NIGHTMARE  By Wasjah

It was a dark and stormy night. As midnight chimed, the man drove home from work, relieved to follow the road and avoid the scary, snake-infested spooky jungle. Yet that night, the road he always took was blocked, so he had to edge his car along the dangerous jungle path.

When he arrived in the heart of the jungle, his car stopped suddenly. Frantically he tried to fix it, but he couldn’t. Grabbing his phone, he tried to call home, but his phone’s battery was dead. There was no alternative. He stepped carefully out of the car and started walking - hoping to find someone and ask for help. As he was walking, he could hear footsteps behind him, but when he stopped to listen, so the footsteps did. He turned nervously around to see who was there, but there was no one. Trembling, he began walking again, but this time he heard someone whispering his name. “Hello! Is anyone here?” the man cried. No one answered. He felt the air move as if someone was running towards him, and he panicked. Sprinting in the other direction, not knowing where he was going, he spied a small and dirty house. All the lights were off. Then someone struck a match to light a candle, and he saw their shadow through the window.

Relieved that someone lived there, he knocked at the door, and the door opened on its own. He rushed upstairs, but he couldn’t find anyone. Suddenly, as he turned around, he saw a man with menacing red eyes, and long claw-like nails. With the strength of fear and fury, he pushed the other man who flew backwards through the wooden wall. “Aaaaaaah!” the man shouted, sweating and shaking.

“The worst nightmare I ever had.” he panted.