

Loop Preview

By ALR

Please let me make it in time. His words echo in his head as he runs down a long corridor. Behind him there is nothing but darkness, but in front of him lies a single door. He's close to it. So close that his fingers are mere inches away, but no matter how fast he runs, the door remains just out of reach. *Grab it. GRAB it!* He turns around occasionally, staring into the darkness. Every time he does, he can feel a presence staring back at him, despite not being able to see anything. Whatever is down there, frightens him more than he can comprehend. *grab it For the love of god grab the goddamn handle!! Just gr-*and then just like that, grabs the handle. The door is heavy and he struggles to pull the door open. He doesn't need to look back to know the presence he knew was close to him now. *Open. God please just open!* With all his might, he pulls the door open, just barely enough for him to squeeze through. On the other side is a small simple room. His room. His bed is opposite of him, and the window above it is slightly open with the blinds pulled all the way up. He scans his room, and sees that the TV mounted on the wall a few feet from the foot of his bed is still on. He can see some dust starting to form on the dresser just below it. His console sits atop the dresser, with the controller sitting on top of it. He continues to scan the room until he reaches his desk beside him. *Where's my laptop?* He looks around his room again and notices his laptop sitting on his pillow. *That idiot must have borrowed it again. How many times do I have to tell him not to touch my stuff? I should just put a password on it. Wait, wasn't I just doing something?* There's a knock on his door, startling him. He turns around and grabs the handle only to freeze. *Don't open it. Don't open it. Don't open it. Don't open it. Don't open it. Don't open it. Don't open it. Don't open it.*

"Sweety, are you ok?" The woman on the other side of the door sounds concerned. "I heard some loud noises earlier,"

Oh it's only mom. But that conclusion doesn't sit right in his mind. "I'm good ma. Don't worry."

"Okay. Well, come get your dinner."

"OK!"

He turns the knob. *Wait...mom died years ago...* But it's too late and the door swings wide open and standing before him is a large figure. It only stands a few inches above him, but it's so

imposing it looks much larger. Its clothes blend into its skin, making it indistinguishable from his actual skin, and the skin that didn't have any clothing on it is stark white with prominent blue veins almost popping out of it. Its pants are baggy, but looks like it's pulsating. Its t-shirt looks soggy, yet not a single drop of moisture is on this creature. Its hair is stringy with it clumping together in some spots, and falls down to its waist. Its hands have uneven fingernails. Some are several inches long while others are cut so short that they go into the skin of the finger. There are cuts covering its hands and crawling up his arms. They're all over the place, all different sizes and angles. There are cuts all over its neck too, with a very large prominent one going straight across. There was no face. Instead his face was a circle of vantablack. Yet despite that, he could feel it staring directly into him. Before he could move the creature grips his arms with a terrifying strength. One he has no hope of escaping. It slowly pulls him close to its 'face'. The entire time he struggled, knowing that he wouldn't succeed. He feels helpless and exposed as he's pulled closer and closer. *Please...please no. Somebody... His eyes begin to tear up. Help me... somebody...*

He wakes up on a cold floor. *What? Where am I?.....*