

Every day is the same-I wake up, I work, I eat and I sleep. But every so often I find myself drawn to my window. I look outside and see the city before me- busy, rushing, the neon lights shining as the sun fades in the horizon. Nothing out of place. Nothing strange.

But looking out of it, I can't shake the feeling that something's wrong.

I don't know why, but something calls my attention there. A faint scrape, like nails on wood, coming from it. Or maybe a slight tap on the glass. And something in my brain can not help but be drawn to these sounds, like a moth to a flame. Is this paranoia? Or maybe I haven't been getting enough sleep again? Maybe I am just overly cautious?

I've been here for hours, just watching, waiting. Every time I close my eyes, there's a pressure in my skull, a buzzing in my ears. I can't help but look. To check. To see.

I pry my eyes away and gaze at my apartment. It's empty. Cold. Stale. Just me. But I know that I heard a noise come from this window. I must be imagining things. It could have been the wind. But now, standing here, I know better than to dismiss it.

I look back outside the window, my breath fogging up the glass as I press my fingers against its surface. The city stretches out below me- unchanged, familiar. But now, I see it. Nestled between the neon signs and blinking traffic lights, something is there. Something *wrong*. And I can't look away.

I should run. I should call the police. I should do *something*. But my body is locked in place, staring, hands shaking at my sides. My breath is coming in short, sharp gasps. I feel the pressure in my skull get stronger. My stomach twists, my pulse hammering against my ribs. The sound of it resonates through me, vibrating through my teeth, curling in my gut. I shake my head and force my eyes to squeeze shut.

I don't want to see it.

I can't see it.

I *can't* see it.

When I open them again, I get my wish. I don't see anything. That thing is gone. I released the breath I was holding as I crumbled to the floor. But then I barely have time to breathe before I hear it speak, in a voice I recognize as my own.

Not from outside.

Not from the window.

But behind me in a faint whisper.

“Look out the window. What did you see?”