

Name:

CLASS: YEAR

‘Monster under the Bed’

by Ray Boseley

Bronsons’ pillow was a soggy lump, his blankets a clinging mass around his feet as he thrashed in his sleep. Visions of terror, almost too horrible to name, flashed behind his closed eyes ... a kitchen sink stacked high with dirty dishes ... rubbish bins bulging with filth ... unwashed clothes and smelly socks piling up everywhere ... a mountain of dust, dirt and debris. It was The Dream – the same nightmarish vision that had been plaguing him ever since the day Dad had decided the family needed a cleaning roster.

Outside, the storm was raging. Lightning ripped the night sky apart and rain lashed down in solid sheets. The ocean boiled, hurling waves at the rocky cliff below the lighthouse with bone-shaking force. Then suddenly, a lull, as if the universe was catching its breath for a moment ... before a growing shuddering rumble rose up from the depths of the earth – a fearsome vibration that shook the lighthouse to its very core.

And as the building quaked, something eerie began to happen. Deep in its neglected recesses, dust fell and shifted, shaken loose from its slumber. Lint and grit collecting, sifting down through the cracks and cavities, gathering in drifts ... congregating. A living mass of grime and filth. Watching. Waiting. Biding its time.

‘Aaah!!’ Bronson’s eyes flew open. He sat up in bed, wide awake and panting with fright. That last bit hadn’t been a dream. It was too real. Something horrible was out there. He could feel its presence. Fiery eyes glowing. Waiting in the flickering gloom. And worst of all, thought Bronson, a chill rippling down through his bones, it was somewhere close.

‘D-d-don’t be scared, Teddy,’ he whispered, hugging his ragged bear to his chest. ‘Everything’s all right. It’s okay. I’m here.’

But they both knew it was far from the truth.

Extract from ‘Round the Twist’, Series 4, Book 1, pages 41, 42 and 44