

Ethan N.

## Alone

My mother and father had just left the house to go to the movies.

I was baby-sitting my two little brothers when the doorbell rang. I knew that I shouldn't answer the door for obvious reasons, but something drew me to open it.

I saw a man at the door and said, "Can I help you?" He looked at me and stared, as if he didn't hear me the first time. I repeated myself several times, but he just stared. I remembered that he might be deaf, and taking three years of sign language, I signed 'Can I help you?' He nodded, heavily and then pushed me aside and stepped in. I signed 'Do I know you? Do my parents know you?' He nodded again. And then stared at the back wall with the picture of a strange figure that came with the house.

My father wanted to throw it away, but my mother

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said it would go with her new wallpaper. Anyway,  
back to the story.

He automatically sat at the kitchen table, like he knew where everything was in the house. I asked him what his name was and he shook his head no. I asked him again and he shook his head no, more seriously this time. I started to get scared for myself and my two baby brothers in the house. I told him to wait there and I would be back later. I ran into the next room and picked up the phone to call the police. But when I picked up the phone, I didn't hear a dial tone; I heard breathing ... deep breathing.

I hung up the phone and stared into the kitchen. The man was still sitting there, he hadn't moved. I called the kids upstairs and I locked them in my room so he wouldn't hurt them or whatever he planned to do. Then I ran into my parents room to get the cordless phone, so I could peek into the kitchen to see if he picked up the phone. When I went downstairs, I looked into the kitchen. 'Good,' I

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thought. 'He's still sitting down. Now I can call.'

But when I clicked the phone, I heard breathing, even though he was sitting down. I screamed and hid behind the wall.

I didn't like this. When I looked to see if he heard me (I screamed so loud that even a deaf man could hear me) he was gone. I don't know what happened, but when I looked at the picture on the wall, there was the man; he was staring at me and occasionally he would blink.

I told my parents and they didn't see the man there. Only I could see him. I don't know why, but I am never alone anymore.