

Imagery Paragraphs

The cloudy night cast scant amounts of moonlight down upon the ominous expanse of the shadow-infested backyard. The blackness mocked me with the prospective ghoulish figures it could be cloaking within its dark embrace (personification). I released the air I'd been holding captive in my lungs in one long, shaky laugh. "Listen to yourself!" I scolded aloud at a volume louder than was strictly necessary, "You sound completely irrational! Seeing ghosts and demons around every corner. You're acting like a crazy person. Now stop talking to yourself before you wake up Lexi." Obediently, I ceased my nervous chatter and anxiously peered out the window once more. (Reaction Intro.)

The logical part of me insisted that there was nothing the least bit devious lurking about and I was just reinforcing the whole "crazy person" demeanor, but another part fancied sinister specters creeping stealthily through the silent woods on clawed feet, their fearsome gaze focused upon the modest house in which I stood, their minds intent on all sorts of gruesome atrocities. Shaking my head to clear out the ghastly visions, I closed the curtains with a decisive yank. "Quite acting dumb," I reprimanded myself, wordlessly this time. "You're not usually this paranoid." But then, I usually didn't watch Paranormal Activity and Paranormal Activity 2 a few days before I went babysitting in a strange house with humongous windows facing out over a foreboding wood. Hesitantly, I used my shaking hands to reopen the curtains. If Lucifer himself was standing on the other side in all of his Hellish glory, it could not possibly terrify me more than my own absurd, cockamamie deliriums. With a final glance, I unwillingly turned 180 degrees so that the window (and whatever horrifying creatures may or may not lie beyond it) was presented with my stiff back.

Spotting that the family's dog, Rowley, had settled his considerable bulk beside the monstrous leather recliner, I leisurely strolled over and sat in the chair. Rowley might not be much help if there actually were creatures of the supernatural sort prowling around the house, (he whimpers like a lost baby who's just had his candy stolen if you so much as look at him sideways), but his presence was like a balm to my frazzled nerves(simile) and a great comfort to me nonetheless. Knowing from previous visits that I had a better shot at single handedly

landing a 747 than I had at figuring out the remotes to the TV, I picked up the book I had so wisely brought along. However, I hadn't been wise enough to choose a nice, quiet book, oh no. I had to go and choose the murder mystery! (By the way, it was the ex-husband. I **so** called it!) Still, I could feel myself sinking back into the plush leather, my tense muscles relaxing ever so slowly until I felt like well cooked spaghetti. Gradually, I allowed myself to become lulled into a calmer, stress-free state by the gentle rocking motions of the recliner and the steady rhythm of Rowley's breaths.

Abruptly, I was yanked out of my pleasant disposition by the incessant barks of one very agitated golden retriever. While I'd been lost in reverie, Rowley had silently hefted himself off of the ground (which is no easy feat for a dog of his size and age, let me tell you) and waltzed over to the patio doors leading out to the front yard. "Rowley, hsst!" I hissed lowly. There was no way I was going through the drama of Lexi waking up to discover her parents were still out. "Rowley!" I said impatiently, "Knock it off! There's nothing out there!" Perhaps I wasn't 100% convinced on that matter, but I certainly wasn't going to convey that to *him*! Finally, he yawned widely, flashed me a doggy grin, and ambled back over to the recliner. I sat there noiselessly, praying Lexi hadn't woken up and was even now sitting up in her new "big-girl bed", drawing in as much breath as her little body could hold, preparing to shriek my name at the top of her lungs. Gratefully, after a full minute passed by without so much as a squeak from upstairs, I leaned back in the chair and resumed my story. However, that was when I heard a faint creaking noise, barely audible. Setting my book down in my lap once more, I tilted my head to listen more closely. There it was again, what was it? Could it be... footsteps? "Now don't get all worked up and agitated" I thought as I stood. "Just go upstairs and check it out. Lexi probably just heard all of the racket and wanted to come downstairs. That's got to be it." With a sigh, I placed my hand on the banister. Then, a stray thought made me balk. "Sure that could be it... but Lexi never, *never* gets out of bed."

Heaving a weary sigh, I gratefully sank back into the passenger seat. Soon I'd return to my own safe, warm house where I wouldn't constantly be glancing over my shoulder for legions of the undead or wailing spirits. I had survived the night, and the knowledge that my charge was not, in fact, possessed by an evil demonic creature intent on causing death and mayhem was just the icing on the cake.