I am currently sitting in front of my computer, scared witless. Any moment now I am going to be killed.

Today a friend of mine told me a story.

His aunt had taken care of him since he was a small boy, and she told him last night about how his parents died. He did a very fair imitation of her (I knew them both pretty well):

“They were doing mission work in some nasty little south american country when a man burst into the mission hospital one night, terrified out of his mind. He told them that his sister had been killed by a Muerto blanco, and that he was certain that it was coming for him next. What is a Muerto blanco? Apparently it was some sort of bogey-man, something like that dumb chupacabra or whatever. They called it the White Death or the White Girl, because it was the soul of someone who hated life so much that they came back in their shrouds to kill those who told of them.

The man had been told about the vengeful spirit by his sister hours before her death. It was a girl with dead, black eyes that wept bile. The thing moved without ever actually moving its legs, and it stalked its victims back to their homes. Now, if you weren’t already aware that this thing was following you, once it got back to your house, it would start knocking on your door…

\* Once for you skin, which she’ll use to patch her own decaying flesh.

\* Twice for your muscle, which she’ll gnash her teeth on between victims.

\* Thrice for your bones, which she’ll make knives to pick her teeth and kill her victims.

\* Four times for your heart, which she’ll wear around her neck.

\* Five times for your teeth, which she’ll polish and keep in a box.

\* Six times for your eyes, which she’ll see the faces of your loved ones through.

\* Seven times for your soul, which she’ll eat whole - you can never pass while you’re in her stomach.

She has to repeat this on any mirror or door between you and her.

You can try to outrun her, but she’s faster than the fastest man. And if you leave your home while she’s knocking on your door, she won’t be so courteous when she catches up to you.

Now the man was certain that this thing had killed his sister, that he had tried to tell the police, but they would not listen. Next he had tried to tell his priest, but the priest turned him away when he saw that the thing was following him now - oh, that’s right, I forgot about that - it can only get you if you tell someone else about it, or you saw it kill someone else. The man, after finishing his tale, stole a car from the mission, and was never seen again.

Apparently his mother and father had immediately called his aunt about this when it happened. They were found in the morning, skinned and dismembered. Their bodies were covered in tiny, child-like handprints.

His aunt was really drunk the night before, and had told him about that. He told me this story early in the morning today at school, before the cops arrived. His aunt had been murdered that night. I called him later that night, and he told me that he was being chased by someone, and now they were knocking on his door. I told him to stop shitting me.

He held the phone away from his face for a minute, and I could hear slow, deliberate knocking. A moment later, I heard the door rip from its hinges and the dying screams of my friend.

Then a little girl’s voice spoke over the line: “WITNESS.” I hung up.

Three minutes ago someone started knocking on my door. She has to knock 28 times on my front door, 28 times on the mirror in the hall, and another 28 times on the door to my bedroom. She’s doing it slowly… I think she wants to scare me some more, let me know that my death is just moments away. I will not run - I couldn’t get to my car in time anyway. She started knocking on my bedroom door a minute ago, she should be done any moment.

Nice knowing you guys, it’s been funjklm,.-

WITNESS