

The Intruder Arcade!

Like a cat, Perrie surreptitiously tip-toed across the lounge until she reached the window. At the window she froze. Silently she spun around to ensure that nobody had seen her. The TV buzzed at the end of the room. Luckily, nobody had noticed Perrie grab her phone, yank the window open and leap out. Rapidly she darted across the driveway. As *Strictly Come Dancing* lasts for over an hour they her parents wouldn't realise anything happened.

After a short while trekking, Perrie reached the Intruder Arcade (just as the sun was setting). She took a few steps forward, wedged the door open and casually strolled into the abandoned arcade. It was a vast room with rusty, blue two-penny pushers dotted around. The gleaming sun peered through the moss-infested windows that sat peacefully on the wall. In the corner of the room, was a discoloured sofa with patches of rips smothering it. Excited, Perrie lept onto it and played on her phone until her eyes fell heavy and she drifted to sleep.

Sometime later, she woke with a start. Mortified she flung her head up and jammed her feet into the floor. She stood perfectly still, frozen, paralyzed by fear. Outside rain lashed down, drumming on the already soaked ground. Inside it was inky black, the only thing that provided light was the misty gaze from the moon. Her heart pounded like it was trying to escape her rib cage and a volcano erupted inside her.

All of a sudden, a door slammed, lights flickered and a menacing silhouette appeared then disappeared. What was it? Instinctively, Perrie lept out of the hole in the roof and swiftly sprinted home for comfort. If she wouldn't have left home, if she wouldn't have come to the arcade, if she hadn't been so foolish, then she wouldn't be in such a hazardous situation. Whilst frantically darting home, Perrie imagined what her frustrated, panicked parents would be doing at home.

It was a long way to sprint, so half way there she found the nearest bench to take a rest, panting constantly. But then something happened that snatched her breath away. The street lamps flickered! Abandoning her break, Perrie dashed home.

Fifty metres, then one. I burst through the door and worryingly attempted to dodge my Mum and Dad; but that didn't exactly go to plan. Eventually, after a long interrogation from her Dad, Perrie vaulted onto her comforting bed. As her head sunk into the pillow she stared at the ceiling and dreamed of crystal castles and dragons. But then something happened that petrified her the most...