

Take a two-sentence horror story and write the rest... or write your own.

I begin tucking him into bed and he tells me, "Daddy check for monsters under my bed." I look underneath for his amusement and see him, another him, under the bed, staring back at me quivering and whispering, "Daddy there's somebody on my bed."

I can't move, breathe, speak or hear and it's so dark all the time. If I knew it would be this lonely, I would have been cremated instead.

Don't be scared of the monsters, just look for them. Look to your left, to your right, under your bed, behind your dresser, in your closet but never look up, she hates being seen.

I woke up to hear knocking on glass. At first, I thought it was the window until I heard it come from the mirror again.

She wondered why she was casting two shadows. After all, there was only a single lightbulb.

The grinning face stared at me from the darkness beyond my bedroom window. I live on the 14th floor.

My girlfriend asked why I was breathing so heavily. I wasn't.

There was a picture in my phone of me sleeping. I live alone.

You get home, tired after a long day's work and ready for a relaxing night alone. You reach for the light switch, but another hand is already there.

My daughter won't stop crying and screaming in the middle of the night. I visit her grave and ask her to stop, but it doesn't help.

You start to drift off into a comfortable sleep when you hear your name being whispered. You live alone.

My daughter woke me up last night to tell me there was an intruder in our house. She was murdered by an intruder two years ago.

You're lying in bed and with your feet dangling out of the covers. You feel a hand grab your feet.

The funeral attendees never came out of the catacombs. Something locked the crypt door from the inside.

“Officer, I just looked away for a second and my baby was gone,” I sobbed helplessly. *That’s better—I sounded much more convincing this time*, I thought with a smile as I finally picked up the phone to call the police.

Nurse’s Note: Born 7 pounds 10 ounces, 18 inches long, 32 fully formed teeth. Silent, always smiling.

She went upstairs to check on her sleeping toddler. The fourth-floor window was open and the bed was empty.

I found a dead body in my trunk today. Which is strange because I remember putting two in there yesterday.

Being the first to respond to a fatal car accident is always the most traumatic thing I see as a police officer. But today, when the crushed body of the little dead child boy strapped in his car seat opened his eyes and giggled at me when I tried to peel him out of the wreckage, I immediately knew that today would be my last day on the force.

I always thought my cat had a staring problem, she always seemed fixated on my face. Until one day, when I realized that she was always looking just behind me.

“I can’t sleep” she whispered, crawling into bed with me. I woke up cold, clutching the dress she was buried in.

The pairs of emaciated eyes outnumber the single round in my gun. With pleading tears falling on her doll’s hair, I point the barrel at my last surviving daughter.

I used a Ouija board yesterday, but I only asked one question and put it away. I got my answer today — written in blood on my ceiling.

For sale: like-new engagement ring, barely worn, came right off her finger. Finger also for sale for the right offer.

I just saw the children playing, admiring how high they have swung.

But others tell me they’re just swaying in the wind where they were hung.

~from “150+ Short Two-Sentence Horror Stories to Freak You Out,” by Michael Koh, *Thought Catalog*