

Creepy craig story



It was almost like lying in a boiling rubber blowup pool. The air was thick and Zara couldn't manage to fall asleep. The strange noises from across the hall filled the silence of her apartment again. Zara always felt suspicious of the man who lived there, because when she waited for the lift to go to the floor of her unit, he would stand there at least four times a week and watch her as the doors closed. The creepy thing about that was, when the lift reached the sixth floor, he would be there as she stepped out.

She always thought of him as her own personal stalker. Creepy Craig. Maybe he was harmless? Who cares! Zara wanted out. The last time she got out of the lift at her own floor, Creepy Craig was standing there leering at her offering ANZAC cookies. Enough was enough. She needed to get out of his apartment now. Even Ben, her boyfriend thought the guy was a creep. He wanted to sort him out but Zara didn't want him to do that. Right now, she wished Ben was at home instead of playing Rugby with the local club in Southport. She reached for her mobile phone and called him.

Zara was pleased to hear that Ben was on his way home. Even better, he had already been searching and had found a nice new apartment. He wanted her to see the next day. Their new place was amazing, right on the Broadwater overlooking water which glistened like diamonds in the sunlight as the squeals of the kids with their families echoed into the distance. Having a new unit was great. Just what Zara and Ben wanted. The relief of not worrying about Creepy Craig any more made her feel relaxed for the first time in months.

Sitting on the balcony with the blistering Australian twelve o'clock sun hovering above, Zara and Ben relaxed with a refreshing icy cold glass of

beer. They talked about their plans for tomorrow afternoon's family picnic at the Broadwater and how Australia Day this year was going to be amazing. Ben would make the waterslide for the kids; aunty Sue would take the name out of the hat to see who was going to cook the barbeque this year. Zara and Ben both hoped it wasn't going to be Gazza again. Last time he cooked he burnt all the sausages and set fire to his own shirt.

Zara thought he had one too many beers that day. Aside from the disaster last year, they were both getting excited. As the afternoon wore on and the heat of the sun dissipated, Zara and Ben were feeling very relaxed. Out of nowhere, loud crashes resonated as if pots and pans were being hurtled across a room. From the unit above, the crash was accompanied by a girl yelling and a man swearing. Unsettled by the noise and wondering if the girl was okay, Ben left their unit and got the elevator to the eleventh floor. He followed the sound like a detective finding clues to a murder scene.

Zara waited anxiously on the balcony on the floor below, worrying about what was actually happening up there and if Ben really should have gone to investigate. Everything went strangely silent. An ear-piercing scream split through the air. There, in a single second, but seeming like slow motion, a beautiful young girl glided past her balcony like a feather. Zara met her eyes and in a heartbeat she felt like she saw the girl's whole life in a flash. She was gone. Zara froze like a statue. Ben burst through the door, demanding to know what had happened as he couldn't get anyone to open to his knocking at the unit above.

Zara couldn't get any words out. All she could manage to do was point to the balcony repeatedly. When Ben returned, he looked pale and sick. They stood

looking at each other for a few seconds; they both seemed to come out of their stupor after Ben called the police. People were out on their balconies all over the building, gazing in shock at the terrible sight below. Police and ambulance sirens blared towards their building. The afternoon ended in a haze of uniforms all over the place. Because Zara and Ben's unit was directly below where the girl fell, they had to be questioned by the police.

They told their stories and signed statements. Their fantastic day had ended in tragedy. They felt quite sick as they went to bed that night. When the brightness of the morning woke Zara and Ben, they discussed whether they should cancel their plans but both really wanted to get out of the unit and be with their family and friends. So it was decided that Ben would take the esky down to the basement, pack the car, drive up to reception and pick Zara up from there. After bed Ben phoned to say he was on the way, Zara waited at the reception.

She felt uneasy about being on her own but it was only a few minutes until she would be out of the building and with Ben. She shared the lift with the manager of the building, Steve. They briefly discussed the sad and frightening event of yesterday. Steve couldn't say very much because it was still a police matter. When the lift doors opened at the ground floor, Zara looked up and standing in the foyer was Creepy Craig. "That's the poor man who lost his girlfriend over the balcony yesterday." Steve said to Zara whispering the news.