

The PVCC Creative Writing Club's

2022 600-Word Horror Story Contest Winners

Honorable Mentions

Losing Grip

By Erica Edwards

As the night grew colder, so did I. I always despised chilly October nights; they made me feel less of a human. Every year on Halloween I fight this beastly feeling, but this year the force of the creature was stronger. My veins pulsed spite throughout my body. My heart ached and burned like I was internally set on fire. My muscles and ligaments tore with every movement. I felt the last strain of my humanity dissipate into the wind as I stood there howling at the moon. But I wasn't even outside. I was staring out the window from the comfort of my bed. The bed that belonged inside of the home that I shared with my family. My "perfect" family might I add, white picket fence and all. But I wasn't perfect. I tell myself this otherworldly being is just one small part of me. It doesn't determine my whole person. But that's just a lie I tell myself. I am a beast. I am the beast. This was my nightly routine, contemplating my life up until this point. If there was a god, why would he make me different than the rest of the world, I thought. And why do I need to fight my urges to find a sense of normalcy. I'm tired of living this way and hiding my true self. That night I closed my eyes and opened a new pair. This new pair only sees red in a black and white world. I tore through my sheets and jumped through my window in order to find this new world. A world where I belonged and a world that finally revolves around me. I'm no longer compared to my perfect family. I live how I please because I am the beast.