The silence was deafening as my eyes darted from side to side, looking for mysterious figures in the darkness. I had heard a slight *thump* a few minutes earlier, but I still hadn’t found the source. My parents were gone for the weekend, so I was the only one home… Or, I should be.

That thought sends a chill down my spine, and I turn onto my stomach, burying my head into my pillow and trying desperately to forget about the noise that I had heard. It proved fruitless as my mind came up with hundreds of different possibilities, from burglars to monsters. The more I thought about it, the more scared I got. After a few minutes, everything finally came into focus, and I looked up from my bed, taking in my room. Not seeing anything suspicious, I sat up and took a few breaths. However, it couldn’t slow down my racing heart. Deciding that the only solution was to prove to myself that nothing was amiss, I threw back the covers and got out of my bed before I could talk myself out of it.

I shivered once I was no longer in the cocoon of blankets; the wind from my ceiling fan chilled the parts of me that weren’t covered by my nightgown. I wrapped one arm around myself and used the other to feel along the wall, trying to find the light switch. After a minute, I still couldn’t find it. I began to use both hands, but I still couldn’t find it. It didn’t take long for me to bump into my dresser, like I always did. But, this time… As my knee came in contact with the edge of the dresser, my hands slammed onto the top of it to try and keep myself from falling.

My stomach dropped as my hands splashed in a small puddle of a thick liquid… My brain went blank as I slowly retreated, until my back hit a wall. When it did, something dug into the small of my back. I immediately turned around and felt for the light switch, finding it almost immediately. As I flipped the lights on, I gave out a sigh of relief… Only for it to get caught in my throat, as the crimson red fingerprints on the light switch, dripping slightly. My eyes slowly drank in the dripping crimson liquid as my nose took in the metallic scent in the air.

My wide eyes slowly went from the light switch to my hands. Seeing them covered in the same substance, I screamed and started wiping my hands on the wall, trying to get it off. The more that came off, the worse the wall looked… What was it? What was it?! I freaked out, with nothing more on my mind than to get it off of my hands. I spun around, looking for something to wipe my hands off on, when my eyes locked on to the dripping puddle of crimson on my dresser. And the bottle of nail polish that had been tipped over.

My jaw went slack for a moment, my brain finally coming to the conclusion that the substance, which I had freaked out over, had been nothing but nail polish. My eyes widened with that thought, and I turned around, staring at the crimson red against my white walls. I groaned, knowing my parents were going to kill me when they got home tomorrow morning.

Looking down at my hands again, I saw that the nail polish had begun to dry. I took one last glance at the stained wall before heading out of my bedroom, opening the door with my wrists. I left the door wide open so that the light from my room shined out into the hallway. I padded down the hallway, the wooden floor like ice against my bare feet. When I finally got to the end of the hallway, I walked into the bathroom and turned the light on with my elbow.

The sight that greeted me in the mirror was enough to scare me on its own. My caramel curls were in complete disarray, ringlets going in every direction. There were imprints on my face from my pillow, creating odd designs. The redness from the imprints made the bags under my eyes even more apparent. Shaking my thoughts out of my head, I reached to the faucet and turned it on with my wrist, before washing the nail polish off of my hands. Despite the constant stream of red coming off of my hand with the water, the crimson color didn’t start to fade from my hands until after I had washed my hands four times.

As I was drying my still pink hands, I heard a *thump*. I immediately froze, chill bumps rising on my arms. I slowly set the towel down on the counter and stepped towards the hallway. Peaking my head out, I saw that the door to my room had closed, blocking out all light except from the spaces around my door. The light from the bathroom only lit a small portion of the hallway, while the majority of it was coated in darkness. It made no sense for my door to have closed on its own… Could that have been the *thump* I heard? Yeah, that’s probably what –

Before I could even finish the thought, I heard another *thump*, coming from the direction of my dad’s office. I looked behind me, into the bathroom, and grabbed a hairbrush before heading towards my dad’s office, being sure to leave the bathroom light on with the door wide open. As I came closer to the door, goosebumps rose on my arms and legs. I didn’t know whether it was from the cold floor, or from how terrified I was. When I reached the door, I just took a couple breaths before opening the door.

The door opened with a loud *creak* when I turned the handle. I opened it wide open and looked in, seeing everything in its normal place. The moonlight illuminated half of the room through a window behind his desk. The other half of the room was shrouded in darkness, like the hallway had been. I walked towards the desk, intending to see if there was anything behind it. As I got closer, I felt a slight tickling sensation on my shoulder. At first, I brushed it off, thinking it was just my hair. Then, I realized that my hair was in a bun.

My hand shakily rose to the opposite shoulder, to see what it was. It didn’t take long for my hand to come into contact with something fuzzy… and alive. I screeched, simultaneously brushing it off of my shoulder and falling onto the ground, landing on my bottom. When I looked up after falling, my eyes immediately locked on the big, hairy spider that was resting on my knee. My mouth opened wide with a silent scream as it just sat there, staring at me. I scooted back on the floor, but froze when the spider began to crawl down my leg, towards me.

A scream tore through my chest, and I flipped onto my knees, running, then falling and crawling, as fast as I could to get as far as I could. I continued until I reached a wall, where I rested my back against it, taking shaky breaths while trying to see where the spider had gone. My eyes scanned the room, searching for even the slightest movement. It didn’t take long to find it.

My eyes were drawn to a movement in the opposite corner of the room, where I saw the slightest movement. My eyes snapped to the right of me when I saw a slight movement just a few feet away, in my peripheral vision. My eyes went back and forth between the two separate movements, my heart fluttering in my chest. In mere seconds, I picked up on more movement in various places around the room. My breaths got shorter as my eyes darted around the room.

Feeling a slight weight on my hand, I jerked my head down, only to see the big, hairy spider on my hand and beginning to crawl up my arm. I screamed, to the point of it straining my vocal chords. Continuing to scream, I shot up and ran straight to my room, roughly shaking my hand the entire way. Once in my room, I jumped straight into my bed and hid under the covers. When everything finally settled down, I could finally breathe again. Then, I heard another *thump*…