

Darkness surrounded the park, moving through the trees and encompassing the foliage. Only animals with gigantic eyes dared be outside. Darkness gripped the parking lot, but was fought back by lamps surrounding the pavilion.

A vehicle drove through the woods and parked under a lamp in front of the pavilion. A young woman in her early 20s sat in the driver's seat. She left the car running for the air conditioning; she turned on the ceiling light and pulled out her computer. The blinking cursor on the blank word-processing screen taunted her. Darkness surrounded the vehicle but couldn't break through its impenetrable barrier. The young woman was out of reach, safe inside her vehicle.

The cursor flashed. The words would not come. Movement in the distance caught the corner of her eye. She turned and saw black. After clicking off the ceiling light, her eyes adjusted and defined the park's landscape. Nothing moved in the distance. She clicked the ceiling light back on and focused on her computer.

Another movement in the distance caught her attention. She turned off the ceiling light; there was nothing but park. She twisted in her seat, looking around all sides. No one was there. The back of her neck tingled. Her heart thumped. She held her breath; strained her eyes; craned her neck around.

A light flickered on. She jumped. Her arm hit the horn. It blared. She screamed. Realizing her own mistake she calmed down. She spun back to the light: it was a lamp across the lot. The glow grew stronger as she stared at it, illuminating the area beneath it. No one was there. She relaxed in her seat. Her breathing returned to normal.

She faced forward, her hands positioned over the keyboard. She typed a sentence. There was movement on her other side. She whipped around in her seat. Her reflection stared at her.

She yelped. She turned off the ceiling light. No one was outside. She relaxed, turning the light back on.

A gust of wind blew across the vehicle. The young woman looked in the rearview mirror; a black window stared at her. She turned off the light and turned around. No one was there. She glimpsed the light across the lot as she turned around in her seat. She turned on the ceiling light. The wind blew the trees. She forced herself to remain calm, and typed on her computer.

A few sentences later she looked to the lamp across the lot: black. She screamed. The piercing sound filled the vehicle. Outside the vehicle: silence. She twisted and turned. Her heart raced. Her breathing ceased. Her chest burned. She strained her eyes in the dark. No one was there. Darkness moved in, enveloping the vehicle. The young woman turned off the ceiling light and put her computer away. She threw her car in gear and sped out of the park. As she drove away she calmed down.

Darkness filled the space vacated by the vehicle, fought back only by the lamps surrounding the pavilion. The wind died. The only movement came from animals with gigantic eyes.