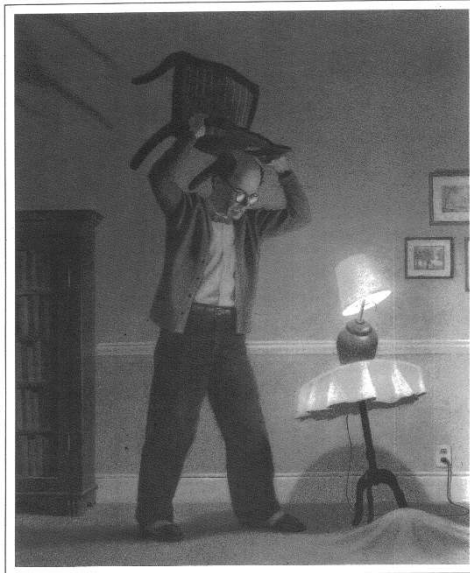


During their creative writing sessions, Class 6 at Our Lady of Lourdes School, have been writing a class story. We have been working on moving narrative forward, so we worked in groups to write the whole story together. 20 children contributed to this work.



UNDER THE RUG

The work passed and it happened again.

Under the Rug

By Class 6

Comfortable and ready for a cosy night, Harrold sat down with his favourite book. The pages of his horror book (which was called *Child's Play*) were wrinkled and creased because he had read it that many times. Recently named, 'The most terrifying book of the last decade', *Child's Play* always made him feel uneasy.

A single beam from the lamp on the vintage bedside table beside him, dimly shone, barely lighting up the room. Memorable pictures hung up on the wall and reminded him of his beloved wife, who tragically passed away many years ago. The more the clock chimed, the more pages he turned. The noiseless room was starting to seem more alive.

Page by page, sentence by sentence, word by word, Harrold's heart began to beat faster. Suddenly... the doorbell rang.

"Who's that knocking at this time?" Harrold grumbled, as he quickly pulled on his smart black trousers, shirt, leather belt and spotty bow-tie.

Lethargically, he trundled downstairs, nearly tripping on an abandoned packet of sawdust.

"I must clean the hamster's cage tomorrow," said Harrold.

He wrenched the door open, only to realise there was no one there. He slowly closed the door, wondering if it was a joke. Turning around he noticed the jar that contained his wife's ashes opened. Only a small residue of ash remained; the rest were gone.

In horror, Harrold stared at the wall, seeing faded shadows dance across the room. He gave himself a shake. Surely, just because the book was called Child's Play it didn't mean he could see the ghostly, childlike figures in his own house? Worry overflowed his mind.

He decided it really was time for bed. Walking up the stairs, he was puzzled by what had happened. He got back into bed.

Instantly, Harrold's ears twitched as he heard an eerie noise from the floor below. This was the second time that he had been forced to lose his page because of the mysterious noise. Suddenly, the dim glow of his reading light was not enough for him. Gingerly, he reached up to switch on the main light and then he rushed back to his rickety bed.

"What an eventful night this has been so far!" he thought to himself.

However, it wasn't over.

After a while, Harrold needed a drink. He went down to the kitchen, where he spied what looked like a peculiar lump underneath the dusty, unfashionable carpet.

"This is the cause of all the trouble," Harrold muttered under his breath.

Harrold grabbed the nearest object – the kitchen chair- to protect him from the carpet beast. As he was paranoid from the book, he thought of all the creepy and weird creatures it could be. Frightened, Harold thought that it could be a poisonous, deadly snake.

The lump was expanding under the carpet. Harrold wondered what on earth it could be but until he approached it, he couldn't tell. To try and see it clearly, he put on his old, worn glasses.

"Arghhhhh" Harrold screamed in fear as the creature moved and knocked over the lamp, which was on the vintage table.

Harrold lifted the chair above his head and shouted, "Die you foul creature!"

He hit the chair off the ground, but missed the large lump under the rug. Raising the chair again, ready to strike the creature, Harrold heard another strange noise coming from the threadbare carpet. It sounded like the squeaks and hissing of a deflating balloon. Harrold decided enough was enough!

Slowly and nervously bringing the wicker chair from behind his head, he was ready to strike. Confused, many thoughts ran through his mind. His heart stopped as fear danced through his body- he was scared senseless.

Fast and furious, panicked and shocked, he decided to make his move. He lifted up the chair and just as he was about to deliver the fatal blow, a furry friend shot out from under the carpet like a cannon.

"What a surprise!" laughed Harrold, "Whatever in the world were you doing under that dirty rug. I knew I hadn't heard you squeaking in your cage for while!"

Harrold chuckled as he grabbed his large hamster, locked him in his cage and walked back upstairs. It had only been two weeks since his hamster had last escaped!