

Behind the curtain

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Have u ever thought you seen something but wasn't sure? What if it were really there? What if all the things mental paient see are real?.. This will be a major trilogy soon this is a quick draft to see if I'm on the right path please comment.

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It all started when I was a little boy, I was and am the only child. My parents were good parents conservative and very loving. They paid close attention to me especially my dad. He never said it but I think it was because I almost died as a child. When I was three years old I fell into a coma, it scared the life out of my parents. Night after night my father would sleep right at my side waiting for me to recover, my mom worked two jobs to keep her mind off of it, it was her way of dealing with a bad situation but right after work she would rush to the hospital and sit with my dad and wait. Three weeks later I woke up, my father say that I smiled at him like never before as I dangled my IV cord in my hand. He also explains that was the happiest day of his life next to meeting my mom.

I want to remember those days so badly, my fondest memory of childhood was when I was five years old the day I started 1st grade. It was weird being away from my mom and dad for 8 hours and to top it off everyone there was a stranger to me. I remember I could hardly concentrate it wasn't because of the girl who annoyingly chewed her nails next to me or because of the four eyed kid who stared at me like I was from another planet. It was because of the black shadowy figure that hovered over my 1st grade teacher, its bright red eyes stare deeply into his skull as if they were controlling his brain, and its shadowy appearance was more frightening then anything I had ever seen. I couldn't turn my eyes away I blinked but when I open my eyes it was still there this thing couldn't stand there unnoticed I looked around the room hoping someone else could see this monstrous figure which stood behind my teacher but as my eyes searched the room everyone look to the chalk board in peace, it was just me. I wondered why me? Why was I the only one in class that could see this monstrous figure? I watched it all day, every day until graduation. I remember that day also, everyone was dressed in white and black for the occasion. All the parents of the 1st grade students were there it was a beautiful day there was a table filled with a verity of food and a big cake that said "CONGRADUTELATIONS YOU ARE READY TO MOVE ON" a column of balloons arched over the table and on every desk was a certificate and a present from the teacher, it was a wonderful day that end outside on a blanket of green grass next to the picnic tables.

As the celebration came to an end I returned to class to get my jacket, the room was empty and quiet. Suddenly a whispering voice arose from a unknown area in the room my eyes frightfully surveyed but found nothing. I grabbed my jacket and jettted for the door and that's where the whispers grew into a little boys cry for help. It was coming from the closet that set at the front of the classroom a closet I had never noticed until now. I slowly pulled the closet door open anticipating finding a little boy who may have accidentally locked himself in the closet but what I found would change and corrupt my childhood forever.

In the dark closet I found a little boy in tears his pants were pulled to his ankles, his private parts were exposed and tears ran feverishly from his eyes. He looked so innocent but his innocents had been taken from him, beneath him was my 1st grade teacher and the dark shadowy figure with big red eyes, both turn to me unison my teacher appeared surprised and scared at the same time his lips mumbled to find words but spoke nothing the figure stared at me differently it looked at me as if it wanted to kill me and it must of because it whispered something into the teacher ear that made his surprised face turn mad. He asked me to come to him I frightfully shook my head no then his demand for me to come to him became more aggressive I slammed the door, took off running out of the classroom and into the hall, soon after I heard the closet door open followed by loud foot steps, a growl cried out one that no man could possess I turned to see the large shadowy figure exit the class room, chasing me. It moved at top speed, banging against the nearby lockers I began to run for dear life. The doubled exit door were in plain sight all I had to do was keep my speed and focus on getting away but the growl from the figure grew louder causing me to doubt my escape. I tripped and toppled to the ground. Before I could climb to my feet the shadowy figure had rolled me over on my back its bright red eyes beamed into mine, I was crippled with fear. The figure drew closer to my face it stunk it smelled like what I know now as death, it growled violently in my face all I could think is this is it life as I knew it was over I closed my eyes tightly and prepared to be eaten just then someone spoke my name it was my mother Jacob she called out. My eyes quickly snapped open the figure had ran off but not too far I could see his leg sticking out from behind the wall of lockers. My mother appeared in

the hallway calling my name I had never been so happy to see her. I ran to her and hugged her tightly she wondered what she did to deserve such a hug. I told her it was just for being there for me.

After my mom and I escaped the school hall I explain to her what I saw I left out the part about the big monstrous figure I didn't want her to think I was making things up. I didn't see exactly what happened to my 1st grade teacher but a story began to circulate about a respected teacher who hung himself on the flag pole in front of an elementary school or maybe the story said he was hung on the flag pole.

Summer came it was a very hot summer. I remember the radio saying it was the hottest of twenty five years breaking the record of one hundred and ten degrees it was scorching. I stayed in the house it was too hot to go out. My mom made fresh lemonade for my dad and I, we all gather in the living room in front of the fan it was just what we needed to make it through a hot summer day. Hours later the heat calmed down my mom and dad had fallen to sleep from heat exhaustion. I was up alone peering out our big picture living room window as I always did. Out of nowhere a big U-Haul truck dashed in front of the empty house across the street. A woman and her young daughter exited the U-Haul carrying loose duffle bags. As they walked to the house I was able to get a closer look at the little girl she couldn't have been no older than me she wore glasses, her hair was all over the place, sadness and exhaustion filled her face. Just then the weirdest thing happen a blimp formed over the little girls head interactive images formed inside the blimp images of the girl and her mother running

from something I couldn't see who or what was chasing them but whatever it was they have been running from it for a long time then another image appeared in the blimp it was the little girl sitting at a park on a brown wooden bench with a group of young kids her age she smiled richly as they sat and ate cake together after that image the blimp quickly diminished. This was something I knew this thing or whatever it was that has manifested in me has grown. When the little girl had come back into my focal point she turned towards me staring me in the eyes it was as if she knew I was seeing her thoughts she no longer appeared sad and exhausted she looked angry, her hands were balled into a fist, her eyes squinted and her nose was turned up at me. I admit that I was scared but not enough to turn away. Her mother's voice came into focus breaking both our stares down. "Delilah" her mother yelled. The little girl took all of her attention off me and ran over to her who stood waiting for her in the threshold of the door that's when things got really creepy her mother asked her a question I couldn't quite make out what was said but I saw her mother's lips move the words let me see, the little girl placed her hand into her mother's hand and just like that everything the little girl felt or saw transported to her mom like a modem feeding information to a router her eyes rolled behind her head and both turned to me in unison showing me nothing but the whites of their eyes I was terrified, I jumped out of my seat and pulled down the blinds. I stood against the blinds stomped with fear trying to figure out who or what has moved across the street from me.

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