

I Was Afraid of the Dark

Emny Moghrabi | Short Story

I write with the footsteps of ghosts above my head, the floorboards creaking under the weight of their souls; I liked it better when I trembled with fear. It sounds like they're bowling with crumpled dish towels down the long narrow halls of my childhood house. It sounds like they're rearranging and berating the shelves, trying to put more life into the room. It sounds like they're getting out of bed and rubbing the sleep from their eyes, wondering why they still do this, even after they've died. I beg them to come downstairs, silently to myself, because they're ghosts- they must be able to hear me. I want them to crawl down the stairs, covered in blood, with uncut finger nails. I pretend they start to leak from the corners of my roof. I initiate a staring contest into the dark depths of my open closet and I make a face out of the clothes and odd ends. I pretend she stares back through a long curtain of dark hair, and I imagine she takes a pale step towards me. I don't know when they stopped trying, but I know that it's my fault.