

# Your Guide to *Monsters*

You, my friend, have creatures in your room.

Now, don't go on this rant about how you think your crazy, or its in your head, or your kids have *wild imaginations*.

They are there, and they're watching.

I've never been able to tell what their plans are, why they sit in our rooms, houses, and apartments, trying to scare us. *Don't ask me. And certainly, do not shoot the messenger. It's not like I created these things.*

Some of them are *embarrassed* of what they look like. Some don't want to scare us. Others take advantage of their horrifying looks. They get a kick out of seeing us squirm into the corners of our beds. Their only purpose? To cause goosebumps, *at least that's what they want to believe.*

I am here to explain everything. *Why they exist, how they exist, who they are, and what they are at heart.* I am your trusty guide through this mental madness, and breach of sanity, that we call Monsters.

I wish to start with what Monsters are, and how they exist.

When enough scared kids (and adults) imagine something, or hallucinate something, it becomes real.

...That doesn't make a lot of sense, does it?

"Well why can't I imagine having a million dollars? People would imagine that enough to make it happen, right?"

*That's not how it works.*

After you've watched a scary movie, you might have a tough time falling asleep, right? Scary thoughts are extremely strong, much stronger than normal thoughts. If you face the wall, you swear somethings behind you,

staring. If you close your eyes, you swear something scuttles over your nose, when it's just hair. That pile of clothes in the corner looks like a person laying on the ground.

Things are different when you show a kid a scary movie.

Kids *do* have better imaginations, and **whimsical** thoughts, that is true. But kids are also incredibly *naïve*.

The main reason these things exist? Kids' thoughts are **POWERFUL**.

If you show a kid a scary movie, that will be engrained with them for the rest of their lives. Their mental boarder of fiction and reality is incredibly slim. If you tell a kid "Johnny chainsaw is coming to get you," they will believe it.

Eventually, with that thought still in their little minds, the barrier between fiction and reality breaks, and these creatures flood into the reality section. The thoughts got too strong.

It pretty much goes from "What if the sky was purple?", to "OMG THE SKY IS PURPLE!!!!!!".

Those blurs *you could have sworn* were hands are real now and reaching for your legs.

These monsters are basically *poltergeists*, but you can see them and feel them in the hours of the night.

In movies, monsters usually take the form of people.

No. Just, no. If you were trying to be scary, you would have your guts coming out of your mouth, fangs, horns, animalistic features, etc.

I get it, smiling wide is creepy, but come on! So overused! *Especially smiling clowns*.

All the monsters I know only have a few humanlike features.

Speaking of human-like things...

Let's move on to our first monster, The Monster in the Closet.

Do you know those ghosts on TV? No, not the white ones, the shadow figures. They don't have that weird floaty wavy tail. Instead, they have feet, and are pitch black.

The Monster in the Closet looks like a shadow figure, but with solid mass, and extreme definition. You can see where his eyes should be if you're close enough, but they just appear as empty sockets. His only other facial feature is his nose, no mouth. He wears a top-hat, and occasionally **hums nursery rhymes**, (he would sing if he could). He peeks his head out the closet quite often, either out of curiosity, or to scare you.

*Bob*, (yes, his name is Bob), is quite common with children, and if you ask your kids if they have seen him, you will probably get a yes. (I have many a friend who have said the same.)

He smells like **flowers**, and **eucalyptus**. The smell is so powerful, and sickeningly sweet, that I would rather call it an overwhelming *stench*. It's meant to bring you in, but it makes most plug their nose and **gag**.

He comes with different variants and personalities, varying for each kid, but all just as scary. Some versions of him open the closet door, and just stare. Some come in from the outside door when this child is suffering insomnia, and their parents are asleep. Some get close, **staring over you**, until you open your eyes, in which he retreats into the closet.

All Bobs wear the top-hat though.

Some wear suits and ties to go with it, some have watches, and some, even glowing eye sockets.

He is almost completely silent in his movements, and the only sound he makes is his **eerie humming**.

Don't be afraid, he can't get you!

**Be afraid of the others who *can, like* The Monster Under the Bed.**

He's sad and has no social skills.

He can't be friends with the other ones, because he doesn't want to scare us... but he still does.

He lives a sad life, underneath your bed. The creaks and groans you hear in the night are from him. Adults simply blame the sounds on floorboards, or the most common one, "It's just an old house."

Those creaks and groans are how you or I would *cry*.

Nobody sees him, they just feel him, **tugging** at their arms and legs.

At that feeling, most kids recoil and tuck all their limbs, (and sometimes even their heads), under their **blankets**.

Some kids, strange kids, forget to. Kids that feel lonely themselves are almost drawn to him, and don't care about pulling their limbs up. They don't believe it, don't get that feeling of doom.

Let's imagine you're in that situation. You forget to pull your leg back up, and The Monster Under the Bed strikes, (That's a lot to type, let's name him Steve.)

Steve latches onto your leg, and pulls you under, into his place.

He thinks you're his new friend.

But you aren't, and don't want to be.

He takes you to his world, an **escape** through a hole in the wall. You are trapped in there with him for the night and stuck to play. He takes you up once the sun rises, and gently places you back in bed, making you think it was the most horrifying nightmare of your life.

He wishes he could crawl out of his hiding place, but unlike the others, sunlight hurts his pale skin.

Steve has an oval-shaped, bald, white skinned head, with beady eyes. His face separates in a clean line across the center and opens like a hinge, to

reveal rows upon rows of sharp teeth. His head attaches to a seemingly normal neck and shoulders, but rather than his arms slowly coming to a taper for wrists and hands, his arms widen and to fade black, into a set of monstrous, large claws. These claws are steaming, covered in a liquid state of lead.

His upper half goes down to a torso, and legs. His legs are black and seem to be deflated and removed of feet. Instead of having feet, his withered legs come to sharp points. To this poor soul, his lower half is useless anyways, Steve is paralyzed from the waist down!

He smells like mold and mildew, with a strong afternote of metal and bleach. It would make your throat go dry, and your head hurt, as it got ever stronger and closer.

The next time you hear creaks in the night, think of him, and hug your legs just a little bit closer.

*Speaking of legs, oh boy, there's another common monster!*

In the night, have you ever seen something move in the corner, propelling you to turn on the lights, only for nothing to be there?

It's there all right!

“Spider-man! Spider....man? AAAAAH!”

Many kids have screamed this in the night, whilst seeing a spider crawl up the wall, and then a human head, before realizing these two things of different worlds are attached at the neck. They squinted, before their parents came into the room and turned on the lights...

Nothings there, except for annoyed parents, and those same annoyed parents scolding their children.

Now, you have either been the annoyed parent, the scared child, or maybe even both.

Have you ever really thought about what that thing in the corner was?

That creature isn't a *was*, *it is*.

Our final creature is-

Ta-Daaaa!

The Monster in the Corner.

“Wow, what a creative name!” Said no one, ever. So, for now, let's call him Jeff for the sake of my tired fingers.

Jeff is a massive tarantula, with a human head attached. The head looks almost completely human, with a bad comber, and its hair is somehow always wet. He has no eyelashes, eyelids, or eyebrows, so he looks eternally surprised. His skin is an exceptionally light gray. **Jeffs head abruptly attaches to the tarantula part, and he is quite jarring to look at.**

Jeff is the reason there are random spider-webs left in the corners.

Jeff is harmless. He is only somewhat creepy, and somewhat annoying. He smells like dusty water tastes, **dull, dirty, and** not *too* overwhelming.

***When Bob, Jeff, and Steve gang up on you, you know you're going to have a rough night.***

If only kids' imaginations weren't so wild, right? If only these things didn't exist, darn kids! Wrong! These things would probably emerge from a second Chernobyl or something, or toxic and polluted streams, in **no time**.

Either way, you're stuck with them. This is just a not-so-little guide on what to expect in the night, in the creepiness of your room, and what your twisted imagination can get up to, when left in the dark.

***Goodluck, you'll need it!***