

DEATH, your worst nightmare.

Envy Carlisle. A young woman. Tall, brown skin, chocolate eyes and curly locks. She is twenty six. Suffering from loneliness for sometime. This being, due to the unexpected death of her husband, Oliver. He suffered an aneurysm in his sleep two years ago. Now a widow. She resides in Seattle, Washington. Where she writes horror stories. Based on her own nightmares.

Envy currently has been suffering from nightmares and sleep paralysis. She writes a new story about a skeleton figure who wears nothing, holds nothing and from the cracks of her bedside closet. Watch her. In reality sometimes her cat, Scratchy, yells and hisses in the bedroom. Envy sleeps in the living room when she can't bear it. Sometimes she feels as if the creature in her nightmare sleeps on her chest as she sleeps. Something is there...if she listens closely. It lurks.

She awakes! From out of her sleep. Once again. Though Envy's days were filled with rainy days, nightmares and petting her cat. She attends weekly therapy sessions. Mostly a group, for the loss of her lover.

Therapy session, private.

"So. Tell me how you are feeling today, Envy?" Liz, her therapist, asks politely. Concerned, even though Envy knows it is a ruse.

"The nightmares keep happening. Like always. Since the day he died! Cat don't like the closet. Nightmares are the same, something over me and something inside that closet. Even though it's a dream. Certainly looks the same as when I am awake. More like Deja vu if you ask me doctor." Envy blurts out.

"Well maybe we can fix this. I have an idea. A new trial, medicine." Liz explains.

"No. Nothing has worked before and it won't work again. Let's move past that and try something else. Actually. There is nothing else! Medicine, yoga, working out, therapy, hypo-therapy, meditation, sleep therapy! It didn't work. Any of it. So please, can we just skip messing with my body and focus on the truth." Envy demands.

"You got it. Well, is this therapy helping?" Liz asks.

"no. " Envy replies.

"Then what happens next Envy?"

Envy doesn't answer. Instead she silently makes her way out of the room and leaves. She finds herself walking down the street, back home. She then stops. A storefront with a giant statue of Mother Mary, death and yemaya, stands in the sunny window.

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Envy enters the botanica. Envy curiously stares at the statues, especially the death statue. An older woman, owner of course, walks over to a frightened and curious Envy.

“Hello my dear. May I be of any assistance to you today? Would you like to pray? Be blessed? Something is on your face. Curiosity. Or is it fear?” She asks.

“Hi. sorry about these statues. They’re quite intriguing. I’m Envy. forgive me for just walking in here. I do realize you’re a very busy woman. I’ll be on my way if anything.” Envy smiles.

The old woman stops her, holding her hand.

“My name is Evelyn. This is my home and you are my guest. Now tell me why you came in here, Envy. such a beautiful name.” Evelyn smiles.

“I have been having nightmares about that statue there. I know the grim reaper right? It must sound crazy but my love died on me. Unexpectedly, he was perfectly healthy. I think there is something in the house. My home, something in the closet. Someone over my body at night and someone attacking my cat. I went to therapies for many things and nothing worked. I think this thing, this presence is after me. I don’t know anymore. It’s every fucking day (cries) I’m so tired of it.” Envy cries.

“Let’s sit down. Do not cry. Let me see what I can do for you. This is nothing new to me. However, in your eyes. It is. I am sorry that Death stalks and haunts you. I have no doubt this is what is happening to you. Now, let me read.” Evelyn smiles.

Evelyn locks and shuts the curtains of the botanica. She grabs Envy’s hand and takes her to the back of the store, a room surrounded by many more statues and very many candles. She sits Envy down at a round table and gives her a glass of water.

“What are you going to do to me?” Envy nervously asks.

“My dear. I am not going to hurt you at all. Just help you. Remember. You walked in here, yes?” Evelyn smiles.

“Thank you.” Envy smiles.

Evelyn starts touching her tarots. The first card she picks out is “the world”, reversed.

“What does it mean?” she asks.

“It’s the world. Reversed. This means to mourn the loss of what could have been and honor the shocking disappointment you experience.” Evelyn tells her.

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The next card she pulls is “The Tower”.

“This my dear is the tower. It is sometimes interpreted as danger or a crisis. Big change perhaps? It could also mean a few more things. Destruction, higher learning or liberation.” She tells her once again.

As Evelyn holds Eny’s hands, she notices her shakiness.

“This thing that haunts you. It is just something you are creating off of horrors from your life. Nightmares in a way. You have lost someone very close to you and it shows. You are lonely. You’re maybe even so lonely that you left your soul capable of getting attacked. A representation of this presence trying to host your soul. To lift a finger based on its own desire. Not yours. To take control over your body and your mind. Sometimes this can happen. When it does. Who knows?” Eevee tells her.

“I have to go.” Envy leaves a one hundred dollar bill on the table.

“If you choose to not care then do not give in. if you do. I hope to see you one day.” She watches her go.

Eevee is home, she pours herself a glass of vodka. Sipping the ice cold drink while watching the rain fall through her wide, tall windows. Her backyard has a view of bright green grass, two beach chairs and dark trees leading into the forest.

A face is seen but Envy doesn’t notice it.

In her sleep she suffers from a nightmare once again. Her sweat stains her blanket. Her eyelids and fingers shake nervously. She doesn’t understand where she is going in her dream.

She sits in her bed, upward. The sweat drips down to her pillow and sheets. Her cat hisses beside her bedside, hissing at the closet.

In her dream there is a creature.. She can sense something is there. She walks over to the closet. Stopping her hand from opening the door.

“I don’t know what is inside this fucking closet but whoever you are, you better get out of here. Or I’ll kill you. Do you hear me? I’ll kill you!

Envy quickly opens the closet as her cat smacks something in the corner, she can see it. A small man almost. What looks like a small man, the size of a cell phone. She screams in fear. Her hair turns white, she itches her head and falls on the bed.

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Scratchy tries attacking and swiping at the creature. The little, what looks like a monster. Walks towards the bed, ignoring the hissing cat.

“What the hell is that! Scratchy, get away from that thing!” Envy grabs her cat and stands on her bed. The small creature runs under the bed.

Envy, panicky peeks around the bed. She sees nothing. When she faces the closet her window opens, revealing the backyard. The entry to that beautiful, dark forest she has the view of.

She sees the small creature running to the forest, disappearing into the darkness.

“What the hell is going on!” She screams!

After an hour, she blocks off all her windows and after searching on google for unexplained seeings and searching “small creature in closet” she sees stories of hauntings and something people call “The reapers little watcher” which by sketches and detailed journals, shows the creature she saw earlier. The creature who has been watching her for months.

With a flashlight, Envy rushingly and without fear walks directly into her closet and kneels down to the corner of inside her closet.

There's a small hole, where the creature was hiding. She now has come to the conclusion that in no way, was any of this a dream. It was all happening and it's not human. It isn't the insane anyone would believe. She reaches her hand inside the hole in her wall.

She pulls out a small black book. Almost like a stuffed diary. She opens it and the writings are smaller than she can read. She digs inside the hole again, and the wall begins to close on her.

“Ow!” Envy screams, she pulls her hand out of the wall before it closes, perfectly shut. As if there was never a hole in the wall.

The day, as always, is typically a little cloudy and raining as usual.

Envy sits, watching her cat eat his lunch. Worried, she stares out the window. Making sure whatever it is. It doesn't come back into her home.

She stares down at the psychics card. The woman she visited. She tosses it down.

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“What’s wet? Oh my god!” Envy shrieks in pain.

She stares down at her ankle. It looks as though her ankle is bloody and has dripped all over her floor.

Scratchy is eating something. She walks toward him, pushing him aside. Only to realize the skin on her ankle has completely fallen off and she has left a trail all throughout her home.

She runs to her bathroom, runs a hot tub of water and panicky, she undresses. Her back had fallen off, her leg completely fell off. She steps into the bath and tries washing with peroxide.

“Can’t be an infection. Doesn’t hurt at all. What- is happening?” She tries to calm herself down.

After about fifteen minutes in the warm bath, she steps out and a loud smack is heard on the glass, tiled floor. She turns to face what has smacked the floor. It is her flesh. From her entire left side.

Even from the dark, empty backyard.

You can hear the screams of poor, young, Envy.

Two days later.

Envy sits with towels completely covering her body, she wears a bathrobe and stays stiff. Her cat meows to her.

Her voice is gone. She grunts at him, trying to reach out to him. Scratchy meows to his owner and her hand is revealed to be completely skeleton, blood drips on the carpet.

Envy weeps. Unable to speak.

One of the windows is open, scratchy escapes, leaving the house.

Envy stares out of the window, There it is again. The robed creature with its skeleton hands out, as if reaching Envy.

Envy stands up, she grunts and breathes heavily.

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She drops her robe, which reveals she has lost all of her flesh, a human skeleton. She takes off all of the towels covering her body, walking to the yard to face the creature.

She touches the creature's hand and her empty eyes stare into its dark, covered face.

The robed being, the reaper, vanishes, leaving behind its robe. She picks it up, sliding it over her skeletal, bloody body.

Envy disappears into the forest, leaving with the being, forever.

The End.

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