

The knocking started a few nights ago. It was light at first, barely noticeable. I looked through the narrow window above my sink and saw nothing, so I shrugged it off. It didn't happen again until I was lying in bed, just about to fall asleep. It was louder this time, more bold, jolting me out from my on-coming slumber.

I couldn't be imagining it. There was something coming from the basement. I considered calling someone, maybe a friend, but when I did, no one answered. Not even my mum. It was as if I was cut off from the outside world. I tried calling the police, but to my dismay, the line wouldn't connect.

At this point, I will admit I was getting a bit anxious. Mind you, I pretty much live in the middle of the woods with no immediate contact with the outside world and there is someone— or *something*, not even sure which is better— knocking on my basement door. *Knocking*.

Then, there was a pause, and for a moment, I thought it might've stopped. Maybe it was just an animal that somehow got itself trapped in there. I could get it out in the morning, maybe even right now just to get it over with.

And so I got up from bed, taking in a deep breath, and made my way towards the basement, of course not without my handy metal pipe, which I always have accompanying my bedside. You never know, might need it.

I'm not sure if I imagined this part, but in that moment something felt... wrong. It sent an anxiety dragging down my spine. Kind of like a fork scraping across a plate, reverberating through my brain with such an intensity I felt like I was about to faint.

No slight wind brushing against the walls, no night-chittering from small insects hidden in the shadows, just complete stillness. The world had gone silent, devoid of any sign of life but my barely-contained breathing and the creaking of the floorboards beneath my feet.

Just as I was about to open the door, my fingers hovering above the handle, it came back. The knocking. But this time it was more frantic. Demanding, insistent rapping— angry.

It kept growing and growing, until it was slamming furiously against the door. I could almost see the door bending as it endured the relentless pounding, and I was afraid that the slab of wood

might be knocked off its hinges. I'm not a professional builder or anything, it couldn't possibly be that strong.

After a few seconds, I decided I didn't want to be around for that to happen and bolted the hell out of there, only that when I reached to unlock the front door, the knocking. The knocking. It was *everywhere*. On the windows, on the doors, beneath the floorboards, in the walls, slamming against every force shielding me from the outside world.

It wants out. It wants me.

I'm sorry to anyone craving specifics. Time has been quite blurry. I've been sitting in my room for who even knows how long. The knocking, I swear, it hasn't stopped. I can't be imagining things, I can *feel* the vibrations beneath my legs as they knock— fueled by garnered fury. I've trapped it and it's trapped me as well. I think it's coming for me and I'm not sure what will happen when it breaks through.

If it doesn't reach me soon, then I'll just rot away in here. Whether my body will go first or my mind, I'm not sure. Either way I'm screwed. My stacks of emergency protein bars, canned beans, and water bottles won't last me forever. I don't even wanna mention my bathroom situation

It's been dark for days, a thick darkness that slowly penetrates my mind. Tthe same stillness, everything silent except for the invasive rapping. Knocking. Knocking knocking No contacts have worked and writing is the only thing that makes this a little more bearable. If you don't hear back from me, assume the worst.

I just want to know if somebody out there