

Time to Get Proof

My snoring wakes me. Eleven-forty-three PM. I click off the alarm, turn off the nightlight, make sure my door's closed, and crouch by the window. The windows in the creepy house are black and empty. My legs cramp. I get a folded footstool, hanging on nails in the kitchen, and sit on it in front of the window.

My eyelids drift shut. I knock my chin on the windowsill. That wake-up call's good for fifteen minutes. I decide to set my alarm and try again at three AM.

When the alarm buzzes, I slap the clock to turn it off. Get a drink of water and sit by my window. My breath puffs twin circles of steam on the glass pane. I draw a smiley face in one, and it fades. I huff at the window, and it shows up again.

While I'm busy making a train of faces on the glass, a double set of lights flash from the window next door. They leap to the other window and disappear.