The Monsters of the Night

As the beaming sun slowly settled down, the animals of the forest hurriedly scurried away to shelter, for this night the monsters were to be set free. Gradually, the whispers of trees came to an end and the excited chirps of birds were swallowed up by the poisoning darkness. Cobalt-blue flowers bowed down to the earth with the wetness of shimmering raindrops weighing them down. The grass kept swaying orderly from side to side, while the little hope drained from its heart as the monsters trampled over throwing rubbish everywhere – merciless of anything that lay in their way. Above the melancholic, sorrowful clouds heavy with tears, the moon hid eagerly waiting to emerge to take control from day. The army of clouds parted to make way and the moon’s light radiated outwards tinting the land with its silver blanket. All was as usual as the night took its place.

Nearby, houses and cottages filled with sinister laughter stood among the mournful trees. Blood dripping from window ledges, spiders crawling through webs and screams echoing through the forest filled the atmosphere. Dark shadows of trees protected all creatures who dreaded this night: hiding them from the evil. Gardens transformed into blood-stained graveyards, yet no respect was shown for the dead. Orange and black decorations smeared across this ghastly town with menacing pumpkins ready to attack the wicked beasts.

Halloween had arrived and all animals and creatures were dreading the monsters.

Three beasts had appeared from their houses bubbling with excitement: Frankenstein, a tall kid with curling, luminous, emerald hair sprouting out of his head and patches of green sewed onto his clothes; the Vampire – Frankenstein’s younger brother – was a rather short and plump boy with deep red blood smothered across his cape; and Medusa, who was the oldest of the three, had envy-green snakes stuck to her head and curls of crimson red hair poking out from underneath her wig. All three of them were hungry for sweets.

“Come on guys, we’ve been around every house. I remember my parents used to go to school here a while ago.” exclaimed jack – Frankenstein.

“This is not a good idea, who knows what sort of stuff can be in there I mean it is an abandoned school. Let’s head back and watch a movie at home instead.” replied Sarah – Medusa.

“We might be able to find more sweets though, come on let’s go in. It can’t hurt to explore a little.” yelled ben – the vampire – a little too loud.

Changing her mind in an instant at the thought of more sweets, Sarah replied: “All right, let’s go!” while she zealously marched off towards the deserted school with her tangled green snakes bobbing behind her. Ben and Jack quickly caught up and the three cautiously started to approach the school.

Ancient coatings of peeling paint covered the surface of the door like a snake shedding its skin. The doorknob was red with years of layering rust, and the shattered glass of the small window above had turned into a sickening yellow colour. Hardened gum and wrappers were scattered all over the front porch from when children once ran playing games and eating lunch – their laughter soaked in the walls of the school. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

“Hello?” said Sarah nervously as she pushed the door open. CREEEEEK. Ben jumped at the sound, but hastily hurried in after everyone – not wanting to be left behind.

“There’s no one here, we can explore. Oh loooook, there’s a bucket of sweets!” cried jack keenly grabbing a handful from the bucket and chucking them in his.

“I don’t think you should eat that Jack. They must be from years ago, who knows how old they are.” Uttered Sarah while looking around seeing if anyone followed them in here, but there seemed to be no one around.

Whilst exploring the school, Jack came across the old drawing room of the school. It had old broken sofa chairs drenched in dust and pieces of bent wire shooting out of it. A burnt brown wooden table stood in the middle with tattered, rotting sketch books piled on top. A row of aligned shelves held plates and teacups intricately adorned with blue patterns that faced the windows. However, the most unusual feature of this room was a grand mirror opposite the table, which hung on the icy wall and was bordered with a collection of perfectly sculpted wooden angels and various fruits. Jack could just make out his faint reflection in the filthy mirror and was making monster-like faces – he was very impressed with his gory, Frankenstein outfit. Grabbing a navy and white chequered handkerchief from the floor and shaking it to remove the thick dust, he wiped it across the glass cleaning it to reveal his clear reflection. He stopped. A reflection of a hand in the centre puzzled him. He tried wiping it off, yet there it stayed. Without thinking right, he raised his hand to rub his eyes expecting for the hand to vanish but is just made his eyes sting from the dust, blinding him for a second. The ghostly hand shot out in front of him. Jack felt the freezing hands gripping slowly around his wrist like a handcuff made of ice and tugging him into the unknown.

“Aaaaaaaaaaah!” he cried and the strangled cry of shock in his voice echoed through the school. That was the last of Jack.

Panicked, Ben and Sarah sprinted into the room while gazing around the room with eyes wide with shock. A small curl of green hair lay by their feet on the rotting floor boards. From behind them, a dozen icy hands grasped onto them. They froze with terror unable to utter a word or scream. The colour drained from their face as they stared wide-eyed at the death-like hands on their shoulders which started sucking the air out of them before pulling them in as suddenly as they came - leaving nothing but a small green snake and a patch of a bloody cape.

Today the monstrous ghosts of Jack, Ben and Sarah remain to haunt the greedy little kids that dare to trespass this school, for Halloween has come once again...