

# Old House, Old Screams

by Mirm Hurula

The sound of fingernails pierces the silent air. The old house had been abandoned for year and for good reason. It felt like ears would bleed if a mistake occurred even by just taking one wrong step toward it. The old house was a normal house. It was not built for school or college.

So how would the sound of a scratched chalkboard echo like a melancholic memory?

Footsteps slowly take up the dead space behind the chalkboard. Barely making a sound, filling my anxiety with every loud step. A foot stomping on my throat making it hard to breathe. Hands sweating, body shaking, legs frozen to the floorboards. What is it?

A voice screeching unintelligibly.

Footsteps as loud and large as my stomach.

Presence looming over as tall as a skyscraper.

Eyes piercing through backs of heads, witnessing inexcusable thoughts. Ones told by self to never mutter aloud. Whispers on either ear. Warm breath leaking down to the napes of your back. Chills running back up to your neck. From the breath, or from the thoughts being spoken aloud? Inner most thoughts, unexplainable dreams, childhood fears, familial trauma, murderous intent.

Blood rushing to every part of the body but the brain. No thoughts. The thoughts being force fed into an ear canal like another skull fuck.

The screeching from a chalkboard feels rhythmic—a harmony. Screeches turn to high singing—a banshee luring its next prey. Succumbed to singing, it doesn't matter anymore. Predator or prey—it always returns. Elation, joy, euphoria—to be met with bloody teeth and an unhinged jaw.

