

# Crawl Space: A Spine-Tingling Short Horror Story

When John and Mary moved into their new home, they were excited to start a new chapter in their lives. The house was a charming old Victorian, with plenty of space for their family of four. But what they didn't know was that their new home held a dark secret, lurking in the shadows of the attic crawl space.



## Crawl Space: a short horror story by Dona Fox

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

Language : English  
File size : 3096 KB  
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Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Word Wise : Enabled  
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It was on a sweltering summer afternoon that John decided to investigate the crawl space. He had been meaning to do it for weeks, but other projects had always taken priority. With a flashlight in hand, he lifted the heavy attic door and squeezed through the narrow opening.

The crawl space was dark and dusty, with cobwebs hanging from every corner. John could feel the heat radiating from the roof above him, making

the air thick and oppressive. He crawled forward on his hands and knees, his flashlight cutting through the darkness.

As he crawled deeper into the crawl space, John began to notice something strange. There were strange noises coming from the far end of the space. At first, he dismissed them as rats or mice, but as he got closer, the noises grew louder and more distinct.

John paused and listened. He could hear a faint scratching sound, as if something was trying to dig its way through the wood. He held his breath and crept closer, his flashlight beam trembling in his hand.

And then he saw it. In the dim light of his flashlight, he saw a small, dark shape huddled in the corner of the crawl space. It was a child, a little girl, with long, matted hair and eyes that seemed to glow in the darkness.

John froze in his tracks, his heart pounding in his chest. The little girl didn't seem to notice him, she just kept scratching at the wood, her tiny nails scraping against the surface.

John took a deep breath and called out to the girl. "Hello," he said. "What are you ng here?"

The girl didn't respond. She just kept scratching, her eyes still fixed on the wood.

John felt a chill run down his spine. He knew that something was wrong. This wasn't a normal child. This was something else.

He turned and ran, scrambling back through the crawl space and out into the attic. He slammed the door shut and leaned against it, breathing heavily.

John never went back into the crawl space. He never told anyone what he had seen that day. But the memory of the little girl in the crawl space haunted him for the rest of his life.

Years later, John and Mary sold the house and moved away. They never looked back. But sometimes, on quiet nights, John would wake up in a cold sweat, the memory of the little girl in the crawl space still fresh in his mind.

He knew that he would never forget what he had seen that day. And he knew that the secret of the crawl space would stay with him forever.

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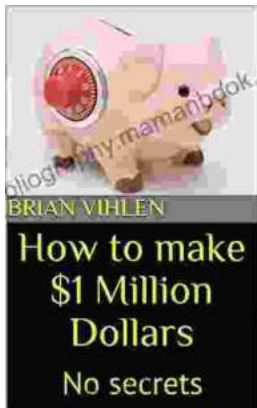
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