

My unfinished Biology presentation

It was getting dark outside. The stars already shone bright at the sky. Anna was home alone in the living room of her grandfather's old apartment near a small city in the north of Las Vegas. It was difficult for her to concentrate since she drank five cups of coffee not to fall asleep. Only two hours to finish her part of the group work ... And only thirty minutes until her grandpa would be home, although she hasn't even cleaned the kitchen yet. Anna wondered how she should manage all of this. "At least it's not raining," she thought to herself. With a little luck, the Halloween party tomorrow could also take place outside. It would be really great if she and her friends could have a campfire and not spend the whole evening inside.

The bluish light from the lamp was starting to give her a headache. Why had she waited until the very last minute to finish this stupid PowerPoint presentation for biology? Now the other two from her group were waiting for her and she had promised to finish everything by eleven o'clock this evening and send it to the others. What bad planning of her if she could just as easily have been through the whole thing last week ... Anna felt pretty unsatisfied.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang and Anna was startled from her thoughts. "What the hell?" she whispered with a look at the clock. Half past nine. Wasn't that a little late for unexpected visitors? She really hoped it wasn't her friend Miriam because she had the annoying habit of standing unannounced on her doorstep all the time.

But then Anna remembered that it was already the 30th, one night before Halloween maybe a couple of children mixed the dates up or simply couldn't wait and had already gone hunting for sweets this night?

She crept over to the front door and it hit her almost like a blow. Through the yellowed, patterned glass, she could clearly see the outline of a tall, darkly dressed person. It looked like a somber man was standing there. He raised a fist and tapped the glass three times slowly.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Anna was afraid. She was frozen and didn't know what to do. Bad memories of bad horror films came up to her mind. There was no way she wanted to open the door. She cleared her throat. "Hello?" she asked aloud. And then: "We don't have any candy, I'm sorry." She actually didn't think the creepy man wanted sweets. He still stood there in silence, as if he could examine her closely through the milky glass. Anna knew that this was not possible, but she still felt extremely uncomfortable. Then, he turned and disappeared. Anna could hear his steps on the stairs. She was relieved that he was gone.

To calm down, Anna decided to go back to the living room and call her grandfather. He would be there soon. Anyway, it was strange that his weekly game night with his friends was dragging on. Strange but still something that happened occasionally. When she dialed his number, her grandpa hung up immediately after the first ring. That was a lot weirder. Anna was still scared and wondered if the creepy man was still in her driveway or somewhere near the house. Fortunately, she knew that her grandfather was very afraid of burglars and always locked all doors and windows.

She decided to call her friend Miriam. "Hey how's biology going?" Miriam asked first as soon as Anna had dialed her number. "Hey ... biology is going well," Anna lied. "But that's not why I call. There was a strange guy standing in front of the front door and I was kind of scared."

Miriam sounded scared. "Wow really? Do you have a stalker?" Anna laughed. "No, I don't think so. I have no idea who that was ...he was quite tall and dressed completely in black. I even think he had a ski cap over his face. And he knocked on the door so weirdly, it really panicked me. But it is definitely just some stupid man who wants to scare the old people around here because of Halloween," Miriam bristled with anger. "I hope he does not throw raw eggs against the walls. I really don't understand why some people want to drag Halloween into the mud like that. It's such a cool event and then some idiots think they must play total strangers some mindless cliché pranks, it's so annoying. Anna grinned. "Write a petition, Miriam! 'Make Halloween Wholesome Again'. I would sign that right away." Miriam laughed. "But it doesn't matter, the main thing is that you call the police if the guy is on the doorstep again. There are a lot of break-ins this year ..." "Fine, I'll do it. I'm going to continue writing biology, okay? I still haven't finished and I need a distraction."

The two hung up and less than half a minute later, the doorbell rang again. Anna didn't even want to look. but the ringing didn't stop. The doorbell rang for almost a minute, followed by heavy pounding on the door as if someone were knocking with all their might. Finally, she got up to see who was there.

It was the same man with his black masked silhouette in front of the door. "Please go away," shouted Anna and tried to remain calm. "Either you go now or I'll call the police". She didn't know if it was silly of her to threaten the man. It could just be some stupid prank. But the quiet, tall man scared her, she really wished that her grandpa would finally come home.

Still standing in the hallway, she dialed her grandfather's phone number again. To her confusion and shock, she could hear the ringing of the cell phone very close to her ... Did her grandpa forget his cell phone at home again? Damn, that was so typical! The one time when she could really have needed his help and of course he was unavailable. She hung up.

The man was still standing in front of the door, motionless. She wondered if he could hear her and decided to call Miriam again.

"He's still here." she mumbled to her friend as soon as Miriam picked up the phone. "He's right in front of the door, I think he's staring at me ..." "Wait, what?" Miriam shouted in her ear. "Oh my god, you have to call the police!" "Yes, I think so too." "Anna, should I come over? I'll bring my father with me, then this guy will leave immediately!"

Anna thought about it for a moment. Why not? Miriam lives just two streets from here and she would feel more comfortable if someone were with her. Additionally, she did not want to call the police. Maybe it is not serious and the police officers would laugh at her. "Only if you want," muttered Anna. "We'll be there in five minutes!" Anna felt relieved.

She sat down in the living room again and tried not to think about the man who was most likely still standing in front of her front door ...

Thirty minutes later, Miriam and her father were still not there.

Anna went back into the hallway where she could still see the gloomy man in front of the door. "What do you want?" she exclaimed angrily. "You're just making a fool of yourself! Go away!"

She picked up the phone again and dialed Miriam's number ... and she could hear the phone ringing ... from somewhere in the house.

What did that mean? She listened and tortured the doorbell. It came from the cellar. She opened the door and went down the steps. The ringing grew louder with every step. Anna knew that it had to come from the boiler room. When she opened the door, she saw it.

Miriam's dead eyes stared down at her from the floor, a stream of blood ran from her mouth. Her chest was stabbed many times, gigantic, blood-red wounds. Next to her lay the corpse of her father who also had an expression of horror on his face and had a huge kitchen knife stuck in his waist. His chest was opened, a bit like a skier fish.

Anna screeched. She felt dizzy and wanted to vomit and her eyes burned with tears. She didn't know how long she stood there desperately looking at her friend's dead body. But at some point, she noticed that the other phone had stopped ringing and that she was being called by someone on her cell phone. From her grandfather.

Even through the panic and the convulsive fear, Anna could feel relief when she read the word 'grandfather' on the screen.

"Yes?" she sobbed. A rattling breath could be heard. "Go to the pantry, Anna," said the strange man. His voice was rough and dry. "You surely want to know what happened to your grandpa?" Then he hung up.

Anna turned and laid her eyes on the pantry. She knew she had to run away but was too curious. She had to know what he had meant ... Full of horror, she took one step after the other in the direction of the room at the end of the cellar corridor. She opened the creaky, old door and there in his ancient rocking chair sat her grandfather.

His eyes were nothing but empty and bleeding. Someone removed them. His stomach was cut open like Miriam's father. Anna could just scream when she felt the cold grip on her neck.

"Happy Halloween, Anna" said the man and it should be the last word she would ever hear. There, in the dark cellar with all the corpses.

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