Genesis Padilla

Professor Ramirez

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The Intruder

       I remember the little damp closet being as dark as the unexplored depths of the ocean that windy night. I held on tightly to the small golden doorknob while covering my chapped mouth with the other hand as I tried controlling my heavy breathing. I felt warm tears coming down my rosy pink face while looking out the slits of the closet door. I remember looking around my room, making sure it remained quiet and empty as I left it, then I heard it. The sound of thunder hitting each step of the stairs was like a steady heartbeat. The closer the footsteps got, the faster my heart pulsed and the harder it got to catch my breath as I held the golden handle tighter. Suddenly, I could hear the dogs barking outside and the traffic from five blocks away. The flow of tears increased as I leaned away from the slits of the door before gasping for air in a whisper. I swallowed my saliva before gaining the courage to look back out the door. When I turned to look through those slits, my heart dropped. My skin went cold and pale white as I looked into those eyes. Those eyes matched the closet's darkness, as dark as the unexplored depths of the ocean. Before I could let out a scream, I felt myself jerk forward with the strength of a semi, followed by a pounding coming from my head as I slipped away into the darkness.