

Amelie Robinson:

It was coming. Jasmine could hear the sliding sound, as it slithered along the ground. As she shuffled under the bed, the giant snake slid into the room. She could barely make out its shape in the dim light. It raised its head, and a forked tongue slid out, tasting the air for her. Jasmine shuffled closer to the other side of the bed. Suddenly, it eyed her. She cracked, screamed and ran for the door. The snake raised its head, watching, then lowered it again and followed her. Jasmine locked herself in a cupboard. She was hyperventilating.

Nicholas Newton:

I heard screaming from inside. It was dark inside. The doors were locked. I couldn't get in. LET ME IN! LET ME IN! Suddenly everything stopped. No screaming, no nothing. The lights came back on. I knocked down the door. There she was, lying on the floor, right beneath my eyes. I barely recognized her, that thing had no mercy. She's all scratched and beat up. Blood was rushing out from every part of her body. Why would it do this? What did she ever do to it? Why my poor baby girl? The lights will never go out again.

Genevieve White:

The wooden floor creaked as she neared the room. The door was already ajar. Although she had walked this path hundreds of times, something seemed different. More sinister now. As she grasped the rusted handrail and began her descent down the dark staircase, a deathly cold feeling enveloped her. She shouldn't be here. She paused, suddenly unsure, and looked around. When her view reached the wall, she stopped. There, on the wall, were two silhouettes illuminated by her torch. She screamed as a cold hand clamped around her neck, and she was dragged into the darkness. The girl was never seen again.

Owen Stonestreet:

She started down the hallway oblivious. Unaware, she walked towards the inevitable dark future. She had to work late and was cleaning a house for a friend. In the study, she heard a piercing scream from the computer. She went to look, and what she found was not of this world. It was a child, staring at her with dark depthless eyes of pure black. As those eyes parted, they melted away to form a twisted, horrid face. Bloodlust written across her face, like the dark in the stars. It turned to her, and screaming started.

Aja Bailey:

I am utterly lost, there's no other way to put it. I had been trying to find the new café in Chinatown to meet with my friend. I had asked a homeless man with stabbing eyes how to find it, he had pointed down a secluded dark alley. So, here I am walking through the alley. 'SNAP'. I freeze. I look behind me, but nobody's there. I keep walking. 'SNAP, SNAP'. I start to walk faster. 'SNAP, SNAP STOP'. The homeless man from earlier appears, he holds up a silver knife and says "Night, love".