“Life is like a wheel. Sooner or later, it always come around to where you started again.” – Stephen King

“Pleasure to me is wonder—the unexplored, the unexpected, the thing that is hidden and the changeless thing that lurks behind superficial mutability.” – H.P. Lovecraft

“Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again expecting different results” – Unknown

**Continue**

You awake with a cold sweat. Something disturbed your sleep… But what was it? You can’t remember. You look out your bedroom window. It is still dark outside. Relishing at the thought of going to bed, you turn to your alarm clock to see just how much time you have left to sleep. 1:30pm. You sit up and check your clock. It had to be broken, the sun wasn’t even up yet.

**Get out of bed**

**Get out of bed**

You clamber out of bed and check your watch. 1:30pm. You reach for your phone. 1:30pm. It doesn’t make sense. You throw open your bedroom window and look outside. It is dark. There are no lights save for the **moon**, and that too is distorted. Your unease grows with every moment you spend in the room. You feel eyes watching you, but you don’t know from where. Then something whispers in your ear, “get out”. Then something whispers in your ear, “get out”. You start to see shadows dancing across the wall. Fear grips you as your heart races. Then something whispers in your ear, “get out”. A pale sickly arm reaches out from underneath your bed. It claws at your floor and begins to pull the rest of its body out. You watch as a grotesque monster starts clawing up your bed room wall. Comprised of human appendages surrounding a bulb of eyes, it stares at you and whispers “get out”.

**GET OUT**

**moon**

Blood red and enormous, far larger than any super moon ever observed. It sends a chill down your spine.

Something moved. You’re not quite sure what but you’re sure you just saw something move on the moon. There it was again. You can’t see it but you know it’s there. Something is distorting your view.

The distortion fades into the shrivelled body of a man about the quarter the size of the moon. It crawls around the red orb, randomly and aimlessly. It looks up. Where its eyes should have been are empty sockets. And it stares. Right. At. You.

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