

## Midnight Venture

By Xinti

There was no doubt about it, I would have to go back. It was definite. Though it was a rainy and somewhat unsettling day, I paved my way back to the house of doom, a place that haunts me even today, years after the unfortunate incident.

The rain seethed like wild snakes at me out on the twisted cobbled street, wetting my thick, cotton coat until I was drenched to the bone. Everything was blurry, distant, almost imaginary. Despite the moody night, the chilled air and the hard spokes biting at my feet, I carried on walking, enduring.

It was after midnight that I reached the imminent house that would cause most of the accidents following me into its belly. The gate was crooked, a broken thing that took up most of the space in the jagged fence of wrought iron. Grotesque gargoyles grimaced down at me, a warning of the danger beyond the barricade. Cautiously, not daring enough to make a sound that was too loud for my comfort, I pushed the angled gate open a small sliver, slipping into the minuscule gap that had parted.

I repeated for the front door.

CREAK...SLAM !

I shivered, my knees shaking. The door had closed behind me, but not because of the wind. Anticipating the worst, I slowly rotated clockwise, until my face was in full view of my captor. The thing seemed more like a horror film than reality, so even writing this down gives me the creeps.

What I saw was beyond the description of 'mangled'. The demon glared. Bloodshot eyes, crimson claws. All would cower beneath the Beast. Its lips curled into a menacing feature.

"Ah, I see you have come, then." A low growl escaped the creature's throbbing throat.

Without waiting for an answer, it plucked a scythe from an umbrella-stand that I hadn't noticed before.

"Want to play a game?" Purring, it lunged.

I ran.

I don't believe I had ever run as fast as I did that day. Knowing that the monster would tail me, I tried my best to confuse and to blend into my background. Whenever I came across a mirror in my desperate sprint, I reflected me going an innumerable amount of ways to veer "it" off my course.

Nothing worked.

The demon sniffed me out, eventually. It writhed with fury at my deception that I had laid out for it. The chase finally ended. I was cornered, snared in a corner, faced with the darkest organism that had ever lived.

It leered. And swiped.

I was out like a light.