THE NIGHTMARES OF FINNEGAN QUICK

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Whoever finds this, be warned. This is going to creep you out. And it's going to get creepy, fast. So if you're someone who talks tough but still needs a light on when you go to bed – just stop reading. Do yourself a favour and read something else. I'm not judging you. I go to sleep with *all* the lights on. You will too when you know what I know.

Because what I'm going to tell you will change *everything*. Once you know what's out there, and what they want, the world won't ever be the same again.

You know the stuff we're all afraid of? The things they make horror movies and write books about? Vampires and werewolves and zombies and devils and demons and creepy little kids on tricycles who suck out your

soul? Well, we're scared of them for a reason.

We fear them because we've *seen* them. Because they exist. And they come for us every time we sleep. They come for all of us. And the only reason they haven't got you yet – well, it's because of people like me. People who go to sleep every night with their arm in a bucket of warm water.

But I'll get to all that later, because I've got the whole night to write this. It's not like I'm going to sleep, not tonight of all nights. So I might as well start at the beginning and tell you everything. And if by some freak disaster I do fall asleep, at least someone will know the truth. Because frankly, at this precise moment in time, I'm the only one left who knows what's happened.

They've already got my shadow – the one they replaced it with is pretty gross. And once they get the rest of me, this notebook will be all there is. The only evidence that I or my family ever even existed.

You see, that's how it works. The monsters, in my dreams, are always hunting. Hunting me. They come in all shapes and sizes. Some are animals, some human. And some, you couldn't make up – zombies with melted faces and vampires starting to rot. But there's one monster, a woman, who is always there when something really, truly terrible happens. She lurks on the edges of

dreams waiting to snatch things. And by things – I mean my family.

My dog was first, eight years ago, when I, Finnegan Quick, was just a little scrat. It's my first ever memory, so we may as well start there.