

My eyes slowly open. My faded vision slowly adjusts to view my bedroom. The room is dark, illuminated only by the light of my laptop charger. A portion of the ceiling is outlined in the faint green glow reflecting off the white paint. Fully charged. I feel as though I'm sinking into my bed. The mattress encloses around me, wrapping me in its soft embrace.

I'm on my back, and I stare at the ceiling. I look over to my right, with my bare desk housing only a lamp and my laptop. *I should unplug that* I think to myself for a moment. I look over to the left of my desk, my door is shut and locked tight. No light comes from under the crack. My eyes dart to the foot of my bed. My closet door stands ajar in front of me, but it's so dark I can't see the inside. I stay there for about a minute before I realize it. *No, not again*, I think. *Please, not again*. I try to do a small movement, wiggle my fingers. No luck. I'm completely frozen. *Move, God damn it*. I think, but no luck. I lay there falling slowly into the mattress. It's only a matter of time now before he shows up.

Sure enough, I see his spindly hand folding atop the foot of the mattress. They are long, black, rotted, and seem to be so dark that they absorb what little light there is in the room. He's not moving fast, but the fingers seem to move in a blur, almost as if a soft smoke is coming off of his skin. His hand reaches my foot as his arm comes out from under the bed. The arm is unnaturally long, bent and twisted at angles it shouldn't, as if it had extra joints to give it a more jagged appearance. His hand slides up my leg, slowly, as I feel his icy caress through the sheet.

His other hand shoots up, and it places down at my side. The other arm is just as twisted, but it's a different length than the other. Simultaneously longer and shorter, the arms seem to exchange length in waves, like a ripple distorting a reflection.

I can't bear to look at his face when it rears at the foot of the mattress, so I focus on his chest. Bony and rotted, it appears slowly. He seems malnourished, I can see his ribs through is voided skin. His ribcage seems lopsided, as if it were caved in on the right side at one point, while the left is full and puffed out. I see him breathe, and with each inhale, a black liquid drips out of the indent on the right side. The liquid vanishes as it hits the bed, but I can still feel it as it drips onto me, even with the sheet covering me.

Finally, his legs come into view. Like his arms they're bent unnaturally and are rotted. His calves seem to extend behind his knees, curving to the end to form a cone-like appendage. His feet are barely more than bone with a thin flesh covering stretched over it as he inches closer over me.

He's above me now. Squatting above my chest. I can feel the pressure of him atop my chest as I struggle to breathe, even though I know [REDACTED] Despite my unwillingness I can no longer avoid looking at his horrid face. Like the rest of his body it's little more than skin and bone, yet his face has no eyes or nose, or ears; there's merely flesh where these things should be. It seems like the head of a mannequin in this regard, smooth and expressionless... for the most part.

While this uncanny void of a being brings me discomfort with all these aforementioned features, it's his mouth that truly makes me fear him. In a perpetual wide smile without teeth, I see the inside of the void in him. A void that is darker than black and absorbs twice as much light. On the corners of where his lips should meet is a jagged upward cut on each side, a Glasgow smile, as I have come to learn, vaguely reminiscent of Heath Ledger's Joker, if the scars on his mouth had never closed over properly, with muscle and tendons stretching in the

imperfect cut of the open wound. The mouth doesn't ever shift, as if the muscles have permanently frozen it in place. That smile has always been what haunts me about the nameless figure that crouches above me.

I'm unable to take my focus off of him as I watch him breathe on top of me. His gruesome smile sends shivers down my spine, conveying this nightmare's terrible intentions. I know he can't hurt me. I know he's not real. I know there's nothing actually touching me. But I can feel him. I don't know how but I feel the pressure of his body on top of me. I feel his fingers as they lightly glaze across my mouth in the shape of a smile. He then does the same motion onto his own face before placing his hand back down.

Suddenly my mind vanishes from the bedroom, and suddenly I'm standing in the bathroom. I see my reflection in the mirror and begin to slowly forget about the figure hovering over my bed. *Did I just imagine that whole thing?* I wonder. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] But then, why am I suddenly here? Have I been staring blankly into my reflection this whole time?

I decide maybe splashing my face with water will help me. I turn on the faucet and wait for the water to heat up. Once it's hot enough, I go down to splash my face into the water in the sink. Out of my peripheral vision, I see my reflection go down immediately after I do. I stand there blinking into the water for a moment trying to regather my thoughts. I slowly start to regain my calmness before I realize... My reflection moved *after* I did,

I don't want to look up. I can't bear to see what is in store for me if I do. My mind and my body have different ideas of what to do, however, as I find myself looking up out of reflex as opposed to will. The reflection, however, seems the same. Nothing seems out of the ordinary. I

blink a few times, and nothing seems to be different. I start to laugh a little. I'm fine, it's stupid for me to think that anything was wrong. My reflection laughs along with me. After a moment I calm down a little and stop laughing, but then my fear immediately rejoins with my conscious. My reflection continues laughing. It looks me dead in the eyes as it laughs, mocking me. It tilts its head and laughs so hard it begins to cry; its face goes red from the lack of air it's getting.

I find myself unable to move again. Am I dreaming? I have to be, right? This can't be real. I want to close my eyes, but I suddenly feel them forced open, as if [REDACTED] pulling my eyelids open and forcing me to watch this insanity. My reflection doesn't stop laughing, its face is turning purple now. It isn't breathing at all. I'm watching myself suffocate from laughing too much. I suddenly feel as though I can't breathe and I'm gasping for air. I feel my lungs struggling to keep up as I fail to breathe. My vision slowly fades, and I feel like passing out.

Right at the breaking point, however, I feel able to breathe again. I slowly take in air and regain consciousness. The room isn't focused, and my vision is spinning. I can see my reflection again, but this time it isn't laughing. Instead it's holding something in its right hand. As my sight reorganizes itself, I suddenly see what he's holding. It's a razor blade. Why? Why is it holding that? [REDACTED] I'm holding one too [REDACTED] no, my hand is empty. It smiles at me and puts the razor on the corner of its mouth, and then tears into its skin.

I immediately feel the sharp pain of my mouth tearing open on both sides. The pain is unbearable, and I finally muster the strength to look away. I refuse to look [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I touch my face where the

pain is and feel around. As I touch, I feel the raw pain of an open wound making contact. I muffle my screams as I slowly feel around, but there's no wound. Only the phantom pain of [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] There isn't even any blood.  
There's nothing.

With reluctance I look back toward my reflection, who's face is mutilated and bleeding. Only now do I recognize [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Its heavy breathing fogs up a portion at the other side of the mirror. Suddenly it drops the razor blade. Its hand reaches over to the light switch's reflection. It puts its fingers up to its carved lips, as if to tell me to be silent. Then it flicks the switch off.

Immediately I'm surrounded in black and feel myself falling backward. There is no end in sight, only void. I scream at the top of my lungs, but I know it's no use. No one can hear me. I sit here with nothing. [REDACTED] I feel a solid surface [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] my limbs don't feel right [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] I feel my torso cave in and blood [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] I want to scream [REDACTED] the strength.

[REDACTED] trace a smile [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Whats H A

P-P-E-N-I-N-G

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

SOMEONE [REDACTED] at [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I see a [REDACTED]

A faint green light [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

FIM tMP PM

PIT 4TFR ↑

FTLM FXFI

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