**Dracula by Jason (Year 6)**

Illuminated by the scarce moonlight, I caught a glimpse – the tiniest glimpse – of the twisting, hazardous road leading me to Dracula’s castle, separated from all reality. With each click of the horses’ feet, I shook uncontrollably. Hesitating no longer, I finally looked out the window to try and see my destination but all I saw was the hideous site of the never-ending cliff leading to hell. Without realisation, I checked on my driver but to my surprise he was replaced with a charcoal, black bat controlling the vehicle. Suddenly, we came to Dracula’s domain and I heard three things, “Here’s…your…stop.” Only this and nothing more.

I walked to his chamber door with fear before me. Hesitatingly, I went for the door knocker. Then, it creaked open, tis was beyond my fathoming but I was already here and I could not turn back now. I stepped over the threshold and there were cobwebs in every corner; trees forcefully pushed through the window; bats squeaked for attention; rats scuttered across the floor and he was there.   
“I bid you welcome. I am. Dracula.”

Because I was walking up the never-ending staircase, Dracula’s silence made me feel fantastic terrors never felt before. After I finished walking up the stairs, my host practically persuade me to follow him to the parlour room. Wisps of night-time mist slithered and twined out the room and we entered. As we went inside, there sitting down, there by the fire, he was reclining in his seat and I caught a glimpse of his physiognomy. Hair grew scantily on his lofty domed forehead but profusely everywhere else; he had eyebrows as thin as a pencil; his eyes had a devilish look that could curse anyone in one glance; he had pointy elf like ears that were a bit unusual; the count had an aquiline shaped nose with hair growing out of each thin nostril. Dracula had firm cheekbones going through to the skin; above the lips was a bushy moustache that stuck on him; vital lips that looked as if he drank blood and sharp fangs that would ac as two blades.

The count leaned over me and I could not repress a shudder and I saw the creepiest part about him – his hands. He had racetrack veins that criss-crossed through the hands but barely could be seen because of the muscles. He had hair growing from the palm of his hands and the hair on my neck stood up. I saw his bony fingers and they were as thin as scissors with scars going through. Finally, I saw the sharp nails that looked like knives. I looked at my leg and saw blood coming out.   
“It seems like you fell for my trap. Get better soon IN HELL.” This it is – nevermore.

**Forest of the lost: Nightmares of fog by Esme (Year 6)  
Hound of the Baskervilles unit**

Faster and faster, menacing, thick fog made its way towards us. Creepily, it wrapped itself around branches, like it was trying to intimidate us, with fear. The forest floor, you could not see due to the ocean of white vapour consuming every innocent plant in its path. Slowly, it began to climb up the walls, covering the cave in a large cobweb of mist. We were trapped; we were enclosed in. Holmes looked furious. He hit the wall in impatience. The forest couldn’t be seen; it was consumed in the mist, the enemy. Dense fog began to leak into the crystal cave, strangling the walls and the floor, like a hunter killing its prey. We couldn’t take it.

At last, his wait was over. There it was in the haze, coming towards us; the hideous monster he had been looking for. He loved mythical creatures, how much they scared him and thrilled him. He finally found THE creature.

Instantly, he moved closer and what he saw gave him an instant shock. The nightmarish creature had the eyes of a vampire, that glowed a bloodshot red; immense curling wings that flapped up and down like demonic figures and horns that intertwined together like a crown of spikes on its head. It crawled like a snake on its prey. Holmes stepped back in shock. The claws of the beast were long and sharp, curving inwards and looking bloody and damaged. Soft, quiet growls came from the beast’s mouth, but they were not friendly.

**Dracula by Alfie (Year 6)**

Staring down the road, I saw the beginning of a long, narrow path that looked like it only took one wrong turn to fall down to hell. It felt dangerous, and I didn’t want to go but I didn’t have a choice and the drive started. Down the gloomy, coal-black road, the Count’s castle, which was isolated from humanity, stood behind the towering mountains so I tried to get one second to see it.

Hesitating no longer, I looked out but suddenly the road turned bumpy and the carriage lept round pushing me back in. Without thinking, the driver suddenly disappeared and the carriage was falling down the deep ravines slowly and wonder came. What would be next…

Suddenly, the carriage stopped and this was where I would be. When I go out of it, the driver was gone. As I gathered my braveness, I walked up to the large iron gates and went to the door. Now near the doors, they squeaked open like they hadn’t been opened in years. All that stood before me, was darkness. It was like a pool of darkness covered me. Suddenly darkness prevailed so my eyes adjusted and I stepped through the cobwebs and crumbled rocks that were from the ancient roof above. Spiders and bats surrounded me and made me follow them as they guided me to decaying stairs and shadowy figure prevailed. Who was it?

“I am Dracula.” This I heard and nothing more.

Everything was abnormal about him; his eight was extraordinarily tall and he was very thin. I could not repress a shudder when he suddenly led me to a dim lit room. I sat down and he offered me a drink. The effect of his protruding teeth froze me in time until I finally regained some of my sense. His cheek bone was stabbing through his skin. Though he was fine, I wasn’t which made me feel ill. Because of this, I quickly answered, “Yes,” and hoped he would go so that I could have a break and he did. His ears were very aquiline and had a tip as sharp as a knife or sword.

**Dracula by Lily (Year 6)**

Moonlight shone though the crevices of the clouds causing all of the vast cliffs to shine through the light. My eyes transfixed on the driver; the driver, he’d turned into a bat! What did this? Who did this? The road I was trembling on, got narrower and narrower as every horse trot got faster and faster. I was finally on my way down the road. Rocks fell like pennies from a jar, one after another. My grip got tighter, tighter, tighter until I could finally grip no more. Obsidian clouds thundered above me, while towering shadowy mountains protruded over each other and mist and fog revealed his castle.

My every step was hesitant, before I was even at the threshold. Step. Step. Step. Each step could have been my final fate. I went to reach for the door knocker; it had already creaked open. I paced in the derelict castle, followed by a colony of bats – welcoming themselves in. Looking around at my surroundings, I noticed’ an intricately detailed archway leading to grand wooden stairs; intertwined branches caves in the cracked lattice windows; a network of cobwebs covering the top of the derelict staircase. A howl echoed after my every step.   
“Tis the children of the night, only this and nothing more.” I thought to myself. Then a faint silhouette appeared in front of me.

“I am Dracula,” he announced superiorly, “young man follow me to my drawing room.”  
Spellbound by his command, I followed him down the corridor, that was filled with old models and sinister paintings and into the room. A little while after I sat down, I shook his hand; I could not help but notice his extraordinary face had a very strong pallor that was quite strange. When he sat down he offered me a cigar and informed me he didn’t smoke himself. After I thanked him, he smiled and nodded. His teeth! They were fangs! I repressed a shudder. They protruded over his ruddy lips, which were extremely healthy for a man of his years, although his cheek bones stuck out of his face. The icy blue star caused my blood to run cold.

When he sat back down by the fire, I noticed his hands. On the tip of each bony, long finger, spine-chilling nails protruded over the surface of the muscly palms of his hands. They were enveloped in veins up and down his body. I noticed cuts and bruises; I was going to ask but evidently drew back. As I got a closer look, I say his hairy palms; they curled one after another continuously.

**Dracula by Caitlin-Jo (Year 6)**

Illuminating the scarce, ebony sky was the radiant moonlight. Trying to catch a glimpse of the rocky road ahead, all I could see was the perilous ravine beside me. I was getting more, more and more afraid I would fall into the treacherous ravine. While heading to my final destination, the carriage had hit a giant boulder-sized rock; I clung tightly onto the crimson, leather seat.

After a ride that felt like days, I arrived at the one and only Dracula’s castle; I hesitatingly began to walk anxiously up the ancient, rotting steps. Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer I strode up the final step and began to knock. The door opened with a creak of terror; it thrilled me with never before felt shudders of fantastic fear!

As I nervously stepped over the threshold, I began to seek for the count; a shadow started to appear. Out from the shadows, came a dark figure.  
“Tis I, tis the one and only Count Dracula!” said a voice – only this and nothing more.

He began to lead me to the drawing room and offered me a cigar while also stating he didn’t smoke. I politely declined his offer but couldn’t help but notice his hands; the palms of his dehydrated hands were covered in patches of thick, black hairs. After noticing that, I caught a single glimpse of his nails; they were extremely long and cut into points at the tip.

Dracula then stepped closer to the blazing fireplace and that’s when I took notice to his pallor face. After taking a glance, the first thing I saw, were his black, beady eyes; they began to draw up to me, looking mysteriously towards me. He then began to grin and that’s when I took notice of his lips- lips full of astonishing vitality for a man his age; protruding over them were sharp, fang-like teeth which were surprisingly red. He then came even closer and at a second glance, I saw his peculiarly arched nostrils with intertwining nose hairs reaching almost at his strictly shaped moustache.