

## Bones baby


The ancient village of Mork was surrounded by dark, hollow empty forest. The rusty front gate to the village covered in overgrown, dead holly leaves. A lot of residents believed the forest was empty until a horrific legend blew through the village like the cold, wind. A legend which happened to some newcomers in the village.

An innocent, frail girl slowly approached the rusty gate. One arm dragging along the floor with a ripped potato sack. The other boney arm holding a cute smile in a patch work blanket. A cracked old man in a moth mangled hat slumped on his prune like head peered round the large, ivory pillar. "Oh, what business do you have ere'?" he yelled through the gaps in the gate.

"I'm moving to the fallen down terrace" very sadly she replied this to him.

"oh well, go before I change my mind, the kid looks cold!" As the old man spoke to her she slipped through the gate and looked around. She recognised nothing. Where was she? As she walked lost, to the fallen house. She asked herself what would she do with her child. She slowly approached the house, a bit of rubble from the house fell into her long, dark hair. She opened the door it creaked. She walked into a grey room. The wallpaper worn and ripped, the hard wood floor covered with a thick layer of dirt. She heard a large crashing noise. She thought nothing of it as the house was very old. She kept hearing the noise over and over again. Getting closer. After she had finally got her baby to rest, she left it on a wooden, cracked chair in the corner of the room. Wrapped calmly in its blanket. Eyes closed. She went outside for a minute leaving the baby to go get their belongings from outside. When she re-entered the house. She lay the bag down on the floor and went to see the baby in its dark corner. A horrific sight. A monstrous sight. The baby was gone! Her head screamed as she stared at the empty chair. She ran into the roads begging for help. People in their cars beeping and shouting at her.

A few days later the baby was still gone. Two young, handsome locals had been trying to help her. They were still helping her by searching her home for her. They found a locked door. In a few matter of seconds they had knocked the door down. All they saw was pitch black filling the room. "Luc' better come ere' " One of the men howled down the stairs. She sped up the stairs. Now she to faced the room. Through all the darkness she could just about make out a rusty chain dangling from the wall. Hesitantly she stepped into the room. She felt a shower of cold fall on her. A smell of rotting blood filled the room. She bravely opened her eyes. Darkness surrounded her. She saw a small spot of light shine. She walked to the window. She quickly pulled the baggy curtains apart. Rays of golden sun filled the room. She could now see. It was old baby's nursery. A rocking horse swayed in the corner. Yellow wall paper flowed around the walls. The chain on the wall was not a chain just a baby's blanket slumped on the wall. Then she slowly turned her eyes to a Moses basket in the corner. She soon recognised as her own. Her baby's. A heart was filled with joy. She had finally found her child. She lent over to pick up her child. Suddenly her face turned pale. Her baby was dead! Just a small skeleton in its clothes. The bones were as dry as the desert. She was horrified. She turned round to the door to flee the room. She saw the men had gone. She started to run, but the door slammed shut in front of her eyes. The room went dark again. She heard the strange noises again. She covered her ears. Trying to block out the noise. In a split second something invisible was sucking her dry to the bone. Lying there in pain she couldn't stop it. She screamed in pain but no one heard her. A while later her skeleton fell to the floor. She was gone.



The sertix raised again and ate. In another ten years they'll eat again. Beware!  
They'll get you.