

I got ready for another evening of food deliveries as a DoorDash driver as the sun fell below the horizon, spreading deep shadows across the peaceful neighborhood. I got into my car while still wearing my uniform, and a mixture of anxiety and joy filled my heart. I had no idea that this evening would quickly turn into a terrifying horror tale that I would never forget.

My first request brought me to a remote home on the outskirts of town. I had a strange feeling as I got closer to the place like something wasn't right. The house was completely dark, with only a flickering porch light illuminating the front door. I snatched the food bag and rose despite my uneasiness.

I rang the doorbell, but nobody answered. The door gently swung open after a second attempt, this time with more effort, revealing a dimly illuminated hallway. I was filled with dread but was compelled to move cautiously by my hunger and my duty to bring the food. I yelled, signaling my approach, but all I got was a tinny echo, echoing off the barren walls.

I took a deep breath and cautiously went inside the house. The only sound in the otherwise eerie calm other than the distant hum of a refrigerator was a heavy, oppressive silence. My spine started to tingle with dread as the flickering light created unsettling shadows on the walls that danced.

I followed the dim glimmer and made my way through the maze-like halls until I reached the kitchen of the house. I set the food down on the counter and started to go when I saw something in my side vision. I slowly turned my head to see someone crouching in the darkness, their face hidden by the shadows.

The figure spoke, whispering sinisterly. They snarled, "You shouldn't have come here." I staggered backward while feeling a wave of panic wash through me as I anxiously looked for a way out. The figure leaped towards me before I had a chance to respond; their actions were quick and unnatural.

I ran quickly through the dimly lit hallways as the figure pursued me tenaciously. With each passing second, their loud footsteps got closer. I desperately searched for a way out as my pulse raced in my chest. However, the house seemed to be going in circles and constantly turning.



I noticed a small window at the end of a hallway just as my legs started to give out and hope started to disappear. I leaped at it while being adrenaline-fueled, smashing through the glass and falling into the yard. I jumped to my feet without thinking about the glass fragments stuck in my skin and sprinted towards my car, which was waiting for me nearby.

I couldn't help but think about the dark figure as I ran away from the house. I was so deeply disturbed by the experience that it forever changed how I saw my otherwise routine career. I would constantly be haunted by the horrifying knowledge that even under the most extreme circumstances, In the banal world of food delivery, real horror can be waiting just outside the door.

