

A Story I had to do for school

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Not sure what to title it... I had to write a horror story for school, but it didn't turn out that horrry.

One-shot fic.

Just read it, it's kind of interesting.

If you think I should put this in another category, just tell me, ok?

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Chapter 1 - Well, this is the story...

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1 - Well, this is the story...

Janie Livingston ran through the dark streets, red hair billowing out behind her. She had promised to be home from a party two hours ago, and was going to be in a lot of trouble when she got home. She should have called home to say she was going to be late, or sleeping over at her friend's house or something. But, time flew by, and she got lost in the thick of things. So now, Janie was rushing home, trying to think of an explanation for her tardiness that wouldn't get her in even more trouble. Suddenly, she stopped short, panting from her run. An eerie howl cut through the night, and Janie spun frantically around to try and figure out what direction it came from. She suddenly noticed a tall, menacing figure lurking near the entrance to a back alley. The figure turned around, and she saw the creature's fierce, yellow eyes and heard its howl before she fainted from fear.

Janie woke up in a dark place. "Where am I?" she thought. As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she saw that she was lying on a bed in a well-furnished room. However, it was no room she had ever seen before. The first thing she noticed was the lack of electric lights. Squinting through her tired eyes, she saw that the décor was rather old-fashioned. The bed itself was a large and comfortable canopy bed. A dresser and wardrobe took up most of the wall to her left, and on her right were a few assorted paintings and a large, ornate door. In front of where she lay, the wall was bare, save for a single, simple door. Well, as simple as a door can be when it is visibly blocked by iron bars. Janie sighed as she realized she would not be able to get out through that door. "It's kind of like the movies," she thought, slightly amused, "I'll bet that's the one door that leads out of here..." She sat up carefully, making sure she was all right. She felt a little dizzy, but otherwise, she was okay.

Eyes more adjusted to the darkness now, Janie walked slowly to the ornate door that was to the right of the bed. She reached out a hand, and was pleasantly surprised to find that it glided open easily. Janie cautiously peered around the door, to find herself in a large bathroom.

It was brighter in here, due to a single candle that sat on the counter. From what Janie could tell, the toilet appeared to be modern, but the rest of the furnishings weren't. A large vanity sat against the left wall, and a claw-footed bathtub was straight ahead. A large, plush rug sat on the floor. She picked up the candle so she could look around a little easier and noted that it wasn't very melted, meaning it wasn't burning for very long. She noted that the wallpaper was faded and peeling, and the mirror had a large crack. Wherever she was, this place seemed to be very old.

Carefully holding the candle, Janie walked back into the bedroom. Now that she had a light, she could get a better look at the paintings on the wall. All of them appeared to be portraits of similar looking people. "They must be the family that lived, or maybe still lives in this house." Janie mused, "But what are those marks on all of their cheeks?" All of the people had two straight, whisker-like markings on each cheek. That wasn't the only similarity, though. All of them had similar faces, eyes, and even hair color. "Yes, definitely a family." Janie decided. She was startled out of her thoughts by the barred door rattling! She quickly blew out the candle and darted over to the bed. Her instincts told her to hide, but where? The door began to move, and Janie made a decision. She hid under the bed, not the most comfortable place, but it would do. As the door creaked open, Janie realized she was still tightly clutching the candle.

Footsteps were clearly audible as whoever it was entered the room. They stopped, and Janie judged the person to be roughly in the middle of the room. “Dang, where is she?” A gruff voice said. Janie resisted the natural urge to gasp and be discovered, as the footsteps came closer to the bed. At the last possible moment, they veered off towards the bathroom door. “She’s not here either... She’s been here though, the candle in here’s gone.” The voice sighed. The footsteps went back to the bed. Janie squirmed a little closer to the wall, for good measure. She heard a soft thump as something was set down on the bed, then a sharper sound as something hard was set down somewhere else, possibly the dresser. The person left the room, and Janie almost sighed with relief as the door was shut and locked. She waited about ten seconds just in case, then emerged.

A tray had been placed on the bed, and a lit candle was on the dresser. Janie first went over and lit the candle she was still holding, then placed it in a holder near the bed, so she could see a little better. She glanced at the tray, and saw that it had food on it. Her stomach growled, and she reached for the tray. “As long as I’m here,” she thought, “I might as well eat to keep up my strength.” Her meal was simple, an apple, some bread, and a cup of water. However, it tasted fresh and good. Refreshed, Janie leaned back and began to think of a way she could get out of this mess. Before long, she was fast asleep.

When Janie woke up, she saw that someone had come in, taken away the tray, and blown out one of the candles. She stretched, and got up. The remaining lit candle was quite melted. With a jolt, Janie realized how long she had been asleep. It was colder now, and she was shivering slightly. After a quick trip to the bathroom (the toilet was modern, as she’d guessed), Janie got under the covers of the bed. The blankets were soft, and she quickly warmed up. Just as she was drifting off again, the barred door began to open. Janie was instantly alert. She didn’t have time to hide under the bed again, so she feigned sleep. The door swung open, and the person entered. “Ah.” The same gruff voice as before whispered. “Well, asleep is better than hiding who knows where.” She heard the footsteps go over to the bathroom. “Just got to check something,” the person mumbled to himself as he opened the door. With that, Janie slid out of the covers and ran softly to the open door. “Thank god these floors don’t creak!” She thought with relief. She exited and found herself in a hallway. Uncertain about which way to go, she randomly chose a direction and ran.

How long she ran, Janie couldn’t say. All she wanted was to get out of wherever she was. She stopped before going around a corner, because she heard voices. “Yeah, I’m pretty sure she went this way.” “Why do you say that?” “Look, you can see her shoe prints here in the dust.” “Uh oh, that means I went around in a complete circle!” Janie thought. She turned around to run the other way, and maybe go through one of those other halls, but she tripped and fell. “What was that?” one of the voices said. “It come from over there!” another replied. Janie tried to get up quickly, but she had banged her knee, and it was really sore. “THERE SHE IS!” “GET HER” Janie began to run again, but was overtaken by her pursuers. She was grabbed roughly by the arms and legs and lifted off the ground. She caught a glimpse of faces similar to the portraits in the room and then passed out.

When she woke up again, she was back in the room she was previously imprisoned in. Her wrists and ankles were tightly tied, and she could hardly move. Janie sighed. “Why me?” She thought, “Why did those people kidnap me? Why?” The door opening again startled her. She braced herself for the worst, but needn’t have bothered. A boy of about her age came in, and knelt down beside her. He had the whisker-like marks on his cheeks too, but his face looked different, kinder. Janie began to squirm again, but the boy said, “Shhh. Calm down. I’m only going to untie you.” His voice was soft, and Janie relaxed a little, reassured. As soon as her bonds were released, she sat up. “Are you okay?” The boy asked.

“Well, I was kidnapped, stuck in here, escaped, got caught, trussed up like a turkey, and thrown back in here! How do you think I feel?” she hissed under her breath. “C’mon, let’s get you out of here.” The boy said. “By the way, I’m Xander.” “My name’s Janie.” She replied.

Janie was confused, sore, tired, and scared, but she had no choice but to trust this strange boy. “I’m going to have to loosely tie your wrists again, so if anyone sees us, they won’t be suspicious, okay?” Xander said. Janie nodded. He gently tied her wrists together. It looked as though they were tightly bound, but in reality they were loose enough to slip out of at any time. Janie followed Xander out of the room, and down a hall. They walked for what seemed like hours, but in reality, was only about ten minutes. Janie soon lost her bearings in all of the twisting hallways and staircases, but Xander seemed to know where he was going. Soon, they came to a large door. “This leads outside. I will show you the way back to town, but from there you will have to find your own way.” he said. “Okay, just get me out of here, please.” Janie replied. Xander pushed open the door and they exited into the cold night.

Janie looked around as she ran beside Xander. She had discarded the ropes ‘binding’ her hands together long ago. They appeared to be a mile outside of town, but it was hard to tell, because thick clouds were blocking the moon. They ran for a while longer, then Janie spoke up. “Why are you helping me? You aren’t like those other people, are you?” “Well, I never really agreed with their ideas, so... Oh. It’s kind of hard to explain...” Xander fell silent, so Janie dropped the subject. “At least those clouds are moving away. It’s getting a little easier to see in the moonlight.” Xander stopped suddenly. “Moonlight?” He said, an odd look on his face. He turned to Janie and said, “You can find your way back to town easily if you just follow this path. I’m sorry, but I can’t go with you any longer. You’re out of danger for now, but keep moving.” With that, he turned and began to walk away. Janie stood there for a moment, then continued along the path.

The clouds moved away from the moon suddenly. Janie heard a cry from behind her, and turned around to see Xander a ways up the path, doubled over. “Xander!” Janie yelled. “KEEP MOVING, JANIE!” He called back. Janie began to slowly walk backwards, then stopped short. Something was happening to Xander. He was transforming, and it appeared to be painful. “What’s going on?” Janie asked out loud. Xander was now a miniature version of the creature she had seen the night she was kidnapped. “Jay-nee” the Xander-creature said in a rough voice, “Keep moving...” With that, Xander turned to run the other way, and Janie stood there, stunned for a moment. Then she turned around and continued toward town. “Good bye, Xander. I won’t forget you.” She whispered.

THE END