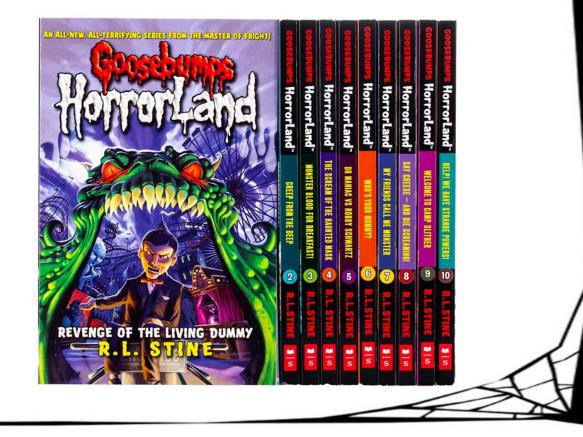


I'd never enjoyed learning languages at school; it was laborious to memorise words just to forget them so soon. I still dream of becoming a crime scene investigator or undercover spy, but unlike the ones in movies, I want to do the impossible and think the unimaginable. So I looked into Morse code. I wanted to understand it as if it were my first language, so I worked. I learnt it to the best of my ability until even if I heard knocking or even tapping, I would translate it instantly in my head with ease. Everyone calls me crazy for that, but the overpowered feeling I get when I know I can do something like no one else is so compelling and fulfilling. No one really expresses or shows their jealousy, but I can feel it as if it were a dozen arrows piercing my back.

One hushed night, as I lay in bed, I couldn't bring myself to fall asleep. The noises were speaking to me again. It was the raindrops outside the window this time. "Run.", it said. "Listen to me-", it pled. But as if it were on purpose, the rain instantaneously stopped. It's final message was, "Please." I don't know what kept me awake the rest of that night.. But if the rain had already stopped, then who was talking to me?... Well done to Lina Aouattah, in 75, for this frighteningly brilliant story! You've won the BIG prize- 10 Goosebumps books!



Hi I'm Richard, I'm explaning my side of the story because I didn't mean to kill her

BAB

the other side

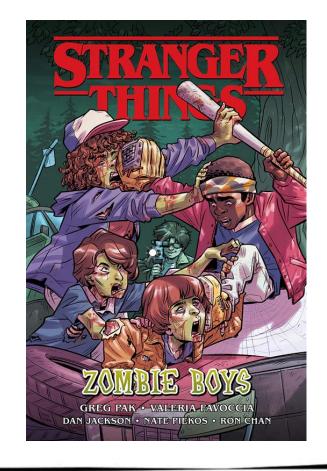
It all started when imoved to michigan And I was the new kid-If It wasn't for my stupid parents we would still be in Los Angles but they decided to break up after my 16th birthday. So 1 week later still the newkid. But there was this one girl who I had acrush on her eyes sparketed her face was so structured not even a painter could capture her beauty Her name was crementime.

Day 253 i've now got friends and me and de -mentime are now together this feels like a dre - an juishit could be like this forener.

Day 400 We broke up she's daring Jack the Jock she can't have left me I can't let her leave me. After School I followed her home she looks So beautiful how did she leave me why did she leave me I can't let her leave my sight.

2 hours later I can see her through her wind - ow she's getting ready. ready for what "Jack" "The Jock" ugghth !! I need her with me forev - er how can she stary with me?

Well done Sara Abdullah, in 10A, for this terrifying tale! I hope you enjoy your prize- the Stranger Things graphic novel!



minutes later she's leaving leapone her brying not to scare her she's finally mine now she cap't leave me.

In My house she's unded she's crying gu "estoning why she's hore. I tell her tell her Why she's here that she's safe she hat es me.

5 minutes later in in the car shopping getting food for her. I'm back at home She seems calm it feels weird, unsettling

Were sitting down watching to when Isee her grabbing something before she does 1 stop her. I grab it she had a poket brife she to hort me.

All of a sudden she grabs it out of my hand and peirces my chest leaking out all of my love left for her.

couldn't control my actions. I couldn't stop Idon't know why I don't know how it has -ppened. It happoned so fast.

My hand All of her was on me he hatered beclove my everything have why, No this cunt be happening why did I do mis

to could I do mis . before I could notice my hand was on the phone dialing gir my nead was spiraling 1 couldn't keep my mind straight and then thear "911 what's your en - ergany" I reply "I'd live to report a morder by me" "the ottice is are on the way".

lichew I deservered mis one way or another before I could keep my noord straight ligh - to one flashing dragging me out two hand -s have grabbed me ecoing "you have me right to remain silent anyoning you say was trying to nort me why would sherry or do will be used against you in the of law" you deserve this you deserve this repe -aling in my head penew polid.

> I'm In me car driving away to the bars driving away to the other side.

Aneeta Minsoria - 115.

.Story. Part 2.

Dream a little dream of me

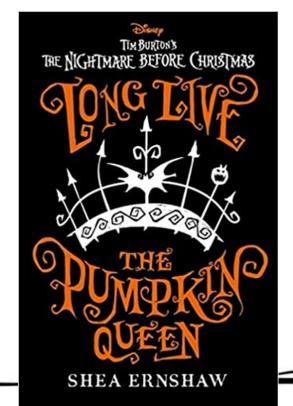
Stoomy, dull, quiet. Thunder clouds covered the dark night sky as the moon glistened over the stars. Hushed Sounds of the gentle caring take flowing into a slightly energetic, chaotic stream. The moons reglection silent reglection against the waves acted as light upon the gravestones of those he once loved.

Deep green vines engulged the graves, reminding Alex of how long ago the painful passing of both his aunt and uncle was. His brown hair now soaked in Sweat, along with Hazel doe eyes that were now releasing tears as they dribbled down his cheeks.

"It's all your fault." he'd murmur to himself. Of course he wasn't the one to pull the trigger. Although the guilt that circled his heart told him something entirely different. Everything ached; it was all too much. An unbearable comount of stress and anxiety. Too much of that constant tug in his heart as he geels a piece of it being cipped away.

roday was diggerent though.

Well done Aneeka Minsaria, in 115, for this wonderfully scary story! You've won the brand new sequel to The Nightmare Before Christmas- Long Live the Pumpkin Queen!



day he'd bring them back. Meeter minsoningthery . Part. 2.

Alex picked up his ancient book and began chanting unspoken words. Carved writings on the tombstones began to glow, Shimmering against Alex' deathly glare. He held his arms out, one resting on his aunts stone, the other on his under Alex repeated the enchantment again and again - Until ----

Alex glinched violently, Standing up as the ground Suddenly began to shake aggressively; leaves ripping ogg of branches as they started to circle around the boys like a tornado. Whit Whistling wind travelled through the air and the moon glittered brighter than he'd ever seen before. Alex was harrigied, but proved at the same time. Was that weirdi-To be so petrified but excited and eastatic Simultaneously.

As is on queue, two gentle hands reached to either side of kitchen he'd come to see every day." Good marning Alex! the teenagers shivering shoulders. He whipped his tear-dried pace to the direction of the comporting hold.

It was them .-

He'd finally got his aunt and unde back into his goos He will never let them go again.

Alex rushed forward, ushering his long lost family into a strong hug; a hug that he'd remember forever,

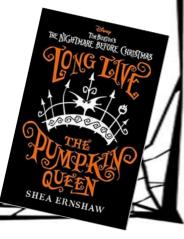
"I'm back !!!!!" a creaky voice exclaimed from the dump of dead trees located further to their left. Peter in Alex whicled around, only to spot a cold sinister Set of ice-blue eyes staring right back at him, a woman with bright blande have consisting of tangles and knots- She ware a gorest green dress with a matt black correct corset, as dark as her place and souls. But who was she -?!?!

RING! RING! Alex shot up in a glash, glancing around every inch of his room-eyes setting thething on his shelp of crystals and his book he'd come to rely on for his secret spells. He fixed his gaze on his alorm clock. 8 am. Alex rolled his eyes, thinking about the meaning of his dreadful dream

The gragile-looking gigure made his way to the eat up quickly, we were going pumption picking today when your unde has ginished work!" his aunt smiled glancing at his unde whe was currently reading the local newspaper.

> Alex Sat down in silence and enjoyed his home-made breakgest gratehousever his mind seemed to constantly shift to one question question.

Who was that witch in his dream ...?



... AND WELL DONE TO OUR RUNNERS UP!

All of the stories we have received were brilliant- every entrant will receive 10 BFL points!

IR Mac across hal arrithing matten Enlstew orthy mare ADM. O Silena a Te Making marea The shough manacaly -

Rayyan's Entry for the Spooky Story Competition: Chase

The darkness caught up to me. I was frozen for a moment, but my body temperature heated itself back up. The cold too. It was overpowering the cold of the dark. I was working the graveyard shift on a Halloween evening. The decorations matched my liking... when I was young. But now I'm all grown up. Still in university but I make it work.

Working this shift was scary. As I walked into the restaurant, I heard a whisper that said, "run before you can't run.". As I turned around, I heard a giggle that almost sounded like a possessed child but... there was no one there. I looked around the perimeter of my workplace and no one was there. What made it even more creepy is that there was an actual graveyard right next to my workplace. And that was even more scary. But the thing that put the cherry on top is that there are rumours of actual possessed children that were buried there. Now that was even scary for me, as a kid but, not scary enough for the new me. Halloween was boring for me as I work for a full week during Halloween. After checking the perimeter, I went back inside, sure that nothing was there, and I was either hearing things or that some kids were pranking me. Since no one went to the restaurant on Halloween, I was just bored for the whole shift, with no one to serve. But then I heard that same voice again, but it said something different this time. It said," I told you to run, but just hide now. There's no going back!". After I heard that I for sure knew it wasn't a prank. I ran and ran and ran until I reached my university and ran inside while trying to text my boss saying that my mother was sick, and I had to rush. I turned around before I entered the dorm room and I saw a big smile with blood drooling from its mouth. The smile looked familiar yet horrifying. The red eyes too. They took over my body. I- I felt like I was on a rollercoaster when I was about to drop. Then I was in a dark void with that same face, but it appeared fully. It was the chasing smiler. The first myth about who killed those haunted kids. The kids last words were," I'm in a black void with a weird, smiling man" those words exactly. I felt like I was being tortured from the inside out while fire took my soul. The man approached me. He said," I told you to run. And you didn't. Listen to the voice that's following you next time." And ended with a horrifying cackle while blood splattered all over me and I was back in my dorm.

Dua Shahzad

"Nyx, there you are," the man said, sweaty from a long workout. He crouched down to stroke her. She hissed, left him bleeding, and ran off. The man furrowed his eyebrows and followed his cat.

They ran for a while, not realising that darkness took over the sky. He stopped for a second, trying to catch his breath, his sweat-ridden shirt clinging to his body like it was blasphemous to let go. Where was the city? He couldn't have run into the countryside, could he?

He felt horrible, his routine was disrupted, as well as his stomach, as seen by the bile on the floor. the man stepped back, concerned and horrified at the bubbling... eyes? In the grotesque vomit. he wiped his mouth and glanced at the seemingly barren road before his eyes met with his feet once again. If there was one thing the man learnt as a boy, it was to never make eye contact with Them.

She sighed as she got the toddler to sleep, making sure to text the parents, and went to the living room to lie on the sofa. her hand fumbled for the remote and turned on whatever. The television gave the girl nothing interesting to watch so she let some infomercials run until the couple got home.

After half an hour or so of a man talking about carpet cleaners it was time for the advert break, she turned to her phone with still no response from the child's parents. Her eyes shifted to the TV to see it changing channels before it stopped on one that she had never heard of.

It seemed to be a children's show, a group of 30-ish kids and a teacher conducting them in the front. They'd sway back and forth, singing in a foreign language. She saw the gun in the teacher's grasp. On the wall behind the children seemed to be a spider, monstrous and ugly, creeping down from the wall, one hairy leg at a time. Sometimes it'd graze the hair of a child and they'd cry out, shutting up as soon as the teacher glanced their way.

The man from the infomercial appeared in the corner.

"The children are singing wonderful songs! What songs do you sing?" The video cut for a minute to show the child that the girl was babysitting being tortured- no, *dismembered*.

The woman raced off the sofa to check on the toddler, not seeing her in the bed but hearing giggling from somewhere, it got closer and closer. A sleek black cat appeared in the child's window which opened itself and the cat had no problem entering the room to watch the girl go mad.

Which she did. Seeing her friend's cat, covered in blood and vomit and with the knowledge that the child was deathly allergic to cats and that video she watched, it all caught up to her, vomit escaping her mouth and her teeth joining it. She screamed... It was Them.

THE ROLLING HEAD!



Once long a go on a rainy day a funeral was taking place as a normal funeral but very sad .Lots of tears more than rain. Boom! As the rain was hitting the ground, everyone was saying there good byes, there suddenly was a thunder that zapped one of

Ebrahim Yaseen

Spooky Story Competition Entry

John's nose wrinkled at the smell of the muddy streets. The sooty fog and the Thames that was had a foul stench of excretion. A blood-red orb hung in the sky; eerie clouds shifted, and ice nails pummeled the cobbled streets. It was midnight, he shouldn't have been out. But what would happen? Curiosity couldn't kill, right?

John wandered the streets, he wanted to find the reason why no one was allowed to be out past dusk, there was no one else out, not even any police so he would be fine. Thick fog blurred his view, only his promenade could be heard. Except, something else could be heard. Heavy breathing, but it wasn't John's. No, it was someone else, something else. He ran. His heart was pounding. His house was only a few steps away. He ran inside. John fell in exhaustion, looking behind him, he could see a bloody imprint of a hand on his door as well as a distorted face peeking through it. The handle of his door turned. That's when the existential dread of death creeped into his mind. That was it. The absence of everything. Complete and utter oblivion. Non-existence.

The door creeped open, and John ran into the kitchen and barricaded the door with a chair. Stacy was asleep upstairs. What would she wake up to? It peered at him through the kitchen window, through the door and...

Through the cupboard door. His breathing became faster and faster, he stumbled and dropped something. A small container. His meds. It broke down the door. A slender, tall man. It left the cupboard and gripped his shoulders. It gripped his neck. He frantically picked up his meds and swallowed two tablets. The vice grip on his neck became tighter and tighter, he croaked and then...

It was gone. He fell and had a sigh with relief. Of course, there was no way he could forget. Dave. If only he didn't leave him outside for a few minutes so, he could go inside and lay the firewood. Why?

Long and bony fingers enshrouded John's neck ...

Oh, why did he leave Dave alone out there so that he could be killed.

The fingers clasped his neck, holding them in place...

He was only five, only five.

Its mouth opened; rows of sharp, yellow teeth could be seen. Its saliva dripped onto his hair... John looked up, he didn't care anymore, God killed his son, so he had turned to the devil. I hope you forgive me Dave.

It's jaw opened loudly to let out a snarl, then the crunching of bones and squelching of blood and flesh was all that could be heard...

Sorry if your story isn't displayed heresome of them were too long to fit!

Don't worry if you have missed out on the prize his time, we have lots more exciting reading competitions coming soon!

