

## Horror story – Trystan, Year 7

It was a dark, depressing and gloomy night, as the boy walked along the poorly carved path. His destination was the old, abandoned graveyard that Tim and himself had read about online while researching ancient rituals a few days ago. “Should I continue?” he asked himself. This adventure to perform one of the rituals, even though they didn’t believe in them, had seemed like a fantastically thrilling idea when they had discussed it yesterday. Now he wasn’t so sure. He was alone. Tim had chickened out at the last second. Unfortunately, something he tended to do quite often. “What on earth had I been thinking, setting out alone?”, he asked out loud to no one in particular.

As he walked, it seemed to become darker. Not a sound could be heard, as if the world was anticipating something. A deathly silence. He approached the rusty gate of the graveyard just as the frigid wind screamed across his face, creeping under his coat. It was gone as suddenly as it had come up. A premonition of what was to come? Chills crawled up and down his spine. He shivered. The boy sensed that something horrific was going to happen to him but he pushed the thoughts aside and entered.

The graveyard was deserted. All he could see was the tops of the tombstones because an eerie fog covered the damp ground. Dead trees with long, thin branches like fingers surrounded him, clawing at him as he trudged on, searching for the particular grave he’d come to find. It was nearly 3am, the devil’s hour. He only had a few minutes left to find the grave because the ritual had to be performed at that time. Frantically, throwing caution to the wind, he searched, and, finally, he was standing in front of it. A large marble tombstone overshadowing him.

A shrill sound broken through the silence. The boy froze in terror with panic in his eyes. Relief washed over him when he realised it was only his phone’s alarm going off. It was time. He started the ritual, saying the words exactly how he’d memorised them. Once completed, he waited but nothing happened. Annoyed, the boy looked around, feeling like a fool. Nothing, just the tombstones staring back at him. What had he expected?

He turned to leave; he was tired and cold and just wanted to be back in his warm bed. What was that? Pounding loudly, his heart was like a runaway train. He was sure he’d heard footsteps behind him. He turned back, slowly, very slowly. There it was again, unmistakable this time. The sound of stomping footsteps was coming closer. He turned around and saw an ominous shadow coming towards him. The silvery moon peeked out from behind the grumbling clouds as a bat flew past him and a tall, pale form emerged from the shadow. He willed himself to run but it was like his legs belonged to someone else and he couldn’t move. He heard a voice, felt the icy cold breath on the back of his neck. Cackling, the voice called, “Leaving so soon?” He was petrified with fear.

He ran then, as fast as he could, dashing for the exit because the creature, if it was the one Tim and him had read about, couldn't leave the graveyard. Just as he was about to reach the rusty gate, he turned for one last look. What a mistake, a fatal error. It grabbed him and yanked him back into the graveyard, pinning him to the ground. The pale figure, a vampire if he wasn't mistaken, glowed in the moonlight and an eerie light danced off its' sharp, pointed teeth. The vampire was fast, so fast. It struck, sinking those sharp teeth deep into the boy's neck, piercing the artery. He squealed in pain with blood spurting everywhere. So much blood. So much pain. "I don't want to die!" he cried.

As he lay on the soggy ground, sinking into the foul smelling mud, with the blood draining out of his limp body, the vampire hovered above him, looking down at him with a strange, satisfied smile. The boy tried to speak but the struggle was too much for him. No life left in him, he closed his eyes and let death take him, never to be found again.