This is the story of the Thing that Watches.

Nobody knows that it really looks like, though some have speculated. Most people would go as far to say, it doesn’t even have a body. I’ve even heard a rumor it doesn’t even have eyes. You just feel this unnerving sensation when you are all alone.

They say it’s the type of feeling you receive after doing something wrong. Breaking something in the house, getting caught in a lie, and knowing that something is looking for you. Well the first time I heard of the Thing that Watches I was kind of intrigued. Some ominous creature that has a story was truly fascinating. What captivated me the most about this retelling was that, the person that has told me had actually seen it.

I figured that it was just some talk to sound cool, or perhaps to intensify the story. It actually would help a story if it was told in person. He told me that this creature only shows itself at night. I smirked at the ironic statement. He said that if you do fall into its line of sight, that this impossible feeling of hopelessness would rest on your shoulders.

Not unlike a spider patiently waiting in its web. This creature will find a spot in your room, and shift from one angle to another. The cracked closet door, to the furthest corner in your room from your bed, the window just slightly obscured from the curtain. It’s the perfect hunter. I was told that it takes this creature quite a while to find you, but if you are patient, and you sit in utter darkness waiting for it. The Thing will come for you.

I wasn’t sure what to believe, I knew it was just a myth, but something in my head just wondered at the 1 in 1 billionth possibility that it was true. I guess I was just over thinking it, but my friend who was telling me this, had a shaken look about it when he told me. Either he was a very good actor or he really did have something messed up happen. He was looking over my shoulder at something off in the distance. Before telling me he had to go.

I looked back and nothing was there of course.

It’s been a week since I last heard about this shadowy predator, and being a slight insomniac I progressively stopped using lights in my room. The TV was off, the lamps even the curtains were drawn. The only light was my computer, I would sit night after night, my headphones blocking out any noise. Occasionally I would catch that random need to glace around, not because I was scared; but because I just wanted to see what was there. There was no creature, no ominous feeling, just my dark TV, my desk, my closet wide open because I didn’t care, just no creature. I began to suspect my friend of just having mental issues, his girlfriend did just break up with him, or perhaps it was just problems at his house. Though, I just couldn’t shake the emergency in his voice when he told me about the Thing that Watches.

Eyes so black you can’t see them in the shadows. Skin, so charred and dark almost like that coat on the wall. How it never attacks, it just waits. This predator watches you like a sniper hiding in a nearby building watching for days. It’s only when you realize that it sees you, is when you gain the feeling. A feeling of disgust, a feeling causing a faint shiver, one that makes you look at your darkened room again and again, after you shut off the light.

When is it going to attack? No one knows, like I said most of it was speculation. But, there are eyes looking at me from my closet. I don’t know if I can make it to my door, what if it attacks..