Sleep Time

Submitted by

 Affiliation

 Date

Sleep Time should be a happy moment for a tired child. For me it is no different from a nightmare. Some children complain about going to bed without watching television or playing , the night is a nightmare for me. As someone who has learned physics, I cannot fully explain what is happening to me. But I can tell you that I feel fear. This is the greatest fear I have ever really felt in my life. Nothing can be equal to this. Fear is always an important part of horror creations (Cox, 2016).

I don't remember exactly when it started, but I was worried about falling asleep when I had my own room. It was a small, narrow room. There was enough room for the bed and a few small drawers. I didn't complain because I knew that we didn't even have a large house at that age. My brother was given a new bed. I used to sleep in the bunk bed we used to sleep in. Although I was a little afraid to sleep on my own, the idea of ​​sleeping in the upper bunk bed excited me. “Modern horror fiction is as parasitic and omnivorous as horror film, incorporating movies and

Television”( Neveu, 2010).

From the first night, a strange uneasiness crawled from behind my memory. I straightened up on the bed and scattered on the green carpet below, I looked at my toys. When I realized that there was nothing down in the bunk bed, I pulled my duvet over me and slept with the confidence that my father watched from below. When you wake up for something moving from a deep sleep, it takes a few moments to figure out what it is.

Something was moving, no doubt about it. At first, I didn't understand what it was. Everything was dark, almost pitch dark. Almost two thoughts occurred in my mind. The first was in my parents' bed because there was no sound or light. My second thought turned into a sound. When the last sleep networks in my mind disappeared, the sound became recognizable. The bed on my bottom creaked. It was as if someone was looking for a comfortable position. I wonder if the sound was something I imagined, or was my cat trying to lie down in bed? A At that moment I looked at my door and the door was closed. Maybe my cat came in when my mom opened the door to check on me?

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I turned my face to the wall and tried to sleep. As soon as I returned, the following sound stopped. I think I disturbed my cat. But I immediately noticed that the visitor below was something more insidious than my cat. The following thing started to spin like crazy in bed. As if someone had a tantrum. “The fear caught me. My eyes opened with fear and started to get wet. I cried. (Jowett & Janicker, 2017).

As each small child do, after my mother a stir at the other end of the following things turned crazy and if earthquake like he's going to bed in my bed instead of having preferred to wait. On came like an endless period of time. The door eventually opened. Meanwhile the bed was completely empty.

When I was crying, my mother was trying to calm me down. I couldn't tell my mother why I was afraid of fear. My mother slept on the bed below and said she would stay there until morning. But I could hardly sleep at night. The next morning I wanted to go anywhere outside that room. It was a Saturday morning. I was playing with my friends in the garden. There were many bushes and high trees in the garden. So we felt like we were experiencing adventure on an exotic island.

When I was playing with my friends, my eyes slipped into my room's window. It was watching me in the morning. It might seem strange, but I didn't object when they put me back in the room. I didn't have any proof, anyway. I climbed up to the bunk bed and slept.At night, while lying still in fear, my heart beat accelerated. From the bottom again came the crackles. This time a thought began to circulate in my mind. 'Ghost' “fiction is different then the horror creating stories and the basic element is fear”( Tropp, 1999).

A little later, the following crunches left to breathe. I could imagine her chest getting up and down. The house was silent again. Breathing was continuing. I wanted him to leave. Leave me alone.

What did he want? Then something really frightened me. He acted. It was different from his previous movements. It was like an animal. My throat began to burn. This fear could not be described . Such a fear exists. Then he hit the board with great force.

My mother came again and hugged me. She asked me what happened. I told her the same thing.

'Nightmare' These strange events continued for weeks. Every night wakes up to the crunch of the bed, the bed swings madly, my mother came to an end. Her evening my mother lay down. Unaware of what happened. Most nights I said I was sick and I stayed with my family. I didn't want to be alone with that 'thing' at night.

The same thing could have been said for my father. But it was very difficult to wake him from his sleep. A few months later, I became accustomed to my night visitor. Don't think of this as a friendship. The days would be harder. My grandfather became ill. My mother was staying with her. I immediately ran home and put all my belongings on the bed downstairs. I didn't want her to come there.

I woke up slowly. The room was dark. There was no sound. Breathing, squeaking, none. The night visitor was not in the lower bed. He was in my bed! I opened my mouth to scream, but I couldn't say anything. I stood still.

I didn't see him, but I could feel him. He was on the end of my quilt. I will never forget the weight I felt. If we were in the summer, there would be a little bit of light. But in the winter there was no light. Sometimes fear takes you prisoner. Pure fear. I had to get out of bed! I remembered the crucifix in my hand at the time. But he was gone! Either he had fallen down, or I didn't even want to think, he was taken from me.

All my hopes were exhausted when there was no cross. Even at that age I was aware of death and I was afraid. When I tried to straighten up, when I realized that he wasn't moving, I had strange thoughts.

What if he's asleep? Maybe he was playing a game with me. I tried to breathe in the slowest way . With all my courage, I started to slowly lift the duvet off. At that moment my hand hit her . He didn't do anything. I wanted to touch her face. God, he moved.

He moved and grasped me. Tears in my eyes were full. I wanted to cry. But I couldn't. When I looked at the wall, I saw that he was standing on the wall like a spider. I started to fight for my life.

I understood why you were trying to take me right away. The light of day was coming up. He quickly pulled me to his chest. I felt his breath. And when the sun came up, the light covered the room. She put her paws around my neck. And she took my life from me.

I woke up to see that my father was preparing me breakfast. We spent weeks without any incident . We turned the bed to normal and put the other bunk in place. One night I woke up with strange noises. The items where the bunk was standing were shaking like crazy and a strange hum was coming from the wall.

This story might say before anyone anataxis’s day even still bearing wall that you it your imagination, but you can only say this: other year they gave me a new room and mother with my father made it his own bed. We moved out on the 11th day.

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