

# Why I'm afraid of Clowns

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*Its a short story that i wrote for the Plurlist Contest at school last year. Its short. Oh, and I came in first.*

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**Chapter 1 - Why I'm Afraid of Clowns**

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# 1 - Why I'm Afraid of Clowns

It's a short story that I wrote for the Pluralist Contest at school last year. It's short. Oh, and I came in first out of my school. ^^ Please Comment on what you think about it. ^^

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Well, it all started when I was five years old. Back then, I loved clowns; I was obsessed with them! I had clowns everywhere! Clown clothes, wallpaper, toys, etc. The only thing that wasn't clowns yet was my bed quilt. I was getting that for my birthday, which was in a week. I couldn't wait.

For my birthday, my parents had gotten a clown. I was so excited! All my friends were coming and I knew it would be the best birthday I'd ever have.

The week went by really fast and my birthday finally came. Everyone came! I was so excited and thrilled when I opened the presents. Most of the presents had something to do with clowns and I got the clown quilt.

After, we had the cake - vanilla cake with chocolate icing and Oreo cookie crumbs as sprinkles - my favorite.

Then the clown came. When the clown came in, he brought in some magician things in with him, like the box that saw people in half and stuff. He did some tricks with balloons and he pulled a balloon-shaped rabbit from his hat.

After, he asked for a volunteer to be sawed in half. Of course, he picked me since I was the birthday girl. I laid down in the box, all hyper and excited, when the clown, in mid-sentence of explaining the trick to everyone, leaned next to my ear and whispered, "hold still or this could really, really hurt."

I froze in fear as the saw came down on the wood and started cutting the box. I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my side and screamed. The clown stopped and opened the latch. I climbed out, looked at my side and gasped. The yellow t-shirt that I was wearing was cut and below the cut, the shirt was now all red and drenched in blood.

I screamed and ran over to my mom. I kept trying to show the cut to my mom but for some reason she didn't seem to see it, but how could you not see it? The shirt was stained and my hands were covered in blood. What, had my mom gone blind?

I was confused and frightened. Why didn't my mom see my cut? Suddenly I heard a deep, evil, terrifying laugh. I turned around and realized that it was the clown. He laughed some more until he noticed I was staring at him.

He looked at me and said, in his deep booming voice, "Your mommy can't help you now. She can't see the cut; no one can, except for you and us clowns!" Then he went off in a really deep and scary laugh while I just stood there scared out of my mind.

~ Ever since that day, I've been terrified of clowns! I still have a scar on my left side and it's a really nasty looking one too, at least to me it is. My parents now think that I'm slowly losing my mind, and well, maybe I am... Muwhahahaha!