

Tap Tap Tap_Hernandez

I'm watching a movie in my living room with my roommate. As we sit staring at the TV I can hear a faint *tap tap tap* coming from behind me. I ignore it and continue watching the movie. Minutes pass and I hear it again. *Tap tap tap*. I finally get the nerve to turn around to see what's making that noise. The light from the TV illuminates a white face with blacked out eyes and a brimming white smile. My breath catches in my throat and before I can scream a long fingernail comes up to the window. *Tap tap tap*. Finally, I scream and jolt awake. Breathing heavily, I nervously laugh to myself. "It was just a dream", I say with an exhale.

I'm sitting up in bed now, finally getting my breathing under control, when I hear it. *Tap tap tap*. Chills run down my spine and the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. With bated breath I turn around towards the window just to the left of my bed. The same white face with blackened eyes and a wide smile greet me in the window. I'm too shocked to scream and my lips quiver as I begin to cry. *Tap tap tap* it does again with its long fingernail. As I remain motionless on my bed, the face on the other side of my window grins even wider than before, exposing sharp teeth, with something close to black ink oozing from between them. Hot breath fogs the window by its mouth as it starts laughing. It's a low and guttural sound, cheery and inhuman. Before I can ask what it wants it says in a low voice, "You're not dreaming now. Come out and play with me." My body reacts and I jump out of bed to open my door and run to my roommate's bedroom. Before I can make it halfway across my room, a loud bang sounds outside and fast moving footsteps make it up the stairs just outside my bedroom door. I'm stock still again in the middle of the room, breathing heavily. I'm so terrified I can feel myself getting woozy, my knees shaking, about to give out at any moment.

I can hear deep laughter and crackly, fleshy, wet sounds coming from the opposite side of my door. Tears are streaming down my face now; I don't know what to do. A sharp object glides across wood followed by a *tap tap tap*, but this time it's coming from my open closet. A deep voice escapes the darkness, "Are you ready to play now?"