

CONFESSION  
Horror Short Story Sample

by  
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**Story Concept:** In solitary confinement, Evan Filmore refuses to confess to murder. But when a supernatural entity shows him the crimes committed by other inmates through the eyes of their victims, he must either confess, or go mad.

**Context for Sample:** Evan Filmore has been trapped in solitary confinement for several days at this point. The supernatural force telling him to confess is growing more and more powerful, but flees from the light when a guard opens the feeding grate. This sample takes place as Filmore is finishing his meal in the reprieve the light offers while telling his story to the guard, Buckly. When the grate closes again, the supernatural entity returns, and Evan flees away from his own confession, instead choosing to experience another's crimes through the eyes of their victim.

CONFESSION (SAMPLE)

“I’m in here because there’s only so long a man can hear that he killed his wife and daughter. I’m in here because when the rumors didn’t stop, I had to put an end to them myself. I’m in here because when people accuse a man of violence he isn’t capable of, he becomes capable, and those people send you to jail when they can’t handle the consequences of their slander.”

My answer satisfies Buckley. Or scares him. Regardless, I spend the rest of my meal in light-filled silence until I slide the tray back through the grate on the ground.

“Thank you,” I say.

I think I hear a gruff of acknowledgment before my world is bathed in the blackness that robs my mind of clarity. When it does, I see the ring of mold return. It’s grown in the light: refilled the scrapes I had taken and spread until its edges no longer bleed into the black, but are a stark halo surrounding the now light gray speck in the center. The fear returns, but the angel above me denies its envelopment of my heart. My eyes water as I stare. My ears ring and my head splits with the cicada buzz of whispers.

Then I see more. I see a blue sedan on a jack. I see a figure, two figures, three figures. Their voices join the whispers along with the rhythm of music, and I know what I see without wanting to remember. They live in the speck of white at the angel’s center as it calls to me, begging me to gaze into it with a single intelligible word.

*“Confess.”*

I flee to its edges, unable to look away, but unwilling to look at the light gray nightmare. And in the periphery of the growing madness, I fall into unconsciousness once again on the floor of my cell.

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*“Please,” I beg. “Please, let me out of here!”*

*My muscles strain as I press up against the lid of my coffin. It remains resolute. My knuckles bleed as I resort to hitting the wood in my frustration once again, and like before—a before I have both experienced and is like a foreign memory—the lid doesn’t budge from beneath the piled dirt, and my hands come away even worse than before, new blood smears joining the old in layered streaks like brushstrokes above me.*

*Strips of LED lights line the interior of my coffin to either side before snaking out of pinprick holes that prove my burial. When I had woken up, I had thought this was a mistake or a bad dream, but why bury someone with lights in their coffin?*

*That’s when I had noticed the cameras. There are three, so far as I can tell, only being able to move my head so much. Each is a small, single lens behind a square of hard plastic that stares at me with red-refracting eyes. I crane my neck to look up at the one above my head; the first one I had noticed.*

*“Please...”*

*There is no answer.*

*I pray to a God I hadn’t known in decades. I beg Him, if not the man behind the cameras, to help me find a way out. To help me live. In His silence, I am reminded why I abandoned my belief, and tears of frustration stain my cheeks once again.*

*Breathing is like gasping through a straw. The harder I inhale, the harder it becomes. I imagine it is like the air atop mountain peaks higher than I had ever climbed, only it is not thin and sharp, but thick and humid with my condensed exhalations. I know I should slow*

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*down—that I should make my air last, but I can't help but hyperventilate. My heart races as my lungs catch fire, despite how desperately I try to calm them both.*

*Then I am shown the truth. I think it is a revelation from God, despite my blasphemy, and I hope He grants me His strength to carry it through.*

*I have no control over my coffin. I cannot turn off the lights, I cannot blind the cameras, and I cannot bring myself new air. But, I realize, I have control over my death. Whether I make it slow and agonize myself for my murderer's entertainment, or I frustrate my killer and expedite my demise.*

*I look up into the camera above my head, my neck cramping between my shoulder blades. I breathe. Quickly, giving in to the hyperventilation. Encouraging it. My chest heaves as I rob the coffin of oxygen and stare defiantly into the infrared eye of my killer until unconsciousness finds me, with death soon behind.*

END OF SAMPLE