

Sam's Shadow

By

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The same nightmare again.

There is the Shadow, watching me from the end of the hall. Watching me as I stand frozen, petrified in place.

I try not to move, to not make a sound, but a small squeek escapes my lips and the Shadow rushes at the sound. The fear drawing it in!

I wake, shaking, debating whether to run to my parents' bedroom or stay put. A floorboard creaks and I shoot from out my bed!

And there, in their doorway, is the Shadow! It has been waiting!

It was never a dream!

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