

# Goodbye

Tik tak tik tak the clock rang, I was 15 years old sitting on the sofa in my room without knowing that this was going to be the worst and last night of my life. At 10:00 pm I was alone at home, my parents told me that they would spend the night at my uncle's house, a few hours earlier my parents had punished me because I had failed a geography exam, when my parents left I didn't want to say goodbye to them because they had taken everything from me except my mobile.

The strange things started at 12:00 pm when the doorbell rang. I sneaked out the window of my room and could only see a lanky shadow walking away.

I assumed it was a ring-the-bell-and-run prank but no, the shadow came back before the window closed, he raised a hand and greeted me. At that moment I felt a huge panic running through my body so I closed the window and went back to where I was. While I was calming down watching videos on tik tok an incoming call interrupted the video of miguelnon that I was watching,

I thought it was my parents but I saw that they were calling me from a hidden number. I picked up the phone and asked who it was. A man with a hoarse voice answered saying that he was a policeman and that my parents had died in a car accident. At that moment I was shocked and finally the policeman said that tomorrow they will take the bodies to the local funeral home.

The door of the house rang. I was surprised because I was new in the city and nobody knew where I lived. I thought it was the policeman who gave me the news so I went downstairs and opened the door. There was no one there, surely it was my imagination, I closed the door and started to watch television because I couldn't sleep. A few minutes later I heard a glass break in one of the upstairs rooms, I hid under the tablecloth, I heard some footsteps and when they stopped I peeked out of the corner of my eye and saw nothing, a while later I decided to go out and went upstairs to see what had happened. My bedroom window was broken when I got closer you could see a brick on the floor with a written note on it that said:

"goodbye"

I didn't have time to react and then I heard a loud thud coming from below.

I was puzzled for a few moments until I heard a drawer open. I peeked in to see what was going on and the kitchen light was on. There were two shadows and I saw one with a knife I hid under my bed and heard footsteps and voices getting closer, my heart was going a

thousand miles an hour until I saw the final step. A foot was placed in front of me and that shoe was familiar to me until I remembered that it was my father's. At that moment I didn't know what to do so I stayed under the bed until they moved away. Once they went downstairs I went to get the mobile from the sofa to be able to record everything that was happening, they heard my footsteps and rushed to my room I hid under the bed again. My mobile was able to record everything. After a while they came out. It was then when I played the video and they were my parents looking out of the ordinary. Mom had a knife in her hand and a crystal through her shoulder and Dad was horrified, he came out dripping blood and with many crystals all over his body. I panicked because according to the police my parents were dead and in the video they looked like they were, but what surprised me the most was what they were doing here.

Suddenly the power went out and I had no connection to call the police or post the video and

I heard voices asking where you are, we won't do anything to you but I stayed quiet trembling under the bed waiting for them to go away but they didn't.

They didn't leave and went into my room to look for me. I felt how they breathed and every step they took scared me more. I could differentiate the silhouette of mom dragging a knife across the floor and dad opening cabinets and looking behind the sofa. I knew that sooner or later they would find me. "We are doing this for your own good, son, come out from where you are", my father said.

I was scared to hear that but I didn't react so they wouldn't find me. Under my bed there was an iron bar, I took it but when I dragged it I made noise. After a moment of tension my father bowed his head. We stared at each other for a few seconds. I grabbed the iron bar and hit him in the leg, then I hit my mother wherever I could and escaped to my parents' bedroom. I heard some screams of pain but I still couldn't see anything.

I hid in the closet of the room, I thought that the danger had gone away and I opened the closet door. There were the two ghosts, in front of me, looking at me endlessly.

They flinched and said at the same time.

"This happens to you for not saying goodbye".

Now I dedicate myself to working with my parents, scaring people every night and the next victim will be you.

Oussoumane Keita (2°C)