/x/ I come here to tell you a story.

About two, three years ago, me and my mom moved up from the south. We had lived in NJ previously, my whole life actually, but we moved to SC because she remarried some rich guy. They got divorced and we moved back up here, but we didn't have the money at the time so we had to live with my grandparents.

It was summer vacation and I was spending it at my grandparent's house, this was before we moved back. They had a finished off basement with a few rooms, so I lived down there. The room where their computer was in was a big empty room, with the desk at one end, facing the wall. At the other end of the room was a doorway that lead to an unfinished room, and that room always freaked me out. I kept the door shut.

It was summer, so I'd sit up late with nothing better to do than browse the internet or chat with my friends. So it was around 1 AM and I was on AIM with my friend. The background of the chat box was black and in the reflection of the screen, I saw something white move behind me. When I turned nothing was there. I immediately got off the computer and ran to the 'living room' area, laying on the couch facing the door, all the lights on. I heard a deep breathing, almost like someone was drowning.

This happened every night at the same time. And every night I'd lay on that couch, almost on the verge of tears. Something was in that doorway, watching me, gasping for air.

Eventually, we moved in there. And I had to live in that basement. I was terrified. I'd wake up at night to noises and shadows moving, and I'd try my best to avoid that unfinished room. Something lurked in there. I don't know what.

One night I woke up to something in my bed. The sheets moved and by my ear I heard the deep breathing, the gargling like someone was drowning. And I heard a low voice say, "why didn't you save me."

I'd sleep with the lights on every night for the next year that we lived there. We eventually moved out, and I hoped the thing would be gone.

My grandparents still live there though, and that basement is like a hang out for the kids. (Ie, me and my two cousins, who are 8 and 10.) I can't walk up the stairs without feeling like something is following me, breathing down my neck.

It was around Christmas time about a year ago that I was down there on my laptop. I had chat open, and again, the background was black. Everything was perfectly fine, until I saw that white thing move behind me again. But this time it didn't run away.

Without moving anything but my hands, I clicked on video chat. Before it could connect, I dropped the laptop and sprinted for the stairs, taking them two at a time until I got upstairs. I stayed up there until I calmed down, then when back down, only to find the video chat x'ed out when I picked up the laptop again. My friend had typed a bunch of weird things, asking where I was, etc. I asked her why she x'ed out of the video and she said because some weird girl was staring at her. She asked who was there with me. No one was with me, just that white figure.

I'm telling you this /x/ because right now, I'm on my laptop, in my new house, no where near my grandparent's old house. And I feel something. Something is following me. I've been hearing that garbled breathing again at night.

My background is black. And I see that white figure behind me. I don't want to turn around.