

# 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!