

## THE NIGHTMARE by Sirosan Year 7 Alperton Community School

Few would have thought things would change so dramatically that day but....

“Max, get out of bed, you’re going to be late for school again!” Max’s Mum shouted up the stairs. To the surprise of his parents, Max rushed downstairs.

“Dad, is it your day off today? I really want the new video game called Zombie Elite IV”

“No Max, I already told you. I have to work all week and I have already bought you the other three games you asked for!”

“But Dad...”

“Just go to school darling” Max’s mother said with a stern face.

Max was known as the ‘King of pranks’ at Stuttern High School. His most recent prank was on his Art teacher, where he made her sit on a whoopee cushion. Just recently, the Headteacher had a replacement for ‘Mrs Whoopee’ as he decided to give her a rest from Max’s treacherous pranks.

The new Art teacher was the complete opposite of Max’s former teacher. Now Max was faced with a strict former military officer. Expecting him not to know how to avoid his pranks, Max started with the classic whoopee cushion prank. But, when Max went to sit on his own seat, **he** was the one to blow the air out. From that day on, he knew that things would never be the same.

Max and his friend Tom started to notice that someone was following them home after school. One Friday evening, a mysterious figure started chasing them and they ran and ran until they entered an abandoned mansion on a lonely hill in the middle of a vast field. The boys immediately felt the taste of defeat on the tip of their tongues. They felt the ominous aura radiating from the half destroyed mansion. The ancient doors screamed with pain as they shut behind them. The dark corridors all ending in a pit of nothingness, the sudden darkness jolted fear into the boys’ hearts.

Max decided they had no choice but to make a run for it. He searched for Tom in despair, the hairs on his back like startled gazelles on a lion filled savannah.

Max’s gaze then rested on him. A pale face looming over him with dark, bloodthirsty eyes and a ghost white smile. The dagger had been used once already this evening. Max saw his crippled fate before him as the dagger was raised.....