

The Creeps

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp. She is always right. Right to a fault. It's not, of course, that I don't like the vice principal, but she gives you the creeps. And when I went to her classroom one day, it got creepier.

"How dare you interrupt a fortune teller's noble work!" hissed Mrs Scruttlescromp. In the middle of the room, a crystal orb lay covered in cloudy mist. Where Mrs Scruttlescromp's skin should be, were slimy scales that covered her body. Mrs Scruttlescromp was a monster through and through!

Not one speck of sunlight, the ammunition of life, in sight. The complexity in the curtains was one thing, but the knife in Mrs Scruttlescromp's hand was another. The knife in her hand came spinning into the lock, at the same time she hissed some magic words and jumped and removed the curtain from the window, which she then jumped out of, leaving me with the crystal ball.
Farewell Mrs Scruttlescromp!

If only the principal had listened to me. I am always right. Right to a fault. It's not, of course, that people don't like me, but I give them the creeps.