

BITE-SIZE TALES OF TERROR



**THEY
COME OUT
AFTER DARK**

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They Come Out After Dark Short Excerpt:

The door in front of him didn't have a handle, but as it was the only way out, he would ram the thing down if it came down to it. He tried to twist his body and wriggled in the chair but the ropes held him firmly in place. His gut was screaming at him to get out of there.

Another empty chair lay on its side to his right, pieces of cut rope lay nearby. A bloody box cutter from an overturned toolbox caught his eye. He sucked in a breath and made to move when movement in the shadows caught him off guard. He flinched, waiting for whatever was hidden within to spring out.

Seconds trickled by, yet nothing happened.

"Hello?" His voice cracked, and he cleared his throat, embarrassed at the sign of his nerves. Craning his head, he squinted, barely making out a trembling form in the far corner.

"Who's there?" His low-baritone voice reverberated through the room with an air of authority.

The trembling form shrank into itself even more, as though trying to disappear.

"Can you help me?" He gentled his voice, yet he was still ignored.

"My name is Clive. I don't know how I got here, but we should really go. Please, can you help me?"

Clive swallowed as he watched the small form shuffle forward slowly, hesitantly.

To his dismay, a child shuffled into the light.

A little girl with dark brown skin, her hair in pigtails, wearing a white sparkly Angel costume with wings. She couldn't have been more than seven years old. Her ankles and wrists were raw and bloody from the restraints.