



By Zoe

Carrow Lake

Carrow Lake has always been unusual. Suspicious of the unusual sounds, eerie echoes and myriad of mysterious shadows, people tended to stay well away from it. Carrow Lake was far away from civilisations and the hustle and bustle of towns and cities.

As the crows circled and the toads burped, the lake called for victims. It lured unsuspecting people coming from miles away into its shadowy depths, people to never be seen again. Missing posters engulfed the town from floor to ceiling, battered by the heat waves of a malicious sun. Relentlessly, police searched in vain, month after month as the evil lake incessantly scraped its watery claws along the rough, pebbled shore. Amused, the beast watched on greedily, filling its belly with innocent souls.

By Stan

THE SCARECROW

Harry was a very mean guy. Not only was he mean but he was very selfish. He hated everything except for one thing: rugby. If anything wasn't rugby related, he would despise it. But the thing he hated the most was the scarecrow.

He hated that stupid scarecrow ever since he was a little boy. His dad put it up in the fields 13 years ago to keep the crows away from his crops. And even now he still hates it. He hated it so much on Halloween night he and his friends would beat it up. Like throw eggs on his head or whacking glass bottles all around him. But this Halloween he had an evil plan.

This Halloween he was going to light him up! So he called his friends to come over to help him. But all of them said they were sick. One of them even said he had thrown up a lot of hay.

Harry didn't like that his friends had left him all by himself. He felt like he had been betrayed. But that wasn't the worst feeling he had tonight!

As soon as he got home, Harry went into the fields to find the annoying scarecrow. And so he searched. And searched. And searched. It was almost midnight and yet he still hadn't found the scarecrow. He had enough! Harry wanted to go home as it was way too cold outside. So turned around and fell.

Standing in front of him was a disheveled, beaten, limp scarecrow standing in front of him.

Its right arm had fallen from the damage Harry had done to him. And strange bugs came crawling out of his eyes. Harry tried to get up but as soon as he did the crooked scarecrow sprung to life.

And it pointed directly at Harry.

Harry screamed as loud as he could and sprinted away. Suddenly, the scarecrow moved its legs and started walking towards Harry. But Harry didn't look back to see the scarecrow was right behind him. All of sudden, Harry accidentally toppled to the ground. He had tripped over a grey rock that was sticking out the ground. Harry rapidly tried to get back up but the scarecrow grabbed him!

Suddenly, Harry felt sick. He felt like a packet of ice had just hit him. He felt like he could barely move. His head became hurting. And his heart felt like it stopped beating! His face felt rough due to the hessian. Suddenly out of nowhere, long thick strips of hay came from his eyes, ears and mouth. He tried to get to his mother who was inside his house. But it was too far away. No way was he going to make it there in time. After about 2 minutes he had officially been frozen.

There was nothing left except for two disheveled scarecrows...

By Edward

In the haunted house, where spiders crawl, the sound of death became louder and louder. When you walk in you can see nothing but darkness and dust on the old jagged furniture. The stairs creak and make a loud screech as if a banshee were there. Spirits, like ghosts, lurch through the house to haunt those you dare to enter...

By Megan