

SCREAM

The smell of sand and rain fills my nostrils, the damp leaves crush under my feet. Moss covers the trees like a thick blanket. I'm walking, strolling, not caring where I'm going. Lost in the forest, not happy, not sad. Staring at my feet. I bang into something cold, rough. I stop and look up. An old mud brick house is in front of me, trees spewing out the roof, it's in my way like it meant to run into me.

I'm scared but curiosity takes control. I finally build up enough willpower to enter. Inside there's a well. I wander for a bit then just as I'm going out I hear a SCREAM! It's high pitched and wonky, my heart jumps. I turn round and I see a kid standing there dripping wet, pale skinned and lifeless. He speaks, "You're intruding. I don't like people intruding." He motions a hand to a skeleton, hands tied behind its back. "Silly fool he was," he murmurs with a silky voice.

"I got rid of him so he would be quiet forever, I think it's your turn now." He's standing so close I can feel his cold breath on my goosebumped skin. I turn and run, the boy screams again and follows. I sprint and finally he stops. I'm lost. I suddenly stumble and fall and hit my head on a log. I'm instantly knocked out. In my dream I hear a scream. I then gain consciousness. I wake up to the face of the drowned kid so close to my face. "You will regret what you have done." Then everything goes black. I wake up at morning and look around for the boy but he's not there. I breathe in relief, it was a dream. But then I hear SCREAM.

Oscar Perry Dickenson