Phantoms

Sarah Hansen

College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol36/iss1/57
The shadows taunt me. They speak of monsters and demons and evils that children never quite forget. They slide around my room, making no noise but the rush of my fan blades. A world of black and grey is splayed out before my eyes. It feels oppressive, a weight bearing down on me. Black fills my lungs and I can’t breathe, just for that moment. The lights of my clock are stifled, the numbers blurring as I stare at them. Nothing moves but my fan, a creepy whisper among the cracks in my ceiling. This must be where evil comes to die. A place so hopeless, it not only takes the joy out of its surroundings, but the sound and the light and the colors too, bleeding it to black and grey and shadows. Shadows are creeping down the walls. Grey has lodged itself in my chest and atop my body. All I can do is stare as I try to scream and move and breathe. The shadows have almost reached me. I blink and they’re gone, just darkness in their place. I relax fractionally and wait for the next battle…