

Scary Short Stories to Read on the Night of **Friday the 13th**

#1 He Stood Against My Window

I don't know why I looked up, but when I did I saw him there. He stood against my window. His forehead rested against the glass, and his eyes were still and light. He smiled a lipstick-red, cartoonish grin. And he just stood there in the window. My wife was upstairs sleeping, my son was in his crib and I couldn't move. I froze and watched him looking past me through the glass.

Oh, please no. His smile never moved but he put a hand up and slid it down the glass, watching me. With matted hair and yellow skin and face through the window.

I couldn't do anything. I just stayed there, frozen, feet still in the bushes I was pruning, looking into my home. He stood against my window.

#2 First Words

Any day now, she'll say her first words.

My wife and I have been playfully betting on what she'll say first - 'Mama' or 'Daddy.' I can hear my wife crooning over and over while she feeds her 'Mama's little girl! Mama loves you so much!' Sometimes, she's not even subtle about it - 'Say 'mama!' Come on! 'Mama!'"

I don't mind it though. I still believe I'll win. When we first brought her home, she would scream and cry and nothing my wife would say could calm her down, but I knew just how to hold her to help her fall asleep. Our daughter was a daddy's girl - my wife needed all the handicaps she could get.

I sit our daughter in her chair and my wife and I begin babbling like chickens - 'Mama!' 'Daddy!' 'Say Mama!' 'Who's daddy's baby?'

I pull the gag from our little girl's mouth.

"P-please... what do you want from me? Please let me go..."

My wife's smile falls from her face. With a heavy heart, I put the gag back in as the girl starts to scream. I take her back to the room, locking her in and shutting the lights out. When I return, I find my wife crying.

"It's ok, honey," I tell her, "The next one will be better. I promise."

#3 The Puppy in the Basement

"Mommy told me never to go in the basement, but I wanted to see what was making that noise. It kind of sounded like a puppy, and I wanted to see the puppy, so I opened the basement door and tiptoed down a bit. I didn't see a puppy, and then Mommy yanked me out of the basement and yelled at me. Mommy had never yelled at me before, and it made me sad and I cried. Then Mommy told me never to go into the basement again, and she gave me a cookie. That made me feel better, so I didn't ask her why the boy in the basement was making noises like a puppy, or why he had no hands or feet."

#4 This New Old House

We bought an old house, my boyfriend and I. He's in charge of the "new" construction—converting the kitchen into the master bedroom for instance, while I'm on wallpaper removal duty. The previous owner papered EVERY wall and CEILING! Removing it is brutal, but oddly satisfying. The best feeling is getting a long peel, similar to your skin when you're peeling from a sunburn. I don't know about you but I kinda make a game of peeling, on the hunt for the longest piece before it rips.

Under a corner section of paper in every room is a person's name and a date. Curiosity got the best of me one night when I Googled one of the names and discovered the person was actually a missing person, the missing date matching the date under the wallpaper! The next day, I made a list of all the names and dates. Sure enough each name was for a missing person with dates to match. We notified the police who naturally sent out the crime scene team.

I overheard one tech say "Yup, it's human." Human? What's human?

"Ma'am, where is the material you removed from the walls already? This isn't wallpaper you were removing."

#5 A Mother's Call

A young girl is playing in her bedroom when she hears her mother call to her from the kitchen, so she runs down the stairs to meet her mother. As she's running through the hallway, the door to the cupboard under the stairs opens, and a hand reaches out and pulls her in.

It's her mother.

She whispers to her child, "Don't go into the kitchen. I heard it too."

#6 When Charlie Goes Away

I hate it when my brother Charlie has to go away.

My parents constantly try to explain to me how sick he is. That I am lucky for having a brain where all the chemicals flow properly to their destinations like undammed rivers. When I complain about how bored I am without a little brother to play with, they try to make me feel bad by pointing out that his boredom likely far surpasses mine, considering his confine to a dark room in an institution.

I always beg for them to give him one last chance. Of course, they did at first. Charlie has been back home several times, each shorter in duration than the last. Every time without fail, it all starts again. The neighbourhood cats with gouged out eyes showing up in his toy chest, my dad's razors found dropped on the baby slide in the park across the street, mom's vitamins replaced by bits of dishwasher tablets. My parents are hesitant now, using "last chances" sparingly. They say his disorder makes him charming, makes it easy for him to fake normalcy, and to trick the doctors who care for him into thinking he is ready for rehabilitation. That I will just have to put up with my boredom if it means staying safe from him.

I hate it when Charlie has to go away. It makes me have to pretend to be good until he is back.