

Bailey Douglas

Laugh If You Dare

I could see nothing because my eyes were squeezed tightly shut in fear. Then I heard the door creak slowly open. I hid my head underneath my polka dot duvet and waited to hear if whatever it was had entered my room. When I heard nothing moving around, I risked a look over the covers. I jumped at the sight of an evil looking clown staring back at me with its cold eyes. It was wearing the kind of outfit you would find on one of those cute, funny clowns you see at a circus but it certainly didn't seem like one of those clowns. It was like it was piercing me right in the heart with its blood-red eyes.

The thing came closer, so I could feel its breath on my face. It was right on top of me. I squeezed my eyes shut, pretending it was all a dream. But when I dared open my eyes, the clown had vanished. *Uh oh*, I thought. I came out of the covers slightly and screamed as the clown's torn-off face was sitting like a mask at the foot of my bed and its faceless body was lying on the hard floor, shaking. The place where its face should have been was a bloody, fleshy mess and it was full of maggots crawling in and out its eyeholes. I kind of felt sorry for it, even though it was still disgustingly terrifying.

Without warning, its body sat bolt upright and started whispering unintelligible words in a ghostly voice. I don't even know how as its mouth was over on my bed with the rest of its face. *"I need blood,"* it finally said. I was terrified. I needed to get away from this thing as quickly as I could but I had no plan. I needed to distract it for a minute. *"What's your name?"* I asked it. I didn't even get a chance to move before it jumped onto my bed. Its face started cackling as its body picked it up with vile fingers. As I watched, it threw its head back and I heard a sickening *squelch* as it positioned its face back onto its head. The edges seemed to fuse back together.

I finally worked up the courage to sit up on my bed. The thing watched me intently as I got up and walked cautiously over to the door. Halfway there, I turned just in time to see the chilling clown lunge forward and grab a hold of my neck. I wriggled, trying to get away from its grasp.

I barely glimpsed the knife as he drew it across my throat. I lay on the floor, gurgling, drowning in my own blood. I watched him walk out of my room and into my parents' bedroom.

As my vision darkened and I slipped into eternal sleep, I heard blood-curdling screams from my mother.