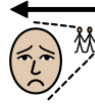


One wet evening, Tom, who was alone in his room, was playing on his X Box



when a message suddenly appeared. It was from his friend James, asking



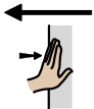
him to meet later in the old, abandoned park to create a dance video.



He thought for a moment, unsure whether it was a good idea. After



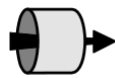
deliberating, he excitedly finished his game, turned off his bedroom light and



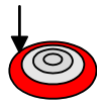
shoved his camera into his backpack. As quiet as a mouse, whilst his mum



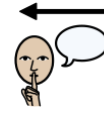
slept, he tiptoed down the stairs and stepped silently into the night. He could



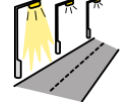
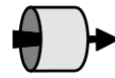
feel his blood racing through his body.



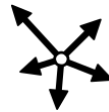
Ten minutes later, Tom arrived at the outskirts of the derelict, deserted park.



The gates stood high looming over him and the trees whispered a silent



warning. He shivered. As he shuffled through the park, old lampposts



illuminated a dusty pathway, but everywhere else was consumed by



darkness. He felt like he was being watched as a blanket of clouds held

back the moonlight. All was still.



As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, Tom could see the play equipment



in the distance. Quickly, he set up his camera ready to film. He looked



around

but could see



nothing

but



rusty



swings,

long



grass

and

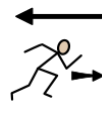


overgrown

hedges. A



light



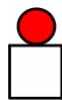
began

to flicker. A strange, icy feeling ran down



his spine.

Was someone there?



Warily, Tom sat

on

the moss-covered



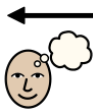
bench

and



waited

for James.



How long would he be he

wondered?

Behind him, he heard the



metal



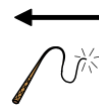
chains

chinking a



sharp

tone. He



whipped

his head around and could hear



the grinding

of the



merry-go-round

as it slowly



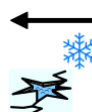
turned.

He heard a



scurry.

Tom jumped up, looked around and



froze.

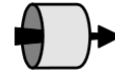


Nothing

was there. The



wind howled menacingly as his heart pounded in his chest like a hammer.



Without a second thought, Tom raced back through the park, his feet



hammering against the ground as he headed for home. He paused at a



lamp post at the edge of Willow Lane to catch his breath, suddenly



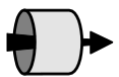
realising he had left his camera behind.



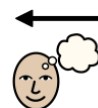
Early the next morning, Tom returned to the park to fetch his camera.



The park did not look or feel so scary in the light of day. When he looked



through his camera footage, he saw James and his friends laughing and



shining lights at him. Why did my friends do that to me? He thought.

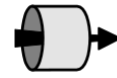


Knowing that his friends had tricked him,



anger

ran

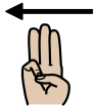


through

Tom's



veins.



He vowed

to not been so



easily

tricked by James again.