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Pretty Little Noses

I know something is wrong the minute I step into the corridor. Pictures and pieces of paper are strewn across the hallway, the carpet is ripped up into a million pieces. I bend over and pick up one of the pictures. It shows my best friend Danny and his dad, Fergus, standing in Old Trafford when Man U won the cup. I am about to put it down when I realise that there is something odd about their faces. Then I see it. Both of their noses have been carefully cut out to leave a hole in their heads.

I walk into the kitchen to find every single cupboard door and drawer lying open. I turn around to find something written in red: *Big noses, small noses, fat noses, thin noses, all noses will do.* At this point I'm contemplating on leaving but something catches my eye. All of the knives in the cutlery drawer are missing. Now I think I have to leave so I start towards the door. But the second I put my hand on the door, someone calls out from above, "*Mmm noses. Pretty, pretty noses.*" Then the person lets out a deranged laugh like something out of a horror movie. Unfortunately, curiosity gets the better of me and I start towards the stairs.

When I reach the top of the stairs all of the doors are shut except from one. At the end of the hall, Danny's bedroom door lies wide open. I hear it again, "*Mmm noses. Pretty, pretty noses,*" and that same deranged laugh. I walk closer to Danny's bedroom, not knowing what I should expect to find in the room. Danny's room is only a few feet away when I notice something written on the door: *Noses* in red. But then I notice that the red didn't come from a felt tip pen, it came from someone's body...it was blood!

When I look inside Danny's room I see his bed upside down, his desk split in half and two people lying in the middle of the room. The first person I see is a man...Danny's dad, Fergus. I can't see the other person's face but he looks younger. Then I see something that makes me want to puke, the younger person starts trying to saw Fergus's nose off! But Fergus isn't screaming in pain, he just lies there motionless. Suddenly, it hits me...he's dead.

After about five minute of me just standing there staring at Fergus, the second person turns around. What I see is my worst nightmare. It's... "*Danny!*" I shout before I can stop myself. No reply. He just stares at me as if he doesn't know me. There is something about his appearance.

"*What the...*" I say to myself, "he's lost his nose too!"

Then he says something, "*Mmm a new nose for me to try.*"

"*What!?*" I say, a little bit freaked out by what he just said.

"*Noses, noses, NOSES!*"

He stands up and starts moving towards me. I turn around and run.

Next thing I know I'm bolting it as fast as I can down the stairs to the front door....but I'm not fast enough. He catches me. He pins me to the floor and brings out knife. "*Danny, please don't do this!*" I shout, "*Please!*" It's no use. He takes the knife and drives it into my nose. I scream in agony.

"*Are you OK Jack?*" says a voice.

"*What?*" I say.

"*We heard you scream.*"

"*Sorry, Mum, just a bad dream.*"

"*OK, good night then.*"

"*Good night,*" I say and I fall into a deep sleep for the rest of the night.