

WINNER OF THE COMPETITION : *BEST HORROR STORY*

NOT A SOUND

What is the first thing you do when you are in danger ? You run ? You are petrified ? Or maybe you scream ? I am going to tell you my story, the most terrifying episode of my life. My name is Allison Spark. I am a random person living in a small flat close to Brooklyn. For my vacation, I had this fabulous idea of renting a house in a small village in the forest. There were some houses around but they were far away. I needed to escape from the city. Nevertheless, my boyfriend said he would come to visit me every Monday . Oh and I almost forgot, I have this one little special thing, just a little thing.. I am dumb (I can't speak)

I don't usually go that far from my house, but I had lost my cat, so I was looking for him. Pretty hard to search for your cat when you can't call him (even if I could whistle for him). I walked alone for two hours in the dark forest. The moon rose in the sky and it was getting colder when I saw a shadow, a human shadow...

The closer I got to this person, the more clearly I could hear meowing : it was my cat in the hands of a strange man. The second my cat saw me, he scratched the man's face and ran towards me, so glad to have found me. My cat had never hurt anybody before so I found this behaviour really suspicious. Right after this, the man came towards me. His voice was serious and broken and he was talking very slowly :

« God should thank me for having found your cat, young lady. You don't know how many predators are prowling around here ». He smiled and I saw his twisted teeth, yellow and dirty. I quickly took out my phone to write the fact that I was dumb ; I wrote the following message to him :

« I don't know if God will thank you one day , but I do want to. Thank you for having found my cat. »

After he had read this note , he said happier than ever :

« God is the greatest ! He sent to me a woman who doesn't have the ability to speak ! I'm sure it means something and I still have to pay my debt... I have to pay my debt and you are here because it is time for me to do so ! Your cat didn't find me just because I was there. He found me because God sent it to me, to make you come.

I began to freak out completely. This man was insane, totally out of control. He couldn't stop talking about God and how he would pay his debt thanks to me. I interrupted him and I wrote on my phone :

« I really have to go. Thank you again and goodbye. »

I walked away and he replied twisting his head around :

« I am sure we will meet again. God wants us to. Careful on the road? young lady, It would be too bad if anything happened to you. »

I woke up at 3 am due to someone knocking on the door. First I thought it was the wind, but since it wouldn't stop, I went to check. I decided to go down and see what it was. The further I got down the stairs the louder the knocking became. When I arrived in front of the door, I saw a man wearing a terrifying mask with a big smile and immediately he ran away. What I saw at my window next to my door horrified me. My cat had been slain and there was a message on the window : »Let's play «written with his blood. The man had left a tape at the window. I didn't know what I was supposed to do but I made the decision to play it. The voice on the tape was saying :

« I don't want to kill you now, it would not be much fun, but we are going to play a game ! I love games ! Do you know 'hide and seek' ? You'd better hide well because if I can enter this house I will kill you... young lady. »

My heart stopped beating for at least 5 seconds. I recognized the slow and broken voice of the scary man..and the 'young lady'. My first reaction was to get out of the house. I went to my window in my room, upstairs, and tried to get out through the roof. But I was making too much noise and I saw the creepy mask coming in my direction. I instantly returned and locked the window. I thought about another way of getting out. There was an exit in the basement. I ran to it and there I saw so much blood on the walls. And written in blood were the words« for God », « sacrifice », « forgive me », « give me mercy ».

It was disgusting, this crazy man had already entered my house. I opened the back door and ... I came face to face with him. I closed the doors so fast that he didn't have time to enter. Then I locked it. I had to tell someone.. I took my phone and sent hundreds of messages to all my friends and family (of course I couldn't call them), but ..the electricity... no more electricity.. no more Wifi... my phone was out of order.. none of my messages could be sent... I was trapped..

I was hiding in my room. The crazy man was still yelling things about God. For example, the fact that he would give me to God as a gift to pay his debt. I had no more ideas until I remembered that some people were living in this area and so... If I could just make an enormous sound to call people, then I could get out of here..My car ! If I broke the window,

my car would ring thanks to the alarm and the sound is really loud ! Quietly I opened the window of my room... no sound..nobody... I took my baseball ball and threw it at my car window. The alarm rang.

The crazy man sprang at me. He almost got me but I locked the window a second later. He got down from the roof and.... set fire to my car. My car exploded, the alarm stopped ringing. Of course he extinguished the fire afterwards. And then the man said : « This little game isn't fun any anymore, I'm coming now. » It was impossible for him to come into my house, I had locked all the doors. Yet right after this I heard a key turn in the cellar. He had the keys and now he was in my house. I hadn't any time to hide ,so I went into a cupboard in my bedroom. He entered the room and said « I can see you » . He was looking straight through the keyhole.

Obviously he caught me, brought me to the basement, tied me up and left me there. I can't tell for how long he left me in that basement but it was a long time.... He came back a few hours later and said :

« Sorry about the delay, but I had forgotten the knife of God. » He did some religious rituals. He sang, and after a long time, he put the knife on the skin of my throat and started to cut...

I bled... I was crying all I could until... Someone knocked at the door. The crazy man was surprised, he said,

« I will be back ». Then he put on a police uniform ,which was in his bag, closed the door of the basement and opened the main door. I saw that the sun was rising. I heard all the conversation. It was Monday, and it was my boy friend who had come to visit me.

« What happened ?Why is there a police officer in my girlfriend's house » asked Tom , my boyfriend, nervously.

« I am sorry to tell you the circumstances in this way, but, your girlfriend . We are investigating it » replied the crazy man.

« Oh my God !!!! Since when has she been missing ?Why was I not informed ? » exclaimed Tom. His voice was trembling. I wished more than ever that I had been able to scream. I tried to make some sound with my feet, but nothing worked.

« You were not informed because, she only just went missing last night » answered the crazy man.

« Last night ?What do you mean ? » questioned Tom.

« Well, some neighbours called the police because they said they had heard a girl screaming last night from this house. » I heard some hesitation in his voice...

There were no sounds for the following ten seconds, until I heard a punch and one of them fell down on the floor. Someone was coming into the basement.. It was Tom.

« OH MY GOD ALLISON », he shouted while running towards me and then untying me.

« I knew something was wrong as soon as he said they heard a girl screaming.... I have never been that happy to know you are dumb, my love ». He hugged me for a long time.

Finally he called the police and they took away the crazy man. The police told us that this man was called Rougia Gepior and he had escaped from a psychiatric hospital 5 years ago. The police told me he was the owner of the house I had rented and that was why he had the keys of the house.(I will never rent a house over the internet without having seen the owner first, never again !) And the crazy man was, as I thought, the person I had met in the forest. Moreover the man had been a police officer previously and that was why he had the uniform of a policeman. Tom drove me to Brooklyn. I had never been this happy about getting back to my apartment. But most importantly, as Tom said, I have never been that happy to be dumb. My disability actually saved my life !

Written by CAMILLE et AARON, Secondes 3-4 (Mme Blondeau)
(Freely inspired by a film)