

# The Back Storeroom

If only I had listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp, then I would know to stay out of the back storeroom.

The door creaks open and I step inside. "What am I doing again?" I ask my classmate. "More glue sticks," he replies. I fumble for the light switch, but there isn't one. Great. I head to the back of the storeroom.

"BANG!" I turn to see the door closed. "Have fun, you dreary little emo! Don't worry, you love the dark!" Stephanie's voice is like a hiss from a horrible monster. If I don't react then she won't have any ammunition to hurt me with.

I turn to look at the shelves but a slimy, scaly hand lashes out at me. Through the small window I can see the clouds and a small sliver of sunlight shines through allowing me to see the horrible complexion of the thing. I say my farewells, close my eyes and prepare myself.