

THE SCREECHING CABIN!!!

AS STEALTHY AS A NINJA, HANK CAUTIOUSLY CREPT OUT OF THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE, PRAYING THAT NO-ONE WOULD SPOT HIM. CHECKING FOR SOUNDS, HE CAREFULLY CLOSED THE DOOR. NOTHING. SILENCE. AFTER ONLY A WEEK IN HIGH SCHOOL HE KNEW THAT EVERYONE WAS IN LESSONS EVEN THE HEADTEACHERS.

ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE WAS A NOISE...FOOTSTEPS. HE HELD HIS BREATH TIGHT. THE FOOTSTEPS WERE FOLLOWED BY THE DOORS SHUTTING, MORE FOR FOOTSTEPS, WHICH, LUCKILY, GOT FAINTER AND FAINTER. AMAZED BY HOW FORTUNATE HE WAS, HE BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF. HE SLID DOWN THE BLOOD RED HANDLE BAR, BY THE STEPS, THEN AS HAPPY AS A CLOWN, SKIPPED ACROSS THE CAR PARK.

AFTER SKIPPING FOR A WHILE, HE REACHED THE SCREECHING CABIN. MOST OF HIS GREATEST FRIENDS HAD OCCASIONALLY WARNED HIM ABOUT THE DANGERS OF THE CABIN AND ALL ABOUT THE CURSE THAT HAD BEEN SET ON IT DECADES AGO. HOWEVER HANK WAS TOO INTRIGUED BY THE RUMORS AND FACTS. HE WAS DETERMINED TO PROVE THEM WRONG AND PROVE HE WAS THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL! CHEERFULLY, HE STROLLED ACROSS THE ROCKY PATH, DODGING ALL THE BUMPS AND DIPS SO HE DIDN'T FALL FLAT ON HIS FACE. HE STARED AT THE IVY COVERED WALLS AND THE KNEE-HIGH GRASS THAT STOOD AS STILL AS A STATUE AT THE SIDES OF THE CABIN. AS HE APPROACHED THE DOOR HE NOTICED THE DOOR WAS HALF OPEN, A SMUG GRIN SPREAD ACROSS HIS FACE.

AS EXCITED AS A CHILD AT CHRISTMAS HE KICKED OPEN THE JAGGED DOOR. BEAUTIFUL CHANDELIERS HUG FROM CORNERS, AND ONE OF THEM HANGING ABOVE A COSY CHAIR. AS HE STROLLED ACROSS THE ROOM. HE FELT SAFE. HE BEGAN TO BELIEVE THAT EVERYTHING HIS FRIENDS TOLD HIM WAS FAKE. HE AMBLED ACROSS THE ROOM SAT DOWN AND BEGAN TO PLAY ON HIS NEW PHONE. AFTER 20 MINUTES OF PLAYING HIS EYES GREW HEAVY AND HE DRIFTED OFF TO SLEEP, DREAMING OF BRAVE KNIGHTS AND DRAGONS.

NUMEROUS HOURS LATER, HE SPRUNG OUT OF HIS SLUMBER. HE TRIED TO SCREAM BUT HE COULDN'T BECAUSE HIS MIND WAS TOO BOGGLED. WHAT HAD HAPPENED? DARKNESS SMOTHERED THE WALLS AND TOYS WERE NOW SCATTERED ALL OVER EVERYWHERE OF THE FREAKY PLACE. OUTSIDE THE CABIN, RAIN CRASHED DOWN ON THE MUDDY GROUND AND THUNDER ROARED IN THE ONCE SILENT NIGHT. THUNDER ATTACKED THE GROUND, CREATING DEEP CRATERS THAT SOON TURNED INTO DEEP PUDDLES. BACK INSIDE THE DANGEROUS MANSION, THE LIGHTS STARTED TO FLICKER AND HANK'S PALMS STARTED TO SWEAT WITH FEAR. WHY HAD HE DONE THIS? HE LOOKED AROUND THE DERELICT ROOM WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF MOVEMENT. ALL OF A SUDDEN HE HEARD A DREADFUL SOUND COMING FROM THE KITCHEN THAT WERE ALMOST LIKE...FOOTSTEPS!

AS QUICK AS HE POSSIBLY COULD, HE FUMBLER FOR HIS PHONE AS IT WAS INKY-BLACK ALL OVER THE DANGEROUS ROOM . THE LIGHT FROM HIS PHONE PIECED THE ONCE DARK ROOM. AT LEAST HE COULD SEE. ANXIOUSLY HE CREPT ACROSS THE SUB-ZERO ROOM INTO THE SOUNDFUL KITCHEN . SUDDENLY AN ANGUISH FEELING RAN DOWN HIS BACK LIKE A SERRATED BLADE WAS STABBING HIM. THERE WAS NOTHING IN THERE. SURPRISED HE TURNED AROUND WHERE HE WAS FACE TO FACE WITH A VAGUE SILHOUETTE. AS FAST AS HIS NIMBLE LEGS COULD CARRY HIM HE DARTED OUT OF THE SMASHED DOWN DOOR. HE SPRIENTED AT TOP SPEED THROUGH THE WOODS AND THROUGH THE HOUSE DOOR AT LEAST IT WAS THE END OF A SCHOOL DAY. HE LEAPED INTO BED AND CURLED UP INTO A BALL SO HE COULD THINK ABOUT NICE WONDERFUL CASTLES AND SPARKLY FAIRIES. HE WAS COMPLETELY CALM UNTIL HE SAW SOMETHING THAT MADE HIM FREEZE AS STILL AS A STATUE...

BY RYAN