

# The Monster under my bed

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I told them! I told my parents about the monster. But, Nooo, no one believes 7-year-old Makenzie Washington. Having a monster under your bed is just a childish thing. "She'll grow out of it," people would say. But no one really knew what was going on until now.

Every night I felt like someone constantly had eyes on me. Like I was being watched 24/7. I would peer under my bed just to see bright red eyes staring back at me. This started about 6 weeks ago when we moved into our new (old) creepy house. Ever since I stepped foot in here, I felt VERY uneasy. Like the presence of a spirit or monster was upon me.

My room was the worst. None of my new school friends would come over because they felt "Like someone was staring through them." I warned my parents about how eerie my room was, but no one ever believes me. Apparently, I have an "overactive imagination." I DON'T. I mean I don't. Maybe if my foolish parents listened to me, they would be alive now.

This all happened when I came home from school one day. My parents were always there to pick me up, but somehow today they weren't. So, I decided to take the bus home. I walked to my house from the stop (only about 2 blocks away) and stepped on the Poarch. Halloween decorations covered my front lawn. Everything from spiders to zombie hands sticking out the grass surrounded my house. As I stepped on the Welcome mat, a creepy cold feeling enveloped my body. I took a deep breath as I rustled through my backpack to find the house keys.

Finally, I found them and slid the key into the lock. I jiggled it around a bit, then the door finally opened. It creaked on the hinges and led me into our small (empty house). It was silent, dead silent. My heart started pounding as I yelled for my parents. There was no response. I slowly made my way into the living room nervously picking at my fingernails. "Mom! Dad?" I yelled at the top of my lungs. I looked at the walls to see HUGE claw marks scratched. The curtains were ripped up into smithereens.

I looked down at the white carpet...It was covered in blood. I stood in shock as I looked down. "There is NO way this is happening. Right? Right! Someone please tell me this is a horrible, horrible dream," I cried. My heart beating out of my chest suddenly skipped a beat as I heard a really odd clawing sound.

There it rose from under the couch. A HUGE beast with nails sharper than knives. It had massive demonic red eyes that stared into your very soul. It was about 9 feet tall and had horrible brown matted fur. It fell to the ground and started swiftly crawling toward me. Faster and faster. I was paralyzed with fear. The monster everyone had told me was, "A figment of my imagination," or "Not real," had slaughtered my parents and was coming for me. If only they knew.

My paralyzation stopped as my brain realized that this was really happening. I started running as fast as my legs could carry me, screaming all the way, hoping, pleading, someone would hear me. The monster right behind me speeding up, with his Claws out and covered in my parents' blood. I turned the corner into my parents closet, and hid behind my mom's dresses trying to breathe as quietly as I could.

Now here I am Stuck in my Parents closet hiding from my most certain doom. If only they had listened to me!