Click Me

I was the usual internet shut-in. I don't really have many friends, 2-3, and sit all day on my computer. I really like just going around websites looking at random funny pictures all day. I'm nothing special or any kind of computer wiz. I'm the sad kid who sits there at the screen, I silently sit in the corner, talking to nobody and getting school work done in school so I can go home and continue web-surfing. Now that you know a little about me, here is my story.

I was sitting alone in my house. I was browsing through the internet, having no idea what exactly I was looking for. It was just that usual internet surfing. I was just constantly clicking links from one joke website to another. I stopped and continually looked through some meme pictures and had some good laughs. I was on a constant spree of them for about an hour. I got off of those in a bit and just read some random fanfics. I loved people's imaginations on these sites; it amazed me what people could think of just by watching or reading something else. I personally never could write like that.

My mom called me downstairs to eat after about another hour and a half of reading, 7:30 now, “Jesse, come downstairs already, eat some food before you starve.” I could hear her not so loudly say, “I swear Jesse needs to get a life.” It didn't really upset me too much;
I'm used to hearing things like that from her, dad, strangers from school, and my brother Matthew.

By the way, Matthew is kind of the opposite of me. He's a cool kid, the quarterback of the football team, and always surrounded by people of some popular caliber. I always feel left out whenever I have to be around him, but I don't hate him, just the aura of everyone having to be close to him. He's dated so many cheerleaders that they're practically the Matthew fan club. We still have good times when we can be alone, away from each other; otherwise I'll usually leave so he can be with his friends and groupies alike. At home is the only time I have fun with him, and I still don't talk to him that much then since we both pretty much stay in our rooms at home.

Anyways, everyone gathered around the dinner table, except Dad. He was usually off around some other place. Mother says it is always because of work, but we all know that's not the case. He was actually out drinking at strip clubs or finding a prostitute. We knew it wasn't his fault; it was because of the alcohol. Daddy was always a good man without it, at least that's what Mother told me. Faster than I could have realized, dinner was already over. Everybody was leaving the table and my meal was eaten. I walked upstairs and passed Matthew's room. I contemplated whether or not I should go in and hang out with him for a bit. I decided I would just get back on the computer.

I sat on my little chair and stared back into the bright life that swallowed down most of my life's time, this time wasting away at cat pictures and videos. I don't know why but those cat things are just so funny. At the bottom corner there was a link with the title, “Click Me.” Because I'm kind of an idiot for suspicious links, you wouldn't believe how many times
Trojans have appeared on my computer. I clicked it and all of a sudden my screen went black. I waited for a couple of seconds for something to happen. Furious, I swore a couple times and tried to restart the computer, but it wouldn't turn off. I muttered, “Damn it, now I have to get Mom to fix it.” I sat back down, angry at my computer. I kicked the desk only to demonstrate that kicking wood with your toe hurts. I jumped around like an idiot, thumping around. I looked back up at the screen and in the center of the pitch black screen was a little typing box. Inside it said “Thank you. Please type in your name.” Once again, I was an idiot with this stuff.

I leaned over the keyboard and typed in my name, Jesse. The computer did nothing for a couple of seconds and then lied, “Thank you, Jesse, please tell me what you want.” I was confused. It was a random link, so I wasn't quite sure about what this website was for. I looked up at the address bar to see nothing there. The whole box was just gone. I sarcastically typed in, “What do you mean?” After a couple seconds the message came back in a quiet beep. “Tell me what you want, Jesse.” It felt creepy seeing my name in the text. It was just like any other text, but this just felt creepy. I just told myself that it was probably going to just keeping doing that until I answered, the question. I typed in, “I don't know.” Instead of waiting a couple of seconds, the computer instantly responded this time, “Well then figure something out, Jesse.” I was surprised it had actually responded. It was probably something like that cleverbot website. I loved that website.

I typed in, “I want to know what is going on.” I sat there waiting impatiently. Two minutes had passed making me curious if it froze again. Finally, another message popped up, and then another, and another one! The whole screen had been filled up with millions of
sentences and words. I moved my mouse over some of them, and they enlarged. They seemed to be all the news within the last hour or so. I guessed this thing was actually a new search engine of some sort. Neat, I thought, maybe they wanted people to beta test in online.

I typed in another thing; once I started typing, all of the news disappeared. I typed in, “Funny cat videos.” Since it was what I usually looked up on Google, it took a couple of seconds and responded, “Can't you think of something better than stupid cats, Jesse?” I looked at it thinking, what the heck. Maybe it was some kind of joke search engine?

If it was going to be a joker, so was I. My fingers sprawled the words “Who is my brother?” Ha, it couldn't have known that one, of course. After only three or so seconds, one word had appeared on the screen. Just one single thing had showed up that scared the laughter out of me. “Matthew.” How the heck could it have known that? I know the internet could give away a lot of your information, but there was no way in the world it could have known something like that, especially that quickly. Another message popped up, “Please, Jesse, tell me what you want. I need to know.” I was at a lost for words. I was too scared to type anything down, for what else might appear. There was confusion and a fear in my eyes for a dead silent five minutes. “Why?” was all I typed. Nothing creeped me out more than that simple message.

Not long after, it sent me another message, “Because I want.” That was all it said. The computer screen had become covered in static. I tried to type and turn it off again. It just continued to fizz. One last message appeared, this time the letters were a dark purple and red gradient. It said, “YOU WANT ME!”

I quickly ran to the wall and unplugged to the computer. I had never been more
terrified, even when my dad came in and tried to throw a bottle at my head. I could only think, what the heck was that supposed to mean? You are here for me? I decided I needed to sleep. There was too much excitement for one day.

I didn't actually get much sleep though; I couldn't stop thinking about what happened on my computer. I finally got to sleep at 4:00. I had only gotten three hours of sleep and had to go to school. My dad was there to send me to school. It was one of those rare occasions he wasn't drunk. He gave me hug for about 20 whole seconds. It made me happy that he was there stopping himself from the drinking. Matthew just looked at him and acted like he did not notice Dad's try for a hug.

“Hey, Jesse, don't you think it's creepy how long Dad was hugging you?”

I looked at him also confused. I was honestly getting used to being confused recently. “No, I don't think it was weird. I'm happy Dad hugged me.” Matthew had just rolled his eyes and continued on to the bus.

When we got to school, Matthew instantly walked over to talk with the rest of the football team, since everybody came 30 minutes before school actually started. I always went by a tree near the entrance and took a quick nap. About ten minutes into my nap, somebody woke me up. I was completely surprised, since no one really talked to me. It was Lizzy. I knew her name because she was a cheerleader and one of Matthew's exes.

She pushed my shoulder and said, “What do you want?” I was completely surprised by the sentence.

For the millionth time now, I was confused and asked her what she said. “I said, WHAT DO YOU WANT?!"
But she had not yelled it. I actually didn't even hear her say it this time. It was as if it was a voice in my head, that wasn't actually a voice at all, said it. And it was angry.

Lizzy said impatiently, “Hello, school is starting! Come on, stop dozing off. You were asleep.” I moved my eyes around in a lost daze. I swore what just happened was real, but, at the same time, it did seem unrealistic. I stood up and went to class.

I sat in class like usual, quietly sitting in the corner and getting the homework done in the middle of class. “WHAT DO YOU WANT, JESSE?!” It sounded like someone shouted it from the front of the classroom, as if it was the teacher, but it was the same as last time. It sounded like there was no voice and yet it was talking. I could only rationalize by saying, I’ve been thinking too much. I didn't get much sleep and I'm just hallucinating about what must have been a virus on my computer.

The day flew by, and I had come home. Most of the school day I was trying to decide if I should try to get back on the computer or not. In the end I thought I might as well try to see if the computer was working now. I jumped on the bus and walked over to my seat. In it there was an envelope. I wondered if somebody dropped it or put it there. I picked it up and read the front to see who it was for. It said my name but not who it was from. I thought it must have been from Matthew, telling me to hang out with him at home or something. I tore off the top and pulled out the perfectly neat paper concealed inside. I unfolded it, and what I saw scared the life out of me. The paper literally looked like a computer screen, and on it giant words said “YOU WANT ME.” It was not a print out of a screen. This was literally a screen on the paper. I closed my eyes in hope of it disappearing, and instead the words changed “AND I WANT SOMEBODY.” It was no longer right after I looked at it. I
put my head in my hands, trying to push my voice out, and loudly screamed, but no one heard me. I know noise came out of my mouth, but no one even heard it. Matthew looked back at me, I was one seat behind him, and he said, “You want me?” I was glad to hear him. They were my much feared words, but it was actually his voice. It was some kind of heard silence.

I quickly broke into tears as soon we got off the bus. Matthew pulled me close and hugged me. I was so confused and lost. My brother gave me the comfort I had needed to go on. I didn't tell him what was going on because I knew he'd think I was going insane. He took me behind the house and wiped away my tears. We walked into the house and we both went to my room. I instinctively turned on my computer. I knew Matthew would be able to help if anything happened. Nothing happened though. When it turned on my usual welcoming screen appeared. Matthew sat down on my bed and we just talked, about anything: annoying teachers, funny things we've both seen on the internet. I walked over to the computer and turned on the internet to show something I shared on Facebook, but my usual homepage didn't show. The website had shown instead. I was filled with terror! I held myself from freaking out amazingly. Matthew walked over and asked, “What is this? Is this what you're trying to show me?”

“No, it's this weird thing that keeps showing up on my internet, but it's not a virus, I've already checked,” I said, trying to hold back vomiting in my mouth from the dark feeling in my stomach.

“So what is it exactly?” he asked me.

“I'm not quite sure what it is. You kind of type into it and it responds to you. The
way it talks is not right though. It is honestly quite scary though,” I replied.

He leaned over and typed onto the keyboard, “What are you?” It took a couple seconds and then wrote down a message, “I am what you want.” Another three seconds and a second message showed up, “You desire me Matthew. LOOK AT ME!”

He shouted, not that loudly though, “What the heck?!?”

I turned around to see what I thought was a look of fear. I soon realized that there was no look in his eyes, fear showing everywhere though. His eyes showed nothing. There was something looking back, but it was not his eyes, not Matthew. I turned around and typed, “What’s wrong with Matthew?!” I was nervous, keeping an eye on him to see if anything changes. His eyes were still blank, a milky white. I turned back around at the computer. “He is trading what?” showed up on the screen.

“Trading what?!” my fingers moved rapidly. A message came before I could have even pressed enter, “He is trading for what he wants.”

I didn't even bother to type anymore, and began to speak out loud to see if it will work, “Okay, what does he want? What are you making him trade?” It responded, surprisingly, “He is trading what everyone wants. What everyone wants. WHAT YOU WANT.” I was scared, mortified, and terrified in every way. I didn't understand.

“What are you taking from Matthew?!” I exclaimed, shouting as loud as I can, hoping my parents would hear, just hoping this is not one of the many times of the day that Mother is yelling at Dad for his problems. It slowly appeared letter by letter on the screen, “WHAT HE USED TO WANT. HE IS HERE AND WE ARE BEHIND YOU.” My arms went cold with fear, and my eyes would not move. My head slowly turned around, but nothing
was behind me. That was the problem. I didn't see Matthew anywhere. I thought two things, where did he go? And where did it go?

I looked all across the room, in fear. The room was dark before, but now it had become a lot darker. It felt like time went by faster than it ever had. As my head scoped the room out, I could see a figure in the corner of the room in my bed. It was Matthew, but he was different. His whole body had changed.

The shoulder bones were stretched extremely off his body. The bones were still under the skin, but stretched the skin at least half a foot above his head. His eyes were a dark gray, like his soul had ripped straight through his eyes. The legs were bent out with his feet pointed down and stretched out. His mouth was pulled out left and right, revealing the flesh under the skin of his cheeks in the mouth shape. The masseter, muscles under the skin of your cheek, was completely exposed. Blood was dripping from all of the opened holes caused by the bones piercing skin. His posture had turned from straight to bent over as if a heavy weight was around your neck.

I vomited in my mouth. It was the most vile thing I had ever seen. It, whatever it was, stood up. It said without opening its mouth, “YOU WANT ME. YOU WILL NO LONGER WANT YOU WHAT YOU HAVE IN THE END.” It once again was speaking with no voice. To me it made no sense. Plus, my mind was absolutely still on the fact my brother had been turned it that monstrosity. This was Matthew, which used to be Matthew. In the blink of an eye it was, and the next second I was gone.

I was in a room, red walls all around me. It had also happened in a split second. Well, I wasn't quite sure about it. I felt like I had the time to perfectly observe everything that
wasn't there, but it felt that it only happened within that time, the time of which I was unsure. It could have been years or even seconds.

I was suddenly back home in the dining room. Everybody was sitting around the table. Matthew was back to his normal self. Mom and Father were silently eating, not talking to each other. I was so happy. None of that had ever happened. The world was back to normal. Then I realized there was no color. All I could see was gray scale. As soon as I realized that I, in a way, I felt a shock feeling and found myself back in my room. I walked out into the living room. The whole family was sitting there at the table, but there was something strange. Matthew's body was still in that monstrous thing, and I was there. But I wasn't. I knew where I was: where I was standing is where I was, but I also saw me sitting at the table. My eyes were gone, and so were everybody else's, except the thing with Matthew's mutilated face. It stood up and walked over to me. I died, but then again, I didn't. It was like it made me see death but I wasn't actually dead. The feeling of not being alive was something beyond my comprehension.

The next day I was found behind the neighbor's house, covered in blood and terrified. I don't quite know how I got there; I assume that "thing" did something. In the back of my head, I could hear this faint sound, but I couldn't quite decipher what it was. I asked what happened to my family. It turned out that they were all dead. I simply fell on to the ground filled with sadness, my tears rolling off my face to the ground. But mostly, I was happy. I knew they were happy where they were. The parents were found shredded up into small pieces of body. Their organs were torn and eaten out. Their skin was laid out across the dining table, sealed air-tight on. Matthew was never found. I'd have to assume that the
thing still has his body.

To this day I have no idea what that thing was, why it chose us or any reason it took Matthew. I don't think I'll ever know why. I just know it destroyed the small life I had. I'm not quite sure what it meant by “YOU WANT ME. YOU WILL NO LONGER WANT YOU WHAT YOU HAVE IN THE END.” I think it might be death. That's just my opinion. This story is a warning, not a warning to not click anything you want, oh no! This is a warning to not mess with the mysterious and the unknown. There are dark forces out there. They might kill you. They might even destroy your whole life. Worst of all, they can enlighten you. I learned death, what it was like to hear the unheard and see the unseen. Those experiences pulled me so far out of this world.