“The Elevator”

“Hello, Martin,” she said, and laughed and pushed the stop button. Suddenly the elevator came to a stop. The dull, lifeless buttons stopped blinking. The bright, fluorescent lights flickered.

Martin scrambled backward against the far wall of the elevator, trying to get as far away as possible from the fat lady. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to make her disappear. But every time he would open his eyes, there she was. Staring at him.

“She’s not real, she’s not real, she’s not real,” Martin whispered to himself. The fat lady began to laugh. A deep throaty laugh that echoed throughout the elevator.

“Oh, Martin. There’s no reason to be afraid,” the fat lady said with a sparkle in her eyes. “We’re going to have so much fun riding the elevator together.”

“This isn’t real,” Martin thought, “this is just my fear of elevators. To make her go away I just have to face my fears.”

The fat lady kept laughing her dark, ominous laugh but instead of cowering in the corner Martin stood up.

“I’m not scared of you and I’m not scared of elevators. This isn’t real so there is nothing for me to be afraid of!”

As he said this, the fat lady’s laughter began to die away. Then there was a bright light that caused Martin to cover his eyes.

*Ding*. The elevator doors swooshed open to reveal the bright corridor of floor 17, Martin’s floor. He had made it.