

RETURN OF THE FISHERMEN

Teachers' Choice Award Lucy Grant 9B1

We sat there patiently and quietly. I could hear the heavy rain drum off the roof and onto the grimy, grubby ground. After about twenty minutes or so, old man Jerry got on stage and told us they'd be leaving in 5 minutes. It was time to say goodbye to our beloved fathers. They were going to go fish on the open sea. They'd be gone for two whole weeks. I couldn't believe it! My father had only ever stayed away for five days before! My father picked me up and told me to be good. I promised him I would be, then he said goodbye to Mother grabbed his dull, dark, droopy bag and boarded the ship. It was as tall as a mountain. I waved him goodbye with a heavy heart, already looking forward to his return ...

Two weeks passed by so quickly! We had breakfast, washed the dishes, spruced up and headed for the harbour. I could hardly even keep my excitement inside! "Who would want to be a fisherman?" I thought, looking at my mother. It was hard to tell if she was excited or not. She definitely didn't show it like us kids! The harbour was filled with friends and family waiting for the ship to arrive. I stood there and watched for the big, old, wooden ship to come into sight. After what felt like an eternity, we spotted the ship. Everyone cheered and shouted, even screamed! We all rushed over to the massive boat once it entered the harbour, but as it slowed at the harbour wall, we all suddenly stopped ...

The deck of the boat was empty. No-one was on board! We all stared in complete and utter shock! Then, out of nowhere we heard a rough, horrid voice, "Run! Run or we will take you, just like your fishermen. Run, run!" it hissed.

Mother grabbed me and we bolted desperately for our old, run-down white cottage. Whatever was on that boat followed us. As we ran, the voices grew louder and more terrifying. My heart was in my mouth as I realised that there were more than one of these creatures! We burst into the cottage and slammed the door behind us. Mother frantically bolted the door as I scrambled to close and lock the windows, pulling the curtains tightly.

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Mother grabbed me and we backed into the dark corner of the kitchen. The door was being pounded constantly. It sounded as if an army was trying to break in. I tried to scream, but no sound came out. I tried to move, but gripped by fear, I had become a statue. Suddenly, the door flew off its hinges and I looked into the eyes of a face of pure evil. The creatures slithered slowly across the stone floor, their ghost-like bodies reaching towards Mother and me ...