

THE SHACK

The bitter coldness of the night coiled around me. I looked up at the unforgiving darkness of the night sky and sighed. I was lost. I didn't know how long I had been walking... Two hours? It felt like a blur of darkness. Eventually, in the distance, I spotted a wooden shack. I stopped for a second, the cold air brushed over my skin. I decided it was my best choice. I gingerly approached the shack, a sense of dread filled the air, making me slow down. I stepped inside, the only light coming from the light outside. I lay down, closed my eyes. Just as I was about to fall asleep I heard it, or at least I think I did, a small voice. I couldn't hear what it was saying, but I was sure I heard it. However, I was too tired so I lay still.

I don't know how long it had been but I woke up to a laugh. I thought for a second before opening my eyes. My breath stopped. In the far corner of the room, I saw a tall woman, too tall, her face had an unnaturally wide smile from ear to ear. The longer I looked, the wider the smile got. I looked up, no eyes, she had no eyes but she was looking right at me. Out of nowhere, she leapt at me. I screamed but I knew nothing would hear me. I felt excruciating pain in my stomach. Then nothing, just darkness. I closed my eyes.

Hannah Cantrill (13)

Ormiston SWB Academy, Bilston

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Remember to check your name is spelt correctly too.



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THAT NIGHT...

My dad and I moved into an abandoned house a few years ago. Half of the gate had been blown off by the howling wind, while the other had been snapped into two, the top hanging on its last stick of wood. The floor was covered in soaking wet mud, and the garage door had been tangled shut by a heap of vines. I stepped on the drive, and lightning struck a tree as gravity pulled it down to the ground. It was as if the spirits didn't want us here...

We arrived in the building. Dust surrounded me, almost suffocating me like a late foggy evening. All I could see was a dimly lit chandelier hanging from the ceiling.

That night, I fell asleep almost immediately out of exhaustion, as if the bed was full of comfort; it wasn't. There was a sound at exactly 3am, so faint, yet so loud. I opened my eyes. It was pitch-black. I tried turning on the light, but it didn't work. I got back into bed feeling uneasy. That's when I noticed a tiny movement scurry under my bed, so minuscule, so fast, it was as if nothing had happened. I cautiously leaned over my bed to see what it was. That was a mistake.

I woke up the next morning, day, night; who knows. It was a pitch-black box room with no windows, no light. I saw something in the corner. I didn't know what it was and I still don't...

Cherish Nicholson-Williams (14)

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