**WHEN THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE**

As I opened the door, I was shocked, there was a man near the fridge concealed by the casting shadow of the nearby wall. Outside the door where I stood a rumble of sound aroused from the backyard garden; it shook me for a moment, but I was very sure that I had locked all the doors. I ran into the bedroom and hid underneath the bed andgazed outside the room, all this happened *when the clock struck twelve.*

After a while a strange man appeared with his face concealed by a black torn mask, he almost resembled a man from the Nazis. His head was shabby*;* he had a knife which glazed in the moonlight night. Just then a thought struck me, if the intention of the man was to make a theft or attempt a kill; completely hid in the shadow of the bed I saw the entire play. The man looked like a psycho, his eyes were red as though he was drunk and his nails were long.

The man with his knife tried to open the locker but couldn’t. With a fear that he would kill me I did not make a sound. As the man disappeared, I moved almost like a caterpillar near the winding staircase. Suddenly there was a hand on my shoulder, with his face camouflaged in darkness he shut my mouth with a handkerchief and placed a knife at my throat, I fainted. After an hour or more tangled by ropes in a chair, I sat completely thirsty with my tongue fully dried.

The man asked for the keys but I refused him, he immediately slit my left arm and the blood oozedout. I was in a tight corner. I had no choice but to give him the keys. While he was busy opening the locker, the handkerchief tied around my mouth became loose and fell off. I yelled “help me” I heard no comeback. The man tied the kerchief tightly, I lost my hopes.

After a few minutes I heard the voice of *Mr. Potter* my neighbor. “What is the problem *Jack*” *Mr. Potter* knocked at my door. I tried to scream but couldn’t, the man tried to break out but something held him. *Mr. Potter* a middle-aged individual was brave and sharp. *Mr. Potter* knocked the door several times and after hearing no comeback called for the police.

On hearing the sound of the approaching police van the man was terrified. The police surrounded my enclosed house. The *shabby* head had no way but to surrender. He tried to escape but the police shot at his shivering legs. He slithered inside the bedroom but couldn’t make his way out. After a while his mask was detached and his face was revealed, to my surprise the man was no one but my own brother.