

A Child's Fear  
by  
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Karen McCollin sat up in bed, her eyes wide, her seven year old mind racing with terror. Something had moved within her closet. Something more evil than the darkest thoughts of a crazed psychotic. She could see her closet door, closed against the lurking madness that dwelled amidst the everyday belongings of an average, happy seven year old child.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she realized the door was latched, what was inside could not get out; but the sigh caught in her throat when slowly, on it's own will, the latch turned up and the door swing open.

Through the expanding crack of darkness; darkness that seemed amazingly alive and eager to encompass and blot out all light; Karen could see two glowing red eyes. Eyes that possessed no soul, only madness and death. A growl, low and deadly, purred out from the closet; which, with its jacket stalactites and rat-like shoes, resembled a death filled cave, a trap from which no escape was possible.

The eyes moved forward and in the soft glow of her night-light (now useless against whatever terrors of the night it was supposed to deter), she saw a short, scaly head sat atop a dog-like body. Its thick tail lashed savagely and a noisome slime covered this creature arisen from the deepest pits of Hell. It bared its huge teeth, the creature's mouth pulled into an

endless snarl.

Karen tried to scream, but her terror was so great she could only make a whistling, breathless sound. She retreated, curling her body protectively in a corner. Realizing imminent death, Karen closed her eyes. The creature's terrifying snarl filled her world, its polluted stench invaded her nose and she held her breath.

Suddenly, just as quickly as it began, the growl subsided, fleetly drifted into the depths of her subconscious. Karen breathed and smelled only the clean night air flowing through her window. Opening her eyes, she realized that she had only dreamed.

She sat up and saw, to her disgust, that in her terror she had wet herself. She arose, not wanting to remain in her stained nightgown, and started walking towards the bedroom door. Karen stopped, terrified, when she heard the sounds: a click as a latch inexplicably turned and an insidiously evil movement that emanated from the darkness of her closet.