

Home alone essay sample

[Literature](#), [Russian Literature](#)



As I stood by the door the cold bitter wind slapped me in the face as I watched the car pull away from the driveway. Leaves were swooping, sweeping and soaring in the wind and night sky shrouded the house in darkness as the car lights faded away in the distance. I closed the door and from then on I was home alone. I shuffled up the stairs catching a last glimpse of the car and starting to see rain droplets spit down from the grey clouds smudged into the sky. Every now and then I would hear the leaves rattling in the wind and the owls hooting in the distance.

The wind would whip twigs into the air and fling them against my window. I felt caved in a world of darkness and that everything around me was staring right into me like I was the centre of attention. I could see faint outlines of trees silhouetted into the background swaying from side to side like clockwork toys. Rain had started to pound down onto rooftops becoming heavier with each droplet draining out the noise as the wind whistled. I started to feel a sense of nervousness and also uncomfortable. As I walked to my room I heard a strange rattling noise as if someone was tapping against the front door.

I wasn't sure what to do, fear was flooding my mind and all I could hear was the sound of my heart pounding. At this moment I still wasn't sure whether the noise was a person or just a branch flicking the door. I was too paranoid to find out but hiding from my fear made me even more petrified. I tip-toed down the stairs with sweat trickling down my face and as I peeked around the corner to see the door I heard the sound of the lock slowly winding backwards. I took a quick glance and saw the outline of a black suited figure almost camouflaging in the murky night.

My body trembled with fear as I had flashbacks of memories with my family and how I may never get to see them again. Blood was rushing through my veins and I was now profusely sweating, almost crying. I galloped to the phone as I saw the handle of the door slowly turn. I wasn't sure if I was going to make it back up in time as the door had already opened as I was on my way back. I took a quick peek over my shoulder as I scampered up the stairs and noticed the figure was already standing in the hall way.

He had covered his body with a pitch black suit but strangely kept his face uncovered. He had the face of a teenager no older than twenty and his suit had stretched onto his skin displaying his muscular figure. His hair was unkempt like a pile of hay and his face was scattered with pimples as if a mountain range was growing on his cheeks. His face was very pale except for the crimson colour his pimples showed. His nose was short and stubby and his eyes azure piercing through me as I took a quick look at him. I heard my footsteps echoed by him as I ran to look for somewhere to hide.

I was never prepared for such a situation and wasn't sure where to go. With terror soaking my body and thoughts of death pouncing into my mind I locked myself in the nearest bathroom. I could hear the floor boards creaking, becoming louder with each footstep he took till everything in the world seemed to go mute. My heart froze, I had stopped breathing and panic was tearing me apart. I sat there pressing myself against the far corner of the wall when the silence was broken as the bathroom lock began to wind backwards.