

Chapter I: Spectrum

I woke up. There was a clicking noise in the room. It sounded a lot like the pendulum of a grandfather clock swinging back and forth. That seemed quite odd, as I don't have a grandfather clock. As I got out of bed and walked to the bathroom the clicking became louder. I tried to tune it out by putting on some music. I called out to Alexa and asked to play something soothing. The clicking got louder. I asked Alexa to increase the volume to ten. The clicking clock got louder still.

I went in the shower and turned the shower head on full blast. I closed the bathroom door behind me. The clicking continued. It felt as if it was following me, taunting me, haunting me. I exited the shower. I got dressed. I walked around my empty home. I began unplugging all of my electronic devices. The clicking remained.

At one moment, it felt like it was coming from beneath the floorboards. I laid down placing my left ear to the floor. I took a deep breath to try and hold off any outside noises. The clicking got louder. It felt as if it was coming from beneath me in the basement, but also all around me. It was engulfing my home.

I walked to the basement door. I reluctantly turned the knob and opened the door. I slowly descended the staircase to the cold, dark basement. I pulled the string to turn on the basement light. The basement was empty. The clicking seemed to leave the basement and now appeared to be coming from above me.

I reached for the nearest weapon I could find. I grabbed a push-broom. I unscrewed the brush from the stick and held the stick in my hand like a baseball bat. The clicking was so loud by this point I could barely hear myself think. I asked myself if I was losing my mind or if I was

hearing things? Even for an instance I thought that I may have been having a brain aneurysm or a stroke.

I ascended the staircase. I slowly reopened the door. Still there was nothing there. The bluish-purple light of dawn crept through the slightly opened blinds from a nearby window. I walked by a mirror hanging on the wall. I froze for a second. If you were to ask still, I will swear up and down there was a shadowy figure standing behind me through the reflection.

In a fit of rage, I began to swing the broomstick violently throughout my home. I began to smash everything in sight. Televisions, computers, mirrors, lights, kitchen appliances, you name it, I destroyed it. Wait a minute. Did I leave the bathroom exhaust fan on? How could I have missed that? Did I turn it on? What is going on here?

I head down the hall to the bathroom. The door is mostly closed. The light is still on. The exhaust fan blares just slightly louder than the clicking in my head. I open the door. The steam from the shower still lingers in the room. I freeze for a moment. I drop the broomstick when I see it. On the fogged mirror written with a finger it reads, "Hello, it's nice to finally meet you," and then the clicking finally stops.