

The Mysterious Figure

One evening, a young lady, whose name was Sarah, was walking home from the store. She had gotten off of work early and decided to stop by the store on the way home to pick up something easy for dinner. By the time she was finished in the store, the sun had already set and the air had gotten cooler. While walking home, she felt as if someone, or something, was watching her. Sarah looked around her, not sure what she was looking for, but saw nothing. Although Sarah saw no one around, she could not get rid of the uneasy feeling in her stomach. She thought to herself, the sooner she got home, the better. As Sarah kept walking, the feeling of uneasiness grew, and she felt the urge to pick up the pace. By the time she had gotten into her neighborhood, she was almost running. Sarah rushed up to her driveway and walked to the front door. Fumbling with her keys, she tried to unlock the door. She jammed the first key into the lock with her trembling hands, but it would not turn. Sighing to herself, she tried the second key and unlocked the door. Sarah looked around her one last time, praying she would see nothing, and walked into her house.

After closing the door, Sarah leaned against the wall to steady herself. She could feel her heart beating wildly. Although she was safe in her home, she could not stop the tears from welling up in her eyes nor get rid of the panic and the tight feeling in her chest. Sarah slowly walked over to the counter and placed the groceries down. She had calmed herself down, but only slightly. Deciding that a warm shower would help calm her nerves, Sarah walked into the bathroom. After taking a long shower, she felt as if she could finally think clearly. Thinking over the recent events, Sarah told herself that there was nothing watching her and that she was probably overreacting.

By the time she was ready to go to bed, Sarah had almost forgotten about everything. She turned on the lamp sitting next to her bed and laid her clothes out for the next day on her dresser. Sarah

suddenly stopped. In the corner of her eye, she saw a figure sitting in the chair across from her bed. Her head whipped around towards the chair. Once she had gotten a proper look, she realized there was nothing there. Sarah breathed a sigh of relief. She thought her exhaustion was causing her to see things. She climbed into bed and was about to turn out the light when she saw something move. Sarah immediately looked at the chair. She saw a pale, translucent figure in the shape of a little boy staring back at her. Sarah felt as if she was unable to move. She shut her eyes and opened them again, hoping that the figure was just an illusion coming from her exhausted mind. When she could still see the little boy in the chair, Sarah scrambled around looking for her phone. By the time she had grabbed her phone, she realized the figure was gone. Sarah turned off the lamp and lied down. She stared at the ceiling, trying to make sense of what had happened. After thinking things over for what felt like an eternity, Sarah was still unable to come up with a logical conclusion that explained what she saw. The only thing she did know was that she was not going to be able to sleep that night.

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