

Eliza B.

Horror

I heard a gentle tapping noise that kept getting louder and was not raining. At first, I thought it was from the window until I heard it come from the mirror. I slowly creep out of bed. I walk to the bathroom. There's a cold chill, a tingle goes down my spine. Air coming out of the sides of the mirror and walls. I felt the mirror loosen, a bolt or two lost. I call my boyfriend to come over. 10 minutes later he comes over. And I tell him the story and about the chill. He goes over and investigates himself. He takes off the mirror. A gust of cold air and dust blows in our face. By now thoughts are just running through my head. Behind the mirror lay rotten wood, rats, bugs, maybe mold I hope that's what that is. But also, a whole another apartment. But most importantly weird voices. I pinch myself as if I were in a dream. I step through the hole. The floorboards creek. As I walk, I can still hear the thoughts although I think there thoughts anymore. I heard things like get out, go away, I'm serious. I call my boyfriends name.... No response. I yell "I know kickboxing" like I think it's going to scare away this "Ghost". I look for my boyfriend. I heard this demon say, "he's not hear anymore". I went back to my actual apartment and called my boyfriend a few thousand times. Then I did some research. I found out that a 45 year old serial killer lived and died here. He had a secret room to hide bodies and that today was the day his daughter died.