

Vulture Park (Joe)

Checking none of the teachers were looking, Timothy quietly edged out of the group of playing children. Luckily the teachers were concentrating on the group of children screaming piercingly. The school trip to Vulture Park was extremely arid and he wanted to have some fun. But what interested him was the beautiful forest, that was mysteriously forbidden. The hair on the back of his neck stood up as he thought the teachers spotted him.

In the middle of the illuminated forest, Timothy paused. Gazing at the colourful, blossoming flowers swaying cheerfully in the soft breeze, he skipped past the auburn-orange leaves that rolled down the tall trees. Birds tweeted loudly, flying through the autumn leaves as squirrels sprinted across trees. The tree's branches were arms reaching out to hug each other and the leaves were dancing around like butterflies in the wind. Twigs crunched loudly under his feet as the branches rustled. Timothy sat down next to an oak tree, took his phone out, and listened to some beautiful, calm music. He soon went into a state of perfect tranquillity.

The next thing he knew, the sky turned into a coal-black darkness. He must have fallen asleep! The trees branches clawed at him with their skeletal fingers as thunder howled like wolves. Rain lashed down like a water wall as the trees cast ominous shadows that looked like something but Timothy didn't know what. The ghostly fog enclosed the trees that stood by each other. He heard footsteps. What was it? Suddenly he saw a vague silhouette moving

in the gloomy mist. Then he heard leaves rustling getting louder and louder. Timothy took deep breaths and tears rolled down his face. If he had stayed with the group, if he didn't fall asleep, if he listened to his teacher then he would not be in a treacherous situation.

He looked around and hoped it was an animal until SNAP! Something was getting closer and closer. He stood there. Frozen. Anxiously, he edged backwards ready to run. He took his phone out, trying to get the silhouette in the video. Then he ran. The branch's skeletal fingers grabbed at him, as leaves tried to grab onto his legs. He got far away, then stopped. Scared, he looked around hoping he had escaped. Leaves rustled again so he ran again. He ran and ran until... Thump! He fell into a deep hole - higher than himself. Worried, he went to the corner of the hole. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up. Then. Thump! Something else was in the hole with him... What could it be?

Sadly we never found the answer to this question... When the phone was found, the next morning, there was no proof to where he had gone but what they did find made everyone's jaws drop...