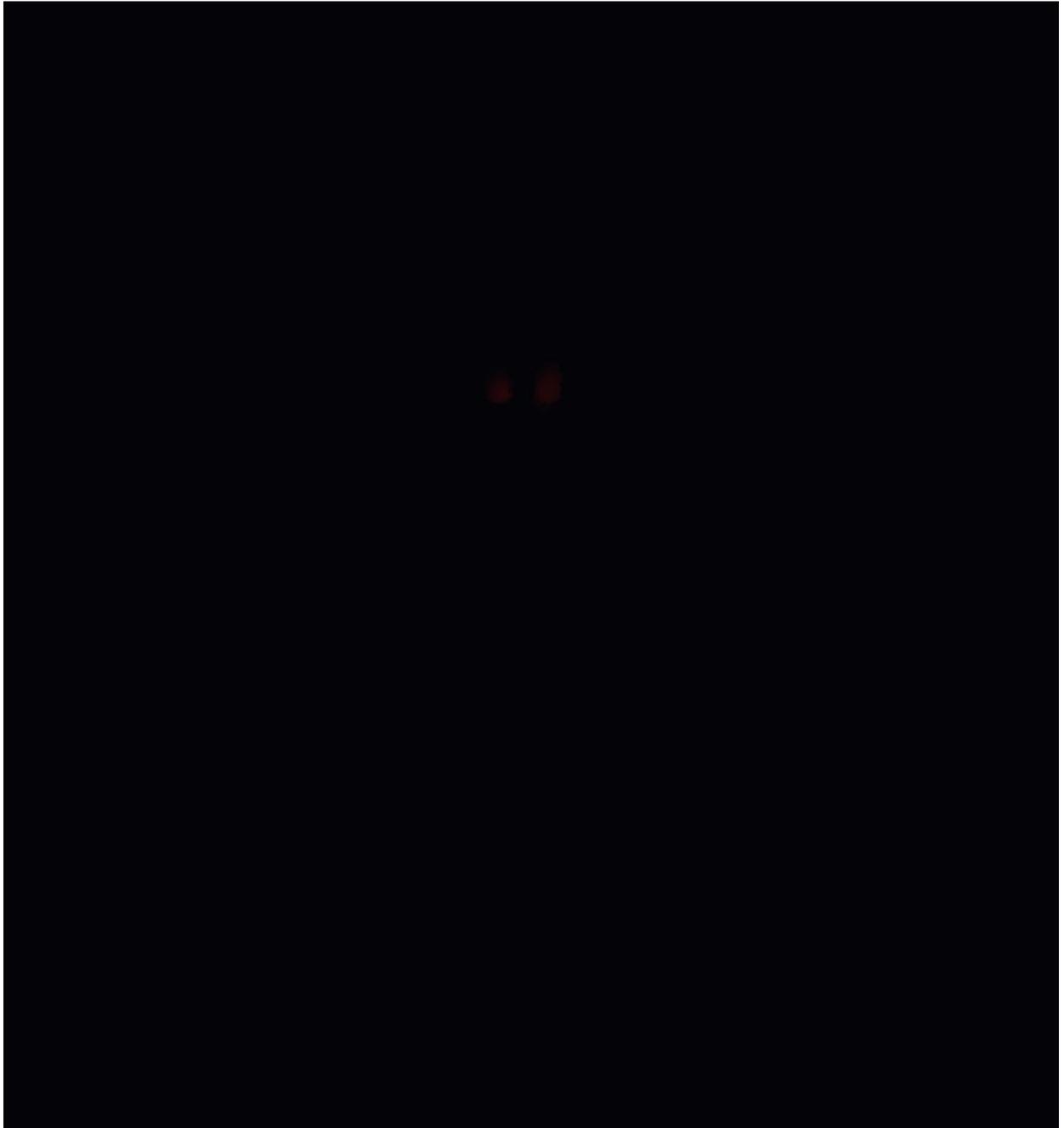


DON'T TURN OFF THE LIGHT!



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CHAPTER 1

“Don’t turn off the light!” I yelled with a shaky voice. My mom looked at me and plugged in my new night light.

“Is this better?” She asked as she turned off the light. I looked at the night light and calmed down then everything became dark.

“Turn the light back on!” I yelled. My mom ran back over to me and turned the light on. She looked at me.

“Now Tommy your 8 you need to learn not to be afraid of the dark.” She said sitting on the bed with me. I looked at the closet and imagined a big figure with red eyes and a creepy smile waving at me. I screamed and pointed to the closet. My mom spun around and closed the closet door, I started to cry.

“Mom he’s gonna get me if you turn the light off.” I said hiding under my blanket. She looked back at the closet and looked at me.

“Honey, monsters aren’t real they can’t hurt you.” She said lifting up the blanket. I looked at her with tearing eyes, I shook my head.

“They are! He got me last night.” I said showing her my scrape on my arm. She looked at it laughed. “It’s probably from Hector.” Hector was our new kitten we got. My parents got me Hector so he could sleep with me every night. I don’t know why they didn’t just get me a dog.

“No he ran away when The Braken came out!” I said fearing he would hear me. My mom looked at the closet. “Is The Braken the...” I screamed and put my hand over her mouth. “NO! Don’t say his name! He’ll get mad at me again.” She took my hand off.

“Tommy this is unexceptable!” I hated when my mom got mad. She walked over to the light and turned it off. “Go to bed now. There’s no such thing as The Braken!” She shut the door and the room was silent. The closet door began to open. I saw him pear out and look at me.

“Go away! You hurt me I don’t want to see you again.” I said crying. He smiled at me and walked over. He sat down on the bed and put his hand on my shoulder, I started crying again. He took his hand off.

“Shh little one.” He said in his smooth voice. I didn’t dare to look at him, if I did he would smile and his smile is not pleasant.

“Go away.” I said. “Your scaring me.” I could feel his anger. He put his hand on my shoulder again and scratched my skin. I wanted to scream but I knew he would just shut me up with his black hand.

“I told you to be quiet!” He said in a booming voice. I looked up at him and he smiled. “Can I go to bed now?” I asked trying to not fear his smile. He looked at me with his red eyes, I scooted away from him in fear.

“Yes little one. Sleep.” He said standing up. He went back to the closet and smiled then closed the door. That was the last image I saw that night.

The next morning I woke up and my mom opened the door. “Good morning Tommy.” I looked at her and then looked at the closet door. She looked at it and opened the door.

“See no Braken.” She closed the door but I could hear the sound of his black skin burning. “Mom your hurting him. He doesn’t like the light.” I said. She looked at me and laughed.

“I thought you were afraid of him?” I looked at her with a serious face. “I am. Everyone is. You still have to respect him.” She kissed me on the head.

“Well tell him I’m sorry.” I looked at her and turned her to the door. “Why don’t you tell him yourself.” She looked at me and then back to the door. She cleared her throat.

“Sir. I am very sorry for hurting you. I have very high respects for you and will bring you no more harm.” She sounded so serious. I smiled and hugged her. “Thank you mom.” She looked at me and smiled. “My little man is growing up. Now Tommy get dressed and get ready for school.” She closed my door and I was alone again with him. I could hear his breathing as he slept in my closet. I sometimes wonder if he even hears what we say in the morning. I put my hand on the door of the closet.

“Please don’t hurt me again.” I said feeling the pain of the scrape he gave me. His voice sounded muffled because of the door. I wanted to open it but I was afraid I’d hurt him. I quickly got dressed and ran downstairs. My mom was shaking the bowl of cat food for Hector.

“Hector! Come here kitty kitty.” She said as he ran towards her. He began to eat the cat food when she noticed he had a small scrape on his leg. “Tommy. Doesn’t that scrape look a lot like yours you showed me the other night?” I looked at it and felt my shoulder. My mom took my hand off my shoulder and gasped.

“Tommy! Where on earth did you get that scrape?” She ran to the bathroom and got a band-aid for me. I looked at my hand and saw it had blood on it. She grabbed a wet paper towel and wiped my hand. I stood there speechless.

“When he scratched me it wasn’t bleeding.” I said looking up at her. She looked at me with wide eyes. “Who hurt you?” She asked. I hesitated for a moment.

“Um The Braken.” I said looking around. I didn’t think my mom would believe me. My mom went to go speak but my dad walked into the kitchen.

“Hey Tommy.” He said patting my back. I waved at him. “Oh Tommy you forgot to close your closet door.” I looked at him and shook my head.

“What? It was closed this morning. I didn’t open it.” I said shaking. He looked at me and chuckled. “Um your window blinds were closed to it was pitch black.” I looked at my mom and she looked terrified. I looked back at my dad and he looked confused.

I pushed past my dad and ran up to my room. I opened the door and screamed. “LEAVE MY FAMILY ALONE!” I slammed the door shut and stomped down stairs. My dad stopped me at the bottom of the stairs.

“Woah calm down kiddo. What’s wrong?” I looked at him and started to cry. “We need to get rid of him. He needs to leave!” I said. I looked up the stairs and saw him looking at me with his red angry eyes. He showed his teeth and hissed at me and disappeared. I’ve never seen him angry.

“Dad.” I said shaking. “We need to move. We can’t stay here.” He looked at me and ran to the garage. He came back with a jar that said Go Away Monster Spray. He took my hand and we walked up to the room. He turned on the lights and the closet slammed shut. He walked over to the door and opened it and sprayed the spray. I could hear the sound of him screaming. My dad slammed the door shut and took me downstairs.

My mom was holding Hector when we came downstairs. “Is everything all right I heard a lot of doors slamming.” She asked petting Hector. My dad nodded. “Uh yes, I think everything’s ok. We’ll have to wait and see.” He looked at me and smiled.

“Well on that note, Tommy let’s get ready for school.” I nodded and hugged my dad goodbye. My mom and I made my lunch and walked to the car. When we got in the car my mom sighed. “Well we’ve had an interesting morning.” She looked at me and laughed. I smiled back at her, she had no idea.

To Be Continued...