

We walked up the old wooden steps to the front door. The door creaked open and we went inside, sat down, and started to eat a chocolate bar, when...

... We heard a noise. It sounded like a small group of kids ... screaming. We hid under the bed, looked around but there was nothing. Suddenly, we saw a light. I was feeling that someone was getting closer to me and my friends but we didn't hear footsteps. Everything was getting darker. I heard someone whisper but it wasn't Walter, Smith or Michael. No one moved until we saw blood on Smith, his ears were ripped off and he stopped breathing for a long time - but no one noticed that. There were scars on his face. When we saw him, we ran away from this house and we tried to go home. When we were running in the forest, Walter fell and disappeared. I was still running with Michael. We had been looking for him for 15 minutes when we saw him under a tree: he had lost his arms and his legs. When Michael saw him like this, he ran as fast as he could and let me there, alone. I managed to survive and to go back home. When I finally succeeded in coming out of this forest, I heard someone screaming. It was Michael... I kept on walking...

Adama Diack