"Do not Open this Book"

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The John C. Hitt Library was emptying out as I entered to meet Lewis, Rory, and Evelyn for our English Literature project. I have been up late and no amount of coffee will help me through this.

“Clara!” Evelyn waves from Java City.

“Hello,” I say taking my laptop and Persuasion novel out.

The room is dimly lit and the shuffling feet of the workers at Java City was the only proof we were not alone.

“Does anyone have their book of Persuasion?” they ask.

Saying nothing I leave to head towards the circulation table.

“Excuse me, ma’am.”

“Yes,” she says turning to me.

“We need copies of Persuasion by Jane Austen.”

Looking up from the computer, “We have some in the A.R.C. You need to request the books first.

“Okay. Thank y—” she already left. I start back to the table.

“Or we can go into the A.R.C. ourselves to grab them,” Lewis suggests.

“No,” but all of them, except Rory heads toward the A.R.C.

We enter, but it is dark in the room. The only light comes from the lamp posts.

“We must leave,” I say looking at Rory.

“They seem to never—“ my body falls forward, so many books, of course I trip.

Rory’s arms wrap around me catching me before I fall. But I cannot say the same for the books.

“Do you feel that?” Rory just stares.

“I am free…Muhahaha,” the voice soft as a whisper. I run out leaving the others behind. The library is empty upon entering. The lights flicker as I make it to the table. The others appearing behind me gawking at me as I pack up. The diary sits on the table.

“What’s wrong,” they ask.

“There was a voice and the temperature dropped after I opened the dairy,” I point to it as they grab and open it.

“Nothing happened to us.”

“Whatever, I am leaving,” heading towards the exit I step in something. Using my flashlight the dark red color shines back. Following the red ooze it illuminates off of this sheer figure. The red ooze drips from its..MOUTH! The bones crack as he sinks his teeth deeper. *That’s blood!* Staggering back I hit something, looking back its the others. They see it too.

“Run,” but the figure cuts in front. We turn to escape, but...

“No!! help,” Lewis shouts. The figure rips him in half. Guts and blood pooling at its feet. Jumping from Lewis’s body lunging threw Evelyn it shreds her body. The figure stares at Rory and me. His eyes shifts from me to the table glaring at the old diary.

Your’re.. you’re… your’re James…

“Gonna die!”

“NOO DO—”

The end