

The Scare Master

It was dark and stuffy under the bed. I was hidden. I was quiet. I was six. This dream of mine was dangerous; Why? Because every child knows: Dads don't scare easy.

My dream in life was to become THE Scare Master. My older brother held the current record for jump scares but that was about to change. I planned to pull off the ultimate scare: to hide like a monster under my sister's bed, crawl out at the perfect moment, and scare the crap out of her. Nighttime had come. I made my excuses and 'went to bed'. My sister and I shared a room, our fluffy beds pushed up against the peeling walls. Lowering myself to the floor, I pushed aside some baskets and shimmied my way under.

At that moment, lying there in the dark and silence, My heart pounded furiously as I waited for her to enter. All the ways my plan could fail began to surface in my mind. What if she felt nervous because I wasn't in the room and she looked around!? Maybe I could leave my hiding place for just a second and go shut the bathroom door so she thought I was in the bathroom! Brilliant. I began to army crawl out. Thump! Thump! Thump! I froze. The doorknob turned. I shoved myself back under the bed just as the door opened. I lay still and was ready to crawl out hissing when I heard my dad's voice.

My plan had fallen apart. What was dad doing?! He would surely notice my empty bed, start asking questions and ruin everything. My dad dropped my sister onto the bed. The wooden boards shivered above me and little feathers fell down. She squealed and then demanded to be tucked in. Tapping my fingers on the carpet, I waited for him to walk out. My sister had other plans.

"Dad no!" she whined.

"Oh, you want me to stay? What do you want me to do?" My dad asked.

She responded with a purr, "Sing me a Goodnight Song."

Thus began the bargaining of The Goodnight Song. My sister hammered my dad with complaints and requests. I was sick of it. This could take forever! My dad seemed just as annoyed as I was when he sat on my sister's bed with a sigh. I tried not to gag as his hairy legs rested next to my face... wait a minute. The noise around me was blocked out as my focus moved to the legs in front of me. Why was I here? I wanted to prove I was the one and only Scare Master! My first target was forgotten; cast into the collected dust under her bed. Now the only thing I concentrated on was my dad's legs.

I could imagine my family's surprise when I became the new scare master, but my dad? He was the wild card. If my sister's nagging had put him in a bad mood then I might not be able to escape without a spanking. Yes, victory would be sweet, but perhaps a little painful.

"Honey, I'm tired. I want to go to bed. Choose one more song and then I'm leaving."

I needed to hurry. I looked at his leg. The feel of a possible spanking made me shiver. Oh my, this was a dangerous mission.

"Fine. Sing I am a Child of God. But sing in your normal voice! I don't like your funny voice." My sister replied.

I had to think. Did I yearn to become the Scare Master? A feather came down as my dad shifted to begin his song. I watched the feather float down towards my nose. I didn't dare to breathe or my dad would hear. The feather floated closer and closer.

"I am a child of Goddd..." My dad sang. The feather hit my nose. Yes, I wanted this.

"And he has sent me here..." My nose itched. I would do anything.

"Has given me an earthly home." The sneeze was coming on. I had to grab his leg before he heard!

"With parents kind and..." I awoke.

I thrust my hand forward and made contact with my dad's dark hairy leg at the same moment I sneezed. I felt the leg in my hand rip out, pulling me forwards and bumping my head against the wood of the bed. My dad slammed against the wall screaming.

Was that really his scream? Did I truly just scare him?! I crawled out with an enormous grin on my face. I turned and saw the most perplexed parent piled on top of my sister.

He was scared; In fact, he was terrified. My brother came running to my room asking what was going on. My mom came in for a second and smiled. I couldn't see my sister. She was stuck, protesting, under my dad. And my victim just stared at me. The fear slowly faded away and was replaced with utter amazement. Slowly, my audience wandered back to their nightly routines while my dad struggled to get off of my sister's bed. He walked over. Was I now to receive a spanking for my crimes? My dad smiled, winked, and left me in the dark with my recovering sister and my buzzing mind. My sister shifted in the dark and let out a shaky breath.

"Sarah?" she whispered.

"Yes?" I felt satisfied with the fear and awe in her voice. She would never trust me again.

"How long were you under there?"

"6 minutes." Only the best Scare Master would last that long.

Ten years after this event, I still ponder at my bravery. I made my dream a reality. Fears and feathers tried to stop me but I was resilient and reaped the reward I sought. I am to this day, The Scare Master.