

What Goes Bang in the Night

The cold dark blanket of night has never been so horrifying since I moved to my new home. Every night the black, dead, lifeless tree that sits off my window scratches and claws like a victim in a horror movie - crawling on the floor at the edge of life gasping for breath as it is taken swiftly by the murderer.

My room was nothing out of the ordinary. It's got my wooden frame bed with a mink bed set. My wardrobe sits in the worst place possible, right in my sight at the end of my bed backing up against the wall. During the night I can sometimes see a face staring back at me ready to pounce, but then I wake up, and it's the same thing every night, just waiting.

Day time was always a relief. The sounds of people and not the dead silence of my room is comforting; still I had to think about going to school. It's not a bad school, it's just that I'm the new kid on the block as they would say, and it doesn't make it any better that the bully finds it irresistible to pick on.

All day the thing that was always there at the back of my mind freaking me out every now and then. It was my wardrobe. Only thinking about sleeping in my room another night sent chills up my spine, so tonight I decided to act.

When I got back home I kept staring at the clock for 5 minutes or so thinking about what I was going to do next. "Jeremy time for dinner," my mother called out as I realised that, 5 minutes turned quickly into 1 hour and a half. Finally I figured it out. I was going to video tape this stalking figure that lurks in my wardrobe.

During dinner nobody said anything, all that was said was "how was your day dear?" by my mum. I answered of course, but all I said was a faint 'good' a then silence again. Dinner was over before anyone knew it and I was working my way up stairs to set up.

“Jeremy, dishes,” my mum called out to me when I was at the top of the stairs. I gave a sigh, but I just went with it anyway. I hated doing the dishes because I hated the way the water felt between my fingers, it was dirt and the grime was disgusting, but I lived with it. I had to clean the pearl white plates that were from my parents wedding and the almost diamond like glasses also from my parents wedding.

Finally I was done and it was time to set up to catch this creepy figure that watches me in my sleep. The time was 7:38, about 2 hours to set up. I needed to put a camera in my wardrobe to record.

My wardrobe was messy and dark with a weird odour that I could never put my finger on. I dug through the vile trench of old smelly clothes, till I reached a slim like fern colour covered on my olive shirt right at the bottom the perfect shirt for the job. This figure will never want to touch it.

So the stage was set and it was 8.30, just an hour left before the shadow in my closet is revealed. Still all of this could be just a dream, but still there was a drive in me to now that I was up against and that I needed to find out what it was.

For the next hour I was just sitting in my lounge room watching television, but thinking in anticipation and fright at the same time about if I really wanted to know what was in my wardrobe.

Excitement flowed through me again like a river when the time that I had to go to bed was upon me. I walked upstairs to hear a goodnight call from my mother. I walked to my wardrobe, turned on the camera and went to bed.

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That morning when I woke up I walked over to my wardrobe to find the camera missing and my heart bounding, and in that moment I thought to myself it wasn't a dream.