

Eleanor let out a bloodcurdling cry of mental agony, again as she ran through the thick woods. As soon as the wail escaped her dry, cracked lips she regretted it. Her lungs were already burning, and the scream pushed her over the edge. Not accustomed to such an intense workout, she ached all over, especially in her upper hamstrings. She started to develop a cramp in the right side of her midsection and she was forced to stop running. Her heart was beating in her chest like a sledgehammer on her ribs. She fell down exhausted, sweating, crying like a terrified child. She lay exposed on the ground waiting for Slender Man to find her. She knew once he found her, she would never be able to go back.

Eleanor had seen the tall man ever since she was five. He would stalk her when she walked home. He would be there when she ate dinner. When she closed her eyes just for a second every now and then he would appear. Looking back on it, Eleanor realized that ever since the accident, he had been in her life.

Eleanor recalled back to when she was seven; her parents had taken her on a birthday walk in the woods with her and their dog Bijou. She didn't really want to go but she still had an hour before her party, and wanted to kill some time. There was a forest right near their house where her parents liked to take walks.

She and her parents lived in an old house that was built after the town library had burned down in 1920. She and her family moved in when Eleanor was three. She had always liked the house because of its large living room and her own giant bedroom. She had a queen sized bed and a blanket with bunnies on it. The house also had a big walk-in closet that was filled by her parents with various toys.

The birthday walk was greeted with much resistance, but when Eleanor's Parents, Ruth and Greg let her ride her birthday present; a bike, without a helmet, she agreed. Wouldn't you leap on an opportunity to do your favorite thing without an inconvenience that made it uncomfortable?

The family set out at ten in the morning. The plan was to bike until eleven, eat lunch in the park, and then continue till they got to the end of the trail. Then Eleanor pedaled hard on her new bike: a Bianchi Pista Flat Bar that she had found waiting for her

in the garage that morning. She enjoyed riding bikes because she could feel the rush of air on her face and the rush of propelling herself fast. She rushed out in front of her parents and then cruised? her hair enjoying the freedom from the oppressive helmet.

There was a sharp turn in the wooded path. Eleanor took the turn and hit some gravel while she was making the turn. The bikes tires slipped off the ground and Eleanor was rocketed with the bike between her legs still. She skid on the concrete path, tearing her leg into a bloody pulp. She landed in a roadside ditch. An additional and surprising pain shot up her back and into her head. She couldn't feel her limbs but she could feel the tips of her fingers. Her arms started to flail uncontrollably and her vision started to fade. She felt her body get cold. She was suddenly aware of a whole new world through her fingertips. Everything she touched felt bigger than she knew it was.

As Eleanor's remaining vision faded, her parents still oblivious to her accident pedaled along the trail marveling at their daughter's speed: how fast she must be to get out of sight so quickly. Eleanor herself had started to see things beyond the primitive darkness that had overcome her. She saw a man in the distance as the mist cleared from her darkened hallucination. The man was tall with scraggly black hair. He looked sad, Eleanor remembered thinking, ignoring the quickly fading pain that had fallen over her body. The man held a limp woman in his arms and a scared little girl tugged on his shoulder. The man ignored the girl and his grief became more and more exposed. The little girl reminded Eleanor of herself. Then the girl started looking pale and collapsed.

The man looked at the girl now aware of her fear and pain. He stood up and grew tall. He stretched his arms out in order to cradle the woman and the child while standing. Trees grew around him as Eleanor got a sense of passing time. And her vision faded for a second time. She became engulfed in darkness

When her vision started to clear, like a fog leaving or a curtain being lifted. She saw a scene that was hauntingly familiar. The same location where her house was but instead of her brightly painted castle, there was an old dusty library. Although Eleanor couldn't know that, somehow she did. For her it was as simple as recognizing color. The library was square, large and just boring, but also sheltering. Her sight shifted into the library. Children inside giggled in awe at the man they circled around. A man with a long

white beard stood in a library. He had an aura of kindness and wisdom. Children were gathered at the man's feet. They seemed to sense his powerful presence. One of them would ask a question about the nature of the world and he would respond.

Eleanor felt danger; she felt her body shake with fear. Smoke billowed from one of the shelves full of books. Flames shot up from the carpeted floor. The mesmerized children started to scream. Smoke clouded Eleanor's vision and she felt herself fading.

A new scene revealed itself in front of her. The same man from her first hallucination was standing in the forest. He was alone now. Trees had grown up around him and his elongated arms. He was one with the forest. A stranger, that had been accepted into a foreign community.

The position of Eleanor's view shifted, cinematically zooming in on the man's absent face. From a mouth that didn't exist the man spoke. "Slender" he said. As soon as the words had escaped the tall man's missing lips Eleanor's world turned dark and she was left in silence.

After weeks in coma, and in treatment for the iron spike that had penetrated her neck, Eleanor returned from the hospital in a dreary nightmarish state. She spent weeks in her room where she sat, reflecting on the horrors she had witnessed. She cried day on end for no reason. She felt hollow. It was as if the abandoned railroad spike had punctured her soul, allowing for the life inside her to drain out. She remained in this state for weeks and months and three full years.

When Eleanor returned to school she would isolate herself from other students. She experienced her second epileptic fit at school, during lunch. That time she didn't have any hallucinations. She just felt her arms go limp and her fingers go numb. From that point on, the seizures became more and more regular. The other students teased her for her fits and she became more and more depressed.

Lying on her side in the middle of the woods Eleanor cried remembering her childhood and waiting for the tall man to find her. Slowly pushed herself up and started running. She couldn't keep up the pace and it wasn't enough anyways, Slender found her. She shielded her eyes. And she entered the world of her seizures.

The first time she saw Slender Man apart from her hallucinations was on her tenth birthday when her dog Bijou died. She was standing by is freshly dug grave in her backyard. Looking past the fence and into the woods. Without warning but a breeze she saw a man appear from nowhere by the edge of the thick forest. He was tall with very long arms. She couldn't make out his face but that he was bald. He had long arms that drooped far below his waist. To describe him something in her head whispered "slender". Then the man disappeared. After that seeing slender became as commonplace to her as seizures. Her mood also changed after that encounter. Her depression became fear.

In her freshman year of college Slender Man started getting more dangerous for her, she crashed her car after seeing him in the road directly in front of her. She started entering epileptic fits when she saw him and started to get horrible migraines. And she felt herself nearing death when he got near. She would become limp or weak when he got close and her fits were so bad she would have to stay in the hospital for weeks on end.

It was in the hospital were she realized the full extent of Slender Man's power, by then it was too late. The lights in her room flashed on and off. She closed her eyes and called for a nurse hoping that the bright flashes of light wouldn't trigger a seizure. No one came to help. She got out of her bed to turn the lights off herself. Stumbling over and around the room navigating with her hands she found the light switch and flicked it.

She opened her eyes and closed them again realizing that the flickering light was still on. She hit the switch a couple more times opening her eyes only for a second to see if it had worked. She cried out for help and felt herself get weak. She knew Slender Man was coming. She ran out the door of her room into the hospital corridor. She ran and ran out of the hospital and into the woods.

Eleanor screamed again as she ran through the thick woods. Not accustomed to such an intense workout, she ached all over, especially in her legs. She started to develop a cramp right in the middle of her chest, and she was forced to stop running. She tripped

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and fell on the hard soil. There she lay exposed on the ground waiting for Slender Man to find her. She knew once he found her she would never be able to go back.

She stood up and started running again but her effort wasn't enough, Slender Man caught up to her and she felt weak. As she went into an epileptic seizure as she felt herself letting go of life.