

She was half afraid he would be there after class, but he was not. Still, she kept looking over her shoulder until she was safely home.

Now, she punched a hole in her pillow and tried to settle. Snap. She sat up with a start. A breeze blew in through her window. Michelle pulled her hair out of its clip and resettled her head on the pillow. She was almost asleep when she heard it again. Snap.

She shuffled in bed, pulling the sheet to her neck. It reminded her of when she was a child afraid of the monster under her bed. This was irrational, she chided herself. That's when she saw him.

Her stalker pushed up the window and put his leg over the side. She sat up, tried to scream. The sound stuck in her throat.

The stalker smiled. Put a finger to his lips. She tried to move away. He took a step closer.

Just then, a claw-like hand shot out from under the bed. She would never forget her attacker's expression. His smile twisted and his screams were silenced almost before they began. The sound of bones crunching came from under the bed, then the sound of lips sucking at the marrow.

Michelle fainted.

The next morning, she woke with a start. She pulled herself to look over the side of her bed. There was nothing - just a faint mustiness and the pungent scent of Aqua Velva.



Tree Silhouettes
Tanya Fleming