

Senses

I gripped my torch as I walked through this dark and creepy forest. I don't even know why I was there. It started when I was driving fast on the highway. I was rushing home as it was my mother's birthday. I was trying my best not to fall asleep while driving

'75 kilometers to "Just Inn" the sign said. I thought to myself that I deserved a decent place to stay for the night after driving for hours. "Collect the pages" said a young voice in my head. I didn't understand what that meant. "Maybe because I was too tired, I start to hear things in my head" I told myself. I was too tired. I couldn't keep it up. Before I knew it, I was sleeping while the car was still in motion.

I woke up with a wound in my head and a sharp pain that was making my senses numb. When realization had hit me, I noticed I wasn't in my car anymore. I panicked. I ran around the forest, confuse and scared. Then I saw a beam of light. A bright light behind this thick, pale and leafless tree. I was relieved. Maybe someone had come to rescue me. As I walked towards this light, I noticed it wasn't someone but something. It was a torch. I reached out for the torch with my dead cold and shaking hands. The second I lay my hands on that torch, I got Goosebumps. I felt as if someone was right behind me.

I could feel him breathing. I could sense his presence. I could smell his scent. It faintly smelled like vanilla and reeked of death. I was curious. I wanted to know what he looked like — assuming it was a man. I forced myself to turn around. I saw nothing. Nothing but a lot of odd and creepy

looking trees, rotting leaves on the forest ground and the dark night sky above. I turned back to pick up the torch once more. This time the torch moved on its own, revealing a path of light. It pointed towards a tree at a far end. The tree had something quite small pinned to it. 'Collect the pages'. The voice in my head insisted me to. I made my way towards that tree. The tree had a note pinned to it. It said "Collect all the 8 pages', it was written in dried blood which seemed to age according to its color. At the bottom of the note it also said 'First Page' printed in those fancy writings during the medieval times. 'Great, only 7 more to find, where could they possibly be?' I asked myself.

After searching for the remaining pages, I had a feeling that the man whom I didn't know whether he existed or not, would appear in front of me. The night was cold and dark. Chills went through my whole body. My breathing suddenly changed. I was breathing really heavily, tired from running, scared and confused. Every step I took made a sound. Sounds of crushing dried leaves on the ground. This made me alert of my surroundings. Suddenly, I saw something at the corner of my eye. It was a figure, a figure of a very tall man. A tall and slender man. Every time I blinked, it got closer and closer. I dared myself not to face him up front, for he or it may take my life. Stubborn as I am, I turned around and faced him.

The man who had been following me, finally, I got to see who he was. Maybe he could help me get back to the road. I was wrong! He was tall, slender, pale and had tentacles for arms. The tentacles weren't the scary part of his physique. It was his face. I didn't even know if it was a face. It had a head but no facial features or whatsoever. He wore a very sophisticated suit though.

No eyes but I could feel his glare. No nose but I could feel him breathe. No lips but I could hear him calling out my name in a very devilish way. The longer I looked at him, the more my vision got blurry. Everything was pitch black for a while.

I was brought back in time. I believed it was the time of the British rule. A newspaper fell out of nowhere and landed right in front of me. 'Pedophile luring young children to woods finally caught!' the headlines read. I recognized the printing, it was the exact same font from the note I had seen earlier. "What shall we do with him?" asked a man in the police uniform. I assumed he was the sheriff or the head police of the town. To my surprise, his badge shows 'Joseph Schmidt'. That man was my father's grandfather. "Let's pour acid on this pedophile's face and leave him to die", said a man who was also in uniform. The man who was really tall, pale-skinned, slender and skinny begged for his life. "Please put me into prison for life instead of a horrid death penalty such as this" he pleaded. My great grandfather and the man with him answered him back "You deserve this! Luring in young children into the forest and making them play a torturous game where they have to collect and gather all 8 pages, and if they succeeded, you would only spare one life but torture, molest and kill the other innocent young children!"

Right after they have scowled at the man, they violently shoved his head into a large pail full of dangerous and corrosive acids. As soon as his face had contact with the concoction, his face melted away. Tossing and turning all about, trying to escape. After several attempts of escaping, he finally gave his last breath. It released a smoke of gas cum a really pungent stench.

Then, there was a bright flash of light, then black everywhere. I heard a demonic voice once again, "You shall go through what I did. I'll take all the

descendants of Joseph Schmidt until none of the family lives. This would serve as my revenge to the ones who brutally killed me. I shall avenge my own death”. It was the voice of the man, the man in the suit. The man with no face and who pleased himself in torturing children.

Two eyes for two eyes, a nose for a nose, lips for lips and ears for ears. Everything is dark now. This time, I couldn't see, feel, hear, taste nor speak. My senses had gone, completely. But I had the urge to lure young and vulnerable children to the forest.

I am now HIM.