



Scary Story
Contest Winner
2020

The Boy with No Face

By Maile Green

The woman raced out of the room and hid behind the door frame. The faceless shadow that had been in the mirror was still fresh in her memory. The full moonlight shone through the large window making the situation even more eerie than it already was. Tears streamed from her bloodshot eyes. She crouched down and tried to cry as quietly as possible. After several minutes of sobbing the woman decided to pull herself together and go back into the room to check if that was real or if it was just her eyes playing tricks on her. Her light blonde hair was frizzy and covered the majority of her face. The woman peered into the dark bathroom, and quietly tip toed inside. She stared at the mirror of which the creature faces had once been. There was nothing there but her reflection. She took a deep breath and convinced herself that it was just her imagination. She felt a cold breeze on the back of her neck. Goosebumps appeared everywhere.

She slowly turned around and faced a small body covered in ripped navy-blue cloth and darkness covering his face. He wasn't very intimidating until the monster multiplied in size. The navy-blue cloths tore more and more. The faceless body's hand became black and the nails grew over six inches long. His fingers were now like knives and he seems to get bigger and bigger every second. His sharp shoulders ripped out of his cloak. His spine arched and you could see it through the rips and tears of the cloth. The woman's eyes followed the creature as it grew and grew. When he stopped growing, he was about eight feet tall. The woman was paralyzed with fear. Her common sense was screaming at her to leave but her feet stayed glued to the floor.

The monster stood over her, his hand moving toward her neck. The woman finally awoke from her trance and started to back up. She backed up and crashed into the sink. The monster walked closer and closer to her. The woman finally realized what was happening and screamed. The scream was so blood curdling that it could awake the dead. The woman tried to escape but the creature cornered her. She felt her blood run cold when the monster attempted to grab her throat. In panic she swung her foot up and tried to kick the beast in the stomach. Her foot went right through, as she realized this creature was not alive. Her heart stopped. This was a ghost not a person, there was a ghost in her house. In a panic she ran directly toward the monster, and went right through. The feeling of being inside a ghost was traumatizing even if it only lasted a moment.

She immediately bolted out of the bathroom. Her eyes were tearing up again as she sprinted far away from the creature as possible. She turned the corner into her bedroom, and looked for a place to hide. The woman scanned the room and her eyes stopped at the closet door. She darted to the sliding door and quickly opened it. She went inside and looked for an area to hide herself. There were clothes hung closer to the floor, so she decided to hide in there. There were boxes surrounding the floor so it didn't give her much room. Her heart was pounding so hard she thought it might burst. Sweat trickled down her forehead as she had a mini panic attack. She noticed one of the boxes was opened, so she stuck her hand in to find something to distract herself. She felt around and finally found a mirror. As she picked it up to look at herself, she saw something black in the corner of the mirror. That something had to have been something behind her. The mirror shattered in her hand, and she turned around to the creature right behind her. The monster was holding an axe, a real, sharp axe. The creature swung it down toward her, and everything went black.

The End...
Or is it?