

## The Visitor

“Mom! Mom!” I frantically screamed. “There’s someone outside my window!” She came rushing into my room.

“Jackson, what’s wrong?” Her eyes scanned the room, searching every darkened corner.

“There’s a man outside my window. He was whispering to me and-and his eyes were red,” I said, covering my face with my blanket. She walked to the window and looked outside.

“I don’t see anything, honey.”

“But mom I saw him, he...”

“Jackson, please it’s four AM and you have school in the morning,” she said while tucking me in. I looked at her with tearful eyes.

“It was just a bad dream. Go back to sleep.” She kissed me on the head, leaving me alone in the dark. Well, not fully alone. He was still here, I knew he was. I looked around the room timidly until my eyes felt heavy. Slowly I began to doze off, but only seconds later I heard his voice again.

“Hey kid.” I instantly darted up immediately looking towards the window. I could see him. I could see the moon illuminate his pale face and display his sinister smile. And was that a trickle of crimson that dropped from his mouth? I quickly covered my face.

“There’s no reason to be scared. I won’t hurt you...I just want to come in,” he mumbled. I looked towards him timidly, his grin wider than before.

“Who...” I stopped, fearing what he might say or what he might do next. Still I continued to ask him.” Who are you?” The man simply lowered his head, his pale face now hidden in shadow, with his eyes seeming to glow redly from beneath his brows.

“Oh, I’m just your new neighbor, but that’s not important.”

“What do you want?”

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“I have told you multiple times that I want in.”

“Why should I let you in?”

“I just wanted to...” His eyes started darting back and forth.

“I just wanted to see who my new neighbors are.” He said with a nervous smile.

“Why would you want to come meet us in the middle of the night?”

“Because...”

“Why are you only talking to me; don’t you want to meet my mom?” I asked, interrupting him.

“Stop asking questions.” He yelled. I threw my covers over me again. I could hear him sigh. I closed my eyes tighter as his sigh formed into a low growl.

“Look at me kid.” He said heatedly. I slowly uncovered my eyes.

“What do you want from me? Why won’t you leave me alone?”

“Because, I want to meet my neighbors. So let me in.” His hand formed a tight fist. I shook my head.

“Let me in!” He wailed.

“Why can’t you let yourself in, the window’s unlocked.” I told him.

“I can’t.”

“Why?”

“It’s...impolite. I must be invited in.” He said looking down. Sighing, I reluctantly nodded my head yes. He smirked as he slowly began to open the window. It opened with a loud creak. I began to panic as he extended one foot in, then the next. I closed my eyes, breathing heavily. I waited for something to happen, but nothing did. I slowly opened one eye. I could see that his eyes were studying my room. They darted towards me. I

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screamed. He reached one hand out, grasping towards my throat. I winced as his hand was only inches away. Suddenly, he gave out an unexpected scream. I looked up. His hand began to smolder. A horrible stench filled the room. He stepped back and screamed yet again. I looked around trying to figure out what was happening. I realized he was hiding from the sun. I ran over to the other window and quickly drew back the curtains. Sunlight coated the room. He yelped in pain racing to the corner of the room. His screams turned to frightened wails. I couldn't watch anymore. I ran to my mom's room.

"Mom, mom, mom, the man came back, he's in my room!" I yelled. She immediately jumped out of bed, dashing to my room. She took a quick glimpse inside.

"Honey, no one's in here?"

"What?" I rushed into my room. He was gone.

"But, but, he was there, he was right there!" I exclaimed, pointing towards the corner.

"For the last time, Jackson, it was probably just a dream," she said, rolling her eyes.

"I wasn't dreaming, I saw him, he tried to..."

"That's enough. Go get ready for school," she said, slamming the door. I looked around the room searching under my bed and in my closet, but still could find nothing. I sat on my bed wondering what he was or what he wanted. All I knew was that his cries and screams would never leave my head.