



Mackie Noo

What a terrible fright. Oh I can't tell you. It was so awful. It was a windy night. Cool as well. I'd finished dusting and just needed to rearrange the crockery for the morning. I was upstairs. Oh gosh it was cold! I'd worn extra woollens. In July!

As I turned the corner from the washroom I saw it. It faced the other way. TALL, STOOPED OVER. It looked for all my pearls like a very tall man with a top hat on. But it had VERY BIG EARS. Pointed. I wasn't to know it was some creature with a FLAT HEAD. Why should I think such a thing?

"Hello," I said. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

Then he turned. Its EYES WERE BRIGHT. Like fire. It gazed at me. Its NECK WAS VERY LONG. I could hear a most terrible grunting, but most of its face was deep in shadow. Except the eyes.

It walked toward me. SLIME was dripping from it. Its clothes were tattered. A ZOMBIE?

It couldn't really walk so well. I stepped backwards but still it came. Its arms were now outstretched. One leg appeared shorter than the other. In fact I'm fairly sure it had bizarre CLAWS on its feet.

I ran downstairs and outside. Mr Potts from the terrace was kind enough to follow me back in, but I swear the beast had gone! I never saw it leave yet it was gone.

