The Unusual Visitor

It began as an ordinary day, like all others. But only if Lucas had listened to the news, this story would be different. Very different.

There he sat quietly eating his breakfast (trying not to spill any—as he always did) not knowing what the day had in store for him. “Morning son,” his dad called entering the room and switched on the morning news. His dad had forced him to watch it. Apparently it’s good to know what’s going on in the world, “An unusual visitor, never seen before, was sighted in town last night, hovering around the bank.” There’s no way that’s true Lucas reassured himself.

He sprinted to meet up with his best friend, Sam, by their usual meeting point, the local shop around the corner from school. “Did you hear about the strange visitor this morning?” Sam asked, “I think we better hurry.” “If he is real and finds us, he’ll have to deal with me!” Lucas exclaimed.

When they arrived at school, everyone was discussing the puzzling mystery that had occurred the night before. Lucas didn’t understand. How can all this silly news be true he thought. Everyone who he had tried to speak to would only have one thing to speak about; the masked visitor. He simply just walked away uninterested of what they were going to say.

Later that day, in the cold winters evening, Lucas began his slow walk back. The knotted and gnarled trees loomed intimidatingly over him as the powerful wind push him back almost as if telling him not to go. It all seemed true now. He was frightened now, very frightened. The only light was the beaming light that lit up the eerie night sky. He walked down the cobbled, meandering path and teared through the front door. Relief washed over him.

Lucas was exhausted but just as had entered his room, he spotted a familiar, black figure, through the window, on the streets heading towards the house. Lucas’ heart pounded. What happens if he comes in, captures me, kil… The front door opened with a creak.