I woke up with a start. My heart was beating fast. I looked around; the usual view of my room calmed me down. Blue walls with a painting gifted by a very dear friend, the old clock, the old and weary table on which my laptop rested. The ac was off, probably another power cut, fairly common where I live. That’s when I heard the thumping sound. It grew louder. I thought it must be some douchebag with ridiculously loud music blasting from his car. I ignored it and decided to go back to sleep. I heard the sound again. This time I felt it, the thump. This was no car; it was coming from inside the house.

I froze with fear. I picked up my phone and called my father, nobody picked up. I cursed myself for sending my family away to have fun in manali while I stayed back to enjoy being alone.

I was home alone and I had to show my parents I was responsible enough. “I will act responsibly and not be afraid”, I told myself. I figured the sound probably came from a door or window left open. I got out of bed and walked to the door. I opened the door and turned on the light to the lobby; started walking toward the guest room. I was almost there when I saw a shadow and I froze. The shadow disappeared into the guest room. It was too quick to see where it came from. I run back to my room and shut the door behind me.

There is someone in my house. I started to breathe faster and my heart started beating frantically. I didn’t know what to do in this situation. I should call the police, that’s the logical solution, but I should find out what it is first before calling the cops, maybe its nothing and I am just sleepy. But then fear took over and I called the cops… no one picked up. I tried again and again no one answered. “What the hell is happening, why is no one picking up”, I exclaimed.

I couldn’t even leave my house; the main door was just beside the entrance to the guest room. I was trapped…