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Don't Go In- Free Short Story To Add To Your Fiction, Sci-Fi Ezine

By Laura Hickey

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by: **Laura Hickey**

Don't Go In

Have you watched a scary movie and then gone to bed right after? Your mind scrambles with ideas about different movie endings or parts of the movie you really liked? What happens when you go to bed and end up waking up in a world you've never been to? A world where you no longer exist and you have to find your way out by overcoming obstacles...would you be able to handle it?

"Let's go play in the woods," said Tina. "I don't know, last time we did, mother was mad," replied Shawn. "Don't be such a baby, Shawn! All we're going to do is check out the old farm house... who knows, maybe the tools will come alive to get you... ha ha!" Tina said in a mocking voice. "Stop it, stop it right now!" screamed Shawn. "Hold your horses," laughed Tina. "I'm going to tell Mom," snickered Shawn. "If you do, I'll just lie, and tell Mom who really broke the dish," grinned Tina. "So you might as well just come into the woods," Tina proudly said. "Fine!" pouted Shawn.

They started creeping into the woods. Owls hooted, trees shook in the wind, giving the appearance of the trees trying to reach out and grab the children. They slowly approached the old farmhouse. The sky slightly darkened, as a sign to be aware of something deadly. The branches brushed up against the windows, making the children's hearts pump faster. An eagle above them screamed, which shot chills up both of their spines. Their stomachs caught in their throats, causing their screams to be choked up. Tina looked over at her brother; her jaw was dropping.

Shawn decided to take over as the leader and opened the door to the farmhouse. "Wait!" yelled Tina. "Why?" Shawn asked wide eyed. "Maybe it's not such a good idea to go in," squeaked Tina. "Look who's the baby now!" teased Shawn. With that, he took a look once more at his sister and went inside. A roar of thunder boomed and scared Tina, throwing her to the muddy, murky ground. Two seconds later, Tina heard Shawn screaming. "Help me, please don't let it hurt me!" Tina got to her feet and ran into the farmhouse as quickly as her feet could take her. What she saw made her heart skip a beat. She looked up at a horrifying creature that felt like it had pierced her heart with a hot dagger. Shawn had a rope around his neck and there was no doubt in Tina's mind that this hideous creature was going to hurt her brother.

She could feel her body turning cold, and she began feeling dizzy. The creature's teeth were clinched in a smile, while his greasy hands held the rope tightly. Tina couldn't bare to watch. She quickly turned around and screamed... "I'm sorry Shawn! I'm sorry for all the teasing I ever did to you!" She started running faster and faster out of the farmhouse and through the woods. Tears were now streaming down her cheeks. The sound of her heart was pulsing in her eardrums as she breathed heavily. She finally reached her house and went in to find her mother.

A lady, with an apron tied around her, was cooking in the kitchen. "Mom, something's happened to Shawn. We have to save him!" she exclaimed. "Mom? Shawn? Who are you?" asked the lady. "What? What do you mean who am I... I'm your daughter!" "I'm not your mother. I don't even have children,"

Tina quickly ran up to her room and closed her eyes once she landed on her bed.

This isn't happening, Tina thought to herself. There has to be a reasonable answer for all of this. She closed her eyes. The words 'go back' appeared in front of the dark space of her eyelids. She quickly fluttered her eyes open and bolted up from laying down. She ran out of her room and rushed down the stairs. The woman who was her mother before, looked blankly at her. Once she was outside, she could hear the mushy, misty grass squish underneath her shoes. The air was cooler now and braced her face with every step she took. She wasn't sure why she was rushing back...she didn't know what she was going to do when she got there. It felt like a force was behind her, giving her that extra step to continue going. She kept looking at the ground as she ran, she knew she was going have to look up. She could feel the strange calm beginning to take over. The air was colder, the sky was even darker, she could smell the filthy beast. It was an odor so strong, it could paralyze anyone in their tracks. Tina banged into the doors with all her might, after a few tries...she got into the old farmhouse.

Tools were flying, doors were smashing against the walls into tiny pieces. It could make anyone's ear drums split. She felt a chilly hand grasp around her arm, she jerked away. The monster was standing right in front of her...she looked all around and couldn't see her brother anywhere. "Shawn?" Where was he... "Shawn!" He was no where to be seen. She ran from the hideous creature trying to catch her. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her brother's hand. "Shawn...run!!!" "I can't, I'm stuck!" he screamed back. Tina ran over to him, trying to un tangle his legs from the rope, the knot was in too tight. The beast came behind her and slammed her body against a wall of the farmhouse. She tried to run once she fell, but her legs were in too much pain. The beast came up to her again and this time threw her across the farmhouse. Her back blistered the wall and her vision went black. All she could hear was the faint sounds of her brother crying for her to get up. She opened hereyes and saw her

brother looking down at her fuzzy. He looked like he had possessed eyes. She tried to open her eyes more, but it felt like they were stitched shut. Her body felt numb and her mind felt like it was continually spinning around the room. "Shawn?" she asked quietly but received no response.

She tried to look over and saw herself laying in a bed. "Wake up!" she screamed. But her body laid lifeless in her room. She looked over at her clock and knew within a minute her alarm would go off. "Wake up, it's 7:00 AM and you're listening to Document Jazz," spoke the radio. "It was a dream?" she asked herself. She ripped off the sheets and bolted down the stairs. There was Shawn eating breakfast while her mother was loading the dishwasher. She quickly walked over to her brother. "Good morning, my dear brother." "What's gotten into you?" he asked. "Oh nothing," It was all just a bad dream that left her body cringing in fear.

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Writing fiction can be fun too!

By Gary R. Hess

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Writing fiction is something that all of us have trouble with at one time or another. The thought of coming up with a story which didn't even happy can sometimes even result in shock.

The best way is to approach this the same way as you would a non–fiction story. First, you want to brainstorm. You don't have to do this all at once, you might want to do your daily chores or watch some television... This always helps with the brainstorming. The ideas will come quickly so you might want to take a pencil and paper with you so you don't forget it.

Next, choose which idea you think is best not which is easiest. You want this story to be exciting and thrilling with lots of events.

After you have chosen which idea you want to use, begin creating your characters. Write out the main characters of your story with short descriptions of each. Describe what their personalities are like and what they look like as well. This will later prove to be very helpful in the story making process. You don't have to give "concrete" names to any of the characters as of yet. That can come later; this is just to give a hint at what your limitations will be for each character.

Now that you have done this, write out the setting of where the story will begin and perhaps where it will end. Again, this gives you a better understanding of what the character can and can not do. You don't want to go too far off course and end up doing something completely different than what you were first expecting.

The last step is what you have been waiting for, writing the story. Now that you have a main idea of what your story and characters will do you may begin. While you are writing you may change your characters a bit, but don't go too far out of place or it may change the entire story. If you come up with an idea of what you want to happen later on, be sure to write it down.

The best thing about writing fiction is that we don't have limitations on what can happen. We are our characters. If we want them to be a cowboy in the Midwest we can. If we want them to be a pro basketball player on hemorrhoids we can. This is what makes writing so great. We create our own world through our words... Isn't it wonderful?

Gary R. Hess is a writer for

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