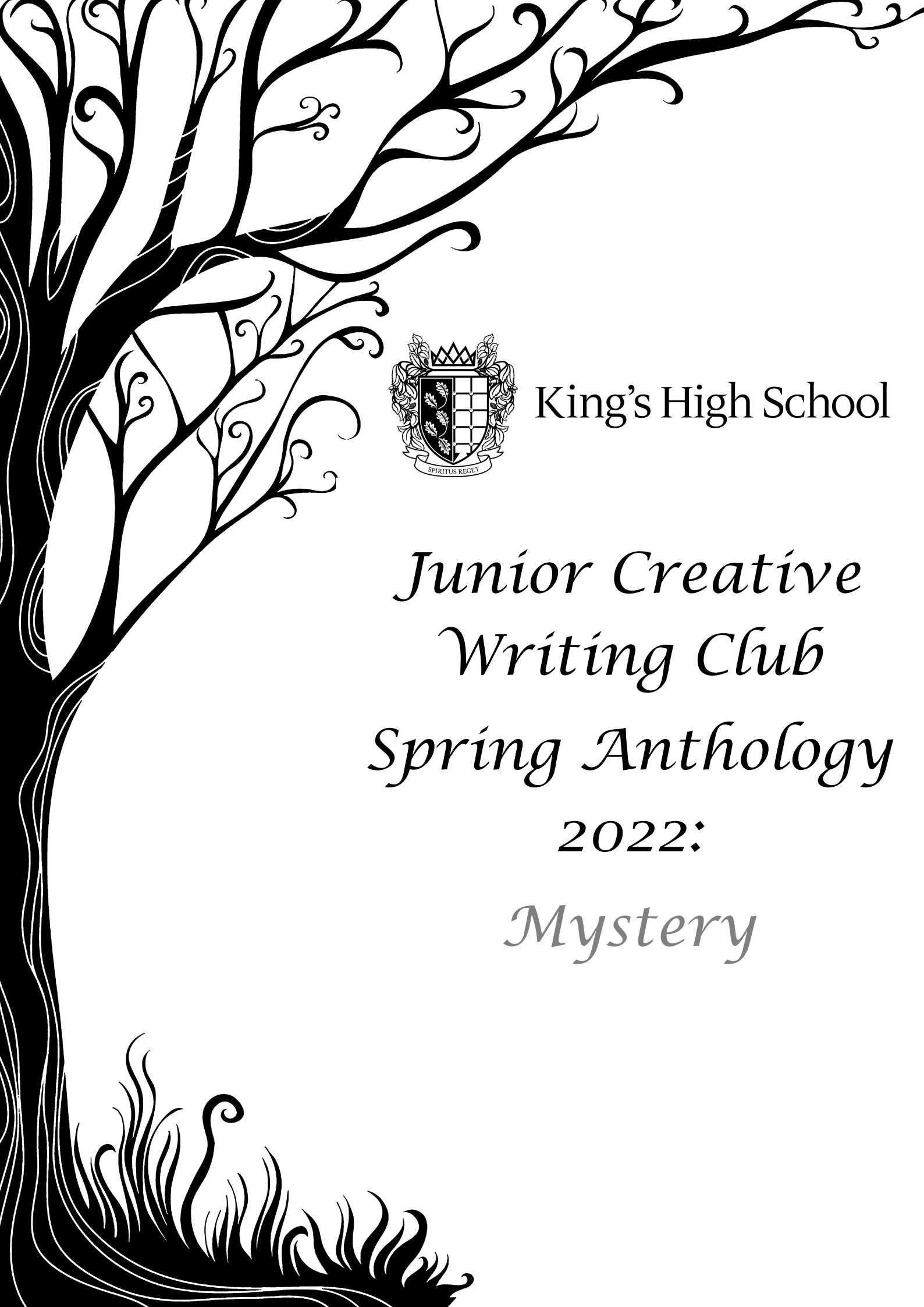
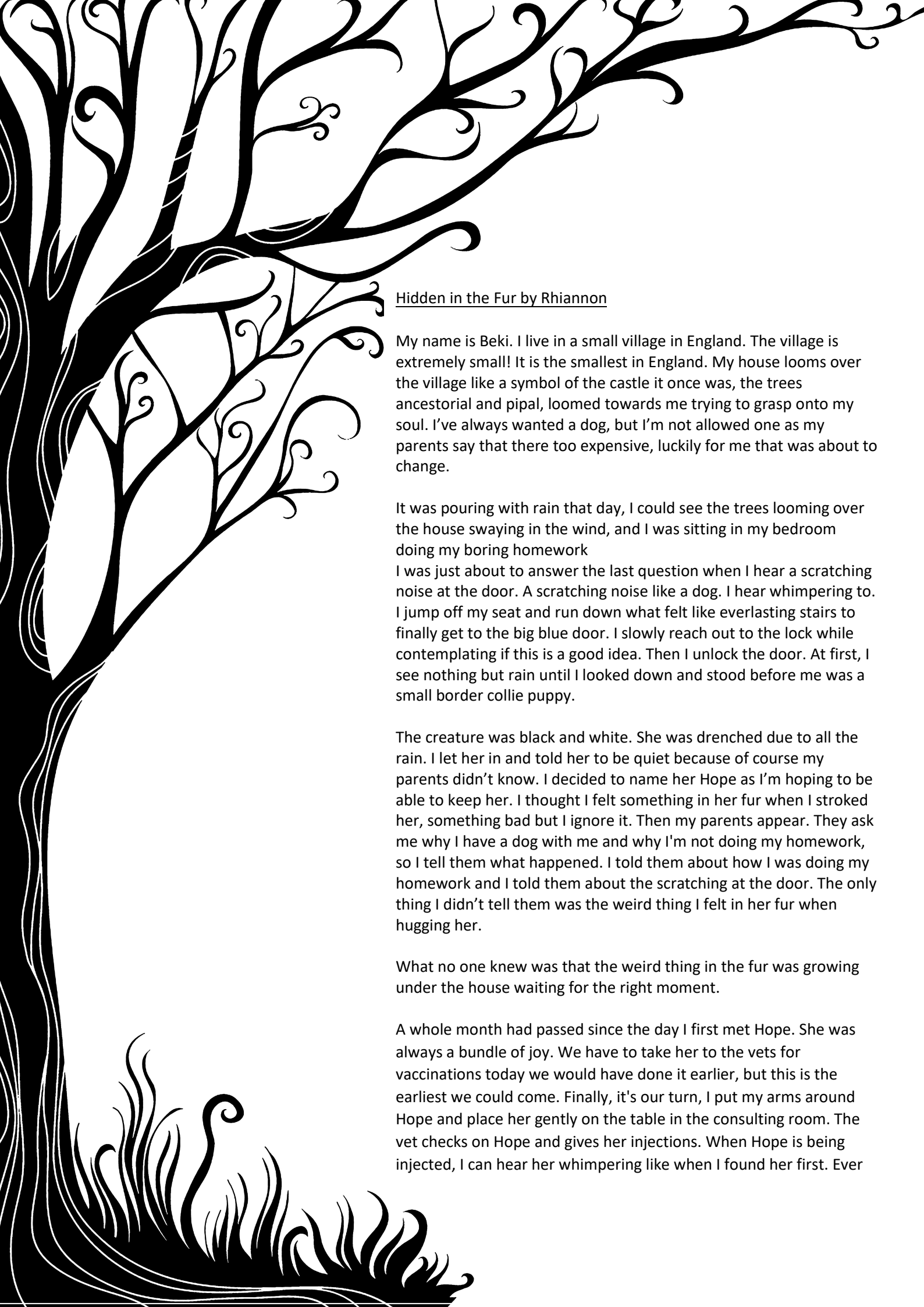


King's High School

Junior Creative Writing Club Spring Anthology 2022:

Mystery



Hidden in the Fur by Rhiannon

My name is Beki. I live in a small village in England. The village is extremely small! It is the smallest in England. My house looms over the village like a symbol of the castle it once was, the trees ancestorial and pipal, loomed towards me trying to grasp onto my soul. I've always wanted a dog, but I'm not allowed one as my parents say that there too expensive, luckily for me that was about to change.

It was pouring with rain that day, I could see the trees looming over the house swaying in the wind, and I was sitting in my bedroom doing my boring homework
I was just about to answer the last question when I hear a scratching noise at the door. A scratching noise like a dog. I hear whimpering to. I jump off my seat and run down what felt like everlasting stairs to finally get to the big blue door. I slowly reach out to the lock while contemplating if this is a good idea. Then I unlock the door. At first, I see nothing but rain until I looked down and stood before me was a small border collie puppy.

The creature was black and white. She was drenched due to all the rain. I let her in and told her to be quiet because of course my parents didn't know. I decided to name her Hope as I'm hoping to be able to keep her. I thought I felt something in her fur when I stroked her, something bad but I ignore it. Then my parents appear. They ask me why I have a dog with me and why I'm not doing my homework, so I tell them what happened. I told them about how I was doing my homework and I told them about the scratching at the door. The only thing I didn't tell them was the weird thing I felt in her fur when hugging her.

What no one knew was that the weird thing in the fur was growing under the house waiting for the right moment.

A whole month had passed since the day I first met Hope. She was always a bundle of joy. We have to take her to the vets for vaccinations today we would have done it earlier, but this is the earliest we could come. Finally, it's our turn, I put my arms around Hope and place her gently on the table in the consulting room. The vet checks on Hope and gives her injections. When Hope is being injected, I can hear her whimpering like when I found her first. Ever

since that day I've hear mysterious noises in random places in my house.

No one knew that the thing that was in Hope's fur has been growing in a hidden place in the house. Getting bigger and bigger every day. Sometimes just sometimes I think that the noises might have something to do with the unusual thing I felt in her fur that day but I'm sure it's just a coincidence. When I got home, I let Hope out of the car and went in the house last. Just at that second, I heard screaming coming from inside the house. It sounded like my parents. I stood still deciding whether to go in or not. Then Hope ran inside the house. Worried about her, I followed. I was petrified. The house went silent. This was no ordinary silence; this was a deathly silence looming through the house.

Suddenly, I heard a noise. A scratching noise. I suddenly realised Hope had vanished. I had a problem. The house had a sudden darkness to it, it felt like an eclipse to my very own home. Every second I felt smaller. I couldn't think of anything to do except stay put.

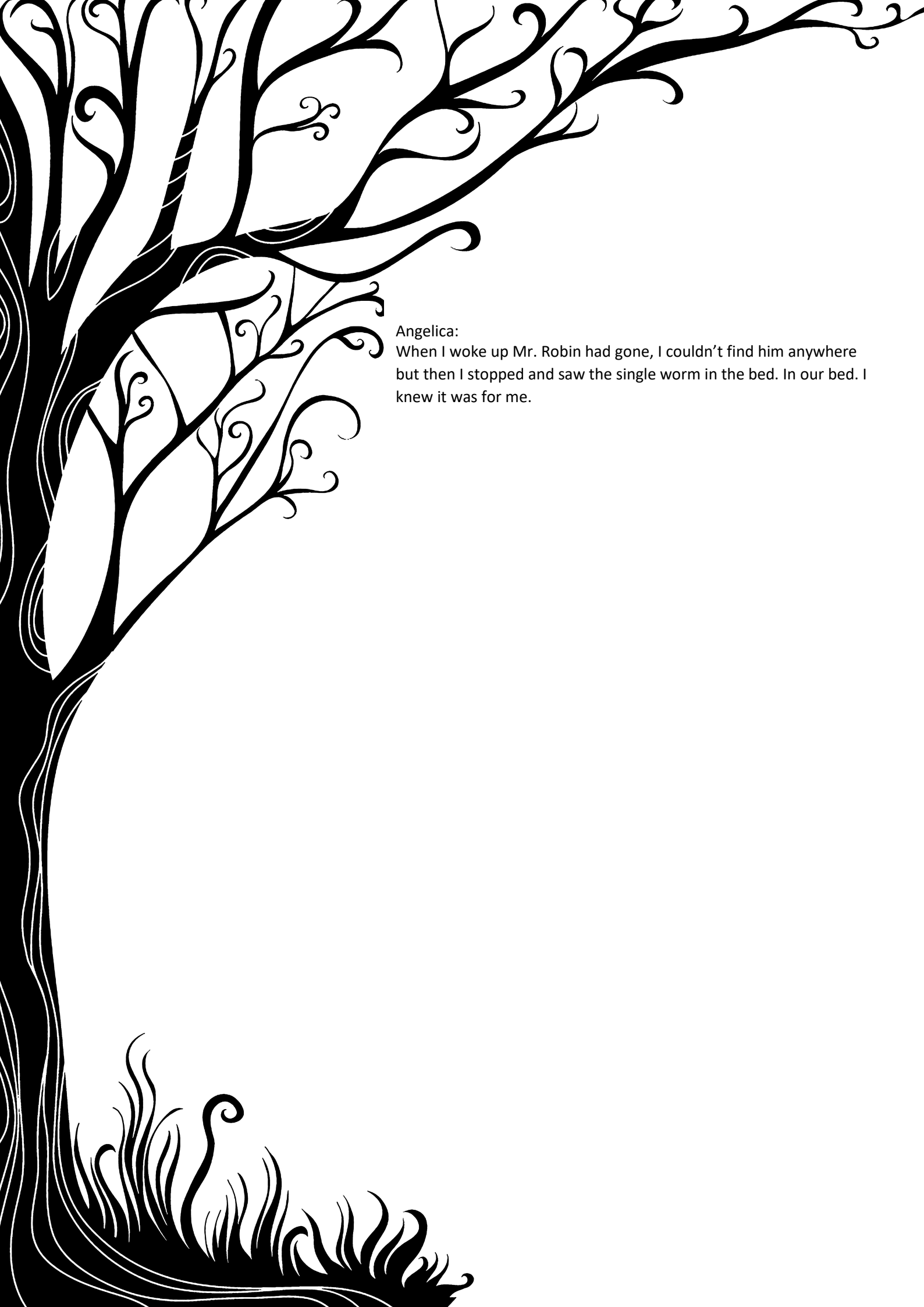
I spent the next few days alone in the house. Until I heard on the news that a giant beast was rampaging round someone's house. That person vanished just like my parents. Now the house seems lonely. My belly is tingling. I decide to investigate.

Once I arrive at the last known sighting of the beast, I hear whimpering. I walk towards the whimpering and find Hope. I pick her up and take her out the house. Then I hear a thunderous screeching noise. Me and Hope run towards it, and we find THE BEAST. There were loads of people there. One researcher found that it wasn't a beast it was just an extremely large tardigrade. Hope ran up to it and barked. The tardigrade replied with a huff. The tardigrade was eventually given the name Tardi.

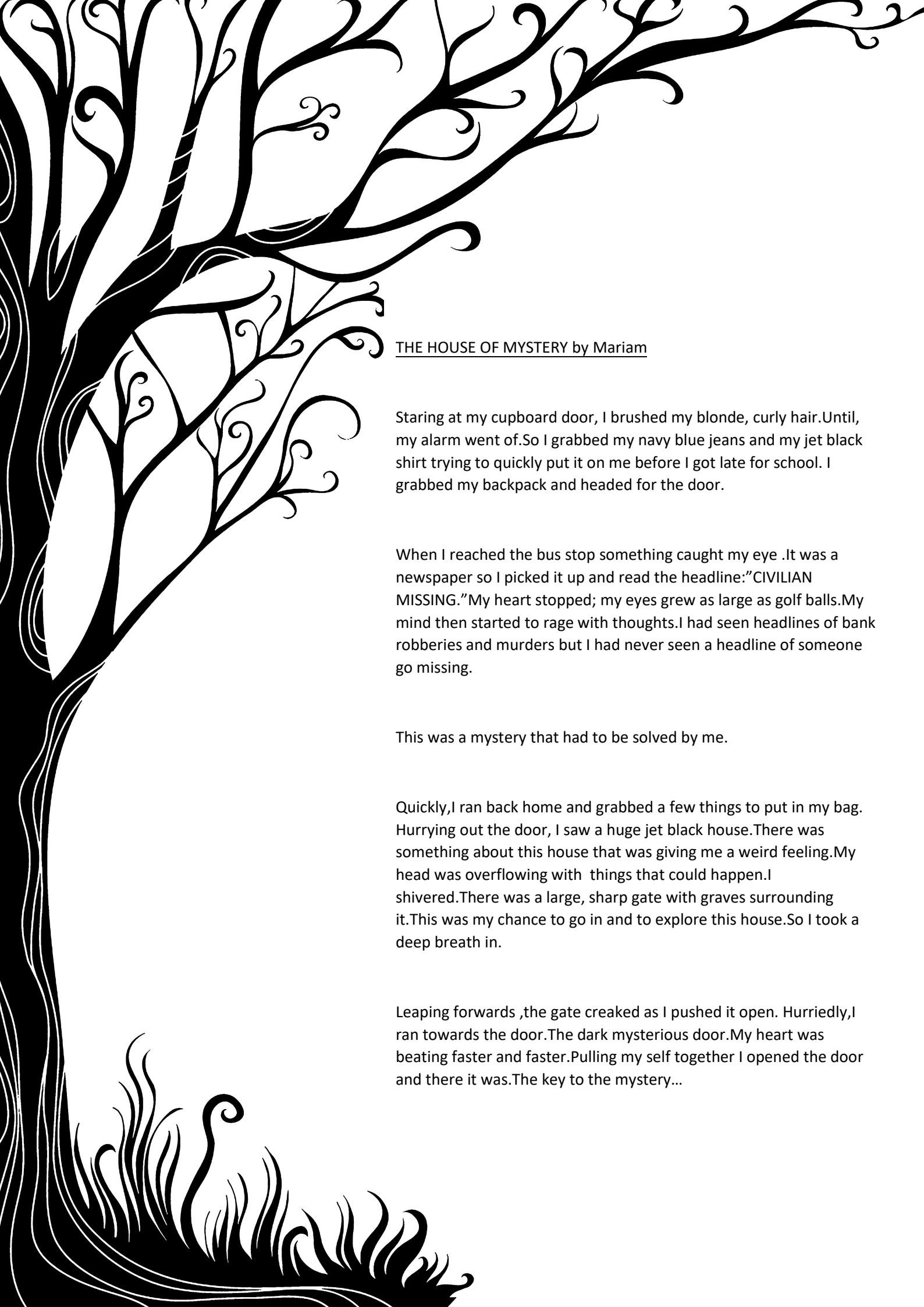
After that Tardi vanished. Some say he went to the forest. Others say he went to haunt a house for the rest of eternity. But me and Hope think he shrunk causing him to be invisible. We think he remains lurking somewhere in the village. Waiting for the next innocent victim.

The Mystery of Mr. Robin by Izzy

Mr. Robin:
This is the story of my life. The painful memories hold me back but soon, once I tell you this, I will be set free.
My feathers were ragged, my heart was beating at a rapid pace and my feet were covered in scratches, but I needed to go on. I had to go on.
The day slowly withered by along with all my joy and hope. What once was a bright beautiful red chest was a muddy, scratched, bruised brown chest. My wings slowly grew more tired, more painful. Soon I found the pain so unbearable that I fell out of the sky. The wind was roaring in my ears, I looked towards the pink sky, towards the white snowflakes and my last thought was this 'finally, I will be safe, I will be free' then I hit the white snow, a pattern leaped through the snow bright red colours twisted and turned, it curved and leapt turning the white into a bright red, then it all faded to black
My eyes opened to a bright light shining into my eyes, a sudden pain hit my chest, then I remembered what happened. I must be in heaven, I thought, I was finally free, so I tried standing up but then fell back down. The pain was too much. Then I saw a human peering over me, curiosity inside its eyes and a worm in its fingers. I opened my mouth ready for the worm, and his shaky little fingers put it roughly in my mouth, I almost choked.
From then on, what once was a miserable life was a happy adventure, I had my own house in its garden. I did not like it, but the human called me Mr. Robin, I didn't want to hurt it, so I went on with it. Every day we leaped threw the air, or more accurately I did, the silly human just kept jumping up and down. I loved my knew life but every night I can hear the call of my kin, looking for me, coming to get me, for revenge. I knew that one day they would come to get me. And so that day came.
I knew that if I stayed, the human would be in great peril, so when the day came, I vanished, to keep the human safe, to keep MY human safe. The human kept me when no one wanted me, the human protected me when I was in danger, so it was my turn. I would protect the human. To say goodbye, I picked up a juicy worm and placed it on the human's lap while it was asleep. It would be worth it; I had thought to myself. Because I Mr. Robin am the great protector of the human.



Angelica:
When I woke up Mr. Robin had gone, I couldn’t find him anywhere but then I stopped and saw the single worm in the bed. In our bed. I knew it was for me.



THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY by Mariam

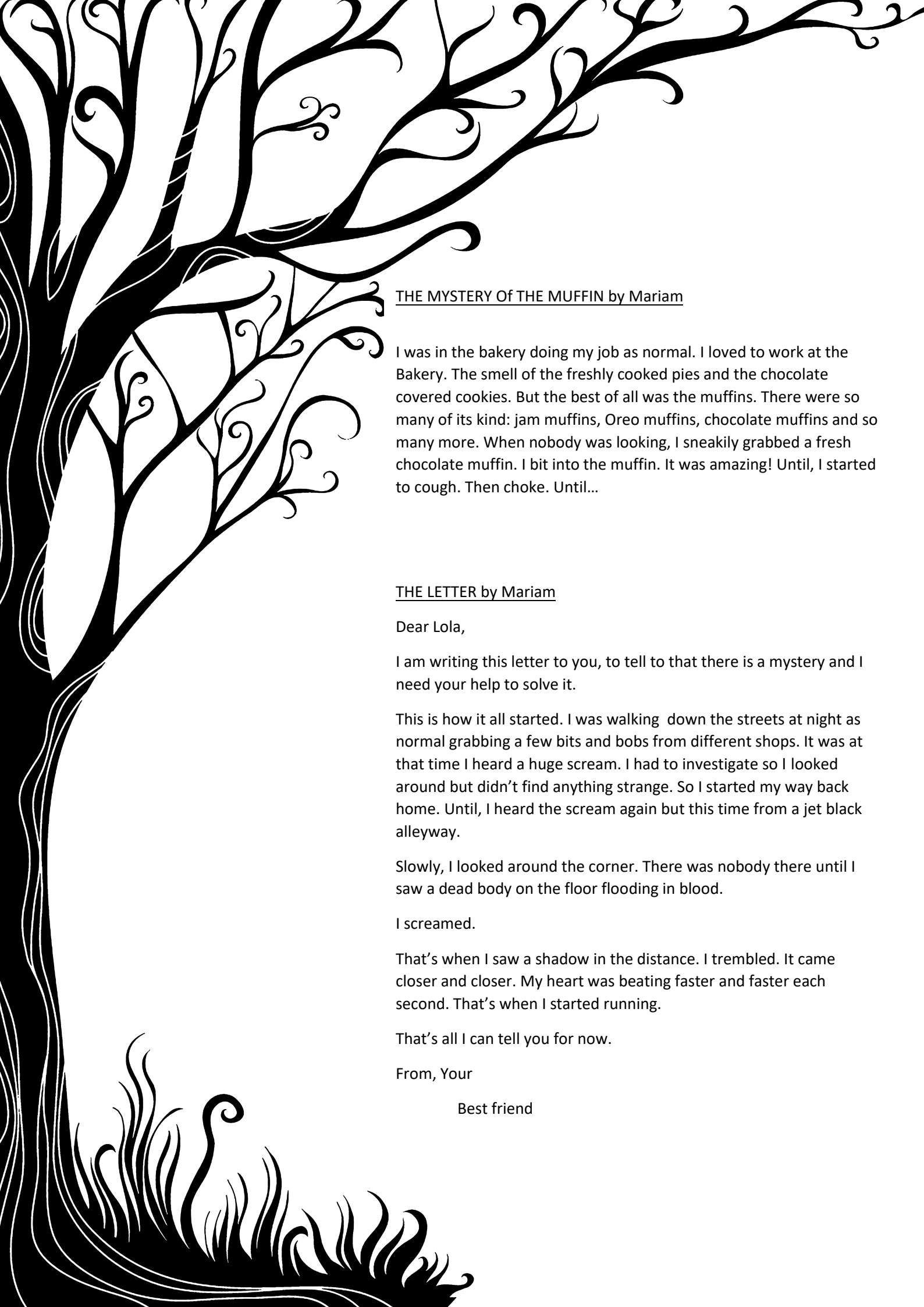
Staring at my cupboard door, I brushed my blonde, curly hair.Until, my alarm went of.So I grabbed my navy blue jeans and my jet black shirt trying to quickly put it on me before I got late for school. I grabbed my backpack and headed for the door.

When I reached the bus stop something caught my eye .It was a newspaper so I picked it up and read the headline:"CIVILIAN MISSING."My heart stopped; my eyes grew as large as golf balls.My mind then started to rage with thoughts.I had seen headlines of bank robberies and murders but I had never seen a headline of someone go missing.

This was a mystery that had to be solved by me.

Quickly,I ran back home and grabbed a few things to put in my bag. Hurrying out the door, I saw a huge jet black house.There was something about this house that was giving me a weird feeling.My head was overflowing with things that could happen.I shivered.There was a large, sharp gate with graves surrounding it.This was my chance to go in and to explore this house.So I took a deep breath in.

Leaping forwards ,the gate creaked as I pushed it open. Hurriedly,I ran towards the door.The dark mysterious door.My heart was beating faster and faster.Pulling my self together I opened the door and there it was.The key to the mystery…



THE MYSTERY Of THE MUFFIN by Mariam

I was in the bakery doing my job as normal. I loved to work at the Bakery. The smell of the freshly cooked pies and the chocolate covered cookies. But the best of all was the muffins. There were so many of its kind: jam muffins, Oreo muffins, chocolate muffins and so many more. When nobody was looking, I sneakily grabbed a fresh chocolate muffin. I bit into the muffin. It was amazing! Until, I started to cough. Then choke. Until…

THE LETTER by Mariam

Dear Lola,

I am writing this letter to you, to tell to that there is a mystery and I need your help to solve it.

This is how it all started. I was walking down the streets at night as normal grabbing a few bits and bobs from different shops. It was at that time I heard a huge scream. I had to investigate so I looked around but didn't find anything strange. So I started my way back home. Until, I heard the scream again but this time from a jet black alleyway.

Slowly, I looked around the corner. There was nobody there until I saw a dead body on the floor flooding in blood.

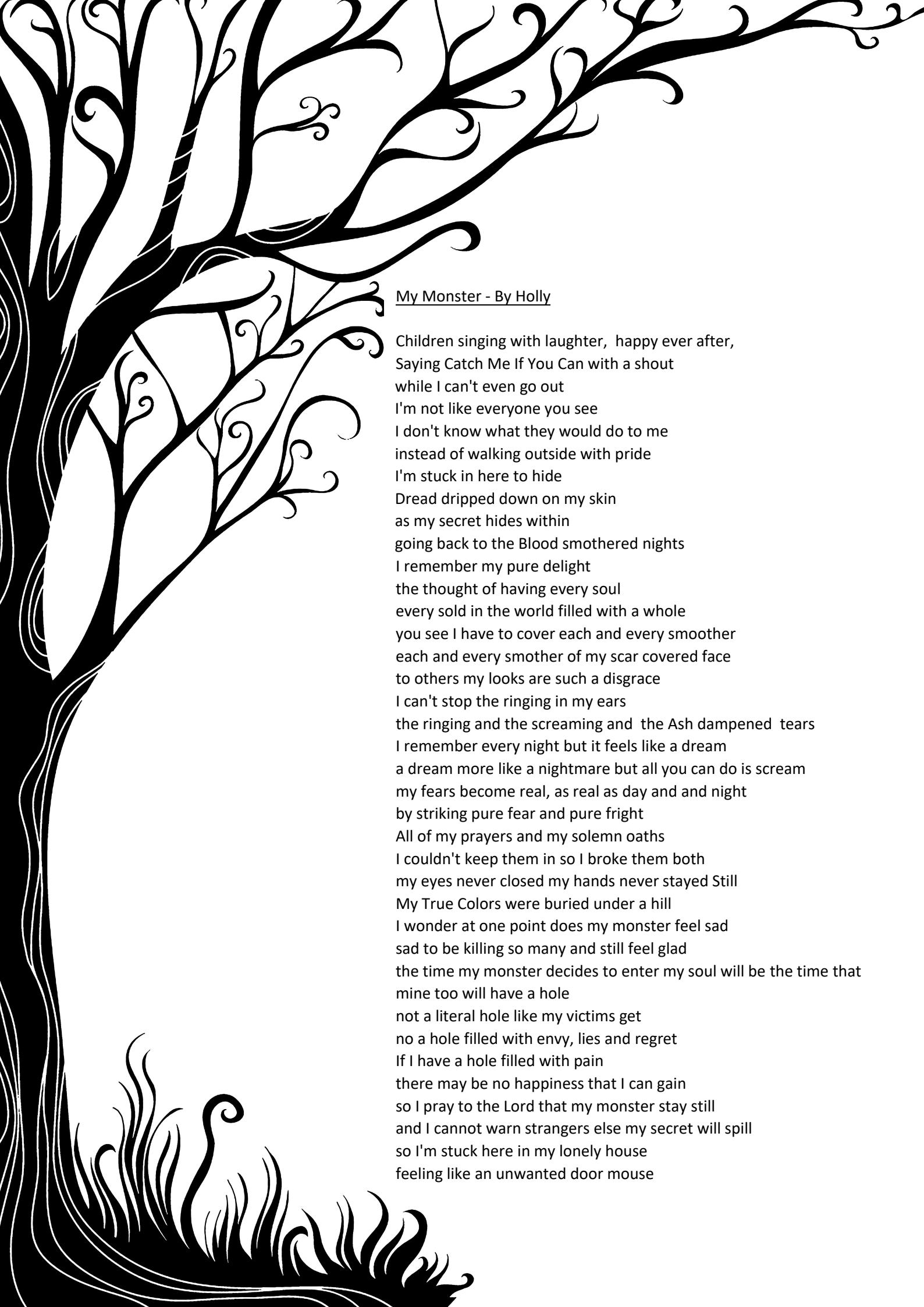
I screamed.

That's when I saw a shadow in the distance. I trembled. It came closer and closer. My heart was beating faster and faster each second. That's when I started running.

That's all I can tell you for now.

From, Your

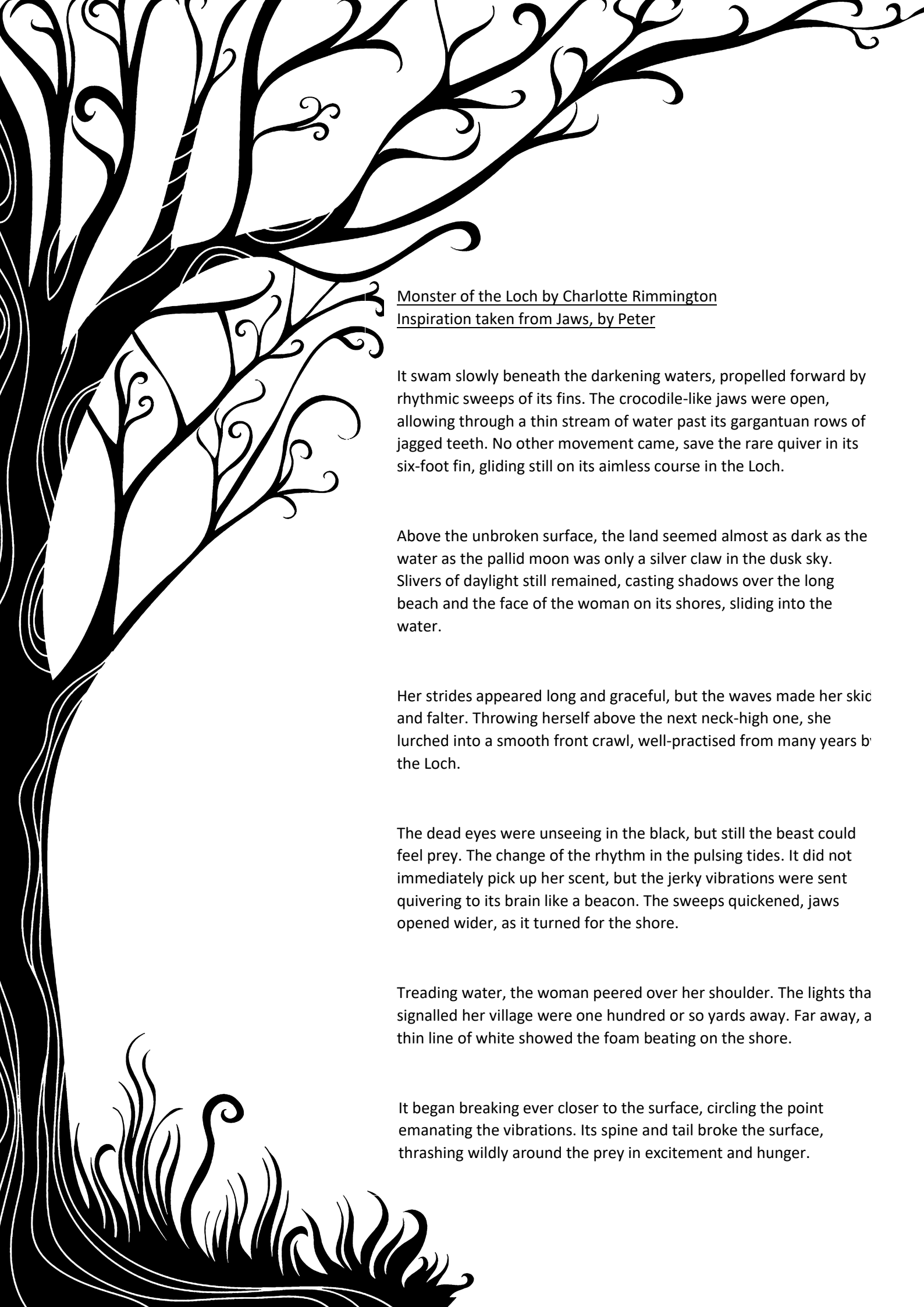
Best friend



My Monster - By Holly

Children singing with laughter, happy ever after,
Saying Catch Me If You Can with a shout
while I can't even go out
I'm not like everyone you see
I don't know what they would do to me
instead of walking outside with pride
I'm stuck in here to hide
Dread dripped down on my skin
as my secret hides within
going back to the Blood smothered nights
I remember my pure delight
the thought of having every soul
every sold in the world filled with a whole
you see I have to cover each and every smoother
each and every smother of my scar covered face
to others my looks are such a disgrace
I can't stop the ringing in my ears
the ringing and the screaming and the Ash dampened tears
I remember every night but it feels like a dream
a dream more like a nightmare but all you can do is scream
my fears become real, as real as day and and night
by striking pure fear and pure fright
All of my prayers and my solemn oaths
I couldn't keep them in so I broke them both
my eyes never closed my hands never stayed Still
My True Colors were buried under a hill
I wonder at one point does my monster feel sad
sad to be killing so many and still feel glad
the time my monster decides to enter my soul will be the time that
mine too will have a hole
not a literal hole like my victims get
no a hole filled with envy, lies and regret
If I have a hole filled with pain
there may be no happiness that I can gain
so I pray to the Lord that my monster stay still
and I cannot warn strangers else my secret will spill
so I'm stuck here in my lonely house
feeling like an unwanted door mouse

I don't have any family to cry on
because of me now they are all gone
I remember the night I found my monster
the night my mum died poor her
my family then passed one after one
so that is why now they are all gone
through blood and pain
through wind and rain
it never goes to bed
it doesn't wake up it's furry head
I don't want to tell you his ugly look
through all he showed they are now shook
now let me tell you my monster doesn't look good
but if you read to here I probably should
his teeth are like knives of Steel
his tail as thin as a fishing reel
his horns all yellow and white
and his mouth smell gross but he has a big bite
and claws so long and so sharp
and his raw is let's just say the opposite sound to a harp
his fur is blue and yellow and gray
dusted with Ash blood and hay
he creeps in your room
he hides in The Gloom
you don't see his face
it's a mystery case
no blood on the floor
the screaming is no more
all that is left if you
who found you ask who
me that's answer to your wonder
but why didn't I tell I bet you ponder
Well if I did I would be the only one
the only one that was there when you were gone
I'm sorry I had to hide you away
so now you like me cannot play



Monster of the Loch by Charlotte Rimmington
Inspiration taken from Jaws, by Peter

It swam slowly beneath the darkening waters, propelled forward by rhythmic sweeps of its fins. The crocodile-like jaws were open, allowing through a thin stream of water past its gargantuan rows of jagged teeth. No other movement came, save the rare quiver in its six-foot fin, gliding still on its aimless course in the Loch.

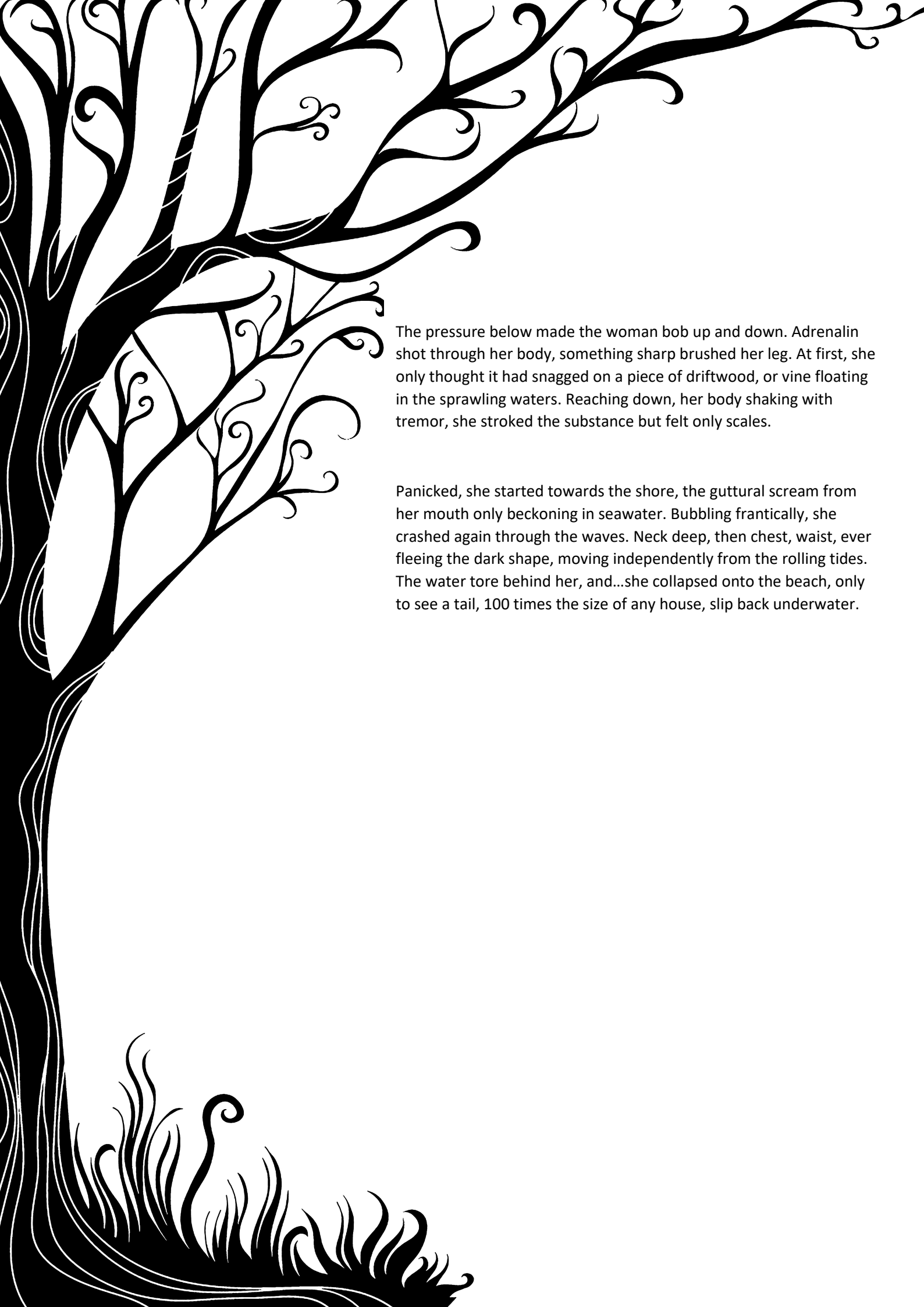
Above the unbroken surface, the land seemed almost as dark as the water as the pallid moon was only a silver claw in the dusk sky. Slivers of daylight still remained, casting shadows over the long beach and the face of the woman on its shores, sliding into the water.

Her strides appeared long and graceful, but the waves made her skid and falter. Throwing herself above the next neck-high one, she lurched into a smooth front crawl, well-practised from many years by the Loch.

The dead eyes were unseeing in the black, but still the beast could feel prey. The change of the rhythm in the pulsing tides. It did not immediately pick up her scent, but the jerky vibrations were sent quivering to its brain like a beacon. The sweeps quickened, jaws opened wider, as it turned for the shore.

Treading water, the woman peered over her shoulder. The lights that signalled her village were one hundred or so yards away. Far away, a thin line of white showed the foam beating on the shore.

It began breaking ever closer to the surface, circling the point emanating the vibrations. Its spine and tail broke the surface, thrashing wildly around the prey in excitement and hunger.



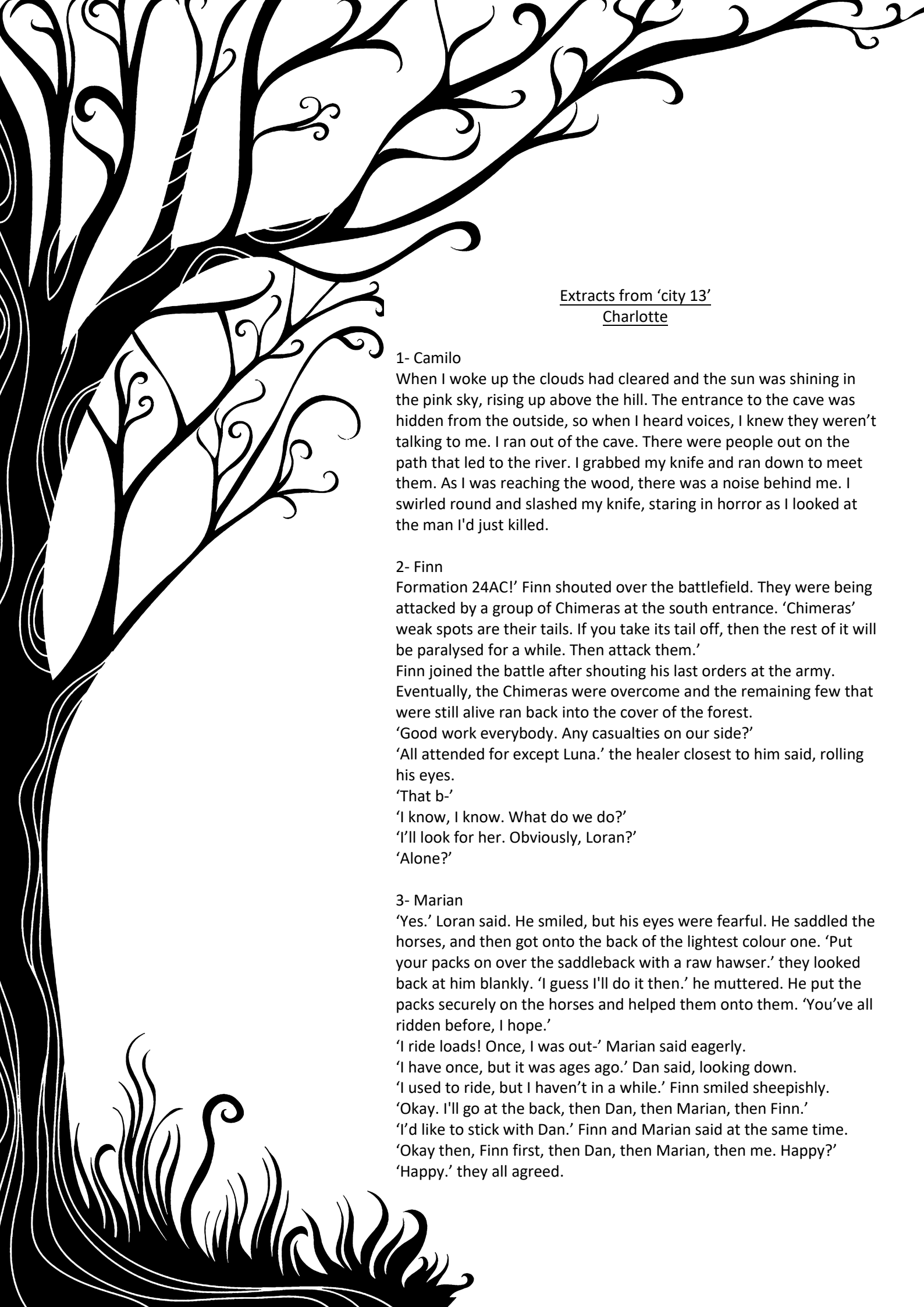
The pressure below made the woman bob up and down. Adrenalin shot through her body, something sharp brushed her leg. At first, she only thought it had snagged on a piece of driftwood, or vine floating in the sprawling waters. Reaching down, her body shaking with tremor, she stroked the substance but felt only scales.

Panicked, she started towards the shore, the guttural scream from her mouth only beckoning in seawater. Bubbling frantically, she crashed again through the waves. Neck deep, then chest, waist, ever fleeing the dark shape, moving independently from the rolling tides. The water tore behind her, and…she collapsed onto the beach, only to see a tail, 100 times the size of any house, slip back underwater.

The Thief
By Katie

The red-coated robber nudged the window open and leaped into the house dramatically. Too bad no one was awake to see the show. Creeping into the kitchen, he snuck around the counter, over the sleeping cat, and towards the fridge. His prize tonight was being hidden in there. The cold killing machine that they thought was safe. Not a chance. Not once had he failed or had been seen, and he wasn't planning to start tonight.

A meow jolted him back to reality. Dumb cat. It had woken up. Upon seeing him, the black ball of fur gave a loud hiss and scampered away hastily. Mentally rolling his eyes, he leaped up towards the fridge and thrust it open. It was harder than he had first reckoned, he guessed the people in the house deserved a little credit. But there it was. In all its glory, just sitting there on a shelf. A feral grin broke out on his face. Finally. Snatching up the sausage, the fox ran off into the night.



Extracts from ‘city 13’
Charlotte

1- Camilo
When I woke up the clouds had cleared and the sun was shining in the pink sky, rising up above the hill. The entrance to the cave was hidden from the outside, so when I heard voices, I knew they weren’t talking to me. I ran out of the cave. There were people out on the path that led to the river. I grabbed my knife and ran down to meet them. As I was reaching the wood, there was a noise behind me. I swirled round and slashed my knife, staring in horror as I looked at the man I'd just killed.

2- Finn
Formation 24AC!’ Finn shouted over the battlefield. They were being attacked by a group of Chimeras at the south entrance. ‘Chimeras’ weak spots are their tails. If you take its tail off, then the rest of it will be paralysed for a while. Then attack them.’
Finn joined the battle after shouting his last orders at the army. Eventually, the Chimeras were overcome and the remaining few that were still alive ran back into the cover of the forest.
‘Good work everybody. Any casualties on our side?’
‘All attended for except Luna.’ the healer closest to him said, rolling his eyes.
‘That b-’
‘I know, I know. What do we do?’
‘I’ll look for her. Obviously, Loran?’
‘Alone?’

3- Marian
‘Yes.’ Loran said. He smiled, but his eyes were fearful. He saddled the horses, and then got onto the back of the lightest colour one. ‘Put your packs on over the saddleback with a raw hawser.’ they looked back at him blankly. ‘I guess I'll do it then.’ he muttered. He put the packs securely on the horses and helped them onto them. ‘You’ve all ridden before, I hope.’
‘I ride loads! Once, I was out-’ Marian said eagerly.
‘I have once, but it was ages ago.’ Dan said, looking down.
‘I used to ride, but I haven’t in a while.’ Finn smiled sheepishly.
‘Okay. I'll go at the back, then Dan, then Marian, then Finn.’
‘I’d like to stick with Dan.’ Finn and Marian said at the same time.
‘Okay then, Finn first, then Dan, then Marian, then me. Happy?’
‘Happy.’ they all agreed.

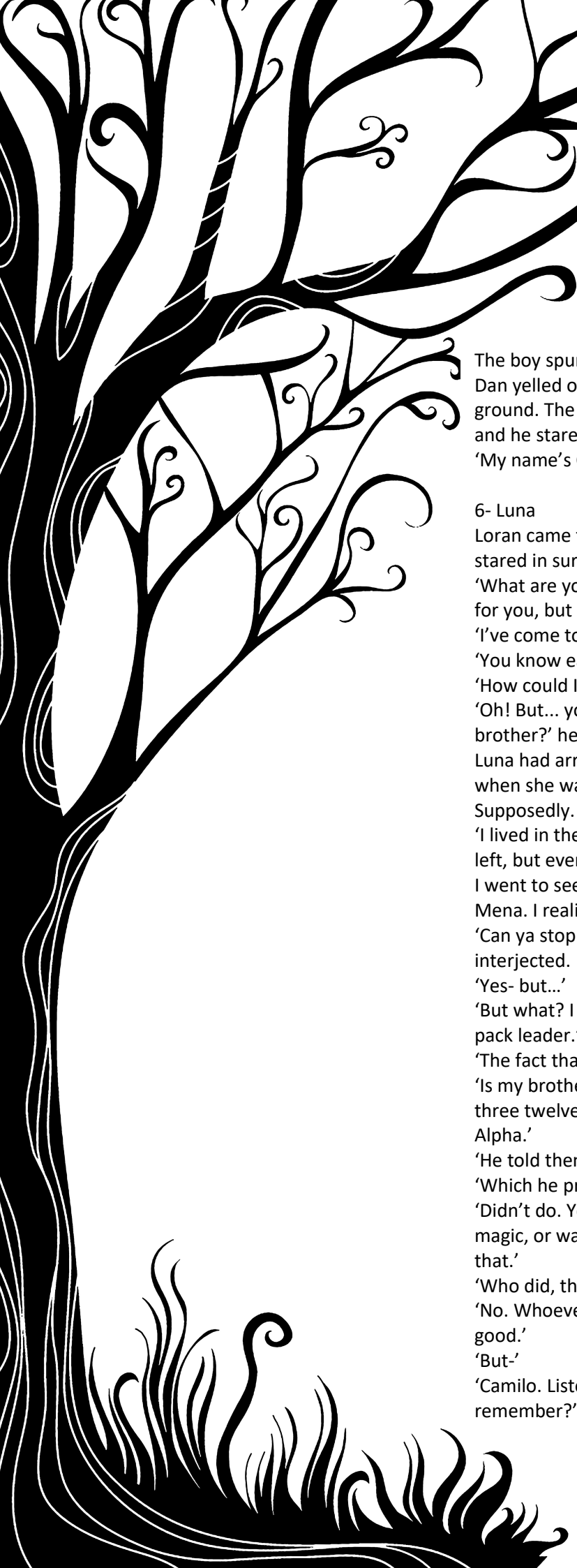
They started trotting slowly across the courtyard, before they reached the gates out of the city.
‘HEY! Aren’t I coming?’ a voice said, loud and clear from behind them. It was Qwest. The mapmaker's son.
‘We changed our minds.’ Dan yelled at him, turning his head, and then abruptly slipped sideways on the horse. The mapmaker sneered at him before turning on his heel and rushing away. ‘Idiot.’ Dan snarled as he picked himself off the ground. He turned to look at the mapmaker, but he had disappeared. He climbed onto the horse’s back before trotting it out of the city.
‘Um, Finn?’ Loran asked.

4- Loran

Loran ran off, sprinting across the courtyard and into the falconry. The guard outside looked at him in surprise.
‘I need four hunting eagles.’ he panted at the desk. The man behind it looked curiously at him.
‘Why?’
‘Because Finn. Because Luna. Because me and Marian and Dan.’
The man snorted. ‘Fine.’ he handed the birds to him on leashes. The man held out his hand.
‘What?’
‘Money.’ he grunted.
‘But it’s Finn. The Finn who runs this place. He'll tell you, later. Please.’
‘Very well. How much later?’
‘A year or so.’
‘Urgh.’
‘What?’
‘Never mind. Just leave.’

5- Dan

They walked off into the woods, scanning the darkness with their lamp. The eagle was above them, and it was watching them and the woods for any sign of anything. Suddenly, it dived. It landed silently in front of them and poked Loran with his claw. He motioned to Dan to keep quiet and tiptoed across the grass. Dan followed, and then Loran stopped. Dan, however, kept walking, until he was in a clearing. On the other side of the clearing was a boy. A boy who was much younger than him. Twelve or thirteen, he thought. He walked up to him and cleared his throat nervously.



The boy spun round, knife in hand, and slashed at Dan with the knife. Dan yelled out in pain and fell, his chest pouring blood onto the ground. The boy looked down, scared. The knife fell from his hand, and he stared down at the man below him.
'My name's Camilo.' He said.

6- Luna
Loran came to Camilo after laying Dan down next to Marian. He stared in surprise at Luna.
'What are you doing here?' he asked, amazed. 'We'd come to look for you, but here you are!'
'I've come to see Camilo.'
'You know each other?'
'How could I not? Besides, he's, my brother.'
'Oh! But... you've always been at the city. How could he be your brother?' he said. As soon as he said it, he realised it wasn't true. Luna had arrived two years after her sister had, and Lyra had arrived when she was five. Luna, therefore, had lived five years on her own. Supposedly.
'I lived in the woods with The Pack. Camilo arrived just after I had left, but every summer I go to check up on them. The year after I left, I went to see them, and Camilo was there, along with Faline and Mena. I realised last year that Camilo was the Alpha.'
'Can ya stop using old speek here? I'm still leader, y'know.' Camilo interjected.
'Yes- but…'
'But what? I know I dun't speek like you people here, but I still am pack leader.'
'The fact that they left you-'
'Is my brother's doing. He tells them that I died. That's what he did three twelve-moon-cycles ago. He'll keep doing it until he gets to be Alpha.'
'He told them to move because the water dried out.'
'Which he probably-'
'Didn't do. Your brother is not a necromancer. He can't do earth magic, or water magic, or dark magic, or chaos magic. He didn't do that.'
'Who did, then? The deathclan?'
'No. Whoever it is, it isn't the deathclan. We stopped them for good.'
'But-'
'Camilo. Listen to me. The deathclan was sacrificed at the Aurora, remember?'

‘Yeah, but-’
‘How could they be alive again?’
‘They couldn’t. But the Mage is still out there. And Eiolops can bring back the dead.’
‘I didn’t think of that.’
‘I know you didn’t. We have to find Eiolops.’
‘No, we don’t.’
‘Why not?’
‘Because Eiolops is right here.’

7- Lyra

‘Alright.’ He yelled, and ran out of the house, slamming the door behind him. I breathed out slowly.
Remembering the scream I’d heard after I fired at my brother, I walked slowly out of the house. In the street, a crowd was gathered round someone. I rushed in. There was a boy lying on the ground. From his arm there was a worryingly quick stream of blood soaking through his jacket. I swore under my breath. Grabbing a med-pack from my bag, I single-handily bandaged the kid’s arm. The bullet had only made a deep graze on him, but his face was deathly pale, and I could feel him shivering from where I was kneeling.
‘Hey- you! You shot Reynie!’ someone yelled at me.
‘I was shooting at the person who broke into my home and nearly killed me.’ I retorted.
‘But-’ the girl tried.
‘I still have bullets left, if you want me to prove that I can shoot.’ I said sarcastically.
‘What? Um. No thanks.’
‘I didn’t think so. Now, can you let me try and heal the kid?’
‘You’re one of those army-kids aren’t ya?’
‘Who said that?’
‘You did when you told me there was someone trying to kill ya.’ The girl said, showing some impressive logic.
‘How old are you?’ I asked her.
‘Eleven.’
‘Why aren’t you a city-kid then?’
‘Me mam didn’t want me to have to fight.’
‘Not all city-kids fight.’
‘You do.’
‘I’m front line. Can you run down to the guard hut nearest and tell one of the city-kids in it to get a healer?’
‘Can they save Reynie?’

‘Jeez, I’ve survived much worse than this without a healer. He’ll live.’
‘Good. He’s my brother.’
‘I know.’
‘How-?’
‘You both have the same colour hair, you have both got flour on your clothes… obvious, like?’
‘I’ll go find the guard.’
‘Really! Wow. I’m surprised.’
‘If all the city-childs are all like this-.’
‘One- it’s city-kid. Two- there’s a reason why I’m the second in command. And it’s not because I was born into it.’ I snarled at her.
‘Point taken.’
‘You’re lucky.’
‘Why?’
‘Maybe because I’m a shoot-first-ask-questions-later kind of person.’
‘Point taken.’
‘By the way, kid. What’s your name?’
‘Mina. Mina Aphelion.’
She ran away down the road. I took my gun and took out the bullet from it. I raised it into the air and fired the blank. Instantly everyone around me ran away into cover. I put the gun into its holster and stood up.
‘IF THERE IS ONE SINGLE PERSON ON THIS STREET WHEN I HAVE COUNTED TO TEN THEN I WILL SHOOT THEM. LEAVE HERE NOW!’ I shouted at the people. The intended response was immediate. Pandemonium.
‘ONE!’
There were people rushing past the boy’s body on the ground, careful not to trample him.
‘TWO!’
Fearful faces were running away from the fountain.
‘THREE!’
I stared coldly at them.
‘FOUR!’
Feet treading loudly.
‘FIVE!’
Footsteps stomping.
‘SIX!’
The noise dying down.
‘SEVEN!’
Faint calls for help.
‘EIGHT!’
A single gunshot.

‘NINE!’
A scream.
‘TEN!’
Two men, pointing two guns at my heart.

Scared by Amisha

All I could see was a wall. What was I doing? I didn't know where I was or how I could leave. It was only me, nobody else. All I could remember was getting into a bus with my friends. I don't think there was anyone else on the bus, but I couldn't say for sure. My memory felt like it had been erased; I could barely remember anything. There were huge blanks in my mind, and it was driving me insane. Where were my friends now? Why weren't they here with me? I felt so annoyed, I kept asking myself why I even got onto that bus, I should have gone straight home instead of trying to go somewhere else. I'm so stupid, such an idiot. I wish I knew what had happened to me. It would probably be better not even trying to leave. I've watched enough horror movies to know that. I heard some bangs and wondered what it was. Was it the sound of bullets tearing into someone's flesh? Was it punishment for a failure from a comrade? I shivered slightly, before hearing an ear-piercing scream, was someone being killed? If so, who was it? One of my friends?

A few hours later, all I could remember was that heart-wrenching scream. What if someone *was* killed? What if I was next? With that thought in mind, I spun around and tried to open the door, but it wouldn't move, I tried hitting it with all my power, but still, it wouldn't move. I then heard footsteps, right outside where I was stuck. I stayed as quiet as I could, but I knew it wouldn't be enough. The door started to open, and I ran under a bed I saw in the corner of my eye, hoping that that person wouldn't see me. All I saw where shoes and then I heard a deep voice.

I will never be able to forget the cruel, taunting laughter that came afterwards. "Come out, come out wherever you are!" I breathed as quietly as I could, but I was certain that people in China could hear my heart beating, it was as hard as a hammer. Whoever it was could probably hear me by now, and I was so worried, more worried than I had ever been in my life, though I didn't truly remember anything. The person left my "room" five minutes later and so I came out from under the bed and tried to see if they had left the door open, but they hadn't. I was so scared, what if the person came back into the room that I was in, what if they wanted to kill me. Or hurt me. Or one of my friends. I let out a small sniffle and wiped away a stray tear. I couldn't think of anything other than the person who came into my room and the scream I had a few hours ago. I

couldn’t forget how hard that voice was screaming, I would never forget, maybe they were screaming in shock, or maybe they were screaming in pain. It was horrible. I looked around the room and saw a pair of closed curtains, if there was a window behind there, I might have a chance of getting out of this weird, creepy place. I opened the curtains and saw a window, I was so relieved, I didn’t know how I didn’t see it before. I walked around the room for a while, looking for something to open the lock with. I was walking for what seemed like hours, but in reality, was probably only a few minutes and then I found a small stool, tucked in the corner of the room. I grabbed it and ran to the window, hoping it would smash the window. It did, luckily. I could get out of this place, where the people in it were probably psychopaths.

But… what about my friends? I couldn’t leave them here…

Although I didn’t know if they were here at all…

I couldn’t leave them with potential mass-murderers though...

But why should I risk my neck for them if they might not even be here?

Bad thoughts, bad thoughts…

Could I leave without them?

No, I decided. I couldn’t live with myself if I knew I had decided to abandon them, even if they were actually safe. Saving my friends was a priority, of course, but only if they were here too. After all, what if they weren’t? I would have just wasted my time trying to save them. I really wanted to try and climb out of the window, but I didn’t. I had no choice; I had to save my friends. I ran to the door (how I didn’t notice that earlier, I’ll never know,) and tried to shove it open, but it wouldn’t budge. It only meant one thing, I had to wait for that creep to come back in here. I would wait forever if I had to. Then when they turned the handle, when they tried to enter, I would be waiting… waiting… waiting…

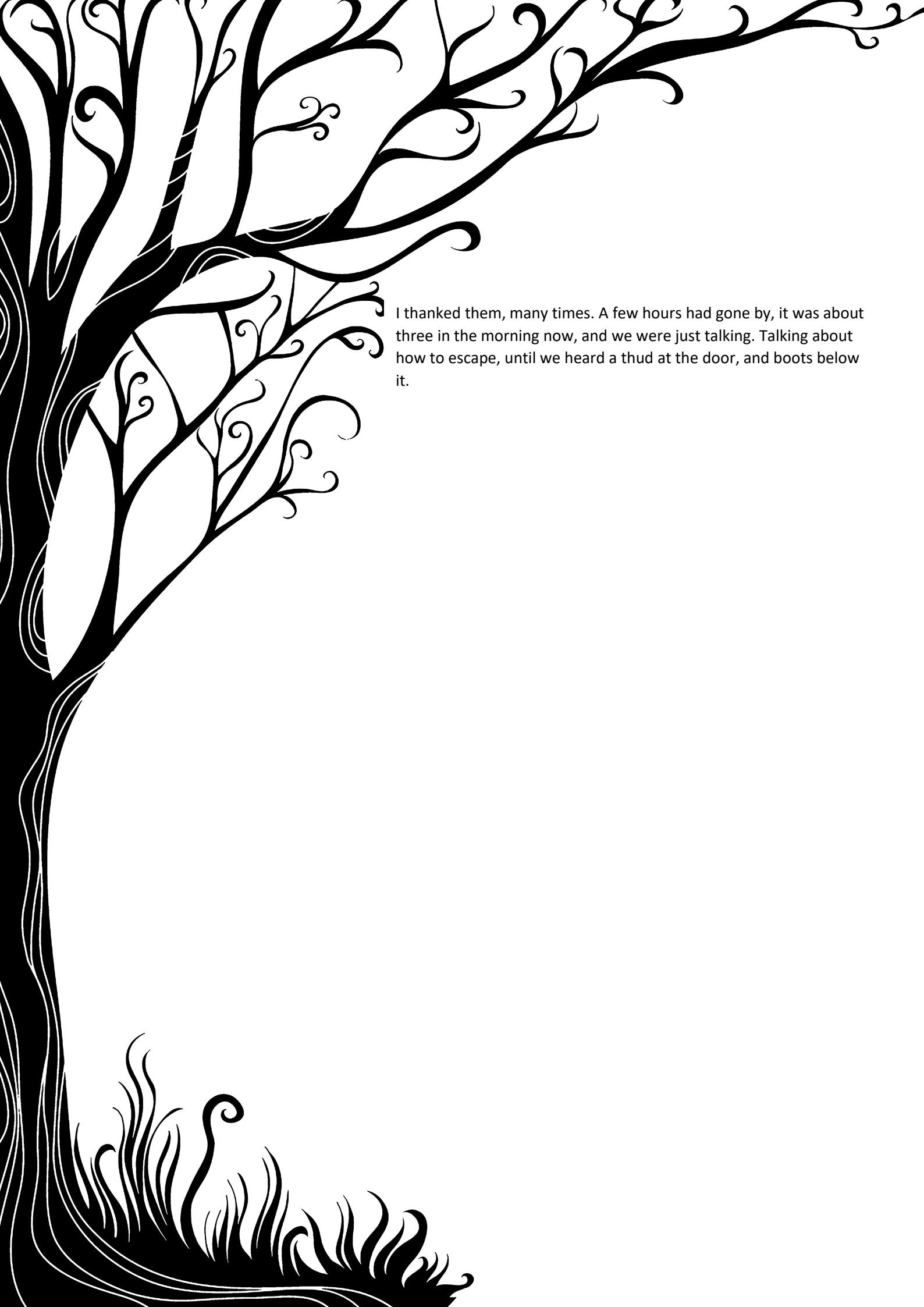
True to my word, I waited day and night for the guard, but they wouldn’t come, it’s like they knew I wanted to get out. *They probably did,* I mused, *after all, who wouldn’t want to leave?* i felt like running into the door, to make it bang, so the guard would come into the room. Should I try it?, I thought in my head, over and over. I didn’t

have the guts, what if they came in my room and murdered me, or worse one of my friends, if they were here. I kept anticipating on whether I should know the door open or not. i kept trying to get the courage to bang at the door, but it didn't. it was getting late, night was upon me ana I still hadn't escaped. Why couldn't I do it? I knew why, I was to weak. I decided to go to sleep, even though I hadn't even eaten, these murders were going to let me starve, I has hungry to bits, I needed food. I climbed onto my bed, so hungry, I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep anyway.

It was about an hour, when I heard footsteps coming towards my room. I was nearly asleep, but the loud stomping of the boots woke me up. I could just see a hint of light, between the floor and the door. A few hours ago there was no light. The 'guard' person must have triggered the light to make it go on. But why would they be awake? I was confused. That was the only feeling had inside me. I tried to get back to sleep, but I couldn't. All I could hear was those boots and opening doors. I became worried very quickly. Was that person checking that everyone was asleep? If they were, I had a plan. I got out of my bed and looked for a few things around the room that would mimic a sleeping human. Then I put them in my bed and kept debating whether it was believable or not.

Shortly after, I stopped thinking, and I hid under the bed. Then I waited and waited, until the 'guard' would come in. I was waiting under there for a while, but didn't give up, because I could still hear the boots and doors. Not short after, my door opened. My heart started pounding like a beat of a drum. I was so worried. The person went to my bed, to see if I was there. Whilst they were checking, I made a run for it. I thought I had gotten away, I was so happy. I had *finally* left my room. But not for long. I tripped over my own feet. And I made a giant sound. My anxiety levels were rising more than ever. I was so nervous. What would happen to me? I thought I was going to die, actually I knew I was, there was a little chance of me not getting killed. I tried to get up, but I couldn't. I was crawling across the floor. I was going to get killed, so I just ended giving up.

I just lay there for a few seconds, then I felt someone grab my leg. Was it the psychopathic guard? I was being dragged to this dark room. Who was it? They closed the room door and turned the light on. I caught a glimpse of them; they looked like a prisoner as well. I asked them who they were and why they saved me. They replied, they said they couldn't bare the sound of another screaming person.



I thanked them, many times. A few hours had gone by, it was about three in the morning now, and we were just talking. Talking about how to escape, until we heard a thud at the door, and boots below it.