

## The Creaking Boards

It was the middle of the day, and I was in my house all alone. My mother had gone off to work and wouldn't be back till late night. So, I would usually sit around and watch television, and when I got hungry I would eat some leftovers from last night.

I was watching TV one night, about four hours before my mom came home and I heard something. It wasn't in my house though. I didn't think about it too much, it was normal for weird noises to happen in my house because it was very old. We wanted to get a new one soon but until that happened we were stuck here.

Soon I was getting ready to go to bed. Then, I heard the creaking again. But this time it was down stairs. I raced to my room and slammed the door shut locking it behind me. What was it? Who was it? The question rang in my head like bells. The creaking was gone. It was completely silent.

I slowly made my way back down the stairs taking one slow step at a time. When I got to the last step I looked around, no one. It was odd, how there was a noise with nothing to provide it. I figured I was just tired so I went to bed.

In the morning my mom woke me up. She looked worried.

"Mom, what's wrong?" I asked.

"Have you been hearing creaking in the house?" She asked, her face as pale as a snowman.

"No." I choked out. Why did I lie? I could not tell. But her face seemed to relax.

"Okay, just tell me if you do okay." She said, with her normal everyday smile. "I asked for the day off today so I can go and see some friends, are you okay here alone for a bit." She said, with her smile.

"It's okay." I said, trying not to worry her.

By the time she was gone my heart started to race. What was the sound? How did my mom know about it? It wasn't normal for the house to make that noise. Then again maybe it was. Again, I wiped it off and figured it wasn't anything bad. Around the same time as the other night I heard the

boards creaking once more. I looked behind me to see nothing. This time I refused to run. I got up off of the couch and looked around downstairs. I looked around the kitchen, the living room and even the bathroom. Nothing, nothing was there. I researched the house following what the sound came from.

I finally got tired and started going up stairs to my room. Then The stair creaked. Nothing was on it. I walked up to the stair that was still creaking. I stepped on it and then it stopped. I put all my weight on the step with no creak. That is when I knew the noise wasn't from something walking around, it was from something under the floorboards.

I rushed to my room frightened by my discovery. Why did mom want to know what it was? Was it something that was dangerous? I couldn't sleep that night. When my mom got home she woke me up.

"Did you hear anything today." She asked me in a worried tone. At this point I didn't want to hide it, it was weighing on me like a sack of potatoes that was forced upon my shoulders.

"Yes," I finally said in a tired, drowsy voice. "It was under the floorboards." I got out before closing my eyes to go back to bed. In the morning she woke me up again. This time I was a bit more awake.

"You're coming to work with me." She said, helping me out of bed.

"Okay." I said, too tired to protest. I got dressed and walked out of my room to the creaking. My mom was staring at me with wide eyes. She signaled to me to walk forward slowly and quietly. I did so and slowly made my way down the stairs.

"Hurry out of the house." My mother's voice yelled behind me.

"Mom, how did you know about the creaking?" I asked, still a bit tired but shocked by the events that just took place.

"I've been hearing it for a while, I just shook it off until-" She paused, not finishing her sentence. "Until I heard it in your room." She finally said after a long second.

When we got to my mom's work I started to wander around and explore. She even let me go to the mall next door to look at some things that I like. I ran into some of my teachers and some friends as well. I told them about the creaking in my house and about how my mom had me go to work with her today. I went back and told her all who I met and talked to

her for a bit after. When we finally got home I saw a cop car out in front of our house. I looked at my mom with confusion. She gave me the face that showed that she had called them. When we got out of the car the sheriff walked up to us.

“It’s great that you called us miss, and it was smart to take your daughter with you.” he said with a low voice. This confused me, why did my mom bring me? What was going on in my house? “Ma’am during our search we found a man that we have been looking for some time. He usually hides under people’s homes and starts to slowly make the people in it go crazy and kill them.” He said, his voice shook as the words came out of his mouth.

“So all along I was with a serial killer?” I asked, already knowing the answer. I prayed that they would say no, but instead they both looked down at the ground.

“Well at least he was caught.” My mom said, looking up at the sheriff. The sheriff’s face went from emotionless to worried.

“Yeah, about that-” The sheriff said, putting his hand behind his neck.

“He ran off when the police saw him.”