

Your Worst Nightmare

Suddenly, there was a blood curdling scream that echoed down the chalky corridor and Jack started to run like there was no tomorrow. Now, I should probably should fill you in. Ok. You see, Jack had one day been riding on his bike when he saw an old little cottage that was clearly deserted and was very dark because of the low hanging trees that stood over the cottage. He decided to go home and get a torch and gumboots because it was very wet and later come back to explore. But the thing he didn't know was that there were grave dangers ahead...

As Jack walked back to the hovel of stones (which was the cottage) he started to wonder what was in there. It could just be what it looked like on the outside; dirt, rundown and like no one had lived there for centuries. But, on the other hand it could be filled with adventures or treasures! Abruptly, Jack realised that he was at the cottage door and hastily went inside. As he opened the door he saw a set of stairs that looked like they went down for kilometres. He started climbing down the mossy steps and felt a chill down his spine and started to rethink what he was doing but kept walking.

After what seemed like hours, he finally met flat ground and felt slippery, wet concrete under his thick gumboots. As he walked he felt even more unwelcome in this place and suddenly there was a blood-curdling scream. So, there he was, running for his life. He saw an open door and flung himself inside and panted like he had run a marathon and wondered if he would ever get out of this place.

Jack still knew that he was not safe but was forced to take a break. He felt like he was never going to ever see broad daylight again. Suddenly, he heard a croaky mumble in the corner of the cave. "You'll never be safe from me..." and the voice trailed off to nothing. Jack jumped in shock and started to run again as if he never planned on stopping.

As quickly as he started running, he stopped because he tripped and fell face first onto the ground. He swallowed and tasted something burning and salty in the back of his throat. To his horror he saw red... blood... right next to a dark body sprawled on the ground. His eyes bulged and he froze. He glimpsed a figure hobble towards him and saw red, bloodstained fangs. The figure moved closer and Jack shakily shone his torch on it. It was wearing a shiny red robe and Jack suddenly realised who it was... Count Dracula!

Swiftly the beast closed in on Jack and he felt cold, foul-smelling breath on his neck and a searing pain throughout his entire body. The feeling of his blood being slowly sucked from his body was the last memory he ever had. Then, it was over. All over.