

## Will You Play With Me?

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Rating: 8.4/**10** (351 votes cast)

I never wanted to reveal my story, but it has to be done. It's been so long, and nobody's known. But now I confide in you, the reader, to read my story, and attempt to comprehend the horrors I experienced. My fingers stutter and shake and tears cascade down my cheeks as I try to type this. But I warn you now, what you are reading cannot be unread.

It was just an ordinary night in my apartment. I was tired, the days at the office had been so stressful lately, and I looked forward to the quiet release of sleep. It always seemed to make everything better.

But this night was different.

The wind seemed ominous. The sky seemed darker. And as I relaxed in my chair watching my favorite sit-coms before bed, I saw what appeared as a strange silhouette standing outside my window. I focused my full sight on what i thought was there.

Nothing. Just darkness.

I figured I was just over-tired. Just a little too much work today, thats all. I finished watching my show and retired to my bed. As I tried my best to sleep I heard the door at the end of my bedroom creak. I dismissed it, too tired to get myself worked up over nothing. I then got the sense something was watching me. I tried to shake it off, I just wanted to sleep. Finally, I heard something breathing heavily and slowly. At first I thought it was me and that I was psyching myself out, so I held my breath for a moment.

It wasn't me.

I jolted upward from my bed and opened my eyes. I became frozen as I saw, at the foot of my bed, a young girl with long, black hair, around the age of 6, in a white night-gown. She stared at me with unblinking eyes and a wide smile. She had deep cuts covering her face, and her hands that hung at her side were

covered in crimson. We both sat and stood staring at each other for a good moment, until she let out a horrifying, inhuman scream. At that moment I tried to race for the door but she leapt on my, digging her nails into my face, her dark, black eyes inches away from mine, screaming all the way. The screaming became deafening and I soon lost my balance and hit my head on the table next to my bed. I lost consciousness.

I awoke in what appeared to be an empty basement. My clothes remained on, except for my shirt. I struggled to find my balance. My head was covered in dry blood. I looked at my arms. There were cuts all down them, writing down words. I found the words read "Will you play with me?" It was also written on both my sides. I gazed around the room in horror and found an iron door with blood seeping at the base. I slowly made my way there. There was no sign of the girl, though I feared she may be behind the door. Despite my fear, I had to go in.

I had to.

What I saw was horrifying, bodies lay spread across the wide room all the way to the stairwell on the opposite corner. Men, women, children, all of them laying still. Cuts on their arms and legs, similar to mine, read "will you play with me?" Except these victims had something I didn't have. I looked at a nearby women in horror.

She laid on her back, her stomach split open, as I came closer what came into my sight was a large toy fire-truck shoved in with her entrails. I choked back vomit and backed away. A man laying against the wall had metal jacks stuck into both of his eyes. His skull had caved in, and what lay next to him was a broken baseball bat, snapped in half in a pool of blood. A young boy lay lifeless in the very middle. His mouth was wide open and sticking out of it was the beginning of a toy car track, it had been shoved down his throat. His chest was cut open and his heart lay next to his body. In place of his heart were the dismantled pieces of a doll.

I lost my control and vomited. I cried for a moment, but then the thought struck me.

"Where's the girl?"

I didn't think this wanting to know where she was, of course. I thought it very briefly before noticing the stairwell that stood at the corner of the room. I started walking towards it, but then I stopped...

Something behind me was breathing heavily.

I turned around, and there stood the girl, after having stood in the corner in wait the entire time I was examining the bodies. She then said, in a high voice that pierced my ears with terror.

“Will you play with me?”

She began screaming. I turned to run away, but she was on me. Knife-sharp nails driving into my back and my neck. I struggled and eventually I threw her off of me and onto the ground.

I ran for the door, but it slammed shut. I banged on it and cursed, blood running down my back. It would not open. She was on me again, I elbowed her face, she drove her nails into my back. I managed to push her off and turn around. As she lunged I caught her. Her big, black eyes inches away from mine, her nails plunged into my face. Her screams deafening my ears. She raised one hand, smiling ear to ear, and her hand plunged down on my eyes.

Everything went black.

I woke up in the hospital, bandages covering my body, including both of my eyes. A police officer stood in my room, speaking with a doctor. They saw I was awake, and smiled. They informed me I was the only survivor of a mass murder, and that the suspect, a middle aged man, had been captured. I told them about the girl. They said no girl was found at the scene. They didn't believe me. They told me “I should rest”.

Two weeks passed, and I was cleared to leave. As I exited the hospital, permanently scarred on my arms, face, back, and sides, I passed the waiting room. It had some toys lying on the ground. The game jacks, a toy fire-truck, a doll, and a toy car track. Sitting with these toys was a small girl with long, black hair. She wore a white gown. She looked up at me and smiled widely, and in a voice that pierced every cut on my body, she said,

“Will you play with me?”

Credit To: D.S Ozolnieks

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