

Short Story Spooktacular



Pumpkin Patch

By Cara, Year 9

The floor board creaked. I took a step towards the door. Just as my mother pounced on me from behind.

"Well done, Mum. I'm shaking in my boots," I groaned sarcastically.

"What are you doing, child?" she said. "Before you go, you must hear the tale of the pumpkin patch."

"Fineeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee," I moaned.

And so she began.... "It was dull day. The moon was shining over the dark waters of the Thames, the moon danced over the ripples on the water as the plague boat made it way towards the island."

"Wait a moment! Why is the man taking the dead to the island?" A pause. "And why are they dead in the first place, anyway?"

"The Black Death wiped out around half the population of Europe. There had to be mass graves somewhere for all the bodies. The further away from people the better," my Mum replied. "Now may I continue?"

I nodded once up, once down.

"The man was tired, he had been doing this for too long and he was tired. Life, he did not care about life. Meanwhile, on the island the mass graves spread for as far as you could see in all directions; the smell of death coated everything. The boat bumped against the landing and half dead grave keepers came out and began to move the cart of bodies.

"The black of the fog stretched out for miles coating the landscape with an unearthly gloom. Some of the grave keepers said you could see figures rising out of the earth and floating towards the sky, only to be pulled back down by a tendril of smoke. Forbidden to go, destined to stay, and forever casting an unearthly feeling that went hand in hand with the smell of rot. With tales like this it was no wonder people stayed far away for the island. A shadow flashed before the boat man's face and he looked up. His son was standing there. The man blinked and he disappeared, the young boy vanishing into the fog."

"What? Why's the boy dead?" I said.

"The Black Death. Remember?" she interrupted me. "The man was lost to grief. He ran after the boy faster and faster, stumbling through the fog towards the water. Breaking through the trees he took a breath and filled his lungs with cool air. The boy's shadow dashed towards him across the water, his eyes black bottomless pits, the blood splattering along his chin and the boils coating his arms. The ragged clothes blowing in the wind, the boy swooped at him and again he ran. He ran and ran jumping around people and over, so scared of the boy that he failed to notice the boils creeping up his arm and along his chest, towards his heart... The boy was gone, the man could no longer see the shadow. He stumbled back and fell down and down, until he landed on something soft, sighing in relief just as a clump of dirt hit his face."

"Now can I go?" I asked.

Short Story Spooktacular

