

## A Hallowe'en Story

Freddy...do not read this scary story!

I said don't read it!

OK...it's your choice.

Here we go (it's not too scary really).

Boo!

Freddy's annoying little sister slapped him on the arm as he entered the kitchen. Freddy sighed loudly.

'Just stop it, will you?' Freddy exclaimed, 'I'm so tired of it'.

Clara laughed for the forty-third time that day.

'You deserve it! You are always horrid to me, and today is Halloween! The day when the ghosts and the ghouls and the Grandmas terrify the toddlers!'

'Why are you speaking like that, it's annoying?' asked Fred.

'Alliteration!' replied Clara, 'we've been doing it!'

Freddy sighed again, and thought back to Year Three, when he and JoJo had practiced their alliteration and got into dreadful trouble, especially with '*Miss Smith is a terrible teacher who tells children tremendous tall tales*'.

Clara slapped him for the forty-fourth time that day, and left the room, laughing (again). Her elephant footsteps echoed as she clumped upstairs.

Freddy sat at the kitchen counter and as he had nothing better to do, and as he was sitting at the counter (hee hee!), he counted the footsteps. He often did this. He often had nothing better to do.

*Three, four, five, six....*

*Eight, nine, ten...*

*Twelve...*

*Fourteen...*

*Twenty-three, twenty-four...*

He kept counting. And counting. He got up to sixty-three, and his heart started beating a little

faster. They lived in a small house in Lancaster Road. Their staircase had no more than fourteen steps. He carried on counting.

*Seventy-one, seventy-two...*

‘Clara?’ he called out nervously to Clara. The lights in the kitchen flickered.

There was no reply from his sister. His heart beat a little faster, and a little louder. The footsteps continued, perhaps fading a little then becoming louder again.

‘Clara?’ he called again, his voice sounding slightly hoarse this time. The lights in the kitchen flickered then went out. Fred gulped, then stood up, moved towards the door, and tried the switch.

Nothing.

He retreated into the gloom, away from the door and the staircase.

His heart was booming in his chest. His forehead was beaded with sweat.

From somewhere far distant, he heard a groan. The footsteps got fainter.

‘Help me! Help me!’

Someone was calling! It sounded like his sister, but it was too far away.

The footsteps got louder for a minute, then fainter. They carried on.

Fred moved towards the door in the darkness. A faint light was emerging from the stairwell.

Another groan, louder this time.

He pulled back.

*Come on Freddy, you can do this...* he said to himself, not feeling as brave as he sounded.

He forced himself to the doorway, and forced himself to peer around the corner and up the stairs.

Sitting at the top.

Still clumping her feet on the top step.

Still laughing.

Clara!

*‘Help me!’* She groaned.

‘Oh I will!’ screamed Freddy, racing up the stairs.