

A stroll in the park

The boy walked out into the moonlight and walked across the street towards the lonely park that looked like his only home. The moon glowed in the darkness as a sign of hope. The wind blew the boy's light brown wavy hair revealing his pale skin. He strolled to the gate of the park and stopped thinking if he should go into the darkness that lay before him. He looked back at his home and then at the tall shadow formed on the pavement because of his tall figure for his age. He stood for a solid minute not moving a muscle like a statue but then dragged himself through the old rusty gates. As he strolled through the owl statues on each end of the gates stared at him as he went into the isolated park where the birds did not dare to fly over.

The boy knew he had to go into the park to discover the thing that lurked there and to meet his fear. If he had not his nightmares would never end. He walked on the pathway towards the lake as the trees watched him. The boy could barely see the lake in front of him in the blinding darkness. It was the moon that lit the pathway he had to follow. The boy knew where the thing was but tried not to think of it as it would make his unbelievable courage fail. The boy carried on walking but at a faster pace like a spy who lurked in the shadows. The boy felt he was being watched but did not dare to stop, as he would then be part of the darkness. An owl screeched in the far distance a warning to go back but the boy did not. He began to run to cover more time and get away from the owl warnings. He looked back at the path and saw the moon only lit the path in front of him not behind. He jogged past the mini play area he would just have to pass the old oak tree on his left to have reached the lake. The boy now was sure he was being watched as he thought he saw a glimmer of eyes deep in the trees next to him. A cold shiver ran down his spine at the very thought. He glanced at the old oak tree as he sprinted passed it. He was finally there in front of the lake that troubled his mind and all of his deepest thoughts.

The boy knelt down and searched through the dark water with his eyes. Although he was unable to see anything in the darkness he still carried on searching. Searching through for something he could not find. The water was still and silent and in the middle of the lake lay a bed of fog that seemed not to move. The boy heard nothing not even the quietest whisper of the wind. As the boy searched he noticed he was not at all alone.

The moon peered out of the cloud struggling to give light. The lake lit up as the moon came out, it was a beautiful sight but the boy had no time to admire it. The boy's light brown eyes shun through the darkness now. The boy noticed something he had never noticed before that a small island lay in the middle of the lake with uncut grass that seemed at first a field of hair because of the darkness. Also in the centre of the island there were wild trees whose branches swept out low and touched the lake's still water. The boy needed his friend as the darkness grew again because the moon was defeated by the fierce clouds. Then the boy saw it his heart leapt at the sight of his greatest possession, an item he could not stay without. His beautiful silver necklace that meant a lot to the boy as his grandmother had given it to him as she died. However there was a problem something or someone overlooked behind him at the boy's great possession.

The boy could not move a muscle it seemed he had become a statue of the dark night. He heard heavy panting behind him. The boy did not dare to move around or make even a squeak of a noise. Heavy thuds were coming near to him. Thud, only a few paces away, thud any moment know the boy could feel, thud it was nearly there, thud sweat poured down the boy's face and spine running down it, thud the boy could feel something's hot breath on his neck, thud it was right behind him.

"Ahhhhhh!" screamed the boy with great triumph to know he could speak.

"What's the matter?" shouted the boy's mother down the hallway. "What have you done now?" said the boy's mother as she burst in through the door. "You aren't having nightmares again are you?" asked the boy's mother in not a sympathetic tone.

"No, no I just yelled because I remembered it's my birthday in four days time" lied the boy trying to put a smile with great effort.

"Yeah and pigs can fly" said the boy's mother sarcastically. "By the way Jack where is that necklace your grandmother gave you?" asked his mother.

"Um it's here somewhere" the boy lied again twice in a row and he was not feeling good about himself at all.

"Oh okay make sure you find it before your birthday okay" told the mother.

"Yeah I will you have my word" said the boy with great relief as she left the room. The boy knew it was impossible to retrieve the necklace and since he was absolutely frightened of the park. However he had to no matter what he saw in the park at night and no matter all the nightmares, he had to get his most precious possession back. So the boy decided to

visit the park during the night when nobody would notice he had gone as he was not allowed to go to the park as whenever he did he always got lost and then it was nearly impossible to find him again as he would stay as silent as a mouse.

The day went tremendously fast which was a dislike to the boy. Time grew nearer and nearer he had to go he could not back out now. The few hours before the boy's bedtime went so fast that the boy was surprised his mother had not noticed. Once it was his bedtime he swept up the stairs and dragged himself to sleep as his thoughts were gone about the park.

It seemed he had only laid his head on his pillow when his alarm went off. The boy quickly smacked the alarm off and roused himself up. He picked up his bright digital clock and studied it until his eyes adjusted to darkness and told him it was 12.03am. The boy then walked around the room searching for his torch that he had placed on his desk. He then put on some warm clothes and a bright white jacket. Trying to avoid the squeaky steps the boy managed to get downstairs without waking anyone. He then unlocked the door and then left the house by himself taking in a gulp of fresh air.

The cold autumn night breeze welcomed him as he shut the door silently behind him. He stared at the park's old gates and wondered if he should turn back but dismissed the idea. He crossed the road without looking, as there would be no cars at this time of night. It was a cloudy night where the moon just managed to shine its light on Jack's light brown hair. The boy made his way towards the gates and remembered his dream. He stood there like in his dream but then again dragged himself through the gates as the two owl statues watched him enter the isolated park. The same winding path that took the boy on a fierce walk met him again. The trees seemed too silent for the night and not even a single leaf fell. However the boy did not try to look at the trees but his eyes were fixed on the lake that the path led to.

The darkness increased as he got deeper into the heart of the park. The boy did not want to use his torch as it may attract unwanted things. The darkness was blinding but the boy managed to find the path. A thin layer of fog seemed to lay on the path which did not help the boy at all. The boy started to walk faster as he approached the mini play area. He knew too well not to linger or make a noise so he tried to avoid the temptation of stopping and looking around as he felt he was being watched.

The boy jogged passed the old oak tree and was finally in front of the icy lake. He knelt down again knowing were he had lost the necklace. He searched again but could not see a thing with the fog becoming very thick now. He pulled out his torch from his pocket and told himself he would have to risk a little light to find it faster. The bright torch shun onto the lake and disturbed the quiet water. Even with the light it was hard to find it. He carried on searching forgetting he was in the park and was deeply concentrating to find the necklace. The breeze that had met him outside his house met him again. It made little ripples in the lake, which made it no easier to find. Just when the boy was about to give up he saw it a glimmer of light through the lake that brightened his face. With a leap of joy the boy swept his hand into the cold lack making him shiver and grabbed the necklace. The boy admired it as it came out but then realising he was still in the park put it back into his zipped pocket. The boy then got up and just when he was about to turn around he saw something.

The boy's heart sank at the sight he saw and all joy was drained away from his face. He saw two bright yellow almond shape eyes in the island that lay in the middle of the lake. The boy quickly put out his torch and then stood silently waiting to see if the thing moved or not. It stood silently not blinking not moving and keeping its eyes fixed onto the boy. The boy's heart banged against his chest and little droplets of sweat began to form on his long forehead. Then the boy decided he had to make a move to know if it was going to move. The boy walked a few paces to the right without losing his concentration on the things eyes. With a sigh of relief the things eyes did not move with the boy but then the thing blinked and again fixed its eyes on the boy. The boys mouth went dry and then he knew he could not stay there he had to run. He turned around and forced his jelly like legs to move. He sprinted at full speed down the path he had come without looking back. He was panting hard but did not stop. He was only a few paces away from the gate when he halted again.

This time it was not the eyes that stopped him but the whole figure. The thing stood in its path its razor sharp teeth sticking out with drool dripping on the side of its mouth. It was a wolf an adult wolf that seemed not to have eaten for days because of its bony figure. Its bright eyes stared into the boys. The boy stood like he had been turned into stone and waited for the wolf to make a move. The wolf made its way into the light, its brown dirty coat did not make the boy feel better. It took another step but then stopped. The boy looked at the wolfs eyes and noticed it no longer stared at him but something else. The boy forcing his head around let out a shriek.

It was another wolf slightly younger and chubbier. The boy gulped as sweat began to wash his body. His legs trembled at the sight. The boy then turned back to the adult wolf. It seemed not to be interested in the boy now. The smaller one made a move to the boy and so did the adult one. They both had a step each when something the boy never imagined would happen. The wolf behind leapt into the air as the adult one did to. Both missing the boy began to fight as the boy watched in amazement. Almost forgetting they were wolves not wrestlers the boy took the chance and sprinted down the path out of the gate without looking back until he reached his door. He had made it the boy thought as he took out his necklace and admired it again before going back into the house and thinking sadly that he would not be able to tell anyone about his bravery.