

“WANTED- BRAVE EMPLOYEE” ,,,,,, the sign reads.

I survey the landscape in front of me. A wide, barren field that stretches way past the horizon with a massive circus tent located just beside a small cluster of trees. When I say barren, I mean barren. The performers are nowhere to be seen and the only sounds are the strangely distorted chirping of birds. The stench of soggy grass and moss assaults my nose.

I make my way down the slope towards the tent. Curiosity has taken the wheel. The ground is abundant in holes, making it hard not to trip and fall face first. I see why the performers aren't practicing here.

At last, I reach the tent flaps. They billow in the wind gracefully like giant elephant ears and I find myself wondering why the sign was so foreboding. Something wasn't right...

I glance around for a minute, observing the tent and peaking inside the flaps before realizing that no one else was there. No one at all. The smell of nature has gone and in its place is the stench of rot and what I think might be blood. The dead silence chills my spine and I prepare to make a run for it before something stops me in my tracks.

A voice, but not just any voice.

A terrifying, scratchy, rasping, rattling voice that grates on my ears and makes my stomach sink like a ship with a hole.

It's saying something.

Something inaudible.

I can't decipher it.

The sheer horror has seemed to numb my senses.

It's getting louder.

Closer.

An unnerving shadow grows on the inside of the tent flap like a murderous seedling, getting larger and larger.

I don't have any time to spare.

I run.

I run across the field, back up the hill and through the forest until I reach my house. No one is home. I sprint through the door, locking it as tight as I can and scramble up the staircase. The voice has disappeared. All I can hear is the humming radio static and my panting.

An hour later, my parents arrive home. They clatter in through the door, carrying countless shopping bags. They call up to me, but I don't tell them about the circus tent ordeal.

Night-time comes and I sit in bed staring at the wall. I'm still feeling disturbed by the circus tent, as any sane person would be, but at least I'm not visiting the field again anytime soon.

Then, I hear it.

The voice.

It's exactly the same as before, but this time I can make out what it's saying.

“Hello again, Amy.”

Oh no.....