

The Woods

It was just like a normal Saturday for me until I made the biggest mistake of my life. Let me start from the beginning. I recently moved to a new town so it was unfamiliar. So on this day, I woke up like normal at 7:25. I got dressed, ate breakfast, and went outside.

It was in the middle of July, the weather was hot and humid. I looked to the woods which no one is allowed to go in. I recently moved here so I was curious.

Eventually curiosity got the better of me and I went into the woods. There was nothing unusual at first, just a bunch of oak trees and a bridge over a creek. I went deeper to where it got dark. There were a bunch of dead trees, their branches were tangled almost claw like. There were yellow metal poles in a straight line.

Suddenly I heard a loud clank followed by laughter. The clanks got louder and louder then I remembered the metal poles in the woods.

Something metal and sharp had to be hitting them, I thought to myself. Then I saw the guy I remembered from a news report. Apparently he had escaped from an insane asylum.

He was covered in blood, tall and skinny, and he had a clown mask on with puffy hair on both sides of his head. His teeth were sharp and bloody. I did not want to run home because my family would be in danger.

So I ran past him and he cut my shoulder. So I punched him on the nose and ran. I hid behind a bush and waited. I peeked out, he was gone so I breathed a sigh of relief. I looked back and saw him 2 inches away from my face so I screamed in terror.

I got up and ran for my life. I ran and ran like never before but he was gaining on me. Then I realized I was still bleeding out of my arm.

"I'm glad I always keep bandaids in my pocket at all times," I said to myself. So I dove into a nearby berry bush.

I lost him, or so I thought as I put the bandaid on. I saw him right outside of the bush. I threw a rock at him, he flinched and I ran into a nearby log cabin and hid. He came in the cabin and said unspeakable words. I sneaked outside and found a gun.

He came out too and so I pointed the gun at him and said, "Take one more step and I will shoot". He just laughed and moved forward I shot and it was as if it went in slow motion. It hit him and then I realized he was wearing a bulletproof vest. I felt hopeless, I was going to die because of a dumb decision I made.

Then I remembered strength in numbers. I ran to the direction of my house with him close behind. Once I made it out of the woods I expected him to follow me, but no, he just stayed there. You probably expect me to say I never went into the woods again and that would be the end of it. But, no there's more.

That same night I heard a crash, I had no doubts about it, that was him. He went down stairs to go find me. I went to the kitchen to go grab a knife. I stood at the beginning of the door to downstairs he came back up and I slashed him and cut his mask. He chased me outside.

He, no, *it* took off the mask. Its eyes were bloodshot red, his face was red and bumpy, and it's smile was the worst smile. The teeth were sharp and covered in blood the smile reached halfway up his face. I remember reading about the thing in a book, it was called a body stealer it is exactly what it sounds like. It steals the body of any thing.

It was coming closer and closer so in pure panic I threw the knife at it. It hit directly on the shoulder. It screamed the most blood curdling scream I have ever heard and disintegrated into thin air. As what is left of him falls to the ground I feel safe and satisfied that nobody can get hurt now. As I return inside I look back and I screamed "YES!!!!!!!" and returned back inside.

