

The Apartment on Floor 13

by
Ben H.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!” James screamed. “What’s wrong, James?” I asked. James screamed again, “Spider!” “Seriously, James. Spiders are weak,” Carl said. My friends and I rented a room on the 13th floor of the apartment complex a few days back. “Guys, it’s past midnight. We should probably go to bed,” I said. “I’m almost done with this game! Just give me a few more minutes,” said Brandon. I do like the guys, but sometimes they annoy the heck out of me. Quickly I grabbed the fly swatter and...SMACK! I smacked the spider against the floor. “Yay! It’s dead now!” said James. “Okay guys, now I think it’s a good time to go to bed,” I said.

9:54am

It was about time to wake up when I heard faint whispers coming from the kitchen. I turned to see if it was one of the guys, but nobody was there. I silently got up and went to grab some breakfast, confused about the whispers. I got some waffles and right when I was about to pop two of them in the toaster, I felt something go through me. I shivered as if the temperature had dropped. I decided I did not want to stay in the kitchen any longer. Suddenly... RINGGGGGG! The alarm jolted everyone awake. “I hate this alarm,” said Carl. “Well deal with it,” I said. “Also, guys, I wouldn’t go into the kitchen if I were you.” “Why not?” asked James. “You know what, never mind,” I replied.

2:36pm

I was outside on the balcony looking at cars zooming by. I always felt better when I was on the balcony, but I just didn’t feel right today. “Hey Chris. I... uhhhh... spilled some milk. Can you help me?” Carl said. “Use the rag, doofus,” I said. Carl shot back, “Hey, I’m not a doofus!” “You’re clumsy though,” said Brandon. “Hey Chris, wanna join me on Gears of War?” “Sure,” said Chris.

7:49pm

“Guys, your spaghetti is done!” Carl shouted. “Thanks, but where is James?” I asked. “I think he said he went to the plaza on the first floor,” Brandon said. “I’m going to go get him. He should be here already,” I said. I went to the elevator and went to the first floor where the plaza was located. When I got there, there was a huge party going on. I had to go through the crowd if I was gonna find James. After I searched and searched, I still found no trace of James. I was worried for a moment, but then I realized I could ask the check-in people. I asked Maria, a friend of mine, if she had seen James. She said the last place she saw him was going into the restroom at around 7:50pm. I was so happy that I could finally return to my room with James, but then I realized it was 8:22. I then went back to being a bit worried. I was thinking over and over again: *please be ok... please be ok... please be ok*. I opened the bathroom door and I screamed at what I saw. I saw James chained up to the ceiling. I called Maria for help. When she arrived, I told her to call the police. When they came, they said they would get him down right away. After they got him down, James got up and ran to hug me. He then started to explain what happened. “Some, some, something grabbed me and, and took me, and, and...” “Stop stuttering James! Come on tell me what happened!” I said.

8:46pm

James had explained what happened. Maria and I took him to the room and I checked him to make sure he wasn’t hurt. “Finally you found him. Gosh you were gone for like 50 minutes,” said Carl. “I found him chained to the ceiling in the bathroom,” I said. “I don’t believe that one bit,” said Brandon. I was so happy now that I knew James was ok, but I still didn’t feel right, so I asked Maria to go ahead and go home.

Four Days Later

I was sleeping in bed when suddenly lights started to flicker on and off rapidly. Everyone was up wondering what was happening. Carl went to try to manage the lights, but then a dark figure appeared and pushed him away. Suddenly, there was a high-pitched sound that made the balcony glass door shatter. My right leg and my left arm were cut. Then, the knives, forks, spoons, and other silverware flew at us from the kitchen

drawers. Luckily, the silverware didn't hit any of us. In an instant, everything stopped. Everything was silent, but I looked out at the balcony and there was a dark figure slowly walking towards us. The guys got behind me, but Brandon ran for the kitchen and grabbed a knife. I was sure he was ready to stab the dark figure but when he tried, he failed. As the dark figure vanished into the night, it pushed Brandon off the balcony. We all ran to grab him, but when we got to the balcony, we couldn't find him anywhere. We went to check outside but we couldn't find him on the street below or in the immediate area. We called the police and told them what happened. When they arrived, they searched all night for Brandon. They never found any sign of him, or the dark figure.

Three Years Later

We never forgot what happened at that apartment building, but we did hear something about a curse on our apartment building and strange things happening on floor 13. After Brandon disappeared, we all went our separate ways. For a while, we spoke to each other about what could have happened to Brandon. Five months later, we stopped talking to each other and we haven't spoken to each other since.