

*the waking dead*



The moon was shining, this was the only source of light for Fred. He couldn't blame anyone but himself for being stuck in here. It all started tonight when Fred told Alice, his sister, that she was a cowered. Alice was displeased about what he said, to prove him wrong she went to cemetery grumpily. As the hours passed, Fred was getting more anxious. He couldn't tell his parents! What would they say? Thought Fred. He was starting to have butterfly in his tummy.

He changed his pyjamas to a dark blue pair of jeans and a t-shirt. Slowly and carefully, doing his best to make no noise, he went down the stairs making sure he did not walk on the creaking stairs. The cemetery was not far from their home.

Finally, he got their but something was wrong...



It was nearly past midnight and the gates were unlocked. *That is out of the ordinary*, thought Fred. The man that closes the gates, had never forgot to do his job properly in 12 years. As he passed the gates a speckle of wind shuffled his brown hair. "This is getting creepy." muttered Fred to himself.

His heart was in his mouth as he saw a white weird mist covering the different sized graves like a blanket. "I am not scared of anything!" shouted Fred bravely.

"Help!" he roared.

At the gates he saw two gargoyles staring back at him. His teeth were chattering. Fred continued walking. The branches of the trees whooshed as the the leaves trembled on the forest floor.

He thought of his sister and how this was all his fault. However, he knew he would find her and that they can go home or that this was just a dream and that he will pinch himself to find himself back in bed. These thoughts encouraged him to keep moving forward. The leaves were crackling under his feet. It felt like the hours were pouring down.

Fred could heard a girl crying...

"AAAAAAH" a high pitch voice echoed. "No no! This can not be happening absolutely not!" Just then he remembered this voice it was no monsters but hes sister!

Fred ran towards his sister, exited to see her... but in the same time scared that it might not be her. What if it was someone else that was going to hurt him? All of a sudden he saw his sister being pulled down by white, dead, ghostly hands. They were pulling her in to the soil.

And now were pulling him too...



End