

Scary Story

I can't remember exactly how long ago this happened. I lived in a family house, in the suburbia of a small city. It was cold and late, later than midnight, and I was lying on my bed, covered by a warm blanket, when suddenly, I heard a loud sound outside. I didn't feel scared, but angry about having been awoken, so I got up and opened the window, ready to shout at who had made that horrible sound.

But as soon as I looked out of the window, I froze for the fear. I saw a bald man lying on the cowling of an old green car, his face covered with blood. Then, he stared at my window. Quickly, I hid and breathed for about five seconds, and then I looked again. He wasn't there and something moved quickly in the dark street.

I stood there, but nothing happened. Nothing moved. After some minutes, I came back to my warm bed, but I couldn't fall asleep again until the break of dawn.

The next day I woke up late in the morning, feeling extremely tired. I would have thought that everything had been a dream if the window next to my bed hadn't been still open. So I looked again, and everything was as if nothing had happened. The same cars were parked in the same places as the night before, but the place where the old car was the last night was empty. I spent the whole day at home because I didn't feel very well. When it was late, I went to my bedroom. I had spent a couple of hours sleeping that afternoon, so I didn't want to sleep anymore. I lied on the bed and started reading a book.

A few hours later, a sound woke me up. I slowly walked to the window. I looked at the street. I immediately knew that a silhouette was staring at my face behind the curtain. I was so scared that I couldn't move. The silhouette was holding a bald head stained with blood. Then, it laughed.

I couldn't help screaming louder than ever and running out of my bedroom. 'What's wrong with you?' My mother came, awoken by my shouts.

'Mum, where is dad?'

'I don't know'

'Anyway, come with me. I saw something.'

'I am here.' It was dad, walking fast up the stairs. 'Sally, did you hear those sounds outside?' He asked me.

'Of course.'

'Me too, while I was in the bathroom.'

'Let's call the police', Mum suggested.

'No, the phone doesn't work. Follow me, I'll drive.' Dad answered.

The three of us ran down the stairs and went out. Mum shouted when she saw the dead body lying on the asphalt, and cried when she found the bald head some meters afar, and Dad closed the door behind us. We ran into the car and he started the engine.

Soon, we were far from there. I felt relaxed. I was almost asleep when I heard mom's scared voice saying:

'J-John, that on your shirt is... blood?'

I opened my eyes. The car stopped suddenly. Dad put his hand on Mom's mouth so she couldn't scream. Then, he stared at me, with a mad look on his face. The car door was locked.