

Year 6's World Book Day Story

IT WAITS.



One second they saw it; the next, they didn't. They knew they shouldn't be here. They wanted to turn around and leave this unearthly place, but curiosity got the better of them.

The looming fog seemed to be alive. It danced amongst the trees: smothered, slithered, sneaked, in and out of the branches. The trees lining the staircase, sentinels of the night, seemed to sway in the breeze, their branches reaching up like tentacles clawing for the sky, yearning to escape the cloying fog.

One second they saw it, the next they didn't. The ghostly shadow vanished once again into the mist.

They had come too far to turn back now. Goosebumps prickled on their cold, clammy skin, and they were sure they could hear their hearts thumping inside their chest like a fluttering birds begging to be let out their cages. Gripping their hands together tightly, they stepped forward towards the door, towards the place where the shadow had been...

The serpentine figures flickered in the light of the torches as the moon glared down over the spires of the castle. The stairs moaned as the children proceeded with caution. Wilted flowers frowned in once tended pots that framed the large, oak door, its knocker resembling a skull with eyes so deep, they pierced the night. The door towered over them, making them feel smaller than the tiniest speck of dust. Reaching for the knocker, the howling wind rushed past them which forced them to pause. As if it were inviting them to enter, the door creaked open ominously. A spine-chilling moan escaped with the soul of long-gone residents. Stepping across the threshold, the children gasped as the door slammed shut behind them. They were paralysed with fear. Scanning the room, the hall was a dusty abyss and the air was thick with a rancid stench. The wind ceased and the rain froze as a distant wail seeped through the cracks in the crumbling ceiling above. A shadow flashed before them...

The walls seemed to whisper as the shadow swelled before their eyes like an ominous cloud. The children jumped back in fear and the floorboards creaked below their feet. Out from the darkness, it emerged. Streaks of lightening burst through the cracks in the boarded windows reaching for the shadows, revealing its hidden identity. "What is that?" the boy gasped whilst trembling with fear. The motionless child with empty eyes stared back at them, her long black hair hung over her pale face as she clutched a one-eyed stuffed bunny rabbit. The children let out a sigh of relief as they advanced towards her. "Are you ok?" the youngest questioned and reached out their arms. With eyes still vacant, she angled her head and as she did her hair swept from her face and revealed a gaping bullet hole. Her pupils grew wider and wider, like a wolf preparing to hunt. A sinister smile crept across her face revealing her blood-stained, jagged teeth before letting out a blood curdling screech. The moment she had been waiting for.

Desperately the children turned to the door and scrambled in the darkness for the door knob. They twisted it but it was of no use. The eldest child searched for a quick release latch, anything that would help them to open the door but to no avail. There was nothing but suffocating blackness. What could they do? As they frantically contemplated their options, they could hear the echoing screech still surrounding them. With no option left and another flash of lightening filling the room, "Over there quick!" cried the eldest pointing towards the stairs. Their only guide up the stairs was the florescent rays of moonlight which shone through the broken windows. Much to their delight, at the top of the staircase was what they thought was their salvation - a door. The youngest twisted the door knob and gave an almighty shove, determined to escape their predator. On the other side entrance to the room, they were met with the gaze of two piercing blue eyes staring back at them, hidden amongst a sea of skulls which overwhelmed them like tsunami.

The eldest dragged his siblings towards the moonlight and instantly another crack of lighting rattled their bones – the sound washed over them. They knew they had to get out. Before they knew it, the ceiling began to crumble; a tree had collapsed through the roof – their perfect escape. Precariously balanced upon his brothers' shoulders, quivering with fear, the youngest boy reached out to grab the tree which loomed above them. Thunderous footsteps taunted them from behind; they knew they had to be quick. Standing on his tiptoes the eldest brother was determined to save his sibling; his brother grabbed the nearest branch and hoisted himself to safety. He was left with the spirit. All alone.