

2024 TEEN SCARY STORY WRITING CONTEST



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Entry Rules:

- Open to ages 12-18.
- Entries must be submitted by email as a PDF or Word document to [–], with name, town, and telephone number in the body of the email.
- Entries must be submitted by midnight on Sunday, October 27, 2024.
- One entry per person.
- Stories must be original and written by the teen submitting them.
- Entries will be judged on creativity, originality, and writing style.
- Stories must not exceed 1500 words.
- All entries become property of the Athol Public Library and may be posted to the library's website or social media.

Was it in the Woods?

By Abigail Strunk

I found myself running through a spine-chilling patch of woodland in the middle of night. How? Why? I had to ask myself those questions. It all feels like a dream until a flock of birds zip past my face so fast and close that I can feel the wind go by. I can faintly hear the screams of my younger brother echoing through my head. That's all I can think about. Only the ringing sound of my name leaving his mouth... I'm sorry. I wish it didn't happen. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I long to take back the moment that I killed him. He didn't deserve it. I did. I'm sorry.

I went on. What was I running from again? The police, or my own guilt? I think it's from my own guilt, I haven't seen or heard any sirens, so I must be running away on my own terms.

Right?

I can *almost* smell the blood on my hands. I look down, I *almost* see the stains on my hands and clothes. I am filled with even more regret.

I continued running. I started to hear my boyfriend, Theo. He also was screaming my name, but it felt more real. I hadn't killed him, I only killed my brother, Collin. What's happening? Is he behind me? I look back over my shoulder, dodging my black box-dyed bangs in the wind.

I feel my eyes close, then pop back open. I see wires and the vague silhouette of a person through my blurry vision. The person had on the dark teal of scrubs. It seems chaotic but I could just sleep again, I am really tired, all that running exhausted me.

I woke up. I'm back. It was all a hallucination. Apparently I have them a lot, I don't remember any of them though, but I try to write them down before the amnesia. Supposedly writing them down will help with my recovery. I wrote the last one above, I wrote it with my brother sitting over me, he was the one to hand me my journal. According to my parents I look like I've seen a ghost anytime they happen. I think I can hear some things from reality while in

my own world. Oh my... I heard Collin, and Theo, they were both screaming my name, they haven't seen this much before. Now I feel sick to my stomach. I'm thankful that it was just some sick dream, but I pray everyday that it can stop. It has to, for me, for Theo, and for Collin.

The Walk Home

By Chloe Mallette

It was around midnight, I had just got out of a long shift at work. I didn't live far so I'd always walk to and from work. The streets are empty with nothing but the sound of my own shoes against the concrete and bugs flying near the street lamps dimly lighting my way to comfort me. It was chilly outside in late fall, even with my coat on, and even colder by the uneasiness of the usually always up city being so still and quiet.

Around midway home I heard more than just the white noise of the streets, I heard someone down a side alley. But I didn't hear someone talking, or even just walking, they were screaming. An ear piercing, blood curdling scream, for just a second, and then nothing again. I was frozen where I stood. Thoughts rushing through my mind. What was that? Who was that? Are they ok? What happened? Should I go help them? The last question pushed me forwards to the strangely spacious yet suffocating alley off the side of the road.

Slowly I walked towards where I believed the sound to have come from. Slowly the alley got dimmer and dimmer till I could barely see anything. Then maybe four or five feet in front of me a light flickered on, what I saw under the light spiked my already high anxiety to the moon. I was suddenly aware of every little thing around me. The water softly dripping from the pipes, the clear buzzing of the light, how sharp the air around me felt, my sweaty palms, my wet mesh sneakers. The shaking figure walking toward me, slowly stalking closer and closer...

The *body that was covered in holes leaking the bright red liquid like a shaken soda* on the ground near the back door of the apartment. How the light slightly gleamed off the metal of the knife. How sharp it felt against my throat, and the freezing temperature that followed. The liquid pooling into my favorite clothes, forever staining them with my fate. That it was *my* apartment building that the body was being dragged to.

And lastly a very familiar voice that said the last words I'd ever hear in a frantic, weeping hurry, "I'm so sorry, Cara." And that was how I died. But the worst part is that my name is Caraline, and the only person who ever calls me Cara is my mother.

The Booth

By Dasa Smith

My head hurt and my eyes were closed. All I could feel was the floor I was laying on it was cold and hard. I slowly felt around me for anything, as I did I felt the ever so slight touch of something just barely in range for me to touch but nothing else. I still have no idea how long I stayed there on the cold ground. My eyes closed before I finally opened them. It took me a while to adjust to the dark room I was in but when I looked around I could see that I was in a strange sort of chamber. The entire thing was made out of stone roughly carved by some primitive tool bearing markings and odd symbols as well as pictures of animals. In the center of the room was a table made of ornate wood on top of the table were two vials from the left a soft blue glow was emitted from the right a harsh red along the walls the two mingled creating fascinating and foreboding hues. I struggled to sit up my body feeling out of use and sore.

I slowly dragged myself to my aching feet and stumbled to the table atop it I noticed a new object I had not seen before a note made from a sort of leather from what animal I didn't know along with this was a small white instrument that appeared to be formed from some sort of bone it was covered in dried blood. I took the note in my hands feeling the disgusting texture of the leather. It looked and felt human and who knows maybe it was. On the note was written in blood the same blood that covered the bone. The note said "they want you to pick one don't trust their lies both of them wil-" the note cut off abruptly as the text turned to an unintelligible gibberish. I ran my hand down the note feeling the grooves in the leather as I pondered the note. Obviously whoever wrote it meant the vials, with that in mind I picked up the blue vial it pulsed in my hand and glowed softly but I stumbled back when the vial seemed almost to speak to me.

The things the vial told me were unlike any promise I had ever heard before. It told me I would be safe with it and that it would protect me. It told me that if I drank it I would be able to

break the limits others imposed on me. It told me that I would be able to control the fate of the next generation whether they live or die. it was bliss. Just hearing these things made me happier than i ever had been before but it was too good to be true i thought as i put the vial back on the table

And i thought to myself “i might as well” and picked up the red vial immediately it burned as the vial shouted at me it fed me all the paranoia in the world it told me of violence cults and dangers unseen and it told me to fight to take stand and that i would win if only i drink it. This vial I hurled. The vial hit the wall fast and hard the way I wanted it to only for it to bounce off unharmed pushing me deeper into my anger. I stormed over to the vial and stomped on it causing it to fly out from under me unharmed. Finally I slammed it into the wall. The vial simply bounced off hitting me in the face. I clutched my face and seethed before I sunk down and cried.

I have no idea how long I lay there crying it wasn't until long after I ran out of tears that I finally got up and looked around only to find that a third vial had appeared this one green it filled the room with a steady light. I didn't even have to touch it to know what it was saying it said “drink me im different im not like the others”. Slowly filled with hope I got up and started for the vial but as I reached out to touch it I could clearly see the vial was no different than the other two in fact when I looked at the three of them I could barely see which was which the blue and green laying on the table and the red on the floor. Or was it the red on the table and the green on the floor? What little solidity my mind had left crumbled as I fell to the floor in anguish I felt something tearing at my scalp taking bloody piece after bloody piece off. I felt the agony of my skin ripping only to realize that it was my own hands. I wrenched them to the floor and crawled to the table. I knew what I had to do. I reached for the piece of bone on the table grasping my bloody hands around it. I raised the bone and tried to stab it in my gut only for it to fly out slickened by the blood. I stood up and wiped my hands on what remained of my clothing and grabbed the bone again. This time I stabbed my eye. The bag of jelly ruptured instantly. As I dug deeper rending the bone into the socket before pulling it out. It hurt more than anything I had

ever felt but I plunged it again into the other eye drawing out more blood I could feel it pouring down my face blood mixed with the fluids once in my eyes. I took the knife again and plunged it into my heart rending it back and forth till I collapsed and breathed my last letting myself move on and the next poor soul come in.

The Feline Horrors
By Gilead Alderman Sterne

Foreword

The story you are about to read will leave you extremely traumatized and afraid of kitties, so if you have a cat, you do not want to read this. -sincerely the author.

Welcome to The Feline Horrors

Part 1: the guest.

“I’m home... home... home... home.” My voice echoes in my old broken-down hovel of a house. My cat Poseidon comes to greet me. As he steps into the light, I think I see a glint of malice in his eye, but I blink and it’s gone. I lean over and scratch his ears and then go to the living room and sit in my favorite chair (an over upholstered black leather wingback) and start talking to my cat, (I know it’s weird.) “I’m bringing a friend from school over today.” Poseidon bares his claws. “I know you don’t like people, but it’s only for a couple hours. His name is Jeff and he’s coming over for dinner.” His pupils narrow to slits. “All I’m asking of you is to be nice to him ‘kay? Good. Oh, and whatever you do, don’t open the door to the bottomless pit.”

Later. “Sup Dallas. How you doin’ bro,” says Jeff as he walks through the door. Jeff is an African-American boy with a gold hoop earring on one ear. Poseidon runs up and rubs against Jeff’s legs. Again, I saw that glint of malice in his eyes.

“I’m doing great. Listen, I’ll go get the pizza. You can hang out with Poseidon or just look around the house. Just be careful this place is on its last legs.”

I go to the kitchen and pull the meat lovers take and bake pizza out of the oven. I

turn around and walk into the hallway and the pizza I'm holding falls out of my hands as I see Jeff reaching for something in a closet -- the exact closet that has a bottomless pit in it. He holds on to the door knob for support and leans in. whoooosh! The wind howls and I see a flash of grey zip by knocking the cat-shaped doorstop out of the way. The door swings in and knocks Jeff into the pit, "Aaaaaaaa!"

"Nooooooooooooooooo!" I shout. But it's too late. I run over and look in and see a three-pound chocolate bar on the wall four feet away from the door. I remember his crazy obsession with chocolate. Tears gush from my eyes and I tip over, curling up in a ball, and sobbing. Finally, when the tears won't come, I walk over and pick up the pizza. I walk back to the pit and drop it in. I slam the door shut, and lock all seven locks. I walk back to my room and flop onto my bed. I hear purring and look over the edge and see Poseidon sleeping cozily in his bed. "You don't know what this feels like. You're just a cat." I turn back over and listen to the wind howling outside until I fall asleep.

Part 2:

When I wake up the next morning I'm still feeling down after Jeff, so I decided to make pancakes for the entire household, (oh yeah what I didn't tell you is that my old broken-down hovel of a house is actually a haunted house, full of zombies, ghosts, werewolves, mummies, and all things terrifying none of which are friendly but hey my best friend just fell into a bottomless pit.) but as soon as they all start stumbling, floating, and rattling out of closets and the floor and ceiling and popping out of cupboards, I immediately regret it because they all start moving towards me. The look of sinister glee on their faces scares me to the core. "None of you are getting pancakes anymore!" I shout at them and book it down the hallway. I duck into my bedroom where some boogeypeople pop out from under my bed and join the chase. I crash into a closet and jump through a trap door as living clothes drop from hangers. I land in a labyrinth It's pitch black I stand up and start

running creatures grab at me as I run one of them grabs hold of my shirt the clawed hand is furry a werewolf! I think. It snatches at my head leaving giant throbbing scratches on my scalp. I rip loose leaving my shirt behind. I keep running, I unwarily turn a few corners. Panic fills my heart as I reach a dead-end. (How I knew it was a dead end I don't know.) A cloth wrapped arm sticks out of a wall and grabs my ankle. I fall flat on my face and immediately flip myself over. I try to stand up but I hear a pop as my leg dislocates. I fall back down and get held down by a bunch of other horrid creatures with eyeballs hanging out and limbs holding on by a thread.

A lantern is lit and I see a small shape moving forward it and a wave of shock and familiarity washes over me as a grey cat with waves of black on its sides steps out of the shadows. Poseidon climbs onto my body. "You!" I shout. "It was you! I told you not to open that door!" He steps towards my head, his soft paws pad across my bare chest. He walks up to my neck and extends his claws and raises his paws and brings them down on my neck and the last thing I see is the cat I have loved since his birth ripping out my throat.

The end

Stupid Halloween Story

By Mya Balins

As the clock struck midnight, a phone rang in an empty office, the message was for the old man sleeping in the office. He picked up the phone and said in a harsh tone "Who calls at this time of night?" A raspy hard to understand voice came out of the speaker. It sounded like someone crying, muffled voices and knocking. The man quickly slammed the phone down, thinking it was a prank.

He decided to get back to work instead of sleeping. He started typing away on his computer. The phone rang again; he didn't answer. It kept ringing, and ringing, and ringing until he finally picked it up. Random noises came out of the phone, surprisingly loud. He unplugged the phone and continued working only to hear the phone ring again.

He was confused because the phone was unplugged. He slowly grabbed the phone and put it in a box and quietly moved it down stairs under the stairs of the office. He ran back up to finish his work on the computer. He sat down. Once again, he heard a faint ring and then silence.

A noise was heard at the door. He glanced over at it thinking it was the wind. He looked back at the computer screen, a dim light casted over the dark room. The old man heard a voice and glanced behind him, blaming it on the wind.

The sun started to rise slightly and it lit the room.

He thought that the phone stopped ringing and he grabbed his stuff and headed out the door to go to the local coffee shop. He got inside his car and started to drive. He swerved when he heard a loud ringing. He was so startled he smashed into a pole without too much damage.

He searched the car and found the phone right in a box where he put it in the trunk. He hailed a taxi and got home safely about 12 AM.

In the morning he went down to the kitchen and saw his roommate. He told him about the unplugged phone ringing and the loud suspenseful crying noise. His roommate looked at him his roommate said "I was crying because I saw something watching you last night; I was trying to warn you".

Witching Hour Spa Treatment

By Leela Dower

At 3:30 a.m., a woman drove into her driveway with her fancy golden limo in a terrible storm. Her driveway was paved with obsidian and she had statues of children in her front yard. She parked her limo and walked up the black steps to her enormous mansion and opened her door with her diamond house key. She walked into her house, her heels clicking on the hard marble floor.

She walked into her bathroom and closed the door behind her, locking it just in case. Her bathroom was huge. It had three bathtubs, each one made of black stained glass with golden shower nozzles and glittering designer shower curtains. The woman walked over to her fancy sink and turned the hot and cold knobs in a strange pattern. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled as a secret trapdoor opened up in the floor. The woman went down the trapdoor and into a secret bathroom that had cobwebs everywhere and smelled of mold and death.

This bathroom was very small, and only had an old toilet, a sink and a mirror in it. The woman took off her sophisticated and expensive black wolf fur coat. Sighing with relief, the woman took off her heels and revealed that she did not have normal feet. Her feet were wide and square shaped, and had no toes. She removed her dainty gloves and showed she did not have normal hands, she had claws. She walked up to the mirror and took off the wig she was wearing and scratched her bald, itchy head. And then, she looked at her lovely face in the mirror and took it off, and unveiled that it was simply a very convincing mask, and her true face was the most horrible, rotten, disgusting, revolting thing on the face of the earth. Wrinkled and decaying with holes in its flesh, her face was her most horrifying feature.

The woman grabbed a small container and began massaging her face with a cream. The container had a label on it that said; "FACE CREAM, CONTENTS: Toad Legs + Bear Drool". The woman began talking to herself.

“MY GOODNESS! You would not believe the day I have been having! I go to have breakfast, nice, rrrrrrelaxing breakfast, and place is rrrrrreeking of children!” She finished massaging her grotesque face and began spraying herself with a strange smelling perfume.

“This perrrrfume should rrrremoof the smell of children from my nose!”

Then she massaged some other face cream on herself. This one contained boiled porcupine quills and quiddledink mucus and roasted pig skin dipped in the oil from a garter snake. The woman finishing telling her story.

“And then! I am going to catch train to go to business meeting and there is a child scrrreaming at his mother to bring him candy! Why, I should have turned him into a ferret right then and there, but too many people were at train station so I could not do!”

She got some more of the porcupine cream and rubbed it under her eyes. “This cream should get rid of my wrinkles under the eyes.” She observed herself in the mirror, then added a special face wash. “Washing my face with this wonderful concoction, aligned with the power of the witching hour, should also make my face look extrrrra horrifying for my meeting with the witches of Inkland. They will be quivering in complete and total terror. Yes! This is what will be happening! I can practically hear their terrified voices telling me how wonderfully frightful I will be looking!” With a triumphant look on her face, the Grand High Witch went off to bed.

Second Place Winner

Remember Where You Came From

By Kaitlyn Rossi

Never shall anyone know the screams of disparity in justice. The condiment of one's own past! No one shall learn this lesson until the cold of the ground muzzles them. But maybe now the world can hear my shrieks! Just as I was forever tormented by theirs! Maybe just one can be spared of the same fate...

"Hermes! Come here boy!" I shouted to my beloved companion, Hermes. A fine dog, but he now started a weird stirring. He brought me an odd necklace with an eagle feather. The very creature others of my indigenous culture considered to have touched the face of the creature, one who sees all. I thought little of it. But the items Hermes retrieved became more common and more disturbing. Torn up notes, even a shag of carpet. Where has he come from? And where has he gone?

"Mother! I'm taking Hermes for a walk!" I announced with uncertainty traipsing in my voice.

"Don't go far!" Mom replied, foolishly cheerful.

'Stay close' she'd always instruct. As if we were still in some tribe! For we had descended and departed from our culture. She still acts as though what happened then will follow us now. Maybe I should have listened.

It was about the time Hermes would wander, only this time I chose to follow, far. Eagerly I crept along the floor of the meadow as he led me to nothing but an old house. It must have been almost sixty years old. It was small in its stolace. It was then Hermes and I entered. The sun was the only thing lighting the house with its gaze. It was abandoned and stripped of its items. The only thing that seemed to inhabit it was a rat running skittishly on the carpeted floor.

I knelt down to a box in its basement after the exploration was exiled. And what a dark basement it was. Still it was only the sun that tapped on its high cataract windows, only letting in enough to illuminate the maze of webs. Not just of spiders, I warn. There seemed to be a hidden compartment embedded in the floor. But one without a latch. I wedged my fingers under it and flung it open. Inside were boxes, those of hospital and legal documents. "Asher Durren. Cause of death: Heartattack" I read aloud. I was then, a small stirring crept throughout the house. Pipes creaked and the wall moaned.

"Asher Durren..." I repeated, now with more inquiry. I felt the cautious and nervous echo in my voice grab my words by their ankle. The name was as familiar as an old friend's face after thirty years time.

"Asher Durren!" I announced with an aftertaste of astonishment.

It had come to me then. My third great grandfather was the owner of this name, the embodiment of this home. I continued looking through the medical records. He seemed to have come in for severe food poisoning. His condition improved mountingly across the next following days. But he had not yet been discharged. Then, seemingly with no arousement, his heart had failed. "No resuscitation attempt made." One paper revealed. Then amongst it all, was a diary. Every page was signed: "Evelyn Durren". The name of my third great grandmother.

My mother had always referred to her as "Chepi". She often used our indigenous names, specifically my ancestor's. Akika was that of my third great grandfather. And Una was that of mine. In her diary, she spoke tales of the days after his descent. As I continued to read, intrigued, I noticed how she referred to the events. She thought it had been a conspiracy! A murder! That of which with the motivation of cleansing the world of the darker flesh. Such things were common in the 1900s against cherokee. But who was I to infer? Who was I to dig up the past our ancestors ran from? The past our ancestors abandoned. Yet, I still remember the last chilling entry of her diary:

“The doctor of Akika came by today. He said he wanted to pay his respects and sympathies. He asked if I could guide him to Asher’s burial grounds. His sacred burial grounds! For such a thing to be tarnished by the evil that lied in this man standing before me would only anger his spirit. Assuming it isn’t already done. I know it wasn’t wise, but I could no longer contain my sorrows. ‘You want his burial grounds?! To disturb with your filth! Only elders and close family are trusted with such sanctity! I know what you did, you demon! And I am not going to let you get away with it! Now get off my land!’ I tearfully proclaimed.”

It was then, the home fell silent. A haunting silence, not of calm, not of relief. Then I heard Hermes howl as the house echoed with chaotic gusts of wind. I had not yet noticed that the sky was now dark. Enveloped in storm clouds that striked it’s lightning along the borders of the house. I trampled up the stairs. I frantically called for Hermes but he was nowhere to be found. And I tripped on the foul carpet. I looked at my aggressor to find that part of it had been torn up. I began ripping up that corner of the carpet out of curiosity. But what laid so menacingly under it sent a chill running down my spine.

“N-n-new carpeting” I stuttered with quivering lungs. The new carpet was necessary, for under it was immense blood stains that had claimed the old one! Ok, ok don’t panic. It could be an old tomato juice stain that has lost its scent over time. Or maybe just some koolaid? Desperately and frantically I made these attempts to excuse such horror. But these attempts were all in vain, in vain I tell you! I call this a house. And why?! For this was nothing of a house. This was a home! A home still vacant.

It was then the sun lost even more of its glow as I stared into the carpet. The wind picked up. The pictures fixed to the wall, the papers scattered across the floor, it all shuttered and swayed. The door slammed shut! Everything was engulfed by the howling wind. Everything but I, as I stood in the eye of the storm. It was then, a thunderous bolt of lightning struck. The windows flashed with the white of the thunder. And in the short but sudden darkness that followed, Hermes appeared in front of the door. I flinched, still sitting on the carpet. Hermes

stood like a wolf warning me to evade his territory. He growled and clenched his lips to the bones of his jaw. Showing off his teeth. His sharp menacing teeth. He was no longer mine! His eyes were illuminated with a dim red glow as he stood in a stagnant obligation. His eyes fixated and staring down on mine. I can hardly even think of how to describe the horror that shot through my veins and engulfed their walls.

Then suddenly, my hand felt as though I had just dipped it in water. I looked down as beads of blood seeped from the stains on the carpet. It was as if time was in a rewind. I picked up my hands which were now covered in the blood of Chepi. I looked back to the door to see Hermes, still in his stagnant expression, but now right in front of my breath. My ever so heaving breath. If he lifted his head just a bit, his nose could have touched mine. I was scared silent besides a gasp of shock. I crawled backwards and sought refuge onto the new carpet to gain some distance. The howling wind grew stronger and his growls louder. The walls continued to moan as if not yet contempt. But Hermes stood still.

“E-easy boy, I-it's ok. Please... Hermes...?” My voice stuttered, my blood ran cold in his stare. Oh so quietly did I whisper these words. These pleading words! Then an unnerving voice suddenly shot between my ears! My heart was pounding!

“Help us... those you've forgotten will always expect something from you! LISTEN TO US!” The voice demanded! It groaned, grinning with a madman sense of disparity! It sounded as if it were spoken through vents that did not even exist within the home. What a gravelly voice it was. The second that horrific voice uttered its sound, Hermes's mouth fell shut and silent. But the eerie stare remained as if awaiting an answer. Then, out from its eyes erupted their souls! Their desperate and disturbed souls! Hues of red scattered across their white transparent base. It looked like a volcano was made of my dog's eyes! It was with that I met with a scream! But only one. One that was then immediately met and silenced with the fate I had been assigned.

First Place Winner

Trust

By Alina Cisneros

There's always a start to everything, even if there's no end. But what is one to do when one can't remember the start? What is one to do when it's happened so many times, that one simply loses count? This is something no-one knows, really. No-one ever will know.

The black water slowly rises around you as you stand up. It circles around you like a wave. It was like ink. Cold, dark ink. The blinking light in the distance brightened, reflecting off of the water. The water splashes around you as you step toward it. It seems to reach out to you, almost like it was begging, calling for you to come. The light blinked faster and faster, urging you closer, until . . .

The hands. They shoot up out of the water, grabbing for you. They wrap around you, latching onto your legs, your waist, your arms, even your head. There are too many of them to keep track of. The hands are just as cold as the water, leaving your skin tingling underneath them. A hand grabs your forehead, and drips freezing water into your eyes. The hands pull at you, leading you away from the light.

"Not yet," It whispers.

Its voice echoes around you, and grates at your ears.

"Why not?" you whisper back.

You're met with no reply. There's no point in struggling, you find. The hands tighten once you move. They drag you away rapidly, the light shrinking. They begin relentlessly shoving you down into the water. A hand clamps over your mouth as you begin to scream. *Who is going to hear?* you wonder. *What is there to hide me from?*

The hands at last manage to push you down to the water. The water begins to envelop you, and you hold your breath. You can hardly see anything in the abyss of water, but you can feel creatures slithering by, slimily brushing up against you. All you can see are the hands. The hands push you deeper still, keeping you away from the surface. Your lungs are burning, screaming at you for air as you even now struggle against the hands. Your brain begins to fog, and your arms and legs become weak. You're overcome with an impossible urge to sleep, and in the end, you comply. The feeling of the excitement going on around you fades away. You feel as though you're just floating. It's lovely. You wonder, do you really need to swim back up? You feel perfectly content right here. You sigh. Then, everything stops. You sleep.

The black water rises around you. It circles around like a wave. It was like ink. Cold, dark ink.