

# A Face in the Hall

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# A Face in the Hall

Fresh from a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective day of shopping for shoes in town, I was on my way up to my \_\_\_\_\_ Room.

\_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present ends in ING down the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective hallway, I was \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense by the most

\_\_\_\_\_ Adjective thing I had ever seen. I was trapped, had nowhere to go and my feet failed to move. Frozen

against the wall, my eyes stretched \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb wide and I stood, trapped by the vision before me.

The emanating noise that resounded off the corridor walls echoed so \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb that I longed to slam my

hands over my ears to block off the cacophony.

" \_\_\_\_\_ Noise !" said the voice, almost \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb.

The entity stretched from ceiling to floor, wall to wall. It blanketed the space with a presence so

\_\_\_\_\_ Adjective that every hair on my skin and every nerve in my body stood on end.

The entity manifested itself with a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective glue-like substance and anchored itself to the four corners

of the hall. Like a web built by a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective, \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective spider, part of its blanket was woven in

beautiful \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective stitches, while others were \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective stringings of madness, it threw anything

it could against the wall in order to trap its prey.

That

prey was me.

I was a mere Measurement from the web. I was forced against the wall and there was no exit. I was a prisoner of an unknown creature who appeared to be so emotion I dared not utter a word or expel a single breath.

And speaking of breath, this guy was halitosis central. What lie in the center of the web was something unimaginable and so Adjective I will have nightmares about it for the rest of my life. I'm sure by telling you about it, you won't believe it, but it was . . . a face. A face of Adjective proportions, skin stretched tight in the center of the web into a Adjective grimace.

Its eyes were Adjective and Adjective and rolled feverishly in their Adverb sockets like a man driven insane by Verb - Base Form. The face started bouncing in the web as I watched, Verb -  
Past Tense. I had no clue what was to happen next and was sure my end was forthcoming. I also expected to become part of that Adjective, sticky web.

"A Greeting," it said.

The sound was almost Adjective and I realized it was trying to communicate something.

I screamed, terrified, "What do you want from me?" as I covered my ears and cowered low to the ground.

"Souls," it said.

"You want souls? I'll give you souls". I rifled through my shopping, pulling out shoe after shoe, lobbing them at the Adjective face in the middle of the web. With each shoe to the face, the entity's hold on the wall grew weaker. As I got to the last bag, I thought "Nooo! Not the Shoe Brand! Ah well, to heck with it!". Praying it was enough, I lobbed the final two shoes at the face. With a "Noise!", the face, web and all, disappeared.

So there you have it, shoe shopping can save your life and ghosts can be fashion victims too!