

4. Charlize W.

T W I S T E R

Hi. I'm Blake Thompson. If your reading this.... it has happened. I was 16 when it came. It was raining and I was at home with my family. Lizzy my mom, Cruise my dad, Sam my brother, and Gerry my sister. Sam and Gerry were both 8, they were twins. My dad was 40 and my mom was 39. We were in our living room playing twister. A tradition, it was family game night. "It's raining hard tonight!" said my dad. Mom responded with a sarcastic eyeroll because dad always states the obvious. "Your turn jellybean." That's what my mom calls my sister, or what she used to call her. My brother loved batman he was so fond of him always dressing up in his costumes, putting my sister in "jail" because she stole his comic books. That's why he never trusted anyone easily because as he used to say he wanted to be the "loner as a hero," which made no sense at all, but he would still say that every day. It was 9:30pm, Sam was to the side reading his comic books series about alien take over. What irony. My mom and me were packing up the game. Suddenly, a sound screeched from outside like someone was scrapping chalk on the chalkboard. It was screeching louder and louder it started to hurt my ears. I looked around wondering why my eight-year-old sister wasn't screaming at the top of her lungs running to my mother. Why my dad wasn't holding all of us getting us to safety putting us before him. They were all gone. My dad, my brother, my sister, my mom. Gone. I yelled for them, ran through all the house. I started to run down the hall looking for them and tripped over something. A body. My body. It looked as if my body had been rotting in water for years. The eyes were faded red and green, my clothes torn, my hair ripped all out on one side. Yet, my cheeks looked flushed of pink as if alive. Was she alive? Was she even real was any of this real? I continued to walk slowly throughout the hall. The door wide open in front of me. I had not even realized what had been going on outside. I slowly walked to the door. One foot in front of the other. For a moment I looked back to see the body once more. It was gone. I continued to walk. Each creek from my steps startled me until I reached the door. The sky was painted red. The type of red your face makes when you hold your breath too long. The wind blew hard. The street was empty. I had not even realized it this whole time that the noise was still screeching as if it was normal. The ground started to thump as if a rhythm. I took tiny steps outside, down the stairs slowly. I looked slowly to the left. So, so slowly than I've ever have moved before. Dust was coming at me. Or was its water. A gas? A substance that I can't even describe till this day. All I know is that it was alive. Coming at me. Looking at me. I couldn't move. I was wanting to move. My brain telling me, "Blake, move... go... run!" But I couldn't I was glued to the ground; the ground had tied me to itself. It moved closer and closer; lightning hit the ground around me. The wind was loud and fast. The sun had begun to shine increasingly brightly. It had hit me. I turned and looked around. It was pitch black. I was so scared; my eyes had hurt and were burning from all the tears and sweat. I thought I saw a figure hidden behind the darkness then it went away, I looked behind me and I saw it again. It was not there but it was. It was not a human nor an animal. It was a figure mixed between light and shadow. Night and day. I wanted to observe more but was interrupted by whispers behind me and all around me. They were all saying in different pitches, "No one will ever love you," "are u scared," shhhhhhhhh," "your already goneeeee!!!" the gone screeched in my ears. Lights

flashing from all around me, the ground shaking. It started to crack. I fell. The darkness followed me, chasing me as I fell to my death. I looked down screaming. It was there circling, spiraling on the ground. Closer and closer I got! Until... BAM! I'm floating I don't know where I am. Its dark. I can't breathe. Without barely any breath I call my family's names. I wake up. I'm on my couch, with my family. Its game night. Twister... a tradition.