

The Dark Room by Angus Young (Age 9)

Once in a dark room, there was a little boy named Peter sleeping quietly in his bed. He woke up suddenly! He had heard a noise that sounded like scraping and clawing from downstairs on the basement door. Peter was shaking; he was so scared. He went downstairs to where he had heard the sound. He opened the basement door and saw...NOTHING!

Peter walked down the basement stairs slowly and saw a tall, dark, strange creature. Then...POOF! The creature disappeared into thin air. Peter stood there, shocked. Suddenly, a sound of clawing and scratching came from the backyard. Peter ran up the basement stairs and slammed the door. He threw open the back door and went out onto the deck. The same creature stood in the dark by the old Maple tree in the backyard. Peter stared at it. It was hard to see in the dark. Peter saw a huge smile, filled with massive, sharp, bright white teeth. One giant claw was scraping through the bark of the old tree.

Peter thought, "You're not real!"

The creature slowly started walking towards Peter. Peter ran back into the house, slammed the door and locked it. He looked up through the window of the back door and saw the creature smooshing his face against it, his black tongue was licking the window, gross slime covering it.

The creature started slamming his head against the window, hard. Peter heard the glass crack and then saw it break, flying in through the window onto the floor. The creature stuck his dark, fuzzy head through the window, his tongue hanging down with black drool sliming the door. Peter started shaking. The creature's bright, red, glowing eyes looked up at Peter and in a deep rumbling voice the creature said, "I'm coming for YOU PETERRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

The voice sent chills down Peter's spine, he ran as fast as he could, up the stairs into his bedroom and locked the door. He grabbed his desk chair and pushed it against the wall. He hopped up and grabbed a book of monsters from his bookshelf, then slid under his bed and started looking through the pages as quickly as he could. He could hear the monster coming up the stairs. Loud thuds and the scraping of claws on the wall got closer and closer.

"PEEEEEEEETEEEEERRRRRRRRRR..."

THUD

"You can run..."

THUD

"But you can't hide!!!!!" the creature grumbled.

THUD

Peter flipped through the pages of the monster book as fast as he could. He finally came to the page with the creature's picture and name. Peter stared at the page. The creature's name was...The Smiling Devil!. It showed a picture of a huge, fuzzy beast with giant claws, horns and a mouth full of long, sharp, bright white teeth!

“PEEEEEETEEEEERRRRRRRRRR...you know why I’m here!!!! Yelled the Smiling Devil.

Peter crawled out from under the bed. He held his monster book tightly like a shield and stood in front of his bedroom door.

There was a loud knock on his door, three times..BANG...BANG....BANG... Peter was crying. He reached up and slowly, very slowly, opened his door. The creature stood there, smiling down at him, it’s huge teeth covered in black drool, one of its claws holding open the door. He leaned down and stared Peter in the eye. Its breath smelled like rotten meat. One huge claw reached down and.....grabbed the monster book from his hand!

“THIS BOOK... IS THREE WEEKS OVERDUE AT THE LIBRARY!!!” The Smiling Devil screamed.

It grabbed Peter by the leg with the other claw, lifting him off the floor. The Smiling Devil’s mouth opened bigger than anything Peter had ever seen. It stuffed the Monster Book into its mouth and then Peter. Peter was surrounded by the darkest dark he had ever seen. Like the Darkest Room, in the darkest house in the darkest city.

Peter awoke to someone poking him with a pencil.

“Excuse me...”

Peter opened his eyes and saw the librarian standing next to him. The Monster book was opened on the table in front of him.

“Are you ok?” asked the librarian.

“Ummm....I..must have fallen asleep.” Peter said.

“I’m glad you’re ok... no sleeping at the library please...are you checking that book out?” she asked.

Peter looked down at the monster book, the picture of the Smiling Devil looked up at him, the eyes glowed a bright red, and the tongue was covered in dark black slime.

“Yup,” Peter said, “and I’ll make sure to have it back on time!”

The librarian smiled and licked the black drool from the corner of her mouth. Her eyes glowed red behind her glasses.

“That sounds like a wonderful idea” she said.

The End?