

Don't Look Under The Bed

By Rachael, Y7

'Dong, Dong', as the grandfather clock struck 9pm on Hallows Eve, shivers ran down my spine.

"Time for bed, honey," my dad said softly, ruffling my hair. As I made it to the bottom of the stairs, I took a deep breath, and began to tiptoe my way up. Goosebumps danced up my arms as I felt the eyes of something watching me from behind. I quickly ran upstairs two at a time, racing through the darkness. I entered what I thought was the safety of my bedroom.

I fumbled for the light switch, I flicked the switch frantically but to no avail. I remained enveloped in darkness. I vaguely made out the figure of my bed and made the quick

decision to hide under my covers, so I dived on to my bed, wrapping the covers over my body. I cautiously peeked out from under the duvet, when I heard the sounds of witches cackling outside my window.

Whistling wind flew my tartan curtains up and down, like a matador waving his cape in the bull ring. Then something distracted me; the pungent smell of rotting flesh filled my nostrils. I began to gag, then suddenly I froze, hearing high-pitched scratching noises across my old wooden floorboards.

The air went cold, and I could feel the heat of my breath in front of my face. The sound of the scratching got louder and louder, and it sounded like it was coming from under my bed. My mind raced with other possibilities of what the sound could be, but the overwhelming reality was that it was a

monster or ghoul. The witches continued to cackle, it was like they knew something awful was about to happen, and they revelled in the joy that I was in danger.

Do I stay here and await my fate like a helpless victim? Do I run downstairs and get Dad? I wanted to run, every bone in my body wanted to run, but I was paralysed with fear. The scratching got louder, it sounded as though some huge nails were clawing at the floorboards, and then I heard it, the deep breathing. It was alive, there was something with a beating heart below me, under my bed. Shadows flickered around the room from the moonlight flashing in and out from the dancing curtains. Was this it? Is this the end?

All I know is that I had to face the demon, I had to know what was tormenting me. Surely the fear of what it could be was worse than

the reality. Survival kicked in, and leapt up. I needed to fight the evil lurking beneath my bed. I remembered I had a torch in my bedside table, and grabbed it. Turning it on, a cool golden beam of light shone brightly, like a protective force that banishes evil back into the shadows. I crouched down and shone the light under the bed and gasped.

Rachael