

My Life
By Jeff Miller

Crystal clear shards of glass shattered on Brad's face over their wedding picture. The crack splintered towards the black tie. The picture jumped from its home on the wall towards Megan and Brad's bedroom. Megan walked towards the bedroom door. Her hand twisted the knob open. Her brown eyes darted around the hallway of her house, looking to see what caused the noise she'd heard. There was nothing there. She looked down and saw the back of a photo frame on the cream-colored carpet. She got on her knees and reached for the picture.

"Shit," Megan cried, inhaling from the pain. Crimson stained Brad's face as her blood started sliding down her thumb. Drops dripped onto the broken frame as she dropped the photo and jerked her hand to her mouth to suck on the fresh wound.

Megan's pale white face jumped to the end of the hallway as bangs started vibrating the walls. The sounds grew louder as the invisible force moved closer and closer to Megan. Her heels pushed on the carpet as she twisted her body around to crawl back into the bedroom. The carpet pushed inside her hand to steal the blood she so willingly left behind until she had cleared the entryway and kicked the door shut. Her back heaved with short, rapid breaths. She ran to her side of the bed and reached for the phone sitting on her nightstand. She dialed *My Life* in her contacts.

"Brad, it's back! It's going to kill me," Megan yelled as she started shoving clothes and her phone charger in a bag.

"Babe you need to calm down. There's nothing there with you and nobody is going to kill you," Brad replied.

"There's something in this house. I'm going to a hotel and I want you to meet me there."

"You just need to go get some fresh air. I'll meet you after the Davis meeting and we'll talk this over. It's going to be fine."

Megan hurried to the door and slowly tried to pull the door open. She twisted and yanked, but the door wouldn't budge. She screamed, and shortly after, the door flew open. She picked up their wedding photo and her legs pushed her faster than ever before as she ran the length of the hallway and bounded down the stairs. She grabbed her wallet and keys from the white marble kitchen island and continued to the door.

Ignoring the friendly greetings of her neighbors in their garden, she collapsed into her black car. She twisted the key in the ignition, yanked it into reverse and peeled out of her driveway as the rubber marked the gray concrete. She sped to the stop sign and drove until she felt safe. She pulled into the hotel and checked in. She thanked the concierge and continued to her room.

The green light blinked as she removed her key card and entered the room. They didn't need two beds, but it was all the hotel had available. She set her bag on the edge of the bed closest to the door and sat on the other next to the patio. Her phone pulsed against her leg as a text message came in.

On my way
FROM: My Life

Her chest raised as she breathed a sigh of relief. She felt safe. She'd left whatever demon or monster had been in the house behind and Brad would be there soon. She stood up and walked to the mirror. Her dark hair was a tousled mess and Megan decided to shower. The warm water and soap did help Megan's nerves calm. She felt rejuvenated as she stepped out of the shower onto the white towel placed on the tile of the bathroom. She got dressed and went back out to the main section of her hotel room. Brad knocked on the door. Megan walked over and bent her head towards the peephole. She let him in and walked back to her bed.

"Meg, my love, there's nothing to worry about. There's no such thing as ghosts. You just need a break. Maybe we should go on that vacation to the coast," Brad said. He threw his suitcase on the bed, hitting Megan's bag. Small shards of glass fell on the carpet as their wedding photo landed on the hotel carpet. Brad bent over and picked the photo up. "What the hell is this?"

"Let's go outside. I need some sun. I'll tell you what happened," Megan said. The couple sat outside in the patio chairs and talked. She told him about their photo. She told him about the sounds and the door.

Brad shook his head. "Do you know how crazy you sound? The house is new. There's no ghosts. Why would you do this to our wedding photo? You've got to go see a shrink." He walked back into the hotel room and Megan followed.

Brad's red tie rose from its resting place against his chest, up towards the ceiling. His feet left the ground as the demon haunting Megan used the tie to lift him higher and higher off the ground. Brad's cheeks alternated from red to purple as he helplessly pulled at his throat. The last sound he heard was Megan's screams. Brad's lifeless body fell to the ground. Megan fell to her knees as her eyes flooded her face.

Her life was over.