

THE MAD MONSTER

Benny was a lazy child. He would do absolutely nothing, even if his life depended on it. He slept in an attic, unfortunately so did an immensely mad monster. Would you be able to sleep with a mad monster watching you all night? Or would you stay up all night listening to the groaning noise of a monster?

The next night, Benny heard a faint sound coming from the rust-infected vent. He crept closer as the sound grew louder. "Murp graa Mrir." He pushed his sausage like finger through the vent. Right when he did so, an excruciating pain shot up his hand. He was sprawled on the floor, his ears ringing... Could it be the dreaded monster that cut his sausage finger off? Blood spilled on the waxed floor, making a mirror-like pool of shiny red liquid.

Benny groped around for a gauze .He found a thread-bare rag to stop the bleeding. Benny got up and rushed under the bed. A split second later, the groaning stopped then, PETANG! From then on it was a hazy blur; he couldn't make out what was happening he was petrified. He wasn't going to take it anymore. He got out from under the bed and tried to fight his fear. Benny raced to the vent and tore it open. But what he found was not what he expected at all.

Why was he petrified of this? All it was a battled, ancient Halloween costume from when he was 4. There was also a cheap voice recorder. In fury, he crushed it to measly pieces. He felt like a baby, being scared of a stupid joke. He said the worst word he knew, so bad I can't type it. Benny thought, "Who would do such a thing?" it was not clear.

Benny couldn't think straight, so he clambered into his cushion-like bed. He felt a tingle in his stomach. It was safe in the attic for once. Benny drifted off to sleep, with not a care in the world. It was the best sleep he ever had, so good in fact he slept 'til 2:30pm.

By Archer



The Horror Noise

Tommy was an adventurer. He was an only child. Every night he'd hear creaking noises next door. What made Tommy shiver each night? Maybe it was a snoring bedroom, whistling wind or the shadows reflecting on the lamp.

In the morning, Tommy was as joyful as a flying rainbow. As soon as the sun went down, he got ready for an adventure. He snuck out of the house without with his parents knowing. He went next door saw something open. "Who did that?" He thought.

The front door was wide open. What just happened? He was freaking out. PING! What was that now? He covered his eyes once again trying not to see who did it.

Seconds later, a spooky noise entered the house which Tommy followed. The house was covered in a cobweb feel. It was the scariest moment of his life. He slowly moved towards the invisible figure. All of a sudden, the door slammed shut and now Tommy was trapped. He tried to escape but it was locked. Enough is enough! He yelled in anger. I'm not living like this anymore.

The room went still. Tommy woke up in disbelief trying to understand it. But as he realised it, a rainbow shone right through his bedroom window. The darkness disappeared and his beloved room was as bright as a giant rainbow lolly pop. He was happy to be back. Was Tommy truly imagining the deadly ghost story the whole time?

Tommy's room seemed nice and cosy. He climbed in his warm bed and opened up his favourite comic. Batman V.S Superman. Hang on, maybe we won't go with fighting superheros... Dogman it was.

By Macey



The Silent Death

By Sophie

The basement was soundless, Caroline was horrified to walk the dark oak stairs, horrified to experience the dreadful moments that came next. A police siren whirred in the distance. Then all of a sudden the street plunged into silence. ✓

The silence spread panic throughout the street, as the mysterious creatures lurked around. There was a full moon. Caroline hated full moons, last Halloween there was a full moon, last Halloween there was a red, full moon. ✓ She quivered at the thought. The werewolf howled. Scraped his claws, howled once more. I dreaded the willow creek werewolf. In the silence the dripping tap was a scarecrow gently tapping on the window. In the silence the old broken washing machine was an old witch cackling ✓✓ and leaning over her cauldron.

Caroline caught a glimpse of the full moon, glowing through the crack in the curtains. She shuddered, gulped and swallowed her fears. ✓ She fell off the couch her legs giving way she stumbled over to the window. Lightning crackled. Thunder boomed. Frightened she took a few steps back. Gradually she took a few more steps to the window. Caroline shrieked but nothing came out. The claws the matted fur it was all there in a shadow.... ✓✓

The werewolf howled!!! Caroline quickly glanced at the moon. A grin spread across her face, as she realised the willow creek werewolf had never existed. Huey's (her dog) stuffed toy was in the yard casting a scary shadow onto the window and Huey was in the laundry whimpering. ✓ As dawn approached the storm left the sky with a radiant lilac glow, ready for morning. The sun slowly began to rise. Caroline was ready, ready for the gentle, morning breeze and the birds whistling their morning ✓ song.

Caroline curled up on the end of the couch, she was safe and sound, her pillow like a soft, squishy marshmallow. Little Huey scampered down the stairs and into the basement. He hopped up onto the couch and snuggled into her arms. The wind soothed them both to sleep. The werewolf was gone and never to come back again. She was thrilled to be afraid no more. ✓✓



Great suspense,
Sophie!

Button Eyes

Wendy was frightened. As soon as darkness swept across her house, her fear of creepy dolls came out to play. That night the creaky door had slammed open and shut many times but that night the door became **lifeless**, only a faint creak every now and then. A quiet tapping on the window and a multitude of fog put Wendy on edge. Every noise was a new jump scare. ✓✓

Tap. Tap. Tap. Constant tapping. Wendy's ears were used to this but her brain was still not. Through the crack of the closet door, a windup toy constantly stumbling into the door becomes tiny footsteps, getting closer and closer. Through the crack of the closet door, an ancient record player malfunctioning becomes a demonic doll, **wailing** and **whining**. Through the crack of the closet door, a pair of shoes becomes mutant rat slaves for the doll. ✓✓

Drip. Drip. Raindrops chased each other down the window. Feet as heavy as dumbbells, Wendy delayed the moment when she would get out of bed, the moment her legs would plummet over the edge. **Trembling**, Wendy's heart thudded out of her chest. She silently tiptoed, every step a shiver crawled down her spine. What was lurking in the closet? The door opened. Wendy released a shriek of terror. ✓✓ eek!

Creak. As Wendy peeped inside the closet she saw a small crouched body, too big to be a doll. *What was it?* Her brother. Of course. The light flickered on. In sight was a record playing machine and a torch. Pranked. At that moment the last raindrop fell and the thunder went dumb. Wendy realised that dolls weren't that scary after all. Only in her mind. She blushed with embarrassment and hugged her brother with relief. ✓

Her bed was as snug as a cloud. As she made a blanket cocoon around herself, she cuddled the doll in her arms. After that day her fear did not ever appear again. "I'll get you back someday..." She whispered. Wendy buried her head in the pillows, drifting off to sleep. ✓✓

By Zara



Amazing suspense,
Zara!

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BY KATIE

The Night of the Monsters



Daisy was horrified. As soon as the moon hit, she began to shiver at the thought of what was coming towards her. That night scratching noises were coming from the back window, but that night they stopped.

They came with the shadows. There was always shadows, but by who? In the night, Daisy's teddy becomes a bat ready to fly around her. In the night, Daisy's clothes on the floor become a vampire ready to suck her blood. The more Daisy moved the shadows got closer and closer. Daisy hid under her blankets. Lightning struck the night sky. Petrified, confused and paralysed. They were here...

Daisy could take it no longer. Daisy comes back up from hiding under her blankets. Suddenly, Daisy feels the cold floor against her feet. Shivers go down her spine and her hair stands on end. What was lurking in the darkness? Thunder grumbled, lightning flashed. It was then she saw its legs, stretching out from above. Shaking, she let out a little squeak. What did they want from her? She wanted to know. She picked up her clothes in one swift movement.

"Scratch, scratch, scratch." The old lemon tree branches lightly scratch the window. The wind swirls the leaves making the shadows chently fade away. The clouds slowly disappear. The moon and the stars light up the night sky. In that moment Daisy realises that the monsters never really existed at all, only in her mind. Daisy giggles and shook her head.

Her bed seemed warm a soft against her body. Daisy pulled her blankets up to her chin and her feet hang of her bed. Daisy watches the stars and the moon glistening through the night. Daisy listens to the wind making Daisy sleepy. The shadows never came back. "That's better." said Daisy's little voice. "Now were all alone." Daisy falls asleep.



✓ what Amazing suspense, Katie!



The Curse

Jim sighed; life in the Quebecc's house was dreadfully boring. His TV had broken long ago. His twin sister, Sarah always annoyed him. All the boys in Jim's class had a crush on her. Even Jim had to admit she was super pretty. With cat like eyes and rosy lips; she was any ones dream girl. They were going on a day out to the zoo when they saw a wishing well. "Are you going to throw a coin into the well, little boy?" Sarah taunted. "Shut up." Jim replied as he dropped a dollar in the well. "I wish for more excitement!" Little did he know that would unleash something sinister!!!

2 hours later, they were back at the house. Sarah disappeared upstairs to watch cat videos. Honestly she's 13; she's way too old for those. He went to the kitchen to make himself a pickle and cheese sandwich when he heard something. "You have to be brave soldier if we're going to win the war." "Sir, yes sir." A voice replied. Jim gasped as he saw five toy soldiers abseiling down the fridge. Poof! A short sharp pain went shooting through his shoulder. One of the soldiers was pointing his musket at him. In an act of fury, Jim picked up his sandwich and hurled it at the soldier, causing the wire to break, sending him falling to the ground. SSSPPPLLLAAATTT! Jim grabbed a broom and sent the rest of them to their deaths. A scream came from upstairs.

Jim burst through the door. Sarah was stamping on retreating soldiers! "Red alert, red alert." An officer shouted. Suddenly Ripper their bull dog bounded into the room. He did things to those soldiers that I can't put in this book. Let's just say some of them will never see daylight again. Now that they were safe, they locked themselves in the room. "Are you okay?" Jim asked. "Not really." "We need to check if mum and dad are okay." "Agreed!" Jim opened the door. "Not a word." They crept out of the room and into the hallway. Jim saw a horrible sight. A potato. Now you may think this was nothing to be afraid of, but this vicious vegetable had deathly red eyes and drills for teeth. Sarah screamed. Jim clapped a hand over her mouth. "Don't let it know we're here." He whispered in her ear.

The potato rolled over to a wall. Its drilly teeth started carving something in the wall. When it had finished, it rolled away. Jim took his hand off Sarah's mouth and breathed a sigh of relief. But this relief was short lived as he read what was on the wall. 'Jim, thank you for freeing me, I am a destroyer of worlds. I am a curse; you have doomed your universe. To make this game more exciting I will tell you 3 ways to destroy me. Become a demigod, sacrifice yourself or use something that can destroy a solar system. Sincerely, the curse.' Jim was horrified. Sarah patted his back supportively. "Destroy, destroy!" a voice crackled. "Damn." Jim said. His life-sized IG-88 assassin droid toy was pointing a blaster rifle at them. "Run!" Jim shouted blaster bolts went flying by. "Owwwwwwww!!!" Jim screamed as a bolt hit his leg. Sarah darted away. "Coward." Jim called after her. IG-88 was aiming his blaster at Jim's forehead. Suddenly, Sarah appeared with a kitchen knife and shoved it in the robot's eye. The robot collapsed, sparks flying out of him.

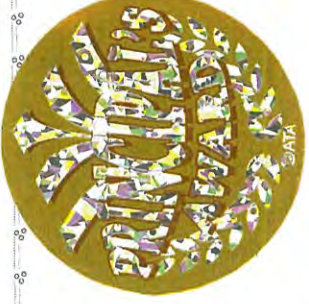
All of a sudden they were in space. "I see my summoning skills still work." A voice boomed. "Who are you?" Sarah shouted. "Silence, puny girl." The voice bellowed. "Make me, you sleezeball." I think I forgot to mention that Sarah can be really cheeky. "Fine, by all means." The next thing you know, ductape started wrapping her up. "Let her go." Jim demanded. "Fine." the curse agreed as the ductape evaporated. "I would like to meet you face to face." The curse said. Suddenly a portal

appeared. A huge figure stepped out of it. It had red skin and a bullet chain strapped to his waist. But instead of bullets, thousands and thousands of heads were hanging on it. "Every time I destroy a planet, I take a souvenir." The curse explained. "There seems to be a free spot for humans." Jim gasped. "To make things fair, I will give you a robot suit." He clicked his fingers and a huge blue robot appeared. 30 minutes later, the battle had begun. The curse ripped the robot's arms and legs off. Suddenly, Jim saw something in the distance, a black hole. The curse was super unstable. One little push could knock him off balance. Jim made a decision. He jumped out of the suit and kicked the curse in the chest sending them both into the black hole.

To be continued...

By Jack C

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