



## A SHORT STORY | PART ONE

I went over to the back door, then tried opening it which – no prizes for guessing – was locked. There was no way in, but more importantly: there was no way out!

I stopped and scanned the garden for something hard, like a log or a stone. I planned to smash the glass window and turn the key in the lock, meaning I could get in. It was then that I saw something, the shadow I had seen at school, the one that had left the letter. The figure waved at me, and then something dropped onto the ground: A sharp knife! I rushed over to it, took it from the ground and with a light touch of the blade to the glass, the window smashed. I didn't even have to force it in, I had rested it on the glass panel and the shards scattered beneath.

I put my arm inside the broken glass window, wasting no time as I sensed nothing good was happening. I heard a blood-curdling scream from the kitchen and turned the key in the lock. I opened the back door, my heart pounding as I rushed into the room, my eyes welling with fear. But there was no one there. The kitchen was remarkably cold, which it shouldn't be really as the heating was left on – I saw the dial as I came in. I crept into the hall and stopped in my tracks... still deadly silence. I marched into the lounge where we sit and watch Mum. If I turned left, it would take me upstairs. But I don't want to go there yet. I want to find out what is happening before I call myself "safe." I checked down the back of every sofa, every chair, every hidey hole I can think of. But there were still no frightened eyes staring up at me. I went over to the dresser – there might be a note saying they've gone out. There is a note, just not the one I was looking for: The ink was made of blood!

By Arra Tales

