When I was fourteen, my mother and father were divorced, and I went to live with my mother and a man she supposedly fell in love with several years ago. We searched for a house for all three of us to live in, and eventually found the perfect house. A few months later, after finding out that my dad had Cancer, my mom went, engaged to this man living with us, to the very hospital and stayed with my father for about a week, leaving me to tend to myself as I remained in the basement, wasting my time on the computer.

It was late, around midnight if I recall correctly, and the man living with us went off to bed, turning off every light in the house, except for the computer room in the basement. During this time we had one dog and one cat. I can't remember exactly where the dog was, but the cat was downstairs with me, doing what cats do, I guess. While typing away on the computer, it occurred to me, after several minutes had passed, my cat had been staring at the door, which was left wide open, for a long time. Her ears appeared to be pinned against the back of her head and I finally noticed her faint growling.

Thinking that it was the dog, I turned around and called for her, only then to notice something that took me completely by surprise. The door that leads up to the second floor was left wide open. In front of it, taking the size of a three or four year old, was this ominous being, made of shadow.

As chills ran down my spine and fear completely took over my body, I watched this unearthly 'thing' with what little time I had, I absorbed any features possible, noting that it had small, beady eyes that were yellow, and this 'thing' had black tendrils on top of its head, and on the sides of its body, which didn't exactly have a 'shape'.

Whatever this thing was, it reacted quickly and hid by leaping over to the stairs, making it partially visible to my view. Then, I noticed that it leaned over and peeked through the wall that hid it, quickly pulling away as it knew I was still watching.

To this very day I don't know how, but I managed to muster up enough courage and quickly ran to the computer room's door, slamming and locking it. An hour later, I ran through the whole house, turning on every light possible, except for my mom's bedroom, and I went to bed with the light on. I didn't bother looking for the dog, and I never told the man about this strange occurrence. I just went into my room and crawled into bed.

I don't know how I fell asleep. But I did. Whatever the Hell that thing was, it was watching me. I didn't think that I'd ever get over it. But I guess I calmed down after a while.

A week later, after staying the night at my brother's house, I was bored and decided to look this thing up. Oddly enough, what I saw that night matched the description of what most people call a 'Shadow Being'. That scared the living Hell out of me, and I knew, without a doubt, that it was not my imagination that created this thing.

Ever since, I hated that house. That perfect house was no longer my home. I'm honestly surprised that I still stayed in that house, unfortunately, I didn't have much of a choice. But I never saw the Shadow Being again. Never. Still, I was afraid.

Thankfully three months after, my mom and I moved back in with my dad and the man living with us eventually moved away, and our so called dream home was up for sale. Probably still is.

I still have nightmares of the Shadow Being from time to time. Sometimes, it feels like it's watching me whenever I'm alone. I was never really afraid of the dark until then. Now, I hate looking into the darkness.

The darkness could be looking back at me.