

Ring Ring! Ring Ring! Went the ancient phone in Missy's apartment. She walked from the living room through the kitchen to the bedroom where the phone was. She picked up the phone and plopped on her un-made bed.

"Hello?" asked Missy.

"Missy?" replied the voice.

"Sandra? Well I haven't heard from you in a while-"

"Yeah. Well can I ask you to do me a favor? I'm kinda in a hurry," Sandra said cutting Missy off.

"Sure. What is it?"

"Well you see, I'm going on a very important business trip..."

"Okay."

"And I was wondering if you could take care of my cabin for a week or so?"

"Yeah. Sure. I'll do it."

"Okay thanks Missy. The key is under the mat in front of the door. Talk to you later then. Bye"

They both hung up. Missy had only been to the cabin once. Not for a very long time, but long enough for her to get a weird feeling about it. Even though she didn't like the thought of being there for more than a few hours, she had to help her friend. So she packed every thing she would need for a week, tooth brush, hair brush, other beauty products, some shirts, pants, etc.

About 45 minutes later, she was in the middle of nowhere. The road was dirt and bumpy. It was about 2pm when she turned left on to a road surrounded and totally enclosed by woods. She got out of her car, got her things and as she approached the cabin her heart started to beat a little faster. She walked up the steps. Each creaking one by one. Something flew out of the sky. "AAAAA!" She screamed grabbing at her face and spilling everything out of her bag. **Boom!** She looked down and a huge hairy spider the size of a tarantula fell to the porch and crawled away. After the shock and horrific event she had just experienced before even entering the house, she bent down and picked up her clothes and products. Up the stairs she went for a second time. Now being even more cautious than before, she opened the door with the key and walked in. She walked around, and noticed the cabin was practically empty, except for a few pictures and nick-knacks. Everything was covered in a thick layer of dust, and white blankets on most of the furniture. Every thing was creepy about this house. The stairs and doors creaked, and it felt like someone was always watching her, plus the house was as cold as a late October night, but that was the least of her worries.

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The house had a very eery past. Once long ago a fairly happy family lived here. In the cabin. The mother/ wife had just had a baby. To be more specific a darling baby girl. The woman, her husband, and their 4 other girls lived in this cabin. Well, weeks later a murderer escaped from a nearby jail. He had been previously convicted of killing a family in Maine, and now he was looking to kill another. Long story short, he killed all the little girls including the newborn. It was said that the little girls haunted the house. They weren't happy little angel ghosts either. Actually, they were quite the opposite. Eventually the husband died, but the mother never did, then one day she vanished just like the rest of them, and was never seen, or heard of again. Rumor has it, she was turned into a witch after a demon possessed her while she was in a deep depression. Then she started getting involved in witch craft and Satanism.

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Missy put her stuff down and looked on the table. There was a note from Sandra. "Please water my plants while I am gone," said the typical note. " If you need anything to eat there is food in the fridge, cabinets, and pantry. The pantry also leads to the basement where you can find most of the stuff that you may need." It had been a really long trip so she went to the bathroom after reading the note. Noticing there was no toilet paper, she thought, *great now I have to go down to the creepy old basement*. She grabbed a flash light and slowly made her way to the pitch dark under ground. The flash light only gave her a thin line of light that wasn't very helpful. When she got down she had to find the hanging light bulb. When she did she clicked it on. It flickered and swung back and forth. She grabbed an arm full of toilet paper, put the flash light in her mouth and turned off the hanging light bulb. She had one foot on the first step when ***clank, crackle, pop!*** Something started moaning and making loud exhaling noises. She froze. The flashlight flickered off. She dropped the toilet paper. She shook, and pounded the flash light hoping it would turn on and when she realized it wouldn't. She bolted up the stairs through the kitchen and jumped on to the couch in the living room. After a minute of waiting and hearing nothing more, she felt warmth. She felt like she was being surrounded by one big fuzzy blanket. Then she came to notice that it was the furnace kicking on. She breathed a sigh of relief. It was only the first day and she was practically jumping out of her skin. How would she make it through the week? She didn't have a clue but she would have to deal with what ever this old house, or what ever else lived in it, had to throw at her.

Later that night, Missy put on her pajamas and sat in front of the TV watching a "chick flick"

but by the time it ended she fell asleep. A little while later she jumped awake, startled by a blood curdling scream coming from a horror movie that had been playing. She clicked off the TV, and ran up the stairs sideways making sure nothing was following her. "End of day 1." she said quietly. But she knew that there was definitely more to come.

If she was going to stay here for six more days she would need to stay on her toes. It was going to be hard to stay on her toes when she was too scared to get up from the couch. That was the main place she went when she was scared and down stairs. But every day was pretty much the same except for the strange happenings. Things just kept getting weirder and weirder. Cabinet doors were opening and closing on their own, the pictures and nick- knacks kept getting rearranged, and the creepiest of all, she would be sleeping and start feeling the bed rocking. She would look up and it was as if a black out line of a figure stood in her closet staring at her and watching her sleep. These strange occurrences continued through the next 3 days. Today was officially day 4. She woke up and every thing was, surprisingly, normal. She ate lunch at noon and everything was still normal. *That's really weird*, she thought, *not a normal day has gone by that something unexpected hasn't happened.* She went the rest of the day without her heart beating as fast as a humming bird's. Was this all? Did she not have to worry about being scared anymore? Missy finally relaxed. Of the whole time she was there she wasn't able to just sit and relax like she was now. Now she was surly grateful of this peace, and the peace had continued through the night. She didn't wake up to see a creepy figure gazing at her from the closet. So in the morning she woke up thinking this day was going to be the same as the day before. But she was sadly mistaken.

It was high noon when she made her self a bowl of nice, hot oat meal, and that's when she heard something shuffle in the attic. "What was that?" Missy asked her self. She brushed it off like it was nothing, because today was going to be a "normal" day. She put a spoonful of oat meal in her mouth. **THUD! BOOM!** "Something's not right." She took a couple seconds to pull herself together. Finally she mustered up the courage. She went up the stairs slowly. When she got to the top of the stairs...**BOOM, THUD, THUD.** Then there was laughter, and then singing. "*Ring around the Rosie, pockets full of posies,*" It was a slow and eery group of what sounded like young females singing. "*Ashes ashes we all fall down!*" Missy slowly walked to a door, opened it and looked up the sketchy stair case. All she saw was a door at the top. It was opened slightly letting a little bit of light shine down. When she got to the top stair *they* started singing again. "*One, two buckle my shoe,*" Missy opened the door and stepped in. Nothing was in there, just a circular window straight ahead and a

dresser to the side. But nothing else. She followed the noises and the singing to nothing? This just didn't make sense. "Three, four, **SHUT THE DOOR!**" The door slammed shut. She spun around, ran to the door and tried to open it but it was locked. Her heart practically pounding out of her chest. There was no way out. She heard laughter from below. "LET ME OUT!" she screamed. More laughter came from downstairs. She curled up in a ball and started crying hysterically. Old pots and toys started flying across the room. "WHATS GOING ON!?" she screamed. A pot flew right for her face. Then she fainted, sprawled out over the old attic floor. The door creaked open. Yet nothing visible to the human eye could be seen. It paused, then opened up all the way. Slowly. Then, **YANK!** "They" grabbed her by the ankles, and she finally woke up, screaming as she was being dragged down the stairs and into the living room. She was moving towards something shinny. It was her silver flash light. She grabbed it. Still being dragged, she flew out the door and into the woods. Sticks and pine needles were going up her shirt and baggy pants as she was being dragged to the middle of the wooded forest. She didn't know where she was going, she had only been at the cabin once but that was not to browse the dirty woods like Dora the Explorer. Scrapes up her legs and back started to draw blood. Now approaching a huge rock, she got knocked in the head. Missy was out cold. "They" dragged her somewhere unknown. They continued to drag her deeper into the woods. Then "they" stopped, dropped her feet and went away. She was laying there helplessly with cuts and wounds all over her body. When night came she woke up rested with a decent amount of energy. But then she felt a searing pain on her calves, back, and head. Where was she? She didn't know how far she was away from the cabin. She didn't know how long she had been knocked out for. She didn't have any thing to eat or drink. Fear weld up inside her. All she had was a flash light, a chipped watch, and the torn clothes draping off her body. She tried turning on the flash light and it magically turned on. She walked a little, through the woods, all by her self. She walked until she came to a building and a truck that was old and run down. There was no way to possibly get inside the truck. The door was jammed, and broken glass was every where. So she looked around the building. She saw something white on the side of it. She grabbed it. But it was just a picture of poorly drawn trees. *What does this mean*, she thought. She walked on, and came across another car. She tried to open the door but it was the same as the last. They were both impossible to conquer. It was late. She looked at her watch. It was midnight and she didn't know what to do. She looked around... "What the...! AAAAAA!" Missy screamed. "WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!!!" She ran away as fast as she could, almost tripping a few times. The beam of light coming from the flash light was shaking like a leaf in the pitch darkness while she frantically sprinted, weaving around trees

and jumping over rocks. Finally she stopped in hopes that she would be able to get some oxygen in her lungs. Not only that though, she waited in hopes that **IT** was gone. Panting like a dog now, she didn't dare turn around. But she couldn't just stay there. One question that kept racing through her head was, *what do I do? What do I do?* She started walking again, only keeping her eyes straight ahead this time. Then she saw what looked to be a tunnel. She went in it, and there she found another piece of paper. Only this one saying, "*No eyes. Always watching.*" She looked back and there **IT** was again! She was definitely taunting the devil now. She ran screaming bloody murder still clutching the piece of paper and flashlight in her hands. She looked back and **IT** was closer now. Closer and closer it came every time she looked back. But she skidded to a stop. *I know what that is*, she thought. *But I just cant remember the name. Everyone used to talk about him all the time when I was younger.* She started running again panting and wheezing. Her stomach and legs were beginning to cramp up. Her mind was racing faster then her own legs could carry her. She had to find a way out fast or who knows what will happen to her. She remembered people saying that he could turn himself in to a tree. What was a tree and what was him, was the question. He wore a black suit, his skin was very pale and he had no face. But what was his name?! Her mind tripping over each thought. Then she tripped over a tree root that was sticking out of the ground and landed on her stomach. She looked back **again**. But nothing was there. *Thank god!* she thought. Her only instinct was to get out alive and avoid him. Taking time to remember more about this creature. What was it? Was it human? Not really. Was it a demon? Most likely. The adrenalin that was previously coursing through her veins was beginning to wear off. She could feel the pain from her cuts and wounds, from earlier that day, starting to creep back into feeling. But now the pain was excruciating. She paused before she got fully to her feet. She remembered his name. It was Slender Man. She got back on her feet and faced the direction she was running. She shined her flash light away from her and towards a shiny silver chain link fence. She was too weak to pull her self up and over the fence. She looked around to see if anyone was watching her, and that **someone** was. She summoned every ounce of strength, of energy she had left in her and climbed the fence. Missy tried to get over to the other side, but her ripped pant leg got caught. She looked at her leg then looked up. The unwanted visitor was coming to her. She started to panic. The more panicked she got the harder it was to get her pant leg uncaught. The harder that was the closer he was. Now he was just feet away. She got uncaught and fell to the ground. He was right up to the fence. Even though he had no eyes, she could feel him gazing into her soul. Her heart pounding like the beat of a drum. She got to her feet and high tailed it out of there. Looking back, she saw him still "looking" at her, but he

was not moving. She ran and ran because now her life depended on it.

She could just barely tell that the sun was coming up, when she spotted the cabin! “THERE IT IS!” She hollered to her self. She almost tripped because she stopped suddenly. The last thing she wanted to do was go back in that hell whole. She got in her car and drove nearly 60 miles per hour, racing down the dirt drive way. The cabin in the back and the spirits within mocked her as she left. *Bye bye*. They said. As she was going out into the opened road , another car was coming in. They both jerked to a stop. Sandra came running out and asked Missy, “Whats the matter. Are you OK!?”

“No I'm not OK Sandra. I wanted to help you out but you'll have to find someone else from now on.” Said Missy.

“What?”

“ What ever lives in that house is demonic and unstable! I almost got killed in there!”

“Missy I don't understand what are you talking about.”

“You know exactly what I'm talking about! Whatever, you know what? I'm going home.” She left 10 times faster then when she came. Sandra was appalled. She had no clue what just happened. Missy was so filled with emotions, when she entered a paved road filled with traffic, that she crashed head on with another car. Glass and blood every where. The cars were totaled and so was she. Her lifeless body just sat there. Blood trickled down her face from a giant gash in her head. The other body lie on the hood of Missy's car. Also lifeless. Other cars skidded to a stop, to avoid being another victim in the deadly crash. Some people got out of there cars and hurried over to the scene, while others scrambled to find there phones to call 9-1-1.

Sandra stood on the dirt drive way surrounded by trees, next to her car, still shocked. But then the shocked look on her face got replaced with a sneer grin. She plopped in her car, and drove up the rest of the way to the cabin. She walked in. It was silent, dark, and cold. She threw her keys on the table, and tossed her purse on the couch. She stood in front of the opened door, letting a cold, crisp fall air into the cabin. “I'M HOOOME!” she shouted, into the empty house. One minute later, a loud rumble came down the stairs. As if there was a stampede of rhinos, or little girls, charging down the stairs.

“ We missed you mommy!” Yelled a group of invisible voices.

“ I missed you all too.” Said Sandra

The End