

BLOOD AND SCREAMS!!!

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Sandra and Tosker have snuck into the haunted house But have been caught, but much worse things are to follow so read the story and find out what is to happen!!

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Chapter 1 - Chapter

2

1 - Chapter

Chapter 1

“Ok, there is nowhere out of this predicament,” Whispered Sandra, crouched behind the tall, antique clock beside me. I could see she was as frightened as me of the huge, muscly guard of the haunted house, Brad, and at this very moment he was slowly lumbering towards our hiding place with a mad-as-hell look in his cold, green eyes. Sandra and I had snuck into the haunted house but we had been caught, now we had to try and escape so that we wouldn’t get mashed into a pulp. “We could run through his legs,” I suggested. Sandra looked at me as if I was crazy then she spoke “What!? He Would crush us to death if we got our head even near half way through!” At this remark I thought, then it came to me, “Hey Sandra, there is a secret way out of the haunted house it is just behind the couch, we should be able to reach it if we run to the side of him, because he has such hulking figure we could out-run him easy!” She stared at me for a couple of seconds in admiration then said “ok lets do it.” “on my count... one...two-”

I was cut short of my count by Brad lifting the wooden clock from its place and then throwing it down on to the ground, with a crash, the clock shattered to pieces near the doorway to the living room “THREE” I yelled, then Sandra and I both bolted towards the old, rugged couch. I nearly there when Sandra tripped and cut her knee on one of the nails poking out of the crooked floor boards, she yelped at the sight of Brad leaning over about to grab her, I had to think fast if I was going to help her, I took-off and got the lamp off the mantel piece in the next room, I came back into the living room and without thinking I threw it at Brad’s head.

I knew I should have had a proper aim because he now had Sandra in his firm grasp. The lamp spun through the air, closed my eyes and hoped. Then I heard a loud CRACK, Sandra’s scream and then a loud THUD on the floor. I opened my eyes and stared in horror.

I had hit Brad with such a force that he dropped Sandra!

But that was not what I was staring at, I was staring at Brad, lying on the floor his head was cracked open and blood was seeping through his thick brown hair as he lay there with his mouth open in a silent scream, and what happened next made my Stomach turn over and give me nightmares for a month. Brad’s ghost started to rise out of his dead body!