

The Nightcoming

By Charlotte M.

My ball rolls into the street. I try to get it but my father stops me. I start to cry and whine for my ball. He sighs and walks out to get it. Then I see a blur of white. Blood trails behind the wheels. My father's corpse lying in the middle of the street. I wake in a cold sweat. My heart thumping so fast it feels like it's gonna explode.

"Madeline come downstairs!" Crude. I pull on a tshirt and some ripped jeans. I grab my hair brush and start brushing it as I head downstairs.

"Honey, today I have some important work to do. I won't be back till late tonight. Be good, okay?"

I nod and pour myself some cheerios.

"Okay Mom," I say smiling.

She kisses me goodbye and heads out the door. The bloody corpse lingers in my mind. I push the thought away and get out my homework. Most people wouldn't want to do their homework on a Saturday morning, but I have nothing else to do. Ever since Daddy died I feel like my soul is chipping away bit by bit. Daddy. I miss him so much. I miss my old life before the accident. Then a crashing sound comes from the bathroom. I jump up and creep towards the bathroom. I see a broken window and the china dolls Mama just loves in bits and pieces. The soap is spilled everywhere. Then I feel a cold hand touch my back. I turn around and see a man in a dark coat with a wicked smile on his face. "Hello Madeline," the man says.

"What do you want?" my voice quivers.

"Let's not talk about what I want. What do you want?"

I think. The answer lingers in my head and before I know it it spills out of my mouth.

"I want Daddy back," I whisper. He smiles.

"I can help you with that," he says, his voice raspy.

"Come with me." Then a portal forms. An aura of colors blinds me. He steps in and vanishes. I hesitate. Anything for Daddy. I close my eyes and jump. I fall into darkness. I hear voices whisper, "the Nightcoming, the Nightcoming." Then I see the white truck in my dream coming towards me. I brace myself, nothing happens. I turn and see my father standing there. I gasp.

"Daddy, is it really you?" I say hopefully.

“Yes Madeline, it’s me.” I start to weep.

“I’m so sorry,” I cry, “It’s all my fault, all my fault.” He smiles “, Madeline nothing was ever your fault, I’ll always love you.”

Then, he vanishes. I feel his hand as he disappears. I smile. Then the man in the black coat comes back. “So, did you get what you wanted,” he asks.

“Yes ,” I whisper. Then, I bolt up on the couch. I breath heavily. What the Heck was that. I remember daddy’s face. How real he looked. I remember seeing his brown hair looking so real. I long to see him again. I walk back to the bathroom. The portal is gone. No,no,no, I think. I bang on the walls and start screaming “, please, please let me back in. Open up you stupid to thing!” Nothing happens. It’s just me and broken up china dolls. I start to collect the bits of the dolls. I wonder what I’ll tell Mama. I set them on the shelf. I swear one of the bits blinked at me. I turn and I just see broken dolls. I hear a whisper. “ nightcoming, nightcoming.” Then the broken dolls start to form around me. They are circling me saying “nightcoming, nightcoming.” I start to freak out.

“ STOP STOP STOP, “ I scream. They keep circling. Around and around and around. Then I see the man in the coat again. He smiles and says ,” If you want to see your father you must make a sacrifice. The greatest sacrifice of all...” his voice trails off and everything is silent. I never understood what that meant, but I still hear the whispers of the dolls taunting me. “Nightcoming, nightcoming.”