

I have almost become familiar with them.

They come every night. First, they look at me from the window. I lie in my bed and stare at the window cross.

They want to examine me to see if I am ready for them. I surely know that I cannot hide my fear and my horror. They feel it and I know that this attracts them even more.

Now they slowly move closer. Yes, horror takes its time. There is no rush. I am cold and the fear makes me stiff. They have only one aim: to kill me.

I close my eyes, as if this would cause the danger to disappear, yet I know they are still there and watch me.

I cannot ignore them. I want to scream, but I can't. The fear makes me quiet.

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*they
are just
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cruel-
cold,
so
hard
and
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cruel
as I am.*