

Writer's Craft – Tom's Terror

It was a cold, damp night as Tom walked past the old school. The moon was full and shining in the inky blue sky. Stars twinkled and the piercing wind blew Tom's hair over his eyes.

"Ouch!" yelled Tom, as he crashed onto the soggy ground. Tom had just tripped over a large, jagged rock, or at least that is what it looked like. Rubbing his knee he got to his feet. He looked around to see if anybody had saw him fall. As he turned around he saw something move in the shadows over at the old school. He was a little scared but that wouldn't stop Tom.

Tom's heart was beating fast as he got closer to the school. He opened the gate slowly and tiptoed towards the door. Gingerly, he pushed the door open and stepped inside...