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☆☆☆☆☆ “Dominated by suspense while drenched in horror!”

~ *T.I.P.S. (Teens Investigating Paranormal Situations)*

81 Minute Books Presents

I'm Terrified of Clowns, Ghosts, Dolls, and Lots of Other Things

Preview

Written by Ron Knight

“If you strap anyone to a chair long enough, they’ll be able to fight their fears.”

~ *Dr. Flooding*

Based on true events...

The names have been changed to protect their identity...

Part 1

Patient:

Mary Rainee, Age 21

Phobias:

Coulrophobia (Fear of clowns)

Claustrophobia (Fear of small spaces)

Agoraphobia (Fear of freaking out)

Physician:

Dr. Flooding

Treatment:

Mary will be forced to deal with her fears.

A recording of Dr. Flooding during his treatment with Mary Rainee.

Dr. Flooding: “How long have you been afraid of clowns?”

Mary: “I don’t know...since middle school I think.”

Dr. Flooding: “What’s so scary about clowns?”

Mary: “It’s impossible to know who’s behind the mask. Is it an alien? A serial killer?
Or just a person trying to be funny?”

Dr. Flooding: “Why are you afraid of small spaces?”

Mary: “I feel trapped.”

Dr. Flooding: “Interesting.” *Pause*. “Well, I’m going to cure you today. It’s a radical treatment that I created to shock your mind and force you to overcome your fears.”

Mary: “How?”

Dr. Flooding: “I’m going to strap you to a chair inside an elevator with a clown next to you.”

~

Mary entered the elevator and eased down on the wooden chair. Dr. Flooding used leather straps to tie her arms and legs to the chair.

Dr. Flooding: “There, that should do it.”

Mary wiggled in the chair, attempting to move her arms and legs. “I can’t do this. Take off the straps.”

Dr. Flooding walked out of the elevator. “Not a chance. You need to deal with these fears.”

The elevator door closed, then a few seconds later opened again with a loud, *DING!*

A clown stood at the opening wearing a white mask with rosy red cheeks, thick red lips and a blue circle around each bloodshot eye.

The clown’s hair looked like it had been rolled in dirt and was once the color of green. The outfit was a typical clown costume with big red hands and blue shoes that looked like massive bubbles.

Mary pulled the straps with all of her strength, but couldn’t break her hands free.

The clown stepped inside the elevator, gazed at Mary for a moment, then slammed his large glove against the elevator buttons.

As the door closed, the clown turned and stared.

Mary’s scream was so loud that her voice bounced off the elevator walls and rang in her own ears.

The clown stepped forward, lowered its head, moving just inches away from Mary’s face.

Mary: “Get away from me!”

The clown didn’t budge.

Mary twisted in the chair, feeling the sting from the leather straps on her wrists and legs. “Get me out of here! Get me out of here!”

Suddenly the lights went out.

Mary screamed so loud that she almost passed out. Sweat drizzled down her face and into her eyes. The elevator seemed as if it had stopped moving, but the door didn’t open.

Where was the clown? Was it still right in front of her?

A voice appeared from a speaker. “Mary, this is Dr. Flooding. I know that you’re frightened, but you must deal with this.”

Mary: “I want out of here! Now!”

Dr. Flooding: “Take a breath. I’m not letting you go. You’re going to stay and fight your fears.”

In the darkness Mary suddenly felt the clown’s mouth pressed next to Mary’s left ear. The clown then screeched with a terrifying laugh.

~

Patient:

Bobby Garrison, Age 19

Phobias:

Nyctophobia (Fear of the dark)

Spectrophobia (Fear of mirrors)

Physician:

Dr. Flooding

Treatment:

Bobby will be forced to deal with his fears.

~

Bobby had gone through a quick interview with Dr. Flooding. Following the interview, Dr. Flooding guided Bobby to a room with rusty metal walls and a metal hook hung low on each wall.

Dr. Flooding: "Sit in the chair."

Bobby eased down. Dr. Flooding secured Bobby's hands and legs to the wooden chair with leather straps. Under the chair was some sort of circular piece of metal.

Bobby: "What is this place?"

Dr. Flooding ignored the question and exited the room. He returned a few minutes later carrying four mirrors. He placed a mirror on each wall, using the hooks. The mirrors were low enough to show Bobby's reflection.

Dr. Flooding smiled at Bobby. "You can spin around in the chair."

Bobby couldn't move his feet, but he was able to shift his weight to move the chair in a circle. Each mirror on the wall showed his terrified expression.

Bobby: "This is messed up. Untie these straps."

Dr. Flooding: "Not a chance. You have to deal with your fears. It's the only way."

Bobby: "I said let me go!"

Dr. Flooding once again exited the room, closing the door behind him.

The lights dimmed until it was just about black.

Bobby spun in the chair, barely able to see his reflection on each wall. As time passed, the reflections began to change.

"Get me out of here!" Bobby's voice recoiled off the metal walls. He noticed the mirrors with his reflection, like ghosts screaming with pain.

The four different reflections seemed anxious to leap from the mirrors and attack Bobby while he remained defenseless in the chair.

~

Patient:

Sheila Maydan, Age 23

Phobias:

Pediophobia (Fear of dolls)

Arachnophobia (Fear of spiders)

Physician:

Dr. Flooding

Treatment:

Sheila will be forced to deal with her fears.

~

The room Sheila had been placed was a dusty attic with one small window covered in grime and a small dirty curtain dangling on the last shred of fabric. The floor creaked as she walked in and sat on the wooden chair.

Dr. Flooding strapped Sheila to the chair and formed a grin. "It's good that you're dealing with your fears."

Sheila: "I haven't done anything yet. I'm in this stupid room, sitting in this stupid chair, and it appears that I'm stupid enough to allow someone to strap me to a chair so I can't move."

Dr. Flooding: "Excellent observation. I need to get something. I'll be right back."

He returned a few minutes later with a large trunk.

Sheila gazed at the trunk, feeling her heartrate speeding up. "What's inside there?"

Dr. Flooding opened the trunk, then looked at Sheila. "You know what's inside."

Sheila squirmed in the chair. "A porcelain doll?"

Dr. Flooding: "Correct."

Sheila: "And a big spider."

Dr. Flooding: "Very good. You're not as stupid as you think."

Sheila attempted to break her arms free, but it was useless. "I changed my mind!"

Dr. Flooding reached into the trunk and pulled out the doll.

Sheila's eyes became wide with fear...the doll looked exactly like her.

Suddenly a spider crawled out of the trunk and headed for Sheila. Dr. Flooding placed the doll on the floor and leaned it against the trunk.

Dr. Flooding: "Your treatment has begun."

Sheila grunted while tugging her arms and legs.

Then she stopped moving.

The doll gazed with dead eyes as the spider crawled closer.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this book.

This 81 Minute Book is available at the Middle Room Haunted Store.

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