# Horror story - Hannah, Year 7

It had been showering with rain the whole day. The wind thrashed at the trees outside the cafe, as if it was unhinging them from the earth one by one. The moon had been snatched from the sky, with the only thing illuminating the small town being the lightning that came in short bursts. The storm prowled the vacant streets, searching for someone to talk to. Carter would have to talk to the storm soon.

Scrubbing away at the empty tables, he bobbed his head along to the rhythm of the music drumming through his earphones. Carter had been there since 8am trying to meet the debt he owed for butchering the car he borrowed this summer. *"Stupid dares, stupid friends, stupid life,"* he thought. Despite his constant pleas for mercy, his parents had shipped him off to the small town of Oakdale to live with his uncle for the rest of the summer as punishment for what he had done. The town was small and everyone trusted each other that nothing interesting ever happened. Pretending was easy in the town of Oakdale. *"Stupid dares, stupid friends, stupid life."*

Carter's eyes travelled to the clock on the wall which told him it was seven;, his shift was over. Weaving his way to the back of the room, he collected his things and exited the tiny cafe. Instantly, the wind thrashed at him with its invisible fingers. He had walked to work so he battled against the forces as he weaved through the vacant streets. The rain had made his clothes grow sodden and the lightning that flickered through the night blinded him with its short bursts. Cloaked in mist, he took a left entering the ominous cemetery and followed the cobbled pathway. Music blaring in his ears, Carter failed to hear the thing approaching close behind. He found himself nearly tripping over a body laying on the pathway, mangled beyond recognition. Carter turned around to see if anyone was there but all he found was an abyss of nothing. He plucked his earphones out of his ears, music still blaring, and found that the night had grown eerily silent. Not a whisper was heard in this small town. Panic rose in his chest as he scrambled through his bag, tossing its contents everywhere to find his phone. Opening his phone up with shaky hands, he found that there was no signal. Every nerve in Carter's body told him to run but he knew he couldn't leave the body behind. Before he could even stand up though, he heard the sound of footsteps grow closer. An ominous figure was emerging from the woods behind.

"Hello, sorry, ummm... can you please help me?" Carter asked despite his every instinct telling him to run away. His heart banged against his ribs as he called out again, "Hello, can you please help?" Despite his calls the figure didn't answer. Carter turned back to the body, picking up his phone. The figure was now beside him and Carter felt his life slipping through his fingers. He could feel the trickle of blood slither down his neck. Heard the sound of his blood burst against the stone. Death had enclosed its arms around him and he could feel how Death embraced him,

welcoming him through its gates. The figure walked away, leaving its two victims to collect dust on the blood splattered floor. "*Pretending was easy in the town of Oakdale.*"