Haunted Hotel

By Connie Robertson (Year 6)

He awoke. Sitting upright, Max observed his compact, shadowy hotel room. Wait… what was that? The boy was certain he had seen something moving. Trembling, he reached for his torch and clicked the button. There was absolutely nothing hiding in the dark… or was there?

The youngster let out a panicked squeal. “How did you get in here?” he yelped. Perspiration covered his body.

Lounging on the chair next to his bed, there was a younger child. Max took deep breaths to try and calm himself. He glanced at the child in the chair again. Standing on his shaky legs, he climbed out of bed and stumbled over to the child. It looked like a five-year-old boy, with bright blonde, curly hair, and some missing teeth. The thing that really caught his eye (and was completely abnormal) was the fact that the boy’s arms and chest were crushed.

Then he remembered something; it was his old friend Jack, who had died in a car crash around ten years ago…

Rushing to turn the light on and maybe get some help for his friend, Max paused. Was that footsteps on the tiles of the bathroom floor? Still, he approached the light, trying to be as soundless as possible. Flipping the switch, the boy was completely sure that something else was in the room.

Something bubbling with a fiery rage.

The lights flickered as he turned around, revealing the silhouette of a creature from his worst nightmares. Max clambered back into his bed, trying his hardest to stay silent. His heart beating like a drum, he could still feel the menacing presence of what appeared to be a dinosaur-like entity.

“What does this mean?” he whispered to himself, “why is this happening to me?”. He had too many questions and not enough answers.

Unexpectedly, the blanket was lifted and a pair of piercing, yellow eyes stared into his soul.

He had nowhere left to run.