Dark

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(Not a true story).

It was a dark night. The sky was pitch black, with a tint of dark purple. The moon was full tonight, but the sky had clouds looming over the moon and the stars. The clouds were so thick, hardly any light illuminated through the cloud and onto the streets. You could make out the outlines of everything. The houses looked like giant shady cubes with triangular tops. For every house, there were two slim, dark and slender outlines of street lights that were all off.
 If you were to look outside, it would be no different from closing your eyes, as no light was shining anywhere. Every window in every house was the same colour as the sky. The street lights were off, so no cars were outside driving. The power was out, and everyone had gone to bed. That is, except Terry.

Being 8 years old, Terry, who already had consistent nightmares and was afraid of everything including the dark, his imagination was going wild. Before the power outage, Terry's parents had gone for dinner with some friends at a fancy restaurant. Terry had been colouring in his room when the power went out. The room had few windows, which were all closed by the blinds. When the power went out, Terry began to scream and shout, running around frantically in a frenzy to find the door. He crashed into the wall, fell and hurt his leg, but his fear and adrenaline ignored that and stayed as his fuel. When he left the room, he flicked the light switch over and over again, before running to his parent's room, crouching, crying and hiding by the window where the only light was available.
Now that he was settled down, his body began to ache and his leg began to throb with pain. He gently felt his leg, and a pang of damage rippled through his body as his hand jolted away from the potential bruise. He whimpered, wishing his parents were here and felt remorse for all the times he made their life harder for them. But he knew regret wasn't going to get him anywhere. That's when the nightmare began.

 He sat there, looking outside for any sign of light. He got his wish, but not in the way he wanted. One of the distant street lights began to flicker gently. Terry pressed his face to the window, wanting to savour the view. Suddenly, a man dressed in all black with a hat appeared in the street light. The light flickered again, and once it turned on again, the man wasn't there.

 Terry was about to shriek, but his brain quickly realized that wouldn't be a smart move, so Terry widened his eyes. As quickly as the light appeared, it was gone. Terry's mind began forming together theory after theory on what that man was, from it was the boogeyman up to he was a secret monster in disguise. Terry then got mature and chalked it up as his overactive mind.
Now that the light was gone, he immediately wanted it back. That's when Terry remembered the flashlight in the living room. But the thought of leaving his shelter

terrified him. Working up his nerve, Terry stood up with shaking legs. Then suddenly, *CREAK*. Terry ducked down right away, scared out of his mind. *What monster is in the house? Is it going to eat me?* But the temptation for light was irresistible. Terry needed it, and he needed it now. He got up, and tiptoed to the door and when his hand was on the handle, the thoughts came back. *What am I doing? What will Mom and Dad say?* Pushing them away, he summoned his courage, and left the room.

It was like looking at coal out there. Terry extended his arms, feeling the area around him, looking for the stairs. *CREAK*. This time Terry forced his mind to ignore it. The cloud covering the moon exposed it for a brief moment, before engulfing the light once again and replacing it with pure black, but it was enough time for Terry to see the stairs and quietly run to it. Looking down the stairs, Terry felt his heart drop. There, at the bottom of the the stairs, was an 8 foot tall skinny creature with four arms, one leg, and a pair of horns.

Terry began to panic, breathing heavily. He froze with shock and fear, and felt his heart skip a beat. Just before he was about to scream and run, a new wave of light from the moon lit up his surroundings, and Terry saw that the "monster" was just a coat rack. Relieved, he continued his way down the stairs, swiftly and soundlessly. At the bottom, he could just make out the bare and slim outline of the flashlight lying on the sofa. Filled with glee, Terry ran toward the flashlight, completely arrogant to the sound he was making his feet thumped against the floor as he grabbed it.

He went to flick it on, but to his dismay, it had no power. Frightened that he was alone with no sense of direction to get out of the living room, his eyes darted around, but his heart jumped to his throat and his eyes bulged as he heard rustling in the basement. Now his mind was full of wildness, as he knew that sounds like that didn't just happen. *CREAK. CREAK.* Terry heard those sounds of the basement floor boards creaking, and regrettably let out an ear-splitting howl. The footsteps stopped for a second. Then they began banging, like someone running up the stairs.

BANG BANG BANG! Terry yowled, then finally came to his senses and hid in the empty cupboard that he could manage to fit in. Then the footsteps stopped. Terry had tears rolling down his cheeks, but he kept quiet. Then the man, or whoever was in the house, began to laugh. He began to laugh like a maniac, like he was mentally insane. But he wouldn't stop. *BANG! BANG BANG!* He began to stop his foot, and then suddenly someone upstairs began laughing and also stomping their feet. Then someone in the basement did the same. Slowly and steadily, the laughter died out, and the person upstairs and the person downstairs joined the one who had almost caught Terry. They then walked quietly, but loud enough for Terry to hear, to the front door, opened it abruptly and loudly, and the three of them left without closing the door.

Terry could hear their footsteps against the pavement outside, before the sound died away. Terry stayed in there for god knows how long, crying. After what seemed like an hour, Terry finally, and cautiously, got out of his cramped position and the cupboard. He wiped his tears away, and then remembered what his parents said before they left. *Terry. Don't answer the door to anyone. If anyone gets in the house, grab the phone in our room; press the buttons 9, then 1, then 1 again. Hide somewhere and tell the person*

on the other end where you are, what happened, and where we live. Got that sweetie? See you soon.

Terry jolted away from the memory, and saw that the door was still open. It was brighter now, and Terry could make his way up the stairs. He was quiet, as he didn't want to take any chances. He soon made his way to his parent's room, grabbed the phone and dialed 911. **"Hello, this is the police."** a female voice answered. Terry was about to explain what happened, when he just burst into tears. **"Hey, what's wrong? Is there an adult nearby?"** the voice asked. That's when something hit Terry in the back in the head, and knocked him unconscious. The last thing Terry felt was being dragged down the stairs and being put in a bag. The voice kept on speaking, **"HELLO? OKAY, I AM SENDING A DISPATCH YOUR WAY!".**

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When Terry's parents arrived, they saw an open door and a bunch of police officers and cars around the house. Horrified, they asked an officer what was going on. "Excuse me. Are you two Mary Woods and Harry Woods?" the officer asked. "Yes, we are Terry's parents," Terry's mother responded. The officer grimaced. "I hate to tell you this, but... Terry has been kidnapped."

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Terry Woods's body was found in a local forest. His arms were missing, and they were never found. There was a giant cut from his neck to his hips, and all of his organs were missing. The group of 3 men were never caught. So keep in mind the next time you're home alone, keep a flashlight with you, and lock all your doors, **and always be wary of the dark.**