The Portrait

“Hello?”

I couldn't see through the pitch-black night and it had just started raining.

“Anyone here?”

I felt the ominous presence of someone lurking behind me. As I peered forward, I began to notice some strange features about this figure. It had piercing red eyes, a ribcage on its outside, and seemed to be intent on approaching me.

Step, by step, by step.

This was no human…

I made haste in attempting to escape the wrath of this thing. However, I promptly fell in a lake - and started frantically swimming.

No sooner than I had got out of the lake, I found something somewhat resembling a mansion. It appeared to be the ideal place to hide and shelter from the storm and the monster. I ran up to it - heaving and coughing - to the door. The door was rotten and off its hinges and I was not about to turn and try and fight. The door didn't have a lock so I conjectured that I needed to block it with a heavy object. Whilst I was doing that, I saw two unusual paintings. They were both portrait: one of them had emerald green eyes, while the other had diamond blue. There was something about them - something familiar. I went up closer to inspect them before falling into a trap door.

What I saw there was beyond any horror I could have imagined. It smelt putrid and I could hardly breathe. I scrambled desperately for an exit and found an opening through the ceiling. Now I needed to find a way to get through it. I took a step back and leaped through the hole, scraping the floorboards as I landed.

I would have choked if the windows weren't smashed. By now the figure had helped itself to coming in and was darting its eyes around the living room…that's when it hit me. This was the same figure that killed my good friends Steven and Robert and put me in hospital for a whole year.

This was ENOUGH.

I had one last plan to get rid of this thing once and for all. I grabbed a candle and threw it at the demon in front of me. I can only assume it died as I saw it burn to ashes immediately. Now there was another problem: I needed to get out. The fire that the candle caused hindered the path to the door so I had to find a window to break. None of the windows downstairs were large enough for me to fit through, so I had to jump from the second floor.

And - after a moment's hesitation - I did.

Here I am now: in hospital with 14 broken bones - but who cares? I saved the town and probably the world from a ghastly threat that may well have killed its people. Despite all my new fame I still will never forget what that demon did. Now I shall go to sleep with pride.

Marley Anichebe, aged 11