

Untitled short story

By Fan-Wu Yang, 12

The sky flashed, people trembled as a high pitch laugh crackled across the sky.

07:45am

Was that a dream? Curiously I got out of bed and dressed. I slinked down the stairs of our two storey brick house, wondering if I was still dreaming... or was it the real world?

I sat down at the dining table just as my mum slid in beside me.

"You didn't see anything last night right?" she said casually.

At that time my mind was still confused and didn't catch what she had said.

My mum sent me off to school; as a 10 year old boy, you wouldn't know what was going on or what is going to happen. I refused to let the thought escape my mind until recess.

The bell rang and the class was dismissed I walked out to my bag, took out my snack and wandered out into the courtyard looking for my friend, then I passed a large group around my age. They seemed to be talking about something which agitated them this made me curious so I decided to 'accidentally overhear' them.

Then I heard something that made me remember what my mum had asked at breakfast this morning, the exact same words.

"Did you see anything last night?".

Suddenly the sky turned dark the earth below us felt like crumbling paper, people screamed and there was the same high pitched laugh crackling across the sky this time I understood what 'It' said.

"I have a need for a young apprentice who has lived for a only decade, if you shall grant me one then I shall go my way in peace".

I woke up at home in my own bed wondering if it was another nightmare.