



# The Shadows Remember

Veshremy



Inside the dimly lit cabin, Alex, Sarah, and Jack stood frozen in a suffocating silence. Alex's flashlight beam trembled violently across the shattered doorway, illuminating nothing but the swirling dust and the pitch-black void of the woods outside.



Sarah gripped Jack's shoulder so tightly her fingernails drew faint crescents of blood through his shirt. Jack gazed blankly ahead, his eyes glassy and distant, completely shattered by the unnatural terror that had just vanished into the night.



Outside, the ancient pines stood like silent, twisted sentinels against a moonless sky. The wind had died completely and the crickets had ceased their songs, leaving the forest entirely breathless, as if nature itself was waiting for a terrible aftermath.



Deep within the heart of the woods, where the canopy grew so thick no starlight could penetrate, a broken shape began to stir in the rot. A smeared, painted smile twitched in the dark, and a mangled hand flexed with a sudden, malicious hunger.



The mangled figure of Mr. Griny dragged itself upright against a hollow tree, his missing eye socket weeping a thick, black fluid. Though his body had been shattered by the faceless entity, the dark magic of the woods was already knitting his broken bones back together.



A low, rumbling vibration began to echo through the poisoned soil, growing into the sickening sound of a rusty chainsaw tearing to life. The killer clown's laughter bubbled up from the earth, a mechanical and guttural sound that signaled his terrible resurrection.



Back in the cabin, the chalk symbol the children had hastily drawn on the floorboards began to glow with a faint, sickening static. They had thought the tall, faceless man in the suit was their savior, but he had merely been defending his own sacred hunting ground.



A long, impossibly thin shadow stretched across the cabin floor, rising from the floorboards without a sound. The faceless entity did not grant wishes or offer mercy; he collected debts, and the children had just signed an obligation written in fear.



Through the cracked windows, the teenagers heard the distant, unmistakable revving of a chainsaw echoing from the deepest thickets. At the same time, the walls of the cabin seemed to warp, entrapping them between the vengeful clown and the faceless collector.



The forest always collects its due, and the hunt had only just begun. As three small hearts pounded in unison, the shadows around them lengthened, sealing their fates in a nightmare from which they would never awaken.