

What's living in our attic?

On Halloween night at around 10pm, me and my best friend Emmy were sitting by the fireplace watching our favorite horror movies while our parents weren't at home. Suddenly we heard noise coming from somewhere upstairs, but we decided to ignore it because we thought our paranoia was getting the best of us, it was Halloween night after all. But we heard the same noise again and again, it sounded like footsteps. After the third or fourth time of hearing the noise, we paused our movie halfway through watching it and finally got the courage to go upstairs and check it out. The scariest part was that the attic was a mystery, and only my parents really knew what was hiding up there. We got the key, they happened to have left it in the master bedroom. We quietly climbed up the stairs looking at the decorative cobwebs hanging on the staircase –you could definitely feel the Halloween spirit in the house, but we were too frightened to focus on the décor. As we were getting closer, I felt something tap me on the shoulder and I turned around, only to see there was nothing there. At this point I realized that I was not being paranoid and started frantically breathing, not knowing what could happen next.....

We unlocked the door and entered the attic. Turned on the lights and walked around, there really wasn't much to look at because it was a small space. Everything was super dusty and old, like something out of a 1600's novel. We looked through the items and old furniture, quite fascinated. There were many different types of plates, cups, tea pots and cutlery. A couch that looked like it hadn't been washed in forever, a bed with wooden frames sitting in the corner. There was an awful smell, but we assumed it was because everything was so old. I felt like I was in history class, but more importantly we couldn't see anything or anyone that can make footstep noises. So, I just gave up and told my best friend that the best thing we could do is just forget that any of this happened, watch the rest of our movie, go to sleep and not tell our parents about this situation. We walked downstairs, closed the blinds, locked the front door and then finished watching a few more movies.

A couple hours later, at around 1 am we fell asleep in the living room. But then suddenly and out of nowhere, my best friend and I heard a different noise once again coming from upstairs. It sounded like something fell on the floor and shattered. It was light outside and when we checked the time it was half past five in the morning. We quickly ran upstairs without hesitation because we had to get to the bottom of this situation, even if that meant that something could happen to us. When I opened the door, something felt really strange. There was a candle lit in the middle of the room and a cardboard box right next to it. We were obviously curious to see what was inside, so I went downstairs to quickly grab a knife so I can open the box because it was duct taped. All of the fear practically left my body or at least I thought. When I opened the box, I saw that there was a letter inside, written with quill and black ink on very yellow paper. The letter said: „ My spirit comes out to warn you ONLY on Halloween night and you chose to follow the clues. I am warning you only this time and it is your choice if you will follow my instructions or choose to experience the consequences. Lock the attic and never touch any items or step foot in here ever again.” When I read it out loud it honestly sounded like some kind of joke that our friends were playing on us, but we both knew it certainly wasn't. We weren't scared because it was day time and super bright outside at that point. We had to figure out a plan, but at that moment we seemingly did what we were told in the letter so we can execute it perfectly.

Our main goal was to see what this thing was living in our attic. It just felt so wrong not knowing what we were dealing with and chickening out. So, Emmy suggested that we should place a hidden camera in the attic and just wait so see if we can find out anything from the footage. That's it, I told myself. That was the only way to find out what this thing is and figure out our next step.

We had school in a few hours and decided to get ready and go so we could clear our minds a little bit. At school, everyone was giving us strange looks, like there was some negative energy radiating around us. Me and Emmy stuck together and acted completely normal. When we got home, I immediately ran to the master bedroom where the attic key was and Emmy went to my bedroom to get my go pro camera. It happened to be black and small enough, perfect for hiding. This time Emmy opened the old crusty attic door

very slowly and put the camera in the corner right next to the door because it was a pretty good hiding spot. All we had to do now is to wait and hope for a clue of the look of this thing. A couple days had gone by and everything seemed normal, the footage was broadcasting live directly on to my phone so I was always on alert. One Friday night, a couple days before my parents came back home I got a notification on my phone that said there was motion detected on the footage. I opened it up right away and screamed at the top of my lungs throwing my phone on the ground. Thankfully it didn't break and Emmy picked it up, only to have the exact same reaction as me. We were both shacking uncontrollably. The thing looked like a massive spider with long gross black fur. It had a white head, black eyes death staring at the camera and a huge black smile. It was so hard to continue looking at it because that was probably the most disgusting thing anyone could ever see with their own eyes. Emmy told me that we had to stay strong and just keep watching the footage so we could see what this demonic creature was doing in our attic. I couldn't even believe it, I didn't think we could see anything worse than that, but I was sadly mistaken. Remember the awful smell in the attic that I mentioned earlier, oh that smell was coming from the demon chocking giant black rats, ripping them apart and eating them alive – all in front of our eyes. We saw it peeling off their skin and eating their organs one by one, with the rats' blood dripping down the demon's mouth and on to the floor. I would have never even imagined that rats could be this big. We assumed that the first time we smelled anything was when the rats were dying. Never in the greatest sci-fi books could you read about a black furry spider demon eating giant black rats alive, peeling their skin and drinking their blood.

We had so many questions with no way to get the answers. How did the creature appear in our attic, where did it come from?? Honestly we really didn't know what to do at that point, we thought by knowing what was lurking in our attic we could make a plan on how to defeat it, but we were certainly wrong. I don't have the guts to even go near the attic, so trying to kill the creature was a very distant thought.

Also, Emmy and I really wanted to know why this creature warned us to lock up the attic and not go in there, maybe someone else wrote the letter that was inside the cardboard box. The only way we could possibly get some answers was to ask my parents if they knew

what was inside the attic or if the people we bought this house from told them anything about it. Luckily, they were supposed to come home that evening. It was already nine o'clock and still no sign of my parents arriving soon. They said they would call us as soon as the plane landed. I tried calling them multiple times, but with no answer. We were starting to get worried because they were on holiday in Bali, in a completely different continent meanwhile Emmy and I were still stuck in California. Emmy's parents were also out of state, visiting distant relatives, so we decided it was best to go to the nearest police station ourselves and report my parents as missing. There was one about 25 minutes away, so we got into a taxi to get to the police station faster. When we got in the car, we told the driver where to take us and everything was fine. I tried to stay calm and tell myself that their flights got delayed and that's why they didn't arrive on time. As we were driving by the dark and creepy woods a few minutes out of town, the car broke down. We weren't scared of what's lurking in the woods. I mean we have seen the worst of creepiness and beyond, but that doesn't mean we lost our sense of danger that people deal with daily, like the possibility of the driver hurting us. Emmy whispered to me that she thought the driver purposefully did something to the car beforehand, but he reassured us that it's not the first time this has happened to him and the car will restart by itself. A few minutes passed and we were just sitting in the car, but I soon realized that the woods we were standing next to on the side of the road were the haunted woods of SF. I knew that it was a stupid idea, but the driver suggested that we take a short walk in the woods and we agreed. We walked around and noticed a house in which strangely enough the lights were on even though it seemed abandoned. There were cobwebs surrounding the entire house, but we decided to go in because what could be the worst that can happen. I probably lived with a black furry demon spider in my house for 14 years so the word haunted sounded like a joke. As we walked inside, it smelt like something was rotting in there, it was absolutely disgusting but we kept walking around. There wasn't any furniture, it was just us, the million species of bugs around the whole house and the sound our shoes made on the wooden floors. The real 'surprise' was waiting for us on the second floor. There weren't any windows there and we soon found out why. The rotting smell was from three dead bodies just laying around. I mean how casual, right? One girl was stabbed in the stomach three times and she was just hanging from the ceiling like a

chandelier with a puddle of blood on the floor under her. The other two bodies were stacked on top of each other with blood everywhere. It seemed like they were also stabbed in the neck, legs and chest. Their heads were missing and we found one chopped in two pieces in a bucket. This was another level of horrifying to see. You could tell by the blood that this happened very recently, like a few hours before we entered the woods. There were spiders crawling all over the bodies. It seemed like the girl killed both of the guys and then hung herself before stabbing herself three times in the stomach. Me and Emmy both looked at the driver speechless and just ran out of the house as fast as we could after seeing every detail of the scene. We got inside of the car which was luckily still there with all of our belongings. And as the taxi driver said before, the car did restart and we were off to the police station.

When we got to the station we both agreed that we should report my parents as missing, but also tell the police about the murder scene in one of the haunted houses in the haunted woods of SF. After giving all of the information needed to start a search for my parents, we proceeded to try to tell them what we saw in the house. It was very horrifying and traumatizing for us so we couldn't even speak properly and we were shacking. The police understood what we were trying to say, but informed us that we would have to be put in jail for a couple of hours since the case was very strange and we were considered suspects. We honestly didn't even have the energy to argue and we were put in a jail cell with a random person that was just sitting in the corner. Me and Emmy weren't scared because we knew we would be released soon. The guy next to us started talking to himself and saying something in Japanese, it seemed. Then he started picking the lock of the jail cell and because it was late into the night, he was able to knock out the guard that was in charge of looking after us. The Japanese guy was very weird because he helped us escape unintentionally, but then he clawed out both of the guard's eyes and blood started pouring down. He did the same thing to the few other people that were at the station and we just stood there and watched in terror and ran outside. When we got out of the station we saw a massive black shadow over the whole city, and we realized that it was the same monster living in our attic, but just multiplied a thousand times. It looked like the apocalypse. Because this monster was so big, it was destroying everything it was walking by. The giant rats it was eating were walking behind it, but now even bigger. We just

started running as fast as we could and we had absolutely no idea where we would end up. After running uncontrollably while holding hands it seemed that the monster was out of our sight. We started just walking around and we realized we were in the woods. All of this just felt like a horrible nightmare. First we were put in jail, without even breaking the law, then we escaped while the eyeless guards were bleeding to death and now the monster living in our attic is as big as the entire city and we don't know where to go or what to do. Very deep down into the woods, we noticed something neon green with smoke coming out of it. When we got closer we saw that the neon green thing was actually cauldron and two witches were singing something while chanting around it. One of the witches looked really old and had long black curly hair, black eyes and a full face of makeup on. The other witch ginger colored tied up in a bun, blue eyes and she looked younger and prettier even though both of them were super ugly. They looked super silly with their big yellow teeth and long and pointy black nails. They were wearing long, black, twirly dresses with green and red details. They were chanting a song in a strange language and with what I have heard about witches, they do this to kill and take the youth of younger people. We were too focused on looking at the witches that we didn't even notice that right behind the cauldron, tied up were my mom and dad. I couldn't believe it. I was so worried about them and now they were right in front of my eyes, kidnapped by two witches, about to be victims of a youth stealing ritual. I had to do something to save them, even though I knew Emmy would try to stop me. So I ran over there quickly and pushed the cauldron as hard as I could, spilling it all over the witches. The potion was brewing so it was obviously very hot and the witches started screaming in pain while I untied my mom. I thought the witches will be burned alive by the scorching hot potion, but suddenly one of them put her hand over my mouth and the next thing I remember was I woke up in a strange cave. I immediately started searching for my parents but there was no sign of them being near. At least Emmy was right next to me so I woke her up. She said that my mom yelled 'Emmy' and that's when the witches noticed her and that she didn't see where they took them. I was devastated. We were trapped inside of a cave by witches who survived a temperature that can burn you alive. Just as soon as I saw my parents' faces they disappeared. The cave looked pretty big and it wasn't dark at all. We just sat there and talked about everything that has happened in the past week or so. We

were trying to process it all clearly in our heads and we knew that we probably weren't going to see the light of day ever again. I started hysterically crying and panicking. I also definitely didn't forget that I never got any answers

about the mystery of our attic. We had so many emotions at once that we just let them all out. Hours passed and I wasn't feeling any better.

A few steps away from us there were some stairs and we wanted to see where they led to. We saw the witches drinking what looked like blood and multiple dead bodies. Eyeballs, heads, bones and any body parts you could think of were on display there. It didn't take much brain power to realize this is probably where the witches do the worst things to their victims on Halloween night when their spirit awakens and use the body parts they collect throughout the entire year. We knew that we were the next unfortunate girls that will be tortured and killed, with the last thing we will see being their ugly faces and the last thing we will hear being their growly voices.

As I am sitting here, in the cave writing this story I learned an important lesson. How much more I should've appreciated my parents because you really only do live once and life is too short. I should have done that backflip into the pool on that random summer weekend and told my crush that I liked him. This curse took over our lives and many different things happened in a matter of hours, I'm sure that we weren't the only ones cursed this awful Halloween. I just hope that my parents are safe and that our story will see the light of day...

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