

The Creature In The Darkness by Tomas Fiala-Price (Year 8)

Silence is a deadly weapon. Under the right circumstances, it can drive a man insane. Especially when the silence is combined with darkness.

I was trapped, trapped in a room with no windows and only one door, a door which I could not use because if I did the creature would surely kill me. A claustrophobic space pitch black. The phrase pitch-black is used often. This darkness, this pitch-black is different; an un-earthly a living, breathing, darkness. A deathly silence filled the room, driving me mad. The walls were closing in on me. I could not see anything, not even my hand in front of my face. I didn't want to die here, in this dark room. If my life was taken to night, nobody would ever find me.

Suddenly, there was a growl, a bang and the barricade I had set up began to shake violently. I heard the creature's deep breathing, a rasping sound that chilled me to the bone. The creature charged again, a grinding and splintering sound. The hound collided with the door, a deafening bang rang through the house.

My heart began to pound, a deep fear rose from the depths of my heart. I was going mad. I needed to escape. Where should I go? The only way out is the door! I looked around the room desperately, fuelled by madness and desperation. I attempted to strike a match but due to my haste I had to try several times before a small flame illuminated the room. Of course! The vent above me... Holding the match between thumb and forefinger, I climbed up onto a table then I used my free hand to pull off the cover of the vent.

As I climbed into the vent I extinguished the match, for fear of being seen. I climbed on all fours through the vent. The smell was awful the walls were caked with a green mould which stank of decay. I was terrified, the hound would surely catch my scent. I came to the end of the vent the only way forward was a steep drop. I stopped, listening, my senses acute. I could not hear any sign of the creature so I lowered myself down landing in the room below.

I found myself in the dining room. A long table stretched from end to end. The walls covered with old pieces of artwork. I still could see no sign of the beast, but I still looked around the room frantically for a weapon. My eyes fell upon a knife which I picked up and held by my side. The knife gave me courage even though I knew it would probably not even scratch the creature.

Moving as silently as I could, I approached the door. My hand fell upon the handle. I began to twist it ever so gently, so it did not make a sound. I crept out of the dining room concealing myself in a nearby alcove.

I heard the creature. It was coming closer. Coming down the hallway. I heard the creaking floorboards, the sound of its breathing. And then, when it came closer still, the smell of its breath. I began to run.

I ran as fast as I could, back through the dining room, through the window onto the roof. The creature was at my heels, unfazed by the shower of glass. I knew I had to think fast or I would be dead in seconds. I made a decision, I had a plan. I did the thing the creature least expected, I stopped. Stock still. The creature skidded to a halt, in one movement I dived under him and raised the knife cutting a deep gash along his stomach. I rolled away. The creature howled in pain. It turned to face me, blood dripping from its stomach. I was backed into a corner, with a long drop behind me. The creature snarled and began to run at me. There was only one way out this time. I had dropped the knife so had nothing to defend myself. I knew not whether I would survive the fall. But it was the only way. The only way out of this living hell. The creature was almost upon me. I close my eyes. I jumped.