

The Closet

March 3rd

Hello, my name is Dominic, I am 11 years old and the oldest of my siblings of 3 (so me, and three siblings). I didn't want to get a journal, but my mom said it would help me remember my past when I'm older. I hope this is worth it.

March 5th

We are going to move soon, I am going to miss all my friends and the memories I had here. But we are moving to a much nicer house, my mom said it was big, and it's not too far away, about a hour and a-half.

March 10th

Just got to the new house, it's bigger than I thought it was! 3 stories with a basement and attic, 6 bedrooms, each enough to hold 2 people and their belongings, a huge kitchen, big enough for 8 chef's to walk around, 3 bathrooms each with a toilet, a sink, and a shower, two living rooms, each big enough to have 2 tvs, toys, 3 couches, and still have room. Well, time to unpack!

March 13th

Got finished unpacking, the reason it took a short amount of time for this humongous house is because I have my 3 siblings to help. Some rooms aren't used though ("yet" my mom said). I played outside with my younger brother and sisters, we played Tag and Hide and Seek, I'm really good at Hide and Seek, but not as well at Tag. Then we went inside, (my siblings are: sister 9, brother 7, sister 5, me still being 11), and played some video games and my mom ordered pizza. And there it is!

March 20th

It's been awhile since I wrote, mostly because nothing interesting has happened, but also because I'm lazy. But today I found this huge closet, it won't open, but I found a key under the mat that might open it. There's scratching coming from inside, yea, maybe tomorrow.

You're Next...

^Who wrote this? It's smells like blood, probably just my brother pulling a prank.

March 21st

Okay, I'm walking to the closet, the scratching sound is still going on. I got my lightsaber, safety scissors, some Jolly Ranchers, and some bread. I

hope I don't have to use my lightsaber. Okay, I just opened the door, the inside... You can just see the other side, it looks like it goes back 40 feet. Wow, it's so dark but you can tell where everything is. There's a wall 6 feet in front of me, 5 boxes 13 feet to my right, and a mound of dirt to my right 9 feet. The door, it just closed... The key! I left it in the slot! I'm banging on the door. Wait a minute, there's a bloody body next to a utensil, oh my God, the blood goes to the door... The message in red, that was blood! Which means whoever wrote it... is behind me. I don't see anyone, wait, I see something, a flame, moving around, with a skull for a face. He seemed at least 10 feet tall. It sees me. No! No! The door! It won't open... I'm throwing this journal under the door as a warning.

DON'T OPEN THE CLOSET !!!