The Red Eye

Outside, the wind howled across the fens, the rain lashed down relentlessly, and the moon hid behind the dark clouds of grey. Inside, the school was dark. Sally tiptoed down the eerie corridor, slipped into the empty classroom, and began to frantically search for the map.

The wind fell silent. Sally heard the door creak open. She ducked down behind the table, her heart thudding and her mind ablaze with questions. Silently, cautiously, ominously, somebody entered the classroom. A red eye flickered. Who was it?

Pausing in the darkness, she began to think back and formalise how she had ended up in such a mess. It was only a few hours before that she was tidying up at the end of the school day. She had taken her father's antique map and, without thinking, put it onto Miss Simpsons disorganised desk for safekeeping.

Of course, she had forgotten to take the precious map home! Her dad needed it for the next day, and she knew that that would mean a midnight escapade. So here she was, crouching in the darkness, her heart nagging with fear.

Suddenly, without warning, the lights flicked on. Sally peered over the table, blinking like an owl, trying to work out the foreign figure that had just walked through the door. It was her brother, Kevin, and had the map in his hand! “Come on!” He hissed impatiently, “could you be any slower?”

Ten minutes later, and they were home. Dad, who was none the wiser, had the map, that he was so passionate about. Kevin gloated, and Sally lay tucked up on the sofa. Beyond the window, the darkness gathered, the storm died to a whisper and the empty street fell silent. Nothing moved... Nothing stirred... Except for a cold, red eye.