

"Oh but all the little girls must of perished in the fire," wailed the first voice.

"WILL YOU QUIT BEING STUPID FOR ONE MEASLY SECOND AND THINK! The girls had to of come in here from above... right, and all the prison guards are dead. SO, all we have to do is find the entrance to where the girls came from, and that is our exit and so we will ESCAPE!" laughed the third voice. One of them giggled.

"But sir, we are still locked in our cell," said the first voice.

"Ah... good observation. But if I do this-" There was a snap followed by a clang of metal falling onto concrete.

"-We are free." finished the third voice. All three voices laughed.

"But sir, if we do escape won't we be put straight back in prison?" asked the first voice.

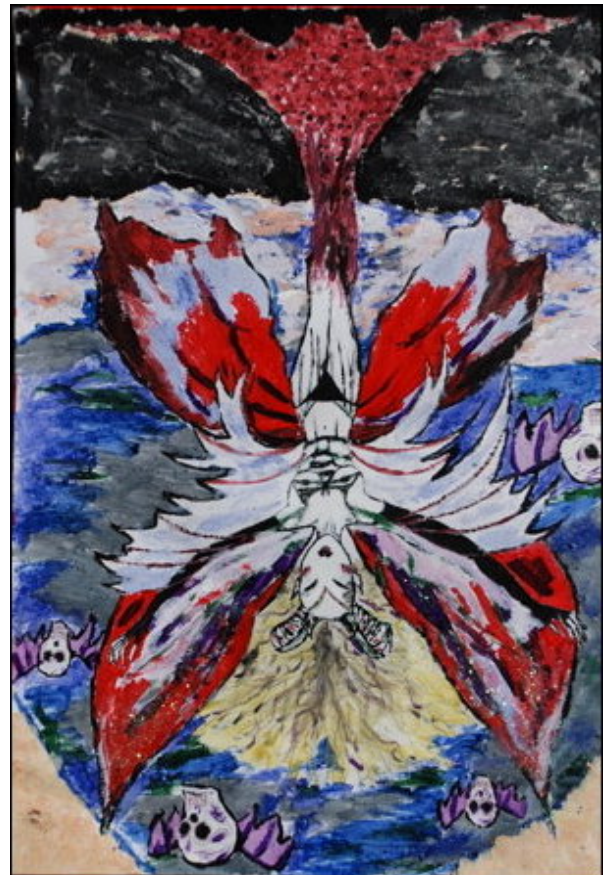
"LOOK SHUT-UP AND JUST THINK FOR FIVE SECONDS, NO, TWO SECONDS BEFORE YOU ASK ME YOUR IDIOTIC QUESTIONS! This prison was built underground. This was a private prison to keep the most dangerous criminals in the world. Three of the strongest, toughest best prison

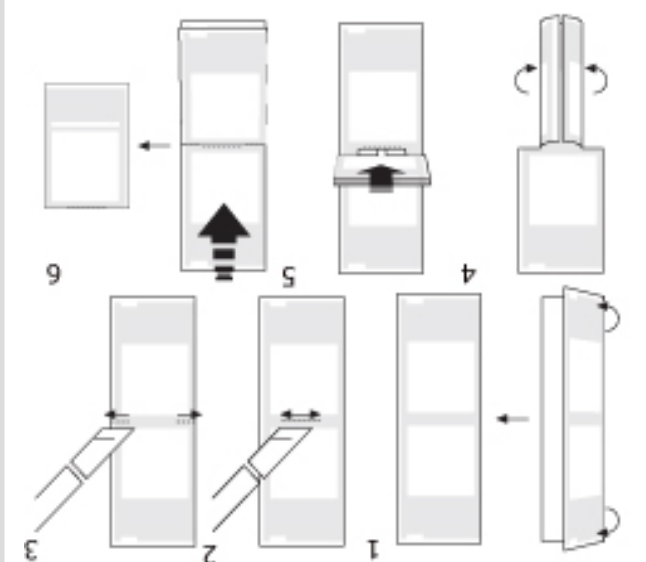
those voices."
Which concludes little girls were the owners of voices weren't adult voices, they were little girls. Well obviously the school has been built! Those people above us talking about a school.... yes? Remember last year when we were hearing those made that fire was actually doing us a favor! If you two were paying more attention, whoever WORD ITS SELF! OF COURSE there is more food! "YOU ARE AMAZINGLY MORE STUPID THAN THE another mans voice which sounded more gruff. have EVER met in my WHOLE LIFE!" blurted "You two must be the most PATHETIC people I must be more," comforted another mans voice. more food, we heard that voice remember? There "There, there Spanner, there, there! We will find voice.
so angry," sobbed what sounded like a mans RUIINED! Even the rats didn't make it! Bullet I feel "Roasted, cooked, RUIINED! OUR DINNER IS looked like two Prisoner guards bodies too. Already he had seen a child's dead body and what one of the candles from the hall to guide him. Mr Swart wondered the dark tunnel. He had taken

Chapter 8

Deep_'n_Dark Mo(u)rning Rises

Eloise Mitchell





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Eloise Mitchell
Deep_n_Dark Mo(u)rning Rises

Chapter 6

"I hate the dark!" muttered Mary. "Look you agreed to do this and"

"I know, I know but still, what if we got caught? My arm still throbs from where the Headmaster whipped me!" moaned Mary.

"Well, your arm isn't the only one that hurts! Mine hurts too!" whispered Sarah sadly. Mary and Sarah were tip toeing their way down the grand stairs of the school with only a candle, which Mary was in charge of holding. Both were in their night dresses and were walking bare foot, hoping that would decrease the sound of their footsteps. Both were on a mission, to discover what was behind the mysterious banging downstairs.

"I don't think we should be doing this!" muttered Mary.

"You think! Of course we're not supposed too, we are breaking like twenty school rules! But... we are new here... we can say we got lost!" smiled Sarah, reaching the bottom of the stairs.

"Your evil!" said Mary turning to face Sarah.

"Well it doesn't matter, we are gonna be eaten by your dragon friend so no one will find out!" said



Sarah, her eyes searching the classrooms as they passed them down the hall.
"What! Are you admitting that there aren't vampires down there?" questioned Mary raising an eyebrow.
"No, there are vampires.... I was only kidding..." muttered Sarah.
"Sure" snorted Mary.
"Well lets find out and see before *you're* sure about *anything*!" frowned Sarah. There was a massive thud coming from beneath the floorboards.
"What was that?" whimpered Mary.
"Shh," shushed Sarah. There was another thud and both girls found their gaze drawn towards the shifting floorboard below them. Mary gave another fearful whimper and jumped off the floorboard.
"Its coming from down there!" shrieked Mary. Sarah gave her a foolish smile.
"You think?" muttered Sarah darkly.
"Um... now what?" asked Mary tearfully.

"These flats were built on top," replied Grandpa swiftly.

"Grandpa, you still haven't answered my question," said Charlie curiously.

"Work it out." said Grandpa, stretching his feet and feeling for his stick. Grandpa gave a deep sigh and waddled towards the door.

"Goodnight children," whispered Grandpa, closing the door gently behind him.

THE END

By Eloise Mitchell

"We go down there, of course!" smirked Sarah, bending down to lift the floorboard.

"Come closer I need the light of the candle so I can see," croaked Sarah, secretly regretting ever coming to seek what was down there. Mary slowly bent down to join Sarah lifting up the floorboard. The floorboard was made of wood and was very light, however, Sarah still took her time lifting it as if it was immensely heavy.

"Need some help with that?" asked Mary shyly.

"No, no I'm fine," replied Sarah, throwing the floorboard aside before looking inside. Mary and Sarah met each others gaze, there was nothing but complete darkness.

"Well I don't think there is a fire breathing dragon down there," sighed Sarah flicking her blonde hair out of her eyes.

"Shut up!" barked Mary, her cheeks glowing.

"Prove me wrong, go check it out!" sneered Sarah.

"No, you go check it out!" growled Mary furiously.

"I don't fancy vampires sucking at *my* blood," argued Sarah, straightening her shoulders.

"Fine we'll both go, I have the candle so you go first," said Mary looking a little sheepish. Sarah stuck up her nose and twisted her body so her legs dangled down the hole. With one last glance at Mary she bravely jumped down, landing with a thud at the bottom. Two minutes later Mary joined her, it wasn't a far drop.

"HUNGRY, SOOOOOOOO, HUNGRY!" wailed a voice.

"SHUT-UP JUST SHUT-UP!" roared a different, more gruff voice.

"I told you its vampires," whispered Sarah. Mary didn't answer, the drop seemed to have turned her into a statue.

"Err Sir... did you hear that?" said a deep voice. Sarah gave a gulp.

"THAT is sound of food my friends," said the second voice more eviler and greedier.

"RUN!" panicked Sarah, pushing Mary out the way and knocking the candle out of her hands. Footsteps could be heard echoing everywhere around them. Sarah and Mary squealed.

"FOOD, FOOD, FOOD!" laughed the first voice. It suddenly stood out to Sarah that the walls were

chance he could to get them into detention. For example if one of the children dropped a pencil. The days dragged by and the population of the school started to decrease. Whoever went down the hole never returned. Until one day, the prison gave in, killing Spanner and Bullet. Hammer was more organized, he had already sussed the day in which the prison would collapse and had left the school. Of course, he didn't warn any children nor staff of what was soon to happen. The school collapsed. Crushing everyone. Everyone died except Hammer," Grandpa finished the story and turned his attention towards the three horrified faces.

"Where is he now?" whispered Claire.

"I hope he's dead," cried Sammy angrily.

"Oh yes, dead, it was at least one hundred years ago," said Grandpa.

"Grandpa, how do you know all this if it was one hundred years ago?" asked Charlie staring straight into his Grandpa's eyes. There was silence, except the dripping of the tap in the bathroom.

"What happened to the school?" asked Claire fearfully.

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"My classroom will now be the one three doors down on the left. Any problems with that? NO, GOOD!" and with that Hammer marched out the room, slamming the door behind him. The teachers anxiously glanced at one another. The Headmaster looked as if his head was about to explode.

Chapter 10

"Then what happened Grandpa?" snapped Charlie. Grandpa gasped for some breath before looking around to meet Charlie's, Claire's and even Sammy's gaze.

"Well.... isn't it obvious?" asked Grandpa studying their expression.

"Where are Spanner and Bullet? What's Hammer up to? Why is he taking Mr Swart's place?" burst Claire. Grandpa smiled.

"WELL, Hammer took over Mr Swart's place, but cleverly adopted the classroom next to the hole where he came from. Spanner and Bullet stayed down there, clearing out the burnt bodies and making the prison seem more like a detention place. Hammer took over the role of teaching the children about violence and using whatever

made of bricks and were climbable.

"QUICK! UP THE WALL!" screamed Sarah, running towards the wall and rummaging her hands across it. The voices laughed.

"Oh Yeah, like that will work, haven't they thought of us trying that before FOOLS!" crackled the second voice. Footsteps were drawing closer.

"HEY LIGHT!" squealed Mary out of the blue. Sarah found a brick and started climbing, sliding on the wet dirty bricks.

"NO ESCAPE!" laughed a third voice. shadows were coming around the corner of what looked like they were in a tunnel. Mary started after the bricks Sarah had already climbed.

"EUHH I SMELL SMOKE!" spluttered Mary, tears running down her cheeks. Both of their hearts were racing. Beating in their chests like someone attacking a small drum with large wooden sticks.

"FOOD, FOOD, FOOD! HA HA HA! FINALLY THIS DAY, THE DAY I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YEARS!" boomed the second voice. Ruff and haunting, echoing in every direction. The footsteps were now even closer and the shadows were growing and flickering.

eyes and had a moustache his t-shirt had red paint smeared on it.

"Ah, you must be the new replacement teacher," said the Headmaster pleasantly. The man looked a little confused but held out his hand anyway. The Headmaster shook it feebly.

"Hammer, you may call me. Yours?" asked the man arrogantly.

"Um... you shall call me Headmaster," said the Headmaster crossly. Hammer mimicked him.

"No really. Your name," demanded Hammer. The Headmaster looked a little taken a back by the rudeness.

"Mr Fiamel," replied the Headmaster watching closely for Hammers reaction.

"Cool, see Fianel that weren't too hard," said Hammer turning towards the other teachers who seemed to shift further away. Hammer laughed.

"Come on, SPEAK! What's your names?" asked Hammer. The teachers glared at him.

"Pathetic," growled Hammer, turning towards the door.

At last, Sarah plunged herself from below, her fingertips scratching at the wooden floorboards. Her head free, her eyes facing the kind dim lights of the candles in the halls of the school. Sarah dragged herself even more upwards so her knees were crawling on school grounds. The air, the fresh air forcing its way up her nostrils until, a hand snatched onto her leg. Sarah crazily tried to shake it off. A scream, the recognizable scream of Mary. Her energy drained. She looked down the hole, still hearing echoes of voices and footsteps. She choked on smoke that started rising from the hole. A glowing light was all she could see. Though she could still feel herself being dragged down by whatever was on her foot. The hairs on the back of her neck stood on end as she looked down the hole to check whatever was on her foot. The fire was growing bigger. The footsteps were running away. The howls for food from the mysterious voices had been replaced with cursing. Her foot suddenly was released and Sarah scrambled to her feet kicked the loose floorboard half over the hole and ran away as fast as she could back to her dormitory.

about 7 foot, men. T-shirts ripped leather and trousers were jeans with massive holes in them. All three had long hair and one had a moustache and another wore a bowler hat.

"That isn't a prison guard," smiled the one with the bowler hat greedily.

Chapter 9

"Does anyone know where Mr Swart has gone?" asked the Headmaster politely.

"He has been missing for three days now," said the Headmaster frowning slightly. None of the other teachers in the teachers lounge replied. No one had dare leave the building so it was quite mysterious. He wasn't in his room, he had lessons to attend to so it wasn't like he had a break.

"No one knows where he is?" shouted the Headmaster, the creases in his forehead becoming thicker. The other teachers eyes were now darting around the room.

"NO ONE!" bellowed the Headmaster, reddening dramatically in the cheeks. The door to the teachers lounge burst open and there stood a rather large man. He was about 7 foot tall, and he had quite a handsome face, he had dark brown

Chapter 7

It was night. A full moon stood proudly in the sky, very few stars twinkled around it, but it was still a pretty sight. Bethany was outside looking for Sarah and Mary, she felt really guilty for last night. She too had heard stories of mysterious things lurking underneath the school. She thought it would be funny to make the girls search for whatever was under there, but they hadn't been back for hours and screams had been echoing around the school meantime. Everyone had been asleep. Except them three.

Taking a deep sigh and feeling like she should just give up, Bethany decided to make her way in side. Walking down the corridor miserably, something suddenly stopped her in her tracks. Smoke. She smelt smoke. Marching forward sniffing the air, trying to work out where the scent was coming from. Stronger and stronger. Loosing her balance she suddenly slipped on a loose floorboard and she found herself gazing down a deep dark hole with smoke rising from inside. Though no light. It seems as if there was a recent fire down there. she looked up to find her eyes meet with...

"I told you Spanner we would find more food!" Mr Swart looked up and remembered how he entered and quickly looked for a way how to get back up. "Well its not the dead prison guard in front of us." said the third voice playfully. there was some running footsteps and Mr Swart turned round to find three men facing him. Three very tall, around

"YAY! FOOD!" cheered the second voice, "What was that!" squealed the second voice excitedly. "It sounded like one of the prison guards live!" cried the first voice happily. Mr Swart worriedly looked around trying to find an escape route and fast. "I told you Spanner we would find more food!" Mr Swart looked up and remembered how he entered and quickly looked for a way how to get back up. "Well its not the dead prison guard in front of us." said the third voice playfully. there was some running footsteps and Mr Swart turned round to find three men facing him. Three very tall, around

"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING?" barked the figure in front of her. It was her English teacher Mr Swart. "Um... well..." started Bethany, scrambling to her feet and thinking fast. "I was just getting some fresh air... because I didn't feel very well, and I was walking back when I smelt smoke" "SMOKE?" "Um... yes sir, then I tripped... you see... on this floorboard and uh... yeah," said Bethany anxiously. Mr Swart frowned. "Actually, I just so happened to smell smoke too, and it just so happens to be where you are," growled Mr Swart. "Err... then, you should check out that hole sir, it seems to come from down there," said Bethany quickly, before turning to go back to the dormitory. "HOLD IT BETHANY," called Mr Swart. Bethany gave a 90 degrees turn. Mr Swart smiled. "DETENTION, TOMORROW MY CLASSROOM! ... Now you may leave to go to your dormitory," smirked Mr Swart, enjoying the horror on Bethany's face.