

Assignment: To write your complete mystery story



Ali starred in terror as the dark, petrifying house seemed to loom over each and every shadow that the Earth owned. As he stood there, watching the house's every move, the wind must have seeped into the door, which creaked open, with a loud, but aged creak. His curiosity getting the better of him, Ali stepped through the daunting dusty door, and climbed up the steps where a long ancient hallway revealed itself to him.

The hallway swirled and twirled, around and around. There were many paintings on the ancient walls of the hallway, all of them ancient. One was of a woman with a large white wig atop her head; Ali almost screamed at the sight of her. Every so often, a door would seem to jump out at him from the enclosed corridor. As Ali passed one of the doors, he saw that it was open, just like the front door, so he turned to face it and felt a sudden urge to open it.

Revealed to his dumbfounded eyes was a room where every single object inside had claw marks or was ripped. There were posters of strange looking rock stars that seemed to be looking straight at him, into the depths of his very soul. All the furniture had claw marks sprawled across them, as if they were alive, but how could they be? Ali had a horrible feeling, a feeling that he was being watched by the heart of hell itself. He fled, running as fast as his legs could carry him.

Ali considered running straight out of the door, even though he was usually a courageous boy, but he remembered why he was there in the first place, and turned his back against the door. He stood at the foot of the great hurricane of a staircase. Winding up and up and up, this was no ordinary staircase. The wood was rotting. There were pieces of carpets and clothing and bed-sheets, broken shards of glass, and random objects spread widely all the way up the stairs, and there were more claw marks. When Ali was at the top of the stairs he forced himself to turn round the corner to see what was on the other side of the ripped, jagged wall.

There were several rooms upstairs, floating around him as if they were the devil's clouds. He went into one of the rooms, and found it to be exactly the same as the one downstairs, apart from one thing...

At the back of the room, was a creature, a creature that Ali was petrified by the very second he laid eyes on it, and every second after that. It was a creature that was about half the size of you or me; it had rough skin, underneath all the slime and gooey fluids that lay on his grotesque skin. With red eyes as large as tennis balls, you could see the source of the pure evil that flowed through his revolting body. Its nose was short and fat, and its round head was bald; it had wings, each one as large as his body. There was only one explanation for this - this was a Whallop! One thing was for sure, the Whallop could seal Ali's fate for Whallop's possessed something that humans did not... magic.

The Whallop stood there, frozen in panic. This intrepid boy could run out of the old, creaky haunted house, and tell everybody about him, for although the Whallop was mighty, he did not have the magic to fight such things. Then a thought struck the creature. No-one would believe the tales of a young boy who had ventured into an old house, and found a mythical creature. He laughed, before flying into the adjacent room. Ali hesitated, then followed the Whallop.

The monster was doing something unbelievably disgusting; he was eating horse dung. He must have sneaked into the stables at night so he could feast on the repulsive substance. As Ali staggered into the malodorous room, he put his sleeve over his face, so he would not smell the foul matter. The Whallop had not thought that this skinny little shrimp of a boy would follow a large, mighty creature so he paused for a moment and gazed in awe at this small child, filled with the utmost courage.

Ali's intentions towards the Whallop were not bad. All he wanted was to be the Whallop's friend. Slowly he approached the strange creature, and bent over him.

“I don’t mean you any harm,” he spoke, softly.

“What do you mean?” asked the Whallop. Intrigued, Ali stretched closer to him and the Whallop explained to him how humans had been in his house before and that they did not like what they saw; they fled the house in fear, as fast as lightning, to tell their friends and family about him. The Whallop had been excited to have lots of company at first, but then the humans tried to kill him.

“This happened many, many times, until...” and here the Whallop paused, “... until they turned me into the horrible creature that I am.” Then he started to cry.

“That must have been horrible!” Ali cried, all his fear flooding into the distance as his shout echoed through the empty eerie house. “Why don’t you come home with me?” said Ali gently.

“C-c-come home with you?” sniffled the Whallop, wiping away his tears. “I would love to ... but wouldn't everybody hate me?”

“Not if I explained to them that you meant no harm,” answered Ali.

“Th-th-thank you!” the Whallop shouted, happiness filling his gloomy house.

Ali and the Whallop agreed a plan, then went to the village in which Ali lived. When they first arrived, everyone had their doubts, but with a little bit of persuading, Ali turned their thoughts round. The Whallop finally had a place to live, surrounded by people who loved him.

And if you look carefully, you will find the haunted house may still be there. And maybe, just maybe, someone is waiting there to be saved by another brave traveller.



Formatted: Space After: 0 pt, Line spacing: Multiple
1.15 li