

Viktor Sagan

Mr. Davidson

Scary Story

10-27-23

AMDG

*Insane*

*Culbertson Montana July 25<sup>th</sup>, 2007, 10:11 P.M.*

*“What?”*

*“I didn’t say anything.”*

*“I feel like I’m going insane, I’m gonna get some sleep. Goodnight.”*

*“Goodnight.”*

*4 hours later*

The room is humid as the rain falls lightly on the window soothing me as I sleep.

*“CRASH”*

*“What was that?”* I thought to myself.

The room is pitch black other than the dim light at the end of the hall.

As I get up, I can hear faint scurrying below me, which I’ve been hearing the whole time I’ve been here.

*“Only 2 more days”* I thought to myself, since my aunt and uncle are coming back Sunday.

I walk down the hallway and take a right to go down the stairs and behind me the light goes out.

My heart began to race as I clutched the railing to walk down the stairs.

On the floor by the front door was the lamp on the table beside it.

Despite knowing it was weird I brushed it aside and decided to forget about it until the morning.

While walking upstairs I hear my phone ring from the bedroom.

*“Abigail”* my heart skipped a beat

*“Why is she up”*

*Picks up phone*

*“Abby? What wr-”*

*Rain in the background “David, come outside.”*

*“What? Abby stop pla-”*

*“She hung-up”*

*“What is going on, what is happening, is she playing with me?”*

*3 loud knocks shake the house*

Looking out the window I can't see anything except the tree Infront of the ranch.

I close my eyes to adjust to the darkness and see a figure behind peeking from the tree.

It looks to be 6 feet and wearing all black.

I run to grab a flashlight on the nearby kitchen table

Nothing.

Just the trees and darkness for miles.

*“I must be losing it”*

*“AHHHHHH” “HELP ME DAVID”*

The scream pierced my soul, my knees cannot support the cloud of fear on my shoulders.

*“That came from the back”*

I ran through the kitchen and tried the lights, nothing.

I look out the back window and see a figure.

*“Abigail, stop playing with me please”*

The flashlight showed Abby.

I can't move.

My stomach begins to turn, and I throw up all over the floor.

Abby's head is facing the opposite direction.

As tears fall down my face I yell out,

*“Abby, what's happening, you're scaring me.”*

She turns around to show herself covered in mud, eyes dangling from her head and a smile stretching across her carved face.

As I feel my legs begin to give, she bolts for the door and rams her head straight through the glass.

*Laughing maniacally “WHY DIDN’T YOU COME OUT DAVID, WHY DIDN’T YOU LISTEN  
TO ME*

Looking up at her from the floor I bolt to the front door to lock it and see another man with his head backwards in the front lawn.

I lock the front door and stumble up the stairs to call 911

I blocked the door with a chair.

I picked up the phone to call 911 and looked out my window to see the whole lawn covered.

They’re just standing there; I can’t see their faces, but I can feel them looking through me.

I can hear Abigail screaming. They’re kicking down the door.

*Phone ringing*

*Phone picks up*

*“Hello, 911, please help, please se-”*

*“David, it’s ok, we’ve come to save you”*

*Phone hangs up.*

I can’t breathe. I can’t think. I can’t feel.

All the voices outside keep getting louder.

They won’t stop singing.

Abigail won’t stop crying.

It’s been 30 hours.

A loud rhythmic knocking begins at the bedroom door.

Do I fight back? Do I give up? Is this it?

The door crashes down and it's me.

Normal from head to toe.

*“Are you ready?”*

He grabs me by my head.

*Snap.*