

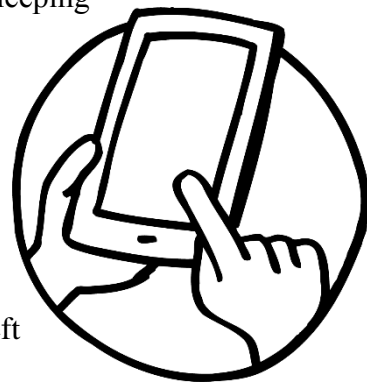
The Cell Phone

A couple of months ago, my friend's cousin (a single mother) bought a new cell phone. After a long day of work, she came home, placed her phone on the counter, and went watch to TV; her son came to her and asked if he could play with her new phone. She told him not to call anyone or mess with text messages, and he agreed.

At around 11:20, she was drowsy, so she decided to tuck her son in and go to bed. She walked to his room and saw that he wasn't there. She then ran over to her room to find him sleeping on her bed with the phone in his hand.

Relieved, she picked her phone back up from his hand to inspect it. Browsing through it, she noticed only minor changes such as a new background, banner, etc., but then she opened up her saved pictures. She began deleting the pictures he had taken, until only one new picture remained.

When she first saw it, she was in disbelief. It was her son sleeping on her bed, but the picture was taken by someone else above him... and it showed the left half of an elderly woman's face.



Some Things Are Better Left Unseen



Two dormmates in college were in the same science class. The teacher had just reminded them about the midterm the next day when one dormmate— let's call her Julie—got invited to a party by the hottest guy in school. The other dormmate, Meg, had pretty much no interest in going and, being a diligent student, took notes on the material that would appear on the midterm. After spending all her time flirting with her date, Julie was totally unprepared for her test.

At the end of the day, Julie spent hours getting ready for the party while Meg started studying. Julie tried to get Meg to go, but Meg was insistent that she needed to study and pass the test.

Julie went to the party and had the time of her life with her date. She headed back to the dorm around 2 a.m. and decided not to wake Meg. She went to bed nervous about the midterm and decided she would wake up early to ask Meg for help.

In the morning, Meg was lying on her stomach, apparently sound asleep. Julie rolled her over to reveal Meg's terrified face. Julie, concerned, turned on the desk lamp. Meg's study stuff was still open and had blood all over it. Meg had been slaughtered. Julie, in horror, fell to the floor and looked up to see, written on the wall in Meg's blood, "Aren't you glad you didn't turn on the light?"

The Crib Shadow



I was babysitting my niece once while I was staying at my brother's place, and they had the baby camera setup so I could see her on the little TV it came with. I was studying and started dozing off when I heard some whispering and realized it was coming from the monitor.

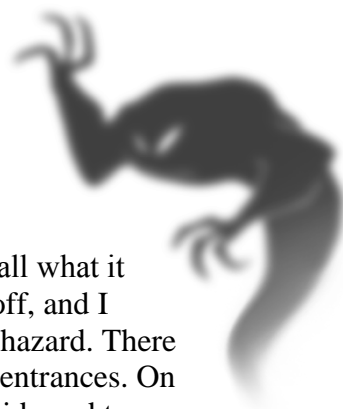
I initially thought it was some feedback or something, but when I looked at the TV there was a dark shadow near my niece's crib. I have never been more terrified in my life, but the shadow was clearly there where it had not been before. I ran to my niece's room and looked around and saw nothing, but I took her the hell out of there. I went back to the TV, and the shadow was clearly gone.

I told my brother what happened and he pulled me aside and told me not to mention it to my sister-in-law because she'll freak out, but that he had seen that same thing several times now, with the same whispering.

They stayed in that house for about four more years and when my niece was just learning to talk she would tell her mom about her 'special friend.' To this day, it scares the shit out of me. When they moved out, my brother told me my niece had become inconsolably sad because she would miss her 'friend.' Her mom would tell her she could bring him along but all she would say was that he couldn't leave the house. We have never to this day told her about that damn shadow, and she apparently never saw it.

The Shadow

I didn't know that's what it was called until much later. I was living in a house in Laguna Beach that had been there since the 1920s. In it's history, it had been a speakeasy, a brothel and a house for smuggling illegal immigrants.

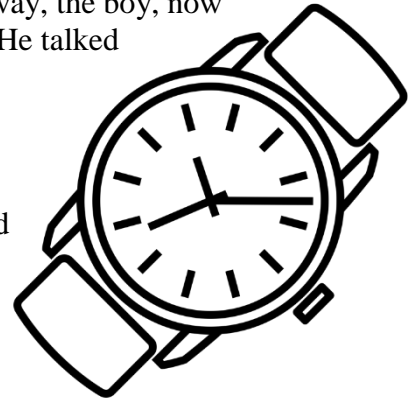


One day, my new wife and I were having an argument. I can't even recall what it was about. She walked down the block to get a cup of coffee and cool off, and I was alone in the house. The way the place was built was incredibly haphazard. There was a bedroom and living room on one side, then a bathroom with two entrances. On the other side of the bathroom was a hallway that had windows in one side and two bedrooms on the other. From my bedroom, I could look across the hall into the bathroom, then through the bathroom and down the other hall. I was standing at my dresser, and I just noticed movement out the corner of my eye, and looked down there. There was... and honest to god, this gives me goose bumps just typing it, 17 years later, a black figure. It was maybe three feet tall, and it was only vaguely humanoid. it looked like black scribbles, like someone had scribbled a human shape, but the scribbles moved, like electricity arcing, that's the best way to describe it.

There was no sound that I could remember. I distinctly remember when I saw it I wasn't afraid. Then it noticed me looking at it. I can't say it turned around, it just, focused on me I guess. THEN I was scared. I didn't move, didn't scream, nothing, I was just frozen, because it just fucking came at me, it RUSHED down the hall towards me. I have no idea what it intended, but as soon as it entered the bathroom, the door closest to me just SLAMMED shut on it. I screamed. I yelled for my wife. She wasn't home. I went the fuck outside, into the daylight, and didn't go back in until she got home about 10 minutes later. I don't believe in ghosts. I don't believe I saw something supernatural, but I know I saw something. I don't know what it was.

The Timekeeper

He had been given the watch on his tenth birthday. It was an ordinary grey plastic wristwatch in every respect except for the fact that it was counting down. "That is all of the time you have left in the world, son. Use it wisely." And indeed he did. As the watch ticked away, the boy, now a man, lived life to the fullest. He climbed mountains and swam oceans. He talked and laughed and lived and loved. The man was never afraid, for he knew exactly how much time he had left. Eventually, the watch began its final countdown. The old man stood looking over everything he had done, everything he had built. 5. He shook hands with his old business partner, the man who had long been his friend and confidant. 4. His dog came and licked his hand, earning a pat on the head for its companionship. 3. He hugged his son, knowing that he had been a good father. 2. He kissed his wife on the forehead one last time. 1. The old man smiled and closed his eyes.



Then, nothing happened. The watch beeped once and turned off. The man stood standing there, very much alive. You would think that in that moment he would have been overjoyed. Instead, for the first time in his life, the man was scared.

Next time you'll know better



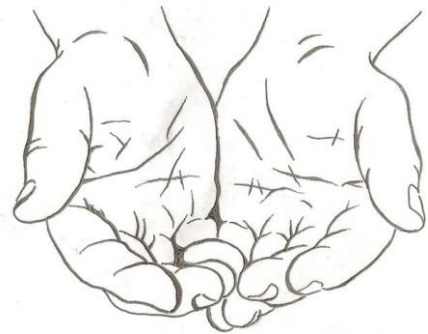
Have you ever walked into a room and found a vampire? No, not the sexy kind, but a foul creature with bony limbs and ashen skin? The kind that snarls as you enter, like a beast about to pounce? The kind that roots you to the spot with its sunken, hypnotic eyes, rendering you unable to flee as you watch the hideous thing uncoil from the shadows? Has your heart started racing though your legs refuse to? Have you felt time slow as the creature crosses the room in the darkness of a blink? Have you shuddered with fear when it places one clawed hand atop your head and another under your chin so it can tilt you, exposing your neck? Have you squirmed as its rough, dry tongue slides down your cheek, over your jaw, to your

throat, in a slithering search that's seeking your artery? Have you felt its hot breath release in a hiss against your skin when it probes your pulse—the flow that leads to your brain? Has its tongue rested there, throbbing slightly as if savoring the moment? Have you then experienced a sinking, sucking blackness as you discover that not all vampires feed on blood—some feed on memories? Well, have you? Maybe not. But let me rephrase the question: Have you ever walked into a room and suddenly forgotten why you came in?

Hands

The doctor pulled the stethoscope ear tips out and hung the device around his neck. "Mr. Weatherby, all of your tests have come back negative and my examination shows nothing abnormal." Adam knew what was coming next. "I'm not crazy, Doctor." "I'm sorry, but there is no physical reason for why you occasionally lose control of your hands. A psychologist can help..." "I don't need therapy. I need answers. They seem to have a life all their own. I can't hold a job. I'm under investigation for assault. I almost killed my neighbor. This can't go on. I'll try anything at this point."

After two weeks on a new medication, Adam saw no progress and grew increasingly depressed. He was convinced that despite what the doctors said, it was not a psychological problem. That night, a frustrated and angry Adam sat in a chair and drank bourbon. Drunk and hopeless, he stumbled to the garage and started the table saw, then slowly lowered his wrists toward the screaming blade. Detective Armstrong entered the garage where several uniformed officers stood over the blood-soaked body. "So what do we got?" he asked, taking in the blood-splattered scene. "This is a weird one, Detective." "How so?" "Take a look at the body. He apparently chopped off his hands with the table saw and bled to death." Armstrong knelt down. "And?" "And we can't find his hands anywhere."



Fallers



People started falling from the sky by the close of the decade. They were never clothed, always naked, always a petrifying grin on their faces. It had been just a few at first, but then hundreds and thousands would fall at a time, destroying cars, homes, blocking off highways. Strange discoveries were made upon research; they were human, but lacked any blood, intestines, even a heart. No one could explain the hideous grins they had, or even where they came from. It was a woman in Costa Rica who made the latest and most disturbing discovery. She recognized one of the fallen bodies as a long dead relative, one who died back when she had been a teenager. Then more and more identifications were made. Soon people were picking out their long dead loved ones amongst the video feeds, cadaver piles, and crematoriums. No one could explain why they were coming back, falling

from the sky. Even more distressing, after disposing of the bodies, it wouldn't be long until that same body came plummeting from the sky again. You could not get rid of them, no matter what. People were getting killed by the higher volume of falling bodies, and soon after burial, they too, began to fall. My mother was killed when a body landed on her car, crushing her. The next week, the news reported on a body that had gotten lodged in an airplane windshield. I saw my mother's grinning face, the happiest I had ever seen her. They say when hell is full; the dead shall walk the earth. What about heaven?

A message from your personal Demons

Hello, my dear. You do not know who I am, but I know you. I am one of the three demons that were assigned to you at birth. You see, some people in this world are destined for greatness, destined to live happy, fulfilling lives. You, I am afraid, are not one of those people, and it is our job to make sure of that. Who are we? Oh yes, of course, how rude of me. Allow me to introduce us: *Shame* is my younger brother, the demon on your left shoulder. *Shame* tells you that you're a freak; that those thoughts you have are not normal; that you will never fit in. *Shame* whispered into your ear when your mother found you playing with yourself as a child. *Shame* is the one who makes you hate yourself. *Fear* sits on your right shoulder. He is my older brother, as old as life itself. *Fear* fills every dark corner with monsters, turns every stranger on a dark street into a murderer. *Fear* stops you from telling your crush how you feel. He tells you it is better not to try than let people see you fail. *Fear* makes you build your own prison. Who am I, then? I am the worst of your demons, but you see me as a friend. You turn to me when you have nothing else, because I live in your heart. I am the one who forces you to endure. The one who prolongs your torment. Sincerely, *Hope* .



PREPARE YOUR 7-STEP SUMMARY

Summarization is one of the most important and essential aspects of reading comprehension. **Who can tell me what it means to 'summarize' ?** When we summarize something we retell it, stressing only the most important parts in order to emphasize the main idea. The less important, minor details are left out.

Why is summarization important for reading? Summarizing helps us to better understand what we have read. Let's have a look at a few basic steps that will help you summarize your readings, and then we will practice summarizing text together.

There are seven simple steps to summarization. You can use the column on the right to take some notes.

STEP NUMBER	WHAT TO DO	YOUR NOTES
1	<i>Pick out important details that are necessary to the story.</i>	
2	<i>Pick out the less important or repeated ideas from the story and eliminate them</i>	
3	<i>Highlight the important details using keywords</i>	
4	<i>Highlight where and when the story took place</i>	
5	<i>List the main characters</i>	
6	<i>List key words and facts in the order they appeared in the passage.</i>	
7	<i>Trim the list of key words down to one topic sentence.</i>	

Okay, now that we have our steps here in front of us, let's practice using them.

Tell your story, using the **PAST SIMPLE** or the **PRESENT SIMPLE** if you prefer...

ANNABEL LEE: LOST LOVE

Edgar Allan Poe wrote “Annabel Lee” in 1849. It was his last complete poem and would not be published until after his death in October 1849. A sad poem, many scholars believe it refers to the death of his wife, Virginia Clemm, in 1847 at the age of 24.

Annabel Lee. A poem by Edgar Allan Poe

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in Heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS:

1. As well as rhyming words at the end of a line, Poe uses internal rhymes such as “beams” and dreams” in the last stanza. Find another example of internal rhyme.
2. Who is Annabel Lee in real life? Why do you suppose that he calls her Annabel Lee rather than her real name?
3. In the poem, it states that Annabel Lee thinks mostly of what? In what stanza did you find this answer?
4. Who was jealous of the narrator and Annabel Lee? Why were they jealous?
5. What is a sepulcher? Where is Annabel Lee’s sepulcher located in the poem?
6. The “wind” is used as a metaphor in this poem. What does the wind represent?
7. In the last stanza, the narrator mentions the stars. What does he say the stars remind him of?
8. According to the poem, where does the narrator sleep at night?