing, got my shoes in case I needed to run out back, and when I looked up to lock the door, it was there. staring me in the face with those empty holes. Right as it put its claws to the window I woke up, and I heard it for real. I don't know what to do, I'm scared shitless... the scratchings stopped. Maybe its gone. I'm going to go check it out.

It wasn’t there. Goddamn it I knew I heard something, but nothing was there. Goddamn it! I can still hear it! It’s fucking breathing and those fucking claws! God, oh god, please, help me. Just let me go to sleep…

7/25/09

It’s messing with me, I know it is. I saw it in my fucking house. Not in a dream, in real fucking life! All my friends think I’m just seeing things, but I saw it, and I can see it now. I was coming home from a friend’s house, and when I looked up, I saw it in my living room. I was far down the street, but I could… sense its head turning to look at me. I didn’t know what to do. I stood there frozen, until it jerked its way into the hall. I stood there for about half an hour waiting in the road, until I finally summed up the courage to go into my house. All the doors were locked. Everything was as it should, but my cat was missing, and there were a few scattered hairs in my parent’s bedroom. I can see it now, it’s in my cul-de-sac. It’s standing there, with its mouth open, gaping at me. I don’t know what to do.

JESUS IT'S THERE! I TURNED MY HEAD AND WHEN I LOOKED BACK IT WAS THERE! God damnit! It’s fucking looking at me! Wherever I go its head follows me! Its claws keep moving and scraping over the windows. It’s taunting me. It knows I’m a coward. I should’ve helped that woman. It knows I can’t do anything, it knows.

It’s gone. I had fallen to the floor, crying, and suddenly, the scratching stopped. I feel… better. Ever since I had the dream I had felt a looming presence over me. It's gone. Time to really relax.

I’m dead. It’s coming down my hall. I started to get drunk when I heard something crash in my parents room, I ran there to find the thing climbing in through the window. It’s twitching bloodstained, corpse-like body, withering itself into my parent’s bedroom. I stood there paralyzed until it fit its head in. It looked at me, and grinned, a massive toothy, jaw open grin. I didn’t even imagine something like that could grin. I was then shit scared enough to run, and slam the door behind me. I almost wish the thing had ripped my parent’s door off its hinges. It’s would’ve been better than the thing silently opening it. It could’ve made some noise, it could’ve blocked off the gurgling, and snapping it’s body was making. It’s coming down the hall, it’s in the room, I can feel it’s hand over mt shoulder its muth in reflection god sav