

It was Kyle's last year of high school, the final year before becoming a boring adult with a boring job. He lived far away, so he went to school with a few other students nearby. Kyle was discreet with people he didn't know, but funny and sarcastic with his friends. Some called him weird, but his friends loved his personality. He was actually kind of happy to leave this place and start his life.

### **Back to his point of view:**

I had been waiting in the corridor for about ten minutes. My friend Elio was late, probably because of girls. He was a heartbreaker—he loved flirting, and girls ran after him. I was the opposite. I avoided girls like the plague; they were superficial and not attractive to me (I wasn't attractive to them either).

Since all my other friends had class, I was alone in the ugly, empty corridor. I couldn't wait there, so I decided to go to the toilet before leaving. But something felt wrong. A heavy atmosphere settled over the corridor, and I heard eerie whispers from the walls and the air vent. My heart raced as I walked quickly to the bathroom.

Looking at my reflection, I saw a figure behind me. I spun around—but nothing was there. I must have been imagining things. I felt paranoid, even a little crazy.

Later, nothing unusual happened, until one night. I woke up feeling a weight on my chest. I opened my eyes and saw a tall figure in front of my bed—a clown. **MY WORST FEAR!** I tried to look away, but I couldn't move.

I woke up immediately. It was only a dream, but my heart was still racing. I realized maybe I should stop taking drugs before sleeping.

The next day, I told my friends. They said it was probably a hallucination. The week passed calmly, though strange noises still echoed through the corridors.

### **One month later:**

I had stopped taking drugs and returned to the corridor where everything began. This time, it seemed calm. No shadows, no noises. I felt relieved and was about to join my friends when a cold sweat ran down my back. The corridor slowly sank into a pitch-

black darkness. Suddenly, all the noises surrounded me. I heard a cracking sound behind me—I knew it was the sinister clown from my nightmare.

I panicked and ran, running for my life. Then, a giant spider appeared in the middle of the corridor. What was happening in this cursed school? Why me? These creatures were coming to get me... Then a girl appeared, I looked at her with fear and she asked me what I was looking at. She was coming next to me, when I saw her face becoming red and had a shifty gaze. I don't know how to act with her it was strange; by the way I asked if she saw what I saw in the corridor and when she looked in front of her she saw it, I know she saw it by her face: she was turned pale, and terrified. So I wasn't going crazy, all these sounds and ghostly shadow were real, I felt relieved to know I wasn't losing my mind., I didn't have psychological problems.

The girl and I ran to hide; when we were safe, we started talking about our lives. The girl's name was Lenny; she said that it was strange and asked about my phobias so I told her they were clowns and spiders like these creatures, she looked at me with surprise and told me they were her phobias too. I tell her that I think there was a link between this paranormal event and us, she becomes red and said that we need to fight these creatures; so we made a plan.

We were in front of these creatures, when we decided to fight it with some tools we found in a closet. I pointed the spider with light and it tried to escape so I conclude that it was afraid of the light, which is why the corridor is plunged into darkness. The spider attacked me. Lenny was fighting the clown when he started running after her and kicked her in the stomach, she fell and hit her head on the ground and fainted. I ran toward her and fight back the clown; by chance the light came back on, which frightened the clown. I kicked him in his back, and he fell to his knees when I picked a metal rod and stabbed him through the heart. The spider was approaching and I decided to burn her eyes with chemicals I found on the floor and stabbed her in the head. When I finished this pure crime scene, I sat on the floor and tried to calm my heart.

**2 weeks after:**

Lenny and I grew closer after this event, she was very kind and I really love her style; by the way we decided to not talk about this paranormal thing in front of people.

The end