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## Sleep Paralysis

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# Sleep Paralysis

Willard Hanson

My eyelids lift, and a haunting ringing invades me as I lock eyes with *it*.

It stares at me with its white, glowing, malicious eyes.

Eyes belonging to a silhouette darker than the moonless sky.

At the foot of my bed, it's there

    Standing,

    Staring at me.

I try to jump out of my bed

And sprint out of the room,

But I can only move my fingertips.

Why can't I move?

    Is it fear?

    Or is it something darker?

        Is it *it*?

My eyes roll to the right to read 2:54 a.m. on my alarm clock.

    No help is coming.

The silhouette grows taller,

Its eyes now reaching the ceiling.

It distorts it's empty, void of a body towards me,

And an invisible force suffocates my lungs.

About two feet in front of me,

I can see the blackest, smallest pupils in its large eyes.

A glowing white, devilish smile forms,

    Showing its ravenous drool

    And the rows of murderous teeth

    That line its mouth like a shark's

Its eyes grow wide,

And its mouth grows wider.

It inches closer,

And begins a dry, blood-curdling screech.

Feeling returns to my arm,

So I tighten my hand into a fist

And swing at the creature.

But my arm swings right through,

And I see it vanish

Like it was never there.