

Through His Eyes

Tim woke up in the middle of the night, the sound of monsters outside his bedroom window, and in his closet had him frozen in place under his covers. He couldn't understand why the monsters never exposed themselves to his parents, who kept telling him that they didn't exist. It was like a sick game the monsters liked to play just to mess with him because scaring him on a nightly basis wasn't enough for them. Tim had just turned five and considered himself a big boy now, he could use the bathroom, get his milk, and climb to the tallest reaches of the playground all on his own. However, the monsters were still a little too scary for him to handle on his own. Tim knew he had to reach his parent's room across the house to be safe from the beasts that lurked within the shadows of the night, and stalked him when the lights went out. He managed to work up the courage to make a run for it, he counted to three and then flung the covers off of himself and made for the bedroom door. As he turned the knob to the door he looked back behind him and could see the monster outside of his window, jaws big enough to swallow him whole, and sharp pointy teeth that could certainly rip through metal. He jiggled at the handle until it released, he took off down the first half but was stopped in his tracks. At the end of the hall he saw a beast, it appeared to be a dog, but it was bigger than any dog he had ever seen, and the drool that ran down its vicious mouth left pools on the floor. He made a hard right and decided to go around and through the kitchen, but before he rounded the corner that led into the kitchen he heard a strange noise coming from the dining room. Someone was ringing a bell, and to Tim, it sounded as though they were coming closer to him. He tiptoed into the bathroom that was adjacent to the dining room and quietly closed the door. Remaining silent for a while he caught his breath, he still couldn't believe that his parents were unaware of all the nasty things living in their very home.

Tim started to realize that he was not alone in the bathroom, someone wearing a dripping trench coat was standing in the shower just behind the curtains. Tim could hear the water dripping off the man's coat as he just stood there waiting for Tim to open the curtains so he could get him with his hooked hand. Tim flung the door open again and took off through the kitchen, he could feel all the monsters trying to grab him from the dark, he dipped, twisted, and jumped to avoid their grasps. Finally, he could see the door to his parent's room, just down one more hallway. But this was the darkest hallway of the house and certainly, something was waiting for him there. He cautiously made his way into the dark, carefully listening for any growling, howling, grunting, or moaning noises that monsters make. So far he was in the clear, just a little further and he'd finally be safe. Then the loudest creaking noise he had heard came out of nowhere, and to make it worse, it was right behind him. Tim had no choice but to jump as he let out a yell for his parents, he moved as fast as he could and burst through the door and into their bedroom. He had made it, he was safe, no monsters dared to enter his parent's room.

Tim's parents woke up suddenly, startled by having the door to their bedroom was thrown open violently.

“What's wrong Tim?” His mother asked.

“The monsters are back, and they were trying to get me,” Tim replied, still catching his breath.

“I got this hun.” Tim’s father said getting out of bed and picking Tim up in his arms.

“Monsters aren’t real, it's just the dark playing tricks with your mind.” He explained to Tim.

“They’re real! I’ll show you, the first one is right out in the hall outside your room.” Tim told his dad as they headed out of the room. “Right here, I heard it coming for me.” Tim was pointing to where he had heard the creaking noise.

His dad listened to him and then put his foot on a particular spot on the floor and pressed his weight down. Creak...

“Is that the noise you heard?” He asked Tim. “It’s just a loose floorboard, not a monster.

“Then what about the man in the shower hiding behind the curtain?” Tim asked. They made their way to the bathroom where his dad flicked the light on. He moved the shower curtain to the side and pointed to the dripping shower head.

“It’s just some water dripping into the tub.” His father explained, showing Tim the leaking shower head.

“Well, there was a savage dog at the end of the hall near my bedroom!”

So they headed to the hall where Tim’s bedroom was. His dad turned on the hallway light and pointed to the end of the hall, where a large blanket chest sat.

“Do you think that could have been what you saw?” he asked Tim.

“Yeah...” Tim replied. “But there was something outside my window!”

So they went into Tim’s bedroom and turned on the lights. Tim's dad set him on his bed and opened the blinds to expose what was outside the window. He had Tim explain to him what he had seen and then pointed to the bare tree branches swaying in the wind.

“Those probably looked like teeth in the dark with the moonlight behind them huh?” He asked Tim.

“Yea...” Tim replied again. I guess there aren’t any monsters huh dad?”

“No, monsters aren’t real, they are just made up. Now go back to sleep ok, love you.” His dad hugged him and tucked him back into his cozy race car bed. His dad closed the door behind him as he left and it wasn’t long after that, Tim began to hear something buzzing from down in the basement.