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It

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It

Lily Rose Knutsen

Scary Story Contest Winner

It's 9:00 pm. Everything is going smoothly so far

He falls asleep in my arms and I gently move him onto the bed. His small body curls up on the sheets like he's still inside, being rocked to sleep by my movement and the white noise played by my heartbeat.

His golden hair reminds me of duckling fur, fuzzy and slightly raised off his head like he's full of static energy. Like he's been rubbing his tiny hands on balloons all day.

Hours pass and he's without a peep. Maybe he'll sleep through the night. No disturbance or fuss.

...

It's 1:00 am. I think it's starting to begin: the Witching Hours.

I sit up in my bed, my back arched. His weight pulls me down into a "c" curve. My eyes are half open and blurry.

The way he arches his back and screams makes me think he is actually possessed, ready to crawl on the ceiling and bounce off the walls.

His cries get stronger, and he starts to glow with luminescence.

A light green with yellow orbs circulates through his veins. I look for the signs of his pain.

Ah, there it is...

His baby teeth glow red under his gums, about to erupt through his skin. I pick up the baby Tylenol next to my bed and precisely draw 2.5 mL of liquid.

The Tylenol is the color of sea sparkle. Like the bioluminescent plankton that float under the ocean surface.

If only this would take the pain away immediately.

I lay him next to me and close my eyes for a split second.

I wake up to his screaming,

I open my eyes and he stares at me with green, glowing eyes. Small horns start to erupt from his fuzzy hair.

He's crossed over. There's nothing I can do. He has total control of me now.

As the screams shake the house and my room glows an eerie green, I bury my head underneath my pillow and curl into a fetal position.