

It was in late December nearing the end of the winter term. Wendy Madison was on the bus. The traffic was murder! The perfect blue sky is torn by a swarm of evil grey clouds.

Her jet black hair shimmered on her head. Her eyes were like car headlights so bright and eye catching. Her rosy cheeks shone like 2 cherries on a cake. She was shivering. Her little hands felt numb and frozen. Her nose was as red as Rudolf's and it was running like a broken tap.

She sat alone on the bus; just her and the driver who was hiding his face under his cap which was part of his uniform. His eyes were locked on to hers through the driver's mirror. ▲As soon as he saw she saw he looked away instantly.

He was clearly not concentrating on his driving. In fact, he even took a wrong turn but then managed to find his way again. She put her hands on the windows and wiped them.

▲All of a sudden "WHIRWOOO, WHIRWOOO, WHIRWOOO, WHIRWOOO!" of a siren was getting closer and louder. The driver put his hands on the wheel and took the sharpest turn she had ever experienced. He stopped the bus in a narrow road (off the route it should have been). He hopped off the bus and locked it with Wendy inside it. She wanted to scream but no one was around to help her.

The driver made a phone call, he started to get panicky and he looked very distressed and disturbed. She tried to listen in to the conversation to find out what was going on. She could only hear little voices of aggressive conversation.

She crawled out the fire exit forgetting to pick up her bag, thinking she had a lucky escape.

He saw her shadow then run up to it. He pointed and yelled at the top of his voice in a violent tone "HEY!! HEYY YOU! Where are you going?" he breathed in deeply and out.

"There's no use, little girl! There's no on there" the deep, croaky voice warned.

Wendy turned around then saw his for the first time. His shaggy brown hair was covering his face like blood stained curtains. His eyes were large boulders rolling out of his eye-lid-caves. His lips were dryer than the Sahara desert. Wendy was terrified.

She ran as fast as she could. He chased. She ended up running into Scadbury Park. She hid behind the trees curled up like a leaf. The driver got his torch out and started searching. She knew if she made a sound he would capture her; and only God knew what would happen if he did.

"You can run but you can't hide, there isn't anyone here! It's just you and me now." He dropped his torch and disappeared behind the mist.

Her instincts were all over the place. She didn't know what to do. She was amazed at what just happened but most of all she was shocked. She reached out for her phone and dialled for her mum. There was no signal. She carefully stood up and walked to school.

It was raining cats and dogs and the narrow roads of Chislehurst were swimming in little puddles of rain; making her shoes and tights damp. Each drop more vicious than the one before. The trees were bare and the leaves were rustling beneath her feet distracting her from the loneliness she felt.

Looking through the mist was like having your glasses wrapped in tracing paper; she could just about make out where she was going. She walked down the Beaverwood road and the trees were swaying to the echoey melody of the breeze. ▲As it hit her face it brought shivers down her spine. It seemed like she was going and getting no-where as if she was on a treadmill; the road felt longer than ever. Every time she exhaled, she could see the coldness. Her gloves didn't keep her hands warm and her scarf wasn't any good either. She was kicking the stones around her feet. She looked up...and there it was ...Beaverwood!

▲As she walked into the Beaverwood gates; she noticed it was surprisingly empty but her adventurous side persuaded her to go on. The grand Victorian building loomed in the dull autumn light. It was like a dark cave. Not one light had been switched on for a long time because the buttons were stiff. The faint odour of rotten garbage could still be smelt in the dark and empty corridors of the school. The old roof was like crumbling toast and the gates were rustier than the iron man in the wizard of oz. The windowsill had a fringe of leaves. The bricks were slowly eroding smoky air. The bell-tower was just sitting there! Waiting! The cobwebs cuddling the ceiling, decorating the whole school as if it were a Christmas tree. ▲All the books had gathered dust and the floor was slippery.

The silence was an ear piercing scream of torture but that still did not stop her. She walked through

the main block constantly watching over her shoulder. The tip-tapping of her footsteps was playing like a soft rhythmic drum. She could feel the wind howling like an injured werewolf even from the safety of the school building protecting her.

It was as though the world is listening. His voice was beginning to grate on Wendy's mind, slowly poisoning her soul like intoxicating fumes. "There's no use, little girl! There's no on there, There's no on there, There's no on there, There's no on there!" It felt as though they were laughing in a sea of sadness. ▲An icy stare was following her every step and she was anticipating a daunting incident to occur.

But yet the humming continued like an annoying ringtone! She was desperately trying to discover for the source of the noise...

She ran like the wind through the gloomy corridors when a silhouette emerged from a distance. It was a small, slim figure. She went to have a closer look but it felt as if she was being stalked by her own shadow. It was slowly disappearing. She stood shielding herself with the rotten wooden door. She looked both ways before she stepped inside the room cautiously.