

Shadows In The Mirror

There was once a woman who lived by herself in a quaint house in the country. Her husband had passed away about 5 years back and she was planning on moving soon. One day, while packing up some of her husband's things, she noticed that the temperature dropped really low. She walked down the hall to check the thermostat, but when she got there it showed no difference in temperature. She thought about it but figured that it must be broken. She decided that she would call someone the next day to fix it. When she passed the mirror on the wall on her way back she thought she saw a movement of shadows in the reflection. Then the temperature suddenly returned to normal and when she looked back at the mirror nothing was there. She shrugged and went back to packing.

A couple of days later the temperature dropped again. Again the woman went to the thermostat and again it showed no change. She remembered that she had forgotten to call someone to repair it. She promised herself that she would call after her show on T.V. that she had been watching. When she passed the mirror she again saw the movement of shadows. She stopped. In the reflection she saw a shadow, nothing but a shadow. Slightly translucent but visible. The shape was indescribable. It changed shape, like water flowing, about the size of a tall person. It stepped out from the wall behind the woman, but when she turned around to face it there was nothing there. Now she was scared. She began to tremble. Slowly she turned back to the mirror. The figure was still there, and closer. She screamed out "HEEEEEELLPPP!!!" but no one came. Closer and closer IT came...

A few weeks later a friend of the woman's stopped by to say Hi. She knocked and knocked but there was no answer. The next day a police officer came out to investigate, but he found nothing but a few empty boxes and the TV on. It was put down as an unsolved case. The house was soon cleaned out and put out on the market for sale.

For many years the house was empty, what with all of the stories going around about it. But one day a small family consisting of a mother, father and daughter moved from the city into the house.

All was well until one day the temperature dropped in the house. The daughter went to her parents and asked them what happened. They said they didn't know and they went to the thermostat to see. It showed no change in temperature. They decided to call someone. The daughter went back to playing with her dolls in her room. Had she looked up into her mirror she would have seen a shadow peeking from behind the reflection of her bed. But just then her parents came in to tell her that someone was coming the next day to fix the thermostat and that she'll have to deal with it for a while, but when they finished saying this the temperature went back to normal. The parents said never mind.

A few weeks later the temperature dropped again. The girl was brushing her hair at the time, in front of her mirror. She saw the shadow behind the reflection as it

started to creep towards her. She screamed. Her parents came in asking what happened. She told them but they didn't believe her. She tried to make them believe her but it was of no use. They took her to a psychologist to get her help.

When she came home she believed it was all a figment of her imagination. She probably would have kept believing that except that about a year later the temperature dropped once again. The girl was by herself because her parents had gone to the theatre and left her alone, since she was 13 years old. She was experimenting with make-up at the time, in front of her mother's mirror. She stared in terror as the THING crept out from behind the bed. She trembled but didn't call out, she knew no one would come. And now, as done before, the THING came closer and closer, closer and closer...

When the girl's parents came home they had no one to come home to. The Police report said another unsolved case... The house still stands to this day.

Something Was Wrong

One morning, John Sullivan found himself walking along a street downtown. He could not explain what he was doing there, or how he got there, or where he had been earlier. He didn't even know what time it was.

He saw a woman walking toward him and stopped her. "I'm afraid I forgot my watch," he said, and smiled. "Can you please tell me the time?" When she saw him, she screamed and ran.

Then he noticed that other people were afraid of him. When they saw him coming, they flattened themselves against a building, or ran across the street to stay out of his way.

"There must be something wrong with me," John thought. "I'd better go home."

He hailed a taxi, but the driver took one look at him and sped away. "This is crazy!" he said to himself.

John did not understand what was going on, and it scared him. "Maybe someone at home can come and pick me up," he thought. He found a telephone and called home, expecting his wife to answer. Instead, a strange voice answered.

"Is Mrs. Sullivan there?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, she isn't," the voice said. "Her husband died a few days ago in a horrible car crash, she's at his funeral."

The Appointment

A sixteen year old boy worked on his grandfather's horse farm. One morning he drove a pickup truck into town on an errand. While he was walking along main street, he saw Death. Death beckoned him.

The boy drove back to the farm as fast as he could and told his grandfather what had happened. "Lend me the truck," he begged. "I'll go to the city. He won't find me there."

His grandfather lent him the truck, and the boy sped away. After he left, his grandfather went into town looking for Death. When he found him, he asked, "Why did you frighten my grandson that way? He is only sixteen. He is too young to die."

"I am sorry about that," said Death. "I did not mean to beckon to him. But I was surprised to see him here. I have an appointment with him this afternoon in the city."

Night Visitor

Richard was living in a not-so nice neighborhood with his parents. Their house was badly in need of repair and none of the windows or doors ever locked properly. Richard complained to his mom about not being able to sleep because of the "scratching" noises in his room, his mom assumed that it was rats, or that some cat had managed to get in the house again and was in the room somewhere. After turning on the lights and not seeing any sort of animal, she told Richard to go back to bed. So Richard went back to bed and was awakened almost immediately again by the scratching. Insistent, ceaseless. He still couldn't tell WHERE the sound was coming from, but this time, he decided to ignore it. So he fell asleep again.

Richard had no idea how long he'd been asleep when he suddenly sat up in bed, crying out, his hands flying to his back. He'd been bitten in the middle of his back while he slept, yet he'd been LYING on his back. Richard decided that things were just too weird and went to get his dad. His dad looked at his back. The spot that hurt certainly didn't look like a bite. It looked more like a puncture wound. So he flipped on the bedroom light and inspected Richard's bed. There was a hole in the fitted sheet and some of the mattress stuffing was showing through the hole. At a loss to explain how it happened, Richard suggested that maybe a spring had come through, so Richard's dad flipped the twin bed over to see if the box springs were the culprit.

What he found was a long knife stuck in the mattress, pointing upwards, towards where a person might lie. He also found mud and dirt under the bed, the exact length of a person. Checking immediately outside the window he found fresh footprints in the mud leading to and then away from the window. Someone had slipped into Richard's room through the unlocked window and lain under his bed. The scratching sound he heard was the person using the knife to dig through the

box springs and mattress to kill him!