

Your entryway is black. Looking at the swirling darkness sends a shiver down your spine, but you flip the light on. The soft glow brings you comfort as you open the freezer, cool air leaking out onto your face. You find the frozen noodles you bought from Meijer the day before, grabbing them and closing the door.

The generator turns on, the sudden hum making you jump as you scamper up the stairs. You know, objectively, that there's nothing there. There couldn't be, because you had just made your friend check for you earlier in the day. Still, you see a shadow move. At least, you think you do. Your breath shakes and you turn the light off.

Against your better judgment, you stare out into the darkness. You stare into the void that is your entryway, heart beating faster and faster. There's something there. In the back, where the light from the rest of the house couldn't reach, there was a *thing* staring back at you.

Its jaw was unhinged from the rest of its face, gaping as if it, too, was terrified. Its eyes were wide, sunken, blank. They stare *through* you, instead of *at* you. The thing doesn't move, doesn't blink, or anything. It just stares. You rub your eyes harshly, blinking rapidly and taking out your phone. The flashlight floods a harsh white light into the entryway, illuminating a painting hanging on the back wall. Gaping jaw, sunken blank eyes, *a painting*.

There's a soft huff from somewhere around you. You don't give yourself a chance to think it could've been you before slamming the door, throwing the box of noodles in the cabinet (you've lost your appetite and you'd be damned if you went back out there), and rushing to your room.