

Stranger at the door

I don't believe in strange phenomena, but late one night, I was shocked to see a 'the thing' passing by. Literally, it was the worst time I had ever had. I am still suffering from the horror of what had just happened.

I lived in the same old building since I was born. There weren't any security officers in the building, just a security camera on the platform. I never thought that anything strange would happen here. For many years the building remained safe. But last week, 'the thing' destroyed the peace.

Last Friday night, when I was going to bed, I heard a metallic rustling outside. It was really weird, so I decided to check out what was going on. I walked towards the door and the sound became louder and closer. Indeed, I felt nervous, but I knew I had to ensure the safety of my home. I leaned against the door and took a look through the peephole. The sound was right in front of me. But, nothing was out there!

I felt relieved, or at least part of me did because no one was outside. But at the same time, I felt even worse, fearing the sound that kept getting closer. I am not afraid, I kept telling myself, probably to keep myself calm. Then I decided to check further. Holding a candle shakily, I slowly turned the doorknob and opened the door. What would be waiting for me outside the door? I hoped it wouldn't be bad.

After opening the door, the sound became muted. It was just an illusion; yeah... it should be... I was still feeling really nervous about the whole situation. I closed and locked the door and went back to my bedroom with many different feelings. I felt horror when I hear the sound, then relief when I saw nothing outside. Yet, I was still worried about my safety.

I jumped into bed and tried to go back to sleep. I was still curious about that sound and listened closely for it again. But, it wasn't there. This irritated my mind and it took me a few hours to get to sleep.

Clang! The sound was so loud. I couldn't be wrong. That sound was almost next to me. I quickly woke up and got out of bed. Dashing towards the door, I opened it. But it wasn't what I expected to see. I saw man wearing a face mask, legs tied in chain, holding a knife in his hand. I was sure he was looking directly at me. Should I run or lock the door? I panicked at what I saw. I decided to shut the door with as much power as I could and then lock it, hoping I would be safe.

Then I heard a loud roar and my door was cut in half by his knife. That's it, I thought. I was filled with despair. He charged towards me. It was the end... the end of my nightmare.

Just at that moment, I found myself lying in bed. I had just woken up from a nightmare. But that sound had been so clear that the terror still followed me. Should I go out and check? Will it be the same as in my nightmare? I looked at the clock and noticed that it had stopped at 11:59pm. The clock had stopped working! I looked at the calendar. It was the 13th and it was a Friday. The curse of Friday the 13th was coming true.

I was in a panic, but I still went to check the door. I leaned against the door and looked through the peephole. No... it can't be. A man was stepping towards me. What could I do? I didn't know. I just watched him walking towards me, closer and closer. My heart was racing. Then a bell rang which pulled me out of my horror. The clock struck midnight. It was now the 14th. I looked back through the peephole. The man had disappeared.

The next day I watched all of the records of the security cameras, but there weren't any strange men outside my door. No one had even walked past. Was it real? Or just a nightmare? Who knows?!