

# **The Creature**

A blurry, high-contrast photograph of a person's back and hands pressed against a glass surface, illuminated from behind. The person's hands are pressed against the glass, and their back is visible, though the image is out of focus. The lighting is dramatic, with the person's silhouette appearing dark against a bright, glowing background.

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# **The Creature**

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## **Diary - Creature.**

### **January 2015**

I checked the time on my mobile. It was exactly half past two in the morning. I felt that I was not alone in the apartment. I lay motionless, wondering what to do. I was afraid. It seemed to me that in the darkness I was distinguishing a small creature standing under a window. I don't remember any more. I guess I fell asleep.

### **February 2015**

I realized that my arms and legs were paralyzed. I was totally paralyzed. I couldn't move. My body didn't listen to me at all. My eyes felt the darkness in the room. I wanted to scream, but I couldn't. I had the feeling that someone was in the apartment and walking in the next room.

### **Marc 2015**

I slept in Jovsa with ours. I woke up at night that a strong white light shone through the window into the room. I didn't get it, I got out of bed and, going through the other rooms, checked to see if everything was in order. Through all the windows i woke up suddenly for no reason. Immediately a white light shone into the house. I looked at the clock on the wall. They showed 2:50 p.m. I went out into the hall by the kitchen. Someone or something was behind my back. I turned slowly to see what or who it was. As I turned, the light suddenly added to the intensity. It was so strong that it blinded me ... and I didn't see anything anymore. I have no idea what

happened next. I woke up in the morning. I couldn't remember anything. In the afternoon I noticed that I had something pricked in the back of my neck and it was quite painful. It set on fire for me in the evening. The next day I went to my district doctor. She said it was a needle prick. She prescribed me an ointment for that. It took me a week for the place to heal after the alleged needle that stabbed me.

### **February 2016**

I woke up feeling horrified. I felt that someone was in the room. Upset, I was leveling my thoughts. I live alone, so it is not possible for anyone to be in my apartment. But I still felt like someone woke me up. Despite the darkness, I tried to look around the room. There was a rattling sound in the kitchen as an object fell to the ground, perhaps a spoon.

### **May 2016**

Someone kicked the closet in my room. I jumped out of bed in shock. My heart was pounding so that I could hear nothing more than my own hum in my head. I looked at my cell phone. It was 3:10 p.m. morning. I didn't turn on the light, I walked through the whole apartment in the dark, but no one anywhere. I lay on the bed again, but I didn't sleep until morning.

### **August 2016**

I slept with ours again. I woke up at night and realized that my bed was floating. She moved as if she were swimming on a small wave. I didn't get up, I just watched this strange

phenomenon in amazement. The bed moved down, forward and up. And again and again. I was frightened and jumped into the middle of the room. I looked at the clock on the wall. It was shortly after three in the morning. The room was not completely dark, but so strange gloom that it was readable. I looked at the bed for a moment, but it didn't move. So I lay down after a while, but the whole process was repeated until the morning. In the morning, I turned on the radio in the kitchen and waited for news to check to see if there were any minor earthquakes or seismic earth movements at night. There was no report of this in the morning. In the afternoon I searched for some information on the internet, but in vain. They didn't find any earthquakes anywhere either earthquakes. To this day, I don't know what this nightly experience was supposed to mean.

### **September 2017**

I couldn't get over and I didn't sleep anymore. I was totally paralyzed. I heard my own breath. I fought with my own body. I didn't know what time it was. I tried to scream, but I couldn't even whisper. Electricity flowed through my whole body and I just growled. I heard a rumble behind my back, footsteps, and a pounding around the apartment here and there ... the twitching of my whole body intensified. Suddenly I was able to sit on the bed. After a while, I stood up and looked at the alarm clock on my desk. It was half past two in the morning. I could still hear a kind of growl. I looked around and saw myself writhing on the bed in convulsions as if from paralyzing. I didn't understand it and I was scared. I looked at myself, at my arms and legs. I wore the same pajamas I had on the bed. I looked the same. Someone must have said my name

in the hallway. And he began to repeat it. I turned and walked slowly after him. He could be heard, but I didn't see anyone. I also left the apartment and went down our stairs down the stairs. I kept following an unknown voice because I wanted to know who or what it was. I opened the front door and was blinded by a bright white light. I didn't see anything and I covered my eyes ...

I woke up in the morning and I was sick. My head shook and at times I felt sick until it fell off. I wrote everything down in a diary, which I called the Being. It took me two more days to recover from this nightly experience.

Years 2018, 2019, 2020. The diary contains about 200 such reports.

There was silence in the surgery, and the psychologist flipped through the diary from front to back with interest. Then he placed it on the table in front of him. The pretty forty-year-old looked at me through her narrow glasses, tapped her fingers on the table, and thought hard about something. She folded her glasses and placed them on the table. She straightened her long brown hair and began to think in a low voice: "Since you are over forty, you have been able to fight it for a very long time. It's ... like you're and are constantly being persecuted. The only mistake is that we both don't know who or what and for what reason. You have been steadily writing down every night horror since 2015. But I am convinced that it has lasted your whole life since childhood, you just did not realize it so much before. And you still haven't remembered much of it to this day. Well, I can think of one thing. Either it's all night paralysis or ..."

"What else do you mean?" I asked, but the psychologist just frowned and looked at the diary.

"Um, there is one method, but it is not widely used here. More precisely, it is a very long and difficult process until it is approved. And so ... I would first recommend a special group that works more or less in secret. If you don't like it, even though the people in the group have similar experiences to you, then I would start the process of handling a hypnosis application. Maybe we could learn a lot more than we think."

"Okay, I agree. And where does this group work?"

The psychologist ripped a piece of paper from a small notebook and wrote all the information on it: where the group was, the time of the meeting, how to contact u, etc. At the same time, she printed a page twice and handed it to me. "Please sign, if you agree. In our system, the group falls under the first level of classification. Nowhere can you talk about it or reveal what is happening there and what topics are being discussed there. If you start distributing these internal, classified matters in public, you will suffer the consequences."

I looked at the paper and read the first paragraph.

"Degree of secrecy – first. The patient agrees to the terms and undertakes to comply with all the provisions required by this degree."

I did not think about anything and I signed the paper twice. One was for me.

January 2020 It was quite warm outside, although it was January. I got out of the car and after a long journey - 115 kilometers - I had to stretch my back. A low building stood in front of me, and an elderly woman was entering the entrance. I took my personal belongings from the car and entered the building. I found myself in an empty hallway. There was a white door at the end of the hall, so I decided to do a survey. Suddenly the door opened and a low woman of about fifty came out.

"I heard footsteps, so I thought it would be you. Tell me your name from where you came from and the password you received at your last session with your psychologist. We are all waiting for you, so we haven't had a writer here yet."

She smiled at me and waited for my reactions. I smiled at her too and started talking. I told her everything in the order she asked me to do.

"All right, let's go to the bottom. Behind the door is an employee to whom you hand over everything you have with you and your mobile phone. It is in the statutes of our system. Nothing said in our group may be recorded or distributed anywhere. We will return all your belongings to you at the end of the session."

I did not object. An older man who looked more like a director, dressed in a dark suit, took all my things and put them in a box. The woman opened another door, and behind them I saw people sitting in a large circle on chairs. I counted them briefly, there were exactly twenty of them. I was twenty-first. One chair was empty, so it was clear that she was waiting for

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