

The house by the lake

By Sara Reiss

It was Arthur's first night in the new house. The wind was howling through the trees. Rain was pattering against the windows. The moon was casting spooky shadows onto the wall. Arthur was quivering in his bed. It was freezing. Suddenly he heard a noise, a spooky sound. In that moment the candle which had been burning next to his bed went out. It was pitch dark. He couldn't even see his hand before his eyes. Terrified Arthur huddled up in this bed, too scared to move, too scared even to breath. The wailing sound came again, louder this time and even more terrifying. Arthur's eyes widened. He fumbled for a minute then managed to retrieve a match from inside his pocket and lit it. What he saw made him want to run, shout, but he was rooted to the spot. He tried to scream but no sound came out of his mouth. Green slime was creeping towards him. MONSTER BLOOD!!! Arthur remembered from the book he had read last week. It was disgusting. Touching it would be insane. Suddenly he felt something crawling, creeping up his back. When he turned around he saw a big black slimy hand which was holding his nightgown in its palm. The hand was not holding it like a normal hand, no, it seemed to be sucking it and pulling him down into the thick green slime. A slow dreadful death. Arthur had nowhere to go and by the light of the match he saw to his horror more hands coming from the cracks in the room. The first hand had grabbed him around the neck. He thought he would suffocate but the grandfather clock in the living room chimed one. Arthur closed his eyes tight expecting to feel another hand but when he opened his eyes he saw that the room was empty. The hairs on his neck were standing on end as he saw words written in the dust:

In the gloom we wait

For our bait

When he is ours

His father will buy for the grave death flowers