

Sunday nights were always exhausting, but tonight felt different. He'd grown accustomed to hauling drunks and the drugged, but nothing unnerved him like the girl sitting quietly in his back seat. Her albino skin was as pale as a candle's glow, her features almost blurred in the night, her blood-red eyes reflecting faintly in the dim glow of the dashboard. She looked about twelve, clutching a small notebook she seemed to be doodling in, but her gaze never left him, filling the car with a tense silence. Her destination seemed to be an abandoned cemetery and her expression mirrored that of a grave.

He glanced in the rearview mirror, only to be caught by those eyes—sharp, piercing, and ancient. He looked away, his fingers tightening around the wheel.

"So... what're you drawing?" he stammered, trying to sound casual, but his voice betrayed his nervousness. The silence pressed in as her gaze stayed on him, unblinking.

"Just sketching... scenes for a comic."

"What's it... about?" he asked, his voice barely a murmur, hoping for any response that might make her seem... normal.

"A taxi driver taking a girl to her destination," she said, her voice almost a whisper, "only to realize she's a ghost."

His breath caught, and he forced a chuckle that sounded hollow even to himself. "Aren't comics supposed to be funny?"

Her expression didn't change. "Sometimes, scaring people is more fun." She turned to look out the window, her voice softening. "The last person who drove me disappeared before sunrise."

His throat went dry, and a chill washed over him. He forced himself to keep driving, his pulse thrumming with every passing streetlight, each one dimming as they neared her destination—the abandoned cemetery.

Finally, the wheels halted to a stop by the entrance, his heart hammering. "We're... here," he managed, twisting around to tell her. But the back seat was empty.

Only the girl's notebook lay open on the seat, waiting.

Hesitation gave way to curiosity. He picked it up and began leafing through. Each page was a sketch of him—driving, glancing in the mirror, looking anxious. As he reached the final page, his breath caught in his throat: a sketch of his own face, eyes wide, as a pale hand reached for his shoulder.

The notebook slipped from his fingers, and by dawn, the taxi sat idling near the cemetery, headlights dim in the early light, its driver nowhere to be found.