

## Night of Terror

By Mason M.

It was a dark and stormy night. Max was home alone. “Thump! Thump!”. The sound came from inside the house. Max wasn’t alone anymore. “Scraaaatccccchhhh! Scratch!” Someone was coming towards Max’s room. Max didn’t know what to do so he quickly hid under his bed and texted his dad. No signal. The “Thump! Thump!” was getting louder. The bedroom door creaked open. Someone walked in and then the door slammed. The scowling face of a stranger looked under the bed and saw Max. He yanked Max from under the bed and an evil voice said, “I’ll be back.” Then the stranger disappeared. Max ran to the restroom and locked the door. He fumbled for his phone and tried to dial his mom’s number. “Ring. Please, ring!” whimpered Max. One ring. Two rings. “Hello,” said mom. “Mom! Mom! Help!” Max yelled. He could hear his mom saying “Hello? Hello?” and then she hung up. Bam! Bam! The stranger was back pounding on the bathroom door. “Let me in! I won’t hurt you!” At that moment, the front door opened. Max thought it was his mom, so he threw open the bathroom door, darted past the man and ran for the front door. But it was a trick. There was no one at the front door. The stranger jumped out and started running after Max. Max locked himself in the closet under the stairs. There was a brief silence followed by the sound of the stranger picking the lock on the closet door with a bobby pin. Max held his breath. The door slowly opened and Max screamed, “Oh nooooo!” Suddenly “BUUUUUUUUUZZZZZZZZ!!” Max was startled by his alarm clock. “Phew!” It was all a dream.