“Knock, Knock” (231)

Breanna Johnson, Broadcasting Major, Class of 2017

#Horror, home alone, dark, creepy

“Who’s there?”

Leza stopped cutting vegetables. She spun around quickly and smiled- it was just the refrigerator door. Another knock. Louder. She put the knife down and wiped her hands on her apron, walking around the refrigerator through the living room to the front door. “Hello?” she asked again. Silence. She opened the door only to see a lonely streetlight within the distance.

Leza closed the door again before hearing another small knock—it came from upstairs, maybe. Leza stared up into the dark stairwell and hesitated. Maybe it was the wind? Another knock, louder. It echoed through the house. She grabbed onto the railing and slowly crept up the stairs.

With every step she took, the knocking grew louder, impatient. The banging grew violent the guest room door rattled. Panic surged through her body as she made her way toward the direction of the sound. Leza’s heart slammed against her chest, her palms slick with sweat and trembling as she reached for the knob. She flung the door open only to see a neat but empty room.

Leza’s knees gave; a cold sensation bloomed inside of her. She quickly closed the door and ran back downstairs. It was in her head. It had to be in her head.

She walked over to her cutting board. Her knife was gone. She heard another knock, this time behind her. The refrigerator door.