

Year 7

Lurking shadows

I can't sleep. I keep tossing and turning. Even though my eyes are droopy, my body wants to stay awake.

My room is dark, and everything in it is still. I glance over to my window with little drops of rain seeping down onto the windowsill.

The fog on the glass has an eerie presence.

My bed covers surround me like a warm hug as I roll over to my bedside table. My alarm clock has a lingering shine coming off it. Its 2:40 am. I groan quietly, I have never wanted to sleep more in my whole entire life. The shadows in my room look almost like creatures lurking in the shadows. I hide under my warm covers. I tuck in my feet, as though a creature might grab them and pull me away under my bed. I squeeze my eyes shut and think of happy things. But I just can't stop thinking about shadows and creepy creatures.

I open my eyes slowly and through the covers. I see a yellow light. A cold shiver goes across my body. Should, I see what it is. Or should I stay in the comfort of my warm, cosy bed? I throw my bed covers off, landing with a soft, *thump!*

I sit up straight, the cold air seeping into me. The yellow light makes my bedroom glow a sunset gold colour. Although the light is outside, the shadows have gone. My window is still misty from the rain.

I shuffle over to the end of my bed, trying not to touch the ground with my feet. At the end of my bed, my window glows with the yellow light. I unlatch the window's lock and slowly open it.

There are trees.

Ginormous pine trees.

I look up to the sky and realise they are blocking the moon.

The forest is dark and gloomy, and the shadows are haunting, looming over a small dirt path.

Something grabs my wrist, and I hold in a scream. I look down to see an ivy vine creeping up my arm. But it's not just my arm, the vines are creeping into my bedroom tangling in my furniture. I yank my arm out of the vine's grip and stumble back tripping over. I look up to see the yellow light shining brightly in my face. I shield my eyes, and stumble back up seeing my bedroom completely covered in vines. I run towards my window and jump out grabbing one of them, like a safety rope.

I slide down, gripping it as tight as I can. "OOF!" I cry, as I hit the ground.

I pick myself up and run. I don't get far, because I fall to the floor in exhaustion and look back to see my window, which is now covered in vines and is so high above the ground.

I look forward and still see the yellow light gleaming. It looked like it was a box shape. I noticed that it was coming closer.

Closer.

Closer.

Then I realised it's a lantern.

I don't have time to get back on my feet for the third time, so I shuffle backward. I fear what was carrying the lantern, so I shuffle faster until I hit the vines.

Breathing heavily, I saw the creature come out of the darkness of the trees.

"Hello there dear, are you lost?" she said. It was an old lady. She had a dark brown cloak, a long-crooked nose, long spindly fingers and one eye that bulged.

"Oh no, I'm fine! I was just going to.... Um.... Oh! Collect those mushrooms over there!"

I scrambled up to my feet and dusted myself off.

I walked over to the small mushrooms and picked them up very slowly. As I collected them the old lady was standing behind me.

"AAGH!" I gasped in surprise.

"We both know what you're here for dear." She said with a hint of evil in her voice. But I don't know. Why would she say that? Before I could move away the old lady grabbed my wrist, her long fingernails digging into my skin.

"OUCH!" I screeched in pain. She dragged me away into the darkness of the trees. With a crooked smile on her face.

I struggled and pulled, but she wouldn't let go.

Then my wild instincts kicked in. I bit her. So hard that she fell to the floor in pain. I ran, in the opposite direction of the crawling vines.

It was dark, and the shadows were looming over me. It was then, when I reached complete darkness and a deafening silence.

I realised I didn't know where to go. Maybe this was it. Then I heard a noise. A slither. A crunch. A noise that made my eyes enlarge.

I started waving my arms and legs around scared that something was going to grab me again. Then the yellow light of the lantern flickered on in front of me. It was floating high above my head. Then the light revealed what was holding it.

It was the vines. Lots of them, enclosing me in a tight sphere. I didn't dare touch one. They were overlapping each other and trapping me in closer each second. The humidity was building. I couldn't escape. I pushed and pulled. But the plants were too thick and strong. In a minute, the sphere had me crouching down in a tiny ball to fit in. It was squeezing me, and I could not bare the heat. I took my last breath of air in the space. I held it for as long as I could.

GASP!

I held my throat, as I looked around. I was sitting in my bed, everything normal.

I must have overheated in my bed covers. I looked at my alarm clock. Its now, 7:30 am.

I could have sworn I was holding my breath in enclosed hole of vines a second ago. It was still dark in my room.

I looked over to my window, no raindrops, or yellow light. Just cars moving with purpose and someone walking their dog.

As I pulled the covers off they touched my wrist.

I sucked in air and breathed out heavily in pain. There were bleeding marks tracking across my wrist.

I remember the old lady.

I sat staring at the marks for a minute. Was it true? I thought it was just a dream.

“It was. You’re just imagining things,” I thought. But I still couldn’t shake the feeling of the lurking shadows.

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