



## A Spooky Story

By Rebecca, Year 9

Blood was dripping. Monsters were cackling and candles were flickering. The monsters had gathered together with the sole purpose of sending unsuspecting trick-or-treaters home with a boiling sick in the pit of their stomachs, and a sense of fear that they have never felt before and will never feel again.

The door of their lair was imposing and intricate. Towering, the lacing patterns laced up the doors, spider web like. A hand on the lion face knockers, Dracula entered. Leaving the knocker pecking at the delicate pattern like a starved crow, the gate to hell snapped shut. As he strode his huge strides, a half-burnt candle flickered, spat, and then went out, while an ancient lantern encrusted in dust and grime ignited and dawned like the devil trying to tempt you. Beneath him, a bloody carpet strained with crusted blood, stretched out before him. With an obnoxious, self-assured sniff he was unable to hide from his features the look of repulsion as the stench of burnt dust, mould, and vomit melded together formed an utterly disgusting blend that hit his nose.

Another huge stride and he was in the 'Grand' Hall where a chandelier of false diamonds that no longer twinkled dominated the room.

Laid across the table, latticed in cobwebs, were putrid goblets engraved with scenes of massacres of long ago and beasts, monsters, and creatures. Creaking under the weight the counter sighed a sigh of many millennia of grief and desperation. Spider webs were draped from the ceiling like they were declaring the opening of some savage tournament and the cobwebbed corners managed to make the room smaller, as if they were pressing in on you. The sense of anticipation for the night to come hung in the air like a veil of mist and clung to him like a black cat's claw. Cutting through the boiling air like a gilded sword cuts through its opponent's stomach. Dracula spoke with pointed precision, he laid out the plan. Beasts got up and strode, crawled, clambered and flew to their scaring stations.

Finally, through the thickening fog they saw a figure approach. The sizzling of excitement was uncontrollable now. Two more steps. After the long walk down the gravel drive, the boy dodged the last of the thorn bushes and thistles that forced their way through the stones and placed his hand on the knocker. This was it! The monsters prepared themselves for sending their first child screaming. The boy took a deep breath as the door creaked open. His mouth opened wider that the trap door just a few steps ahead of him as Dracula drooled, "Velcome."

The boy's whole figure quivered and his face went paler than the sheet he wore to be a ghost last year. Even the glow-in-the-dark skeleton costume he was wearing seemed to be put out. His eyes had a drop of salty water squeezing out and trembling down his cheek before reaching his mouth where it slipped in through his quivering lips. For what seemed like longer than the witching hour his eyes expanded into pits of fear.

Then, blink.

All the fear was gone. All the dread in the boy's face had been dropped like a blanket. Smiling a huge, toothy grin the boy laughed. "Wow! Your costume's amazing, sir! Trick or treat!"

"Aaaaaaagh!" Dracula screeched. "Monster!" and slammed the door on the boy's confused face.