MY EYES MIGHT
DECEIVE ME
BY BENJAMIN ALAM-PRICE

MY EYES MIGHT DECEIVE ME

BY BENJAMIN ALAM-PRICE

FOR MRS. HAMMOND, MY AMAZING ENGLISH TEACHER

PROLOGUE

The human eye. One of the most used organs in the body. Sight is a very important sense. The chance that every human being blinks at once is *very* slim. Everyone will always see something. Especially The Watcher…

CHAPTER 1

In the summer of 2025 in Stillwater, Minnesota, thirteen-year-old Tristen James-Mitchell was sitting on his couch, home alone while his parents were at work.

He sat watching TV for a bit until his parents got home. They made Tristen chicken nuggets for dinner. They were nice and crispy. After he ate, his mom, Jessica Mitchell, told him “Get a good sleep tonight because tomorrow we’re going to your cousin’s!”

“Finally! I’ve been waiting for this for *forever!*” Tristen grumbled.

“Oh honey, it wasn’t forever,” said Jessica.

“It sure felt like it!” Tristan said, walking to the bathroom to brush his teeth and get ready for bed.

Once he was finished, he turned on his nightlight and climbed into bed. When he fell asleep, he dreamt about this weird creature in the forest near his cousin’s house. It was probably about ten feet tall, black, skinny, and slightly transparent and ghost-like with one white dot in its left eye for a

pupil. Its other eye was an empty, darkening void. Its mouth was wide open. Not like it was surprised though, it was more like something more unnatural. Creepy. And its mouth also being a black void.

Tristen went up to this creature and stared at it intently. It was scaring him, but also, in a way, fascinating him. Not that much, however.

The creature made a sound that was low and raspy. Almost like a growl, but they had a really bad cough. It continued making this noise, getting louder each time.

Tristen was much less fascinated now. He began running the other way towards his cousin's house, but as he reached the end of the forest, his cousin's house wasn't there. Tristen kept running. Running. For what felt like hours, still running. He wasn't moving, however, like he was stuck in place on a treadmill.

He turned around. There, standing right in front of him, was the creature. It stared at Tristen in such a way that it shook him to the *core*.

Tristen froze. He didn't know what to do. He just kept standing there, completely unmoving, like a statue. Then his heart began racing like it was a hundred miles a minute. The creature attacked him, bit him, and hit him. Tristen was in *unbearable* pain. The creature kept attacking him, but Tristen couldn't die because he was dreaming. And once he felt like he would split in two, he woke up.

"Tristen! Wake up! Time to go to your cousin's!" said his mom.

That was just a dream, right? Tristen thought.

Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't, but he knew that it would be a *very* long week in Chandler, Minnesota with his cousins.

CHAPTER 2

When Tristen arrived at his cousin's house, he was greeted by his cousin Louie Lake, while Tristen's parents went to talk to his aunt and uncle. Louie was two years older than Tristen, and a couple feet taller than him. Louie was the youngest cousin. The middle child was Jackson, and the oldest was Alice. Louie was wearing a slightly dirty grey T-shirt and jeans with a black belt around his waist.

"Oh, hey," said Louie.

"Hi," said Tristen. "So, uh, what do you want to do?"

"I've got something in mind."

"Like what?"

Louie grinned. "Let's take our dirt bikes down to the forest by my house. I heard there's something spooky about that place."

"Spooky?" Tristen echoed.

"Yup," said Louie, clarifying what he said. "So, let's go!"

“Um, o- okay…,” said Tristen.

They went to the garage to get their bikes. The house looked a bit out of place. It was a city house, but it was out in the country.

Tristen and Louie biked down to the forest. It was a vast expanse of trees, plants, and birds. It was about seven o’ clock in the afternoon, and in the daytime, the forest looked beautiful. But it was getting late, so it *was* a bit scary.

“Alright,” said Louie. “From this point on, we walk our bikes. We don’t want to make too much noise.”

“Why?” Tristen asked.

“Have you ever heard of ‘The Watcher’?” said Louie.

“No, I don’t think I have,” Tristen replied. “What is it?”

“Apparently, it’s this tall dark figure. Its mouth is always wide open, and if it sees you, it’ll stare at you for a bit, then it attacks,” said Louie, describing someone a bit familiar.

Wha- There’s no way that’s what I saw in my dream. Tristen was in disbelief, but what Louie described was so similar.

“I- uh…,” Tristen stammered.

“What? What is it?” Louie asked.

“Uh, n- never mind. It’s nothing,” said Tristen, a bit scared from his theory.

“Okay then, let’s go,” said Louie.

The two walked slowly into the forest, being careful not to make any noise when suddenly, something shiny caught Tristen’s eye. Tristen slowly put

down his bike and walked over to the object to inspect it. It was black and shiny, like obsidian, and it was shaped like a cube with two pyramids with bases the same length and width as the faces of the cube on it. One on top, and one on the bottom. He stared at it for a while and… wait. Was that the creature from Tristen's dream staring back at him?

CHAPTER 3

There, in the center of the black gem, was The Watcher's face. Tristen remembered The Watcher attacking him in his dream, and his heart began to race. *Will this happen to me in real life?! It can't, it can't, it can't! I don't want to-*

Louie tapped Tristen's shoulder and Tristen turned around quickly in pure fear and yelled "PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!!!"

Louie jumped back in shock. "Whoa, Tristen! Are you okay?"

Tristen realized it was just his cousin. He was a bit embarrassed but scared at the same time. "Yeah. I'm fine…"

"Dude. You are VERY OBVIOUSLY not fine!" said Louie in a bit of an aggressive tone. "So please, tell me what it is. What's wrong?"

With you. Louie thought.

"Ugh. Alright fine, I'll tell you," said Tristen. "So, last night, I had this dream about that 'watcher' thing you told me about, and it did *exactly* what you said it did in my dream."

“That’s… weird.”

Louie didn’t know what else to say. The fact that The Watcher was in his dream, and that it attacked him, AND that he had this dream *before* he knew what The Watcher was, was a crazy thing to happen in a normal dream.

“Also, Louie, look at this gem I found.” Tristen pointed to the spot where the gem was.

“What gem?”

“The gem that’s right here!” He turned around to look at the gem, but it wasn’t there. “Look! It’s right… what?”

Louie looked confused. “There’s nothing there. Plus, how does a gem have anything to do with this?”

“I saw The Watcher’s face in it!” Tristen explained.

“I don’t believe you,” said Louie. “Out of everything I’ve heard about The Watcher, I haven’t heard anything about some gem.”

“Are you sure?” asked Tristen.

“I’m sure.”

Am I going crazy?! I could’ve sworn I saw a gem! Tristen thought.

“Yeah, um, Tristen?”

“Yeah?”

“You are… you’ve got something going on inside your head. Schizophrenia, maybe?”

“I do not have schizophrenia!” Tristen was frustrated by what Louie had said.

“I’m just saying. You could have it.”

“Whatever, Louie.”

Tristen picked his bike back up and the two went back to walking deeper into the forest. But then, Tristen accidentally stepped on a branch that made a loud *CRACK!*

“Shhh!” said Louie “You’re making too much noise!”

“Sorry!” said Tristen.

Then, there was another cracking sound from a branch, but this time it was distant.

“Wait,” said Louie “Did you hear that?”

“Yeah. Was that you?” asked Tristen.

“No. Was it you?”

“Nope.”

“Huh. Then what could it be?” asked Louie.

“Who knows? It could’ve been anything,” said Tristen.

They kept walking through the forest, but with each step, everything seemed a little more… *off.*

CHAPTER 4

“Ugh! How much longer do we have to walk?!” Tristen complained.

“I don’t know! We just keep walking!” said Louie.

“Then why are we even here in the first place?”

“Again, I don’t know! I just thought it’d be fun to come here. I thought more would happen.”

“Well, nothing happened!”

“OH, YOU LITTLE—”

Louie was cut off by another noise that, again, sounded distant, but not as much as before. “What was that?” asked Tristen.

“For the *billionth* time, I don’t know!” said Louie.

“I hear footsteps...,” said Tristen.

Footsteps... Tristen echoed in his head.

Who’s footsteps? Well, he was about to find out.

Tristen turned away from Louie and looked in the direction the sound was coming from, then he turned back to Louie. “Who is— that...”

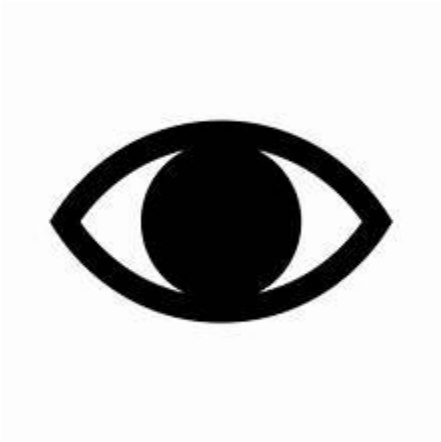
Where Louie originally was, there was nothing. He’d disappeared. In fact, everything disappeared. No birds, no squirrels, no bugs. There wasn’t even any wind, rustling of the leaves in the trees, or the distant sound of cars driving on the bumpy dirt roads. The only sound that could be heard was the low, raspy, *familiar* sound of... *Oh no...*

Tristen turned around immediately and there, standing right behind him, was The Watcher. Its ghost-like appearance, its small white pupil, its empty dark void for a mouth. Tristen’s dream flashed in his mind. *The pain...* he thought. Then, while Tristen was lost in thought, The Watcher attacked. Luckily, Tristen was able to pull himself back into reality (if you can even call it that anymore) and dodged the attack, The Watcher just barely missing him. But as The Watcher was going to attack again, it stopped dead in its tracks, frozen as ice. Then there was a very high-pitched ringing noise coming from behind The Watcher and a faint white glow coming from the same place. *The gem! But what does it want? And why did The Watcher stop?*

Tristen walked up to the gem and inspected its odd glow and ringing. Then the ringing turned into a garbled yelling, then incoherent talking, and finally actual words. The gem was telling Tristen to leave. To get out of the forest and never come back. It all made sense now: The Watcher was stopped by the gem so Tristen could leave the forest and “never come back.”

And so, Tristen finally decided to leave — even though he probably should have been miles away from the forest the second Tristen started to

feel frightened — and he got on his bike and drove away as fast as he could.



CHAPTER 5

When Tristen arrived back at his cousins' house, he saw Louie waiting in the garage as Tristen parked his bike next to his.

"Louie! You would not believe what just—"

"Why were you in there for so long?" Louie interrupted in a serious tone.

"What? Huh? Oh. Um...,"

"Tell me."

"I saw it."

"What? The Watcher? Ha!" Louie chuckled.

Tristen was very confused by what Louie was saying. Why was he acting like this?

"Why are you laughing?"

“You know I was joking about this whole Watcher thing, right?”

“Wait, you were?!” Tristen was quite surprised.

“Yup!”

“Then what— what did— what did I see?”

“I don’t know. Must’ve been something with your eyes!”

“There is nothing wrong with either of those!” Tristen snapped.

Or is there? No. Well... Ugh!

“Whatever. Let’s just go inside and just... *not* go back there,” said Tristen.

And so, the two went inside, ate, and went to bed and never went back to the forest ever again... *Maybe...*