

# Creating a Monster

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There is something delightful in creating a monster. Delving into back-closet fears and twisting reality into a nightmare. Exploring paranoid curiosities not as a victim but as a mad scientist. Having control over the readers as you find what entrances them and strings them along. Going where common sense never would just to see the reaction. Laughing as the lightning strikes and the audience gasps. For when you create a monster you have no need to fear. Neither does the reader, of course; but in their moment of fear, they suddenly become your audience as you see if your monster works.

The reader moves on and the experiment is done. The lightning bolt has passed and the thunder has long since faded away. Onto another story the mind roves and abandons the lab, the windows banging in the wind.

But the monster is not dead.

It was never real to begin with, so all it can do is fade into a nightmare and return to the shadows in the back closets of your mind. As much as you think you were scaring the reader, all you ever did was show your own cards. The experiment was not with them but with your own brain on the dissecting table. How stupid to believe yourself immune to your own weaknesses. How careless to think a resurrected nightmare would simply return to sleep.

Lurking for years forgotten. Biding its time until you are defenseless. Waiting as you fall asleep watching Netflix so it has no chance to attack. Knowing one night you will eventually be alone with your own thoughts and the closet door will slowly swing open. You toyed with fear; now what will you do when your nightmares come for you?

