

## **The Invisible Thing**

My parents went away for the weekend. So my brother George, our dog Alex and I stayed overnight alone for the first time. Which for me, considering I'm fourteen and my brother is only seven, means I'm in charge. Now I was the big sister and that meant responsibility. It was getting dark and it was time for George to go to bed. He is quite a coward and doesn't want to be left alone. So I read him a bedtime story and slipped out when he was half asleep. Alex got comfortable in his bed and I was about to start a movie. Suddenly I heard a scream.

I ran to where the scream had come from to find out what had happened, and halfway there I met a frightened George. He was clutching his teddy bear in one hand and began to press towards me. "Andrea! Andrea!" he shouted at me. I was glad he was okay. He was just scared. So I replied with a gentle voice, "Calm down. It's okay, just tell me what happened." He told me he heard some noises and he didn't know what it was. When I asked him what type of noises they were, he said, scratching and rattling. He talked about demons and ghosts and refused to go back into his room. I had no choice but to explore his room myself, to prove to him it was nothing. I went inside and turned on the light. Then I quickly checked the room. I was looking for anything that could cause the noise George described. I checked the bed, the closet, and finally the window, but everything seemed to be normal. I went to tell George that he was probably just having a bad dream and that his room was perfectly fine. I took him and put him back to sleep.

When I returned to the living room, I realized that Alex was no longer in his bed. I looked around the room. There was his empty bed, the TV was turned on on the movie selection page, and then I noticed the crumpled carpet in the direction of the kitchen. As I was getting close to Alex's bed, from where it's possible to see directly at the glass door to the garden, which is right next to the kitchen, I saw Alex motionlessly sitting by the door. In silence, he was staring into the garden, with his eyes sharp and focused. His regular breathing made me feel the tension in his veins. Something is up, I thought to myself. Something is going on and I don't like the taste of it. I forced myself to step up to the glass door and look into the garden. I looked into the gloom. A long hose was rolling on the ground. Several of George's toys were thrown on the shortcut grass, and two watering cans and unused flower pots were placed by the corner of the fence. Yet, nothing I saw was out of the ordinary. I turned back to Alex, "Come on you crazy dog, stop staring like that! There's nothing there." But I knew it was me I was trying to convince.

I finally got to start the movie. I brought some snacks from the kitchen and sprawled out on the couch. I fixed the crumpled carpet and turned up the volume because I didn't want to worry about the "invisible thing" in our garden. I also snuggled under the blanket. After a few minutes, even Alex joined me in his bed next to the couch and everything seemed to be just fine. Then, a loud noise came from the garden. My back received a cold frost. It was the sound George was talking about. I immediately stopped the movie. I wished it wouldn't be true. Alex's head turned towards the glass door. We both listened intently. Silence. The same type of silence as before.

After a while, I recovered and gathered all the remaining courage. I got up from the couch and started my way to the glass door. The watering cans and flowerpots were scattered but I didn't see anything to indicate how it happened. Darkness and fog made the visibility difficult. I couldn't see the hose and George's toys were hard to see. But, on the right side of the garden, I saw an old water tap, from which a drop of water dripped from time to time. Alex barked loudly. He ran, rolled up the carpet and started jumping on the glass door. I couldn't see it! "What is it? What is it, Alex?" I yelled at him. I searched the entire garden with my gaze. Then, finally, there it was. I saw a medium-sized dark spot crouching near the pool formed under the water tap. It had a small dark face, sharp white teeth, and a bristling body attitude. Alex barked loudly again. However, I just replied with relief, "Shh, it's just a raccoon."