

The Silver Bird.

I was walking down the road and I got the feeling I was being watched so I ducked into the antiques shop. The door hit against jingly things. The shop is owned by an old lady named Kate but everybody calls her Mrs Glass because she has a glass eye. She is freakishly old and wrinkly and her real eye twitches when she focuses on something. She comes out now in a drab grey dress. The wind coming in the door before I could close it blows the finger puppets dangling from the roof giving the impression that they are checking who came in. The porcelain dolls with the creepy glass eyes sat on a shelf all heads facing the door where I stood. The voo-doo dolls or cuddly toys as Mrs Glass calls them sit on a table. I picked one up to look busy and it is freezing cold to the touch so I dropped it and bit the inside of my cheek to stop myself from yelling from the cold burn spreading across my palms. Mrs Glass was watching me and her eye is starting to twitch so I grabbed a necklace and forced my feet to move towards the wooden table that serves as the

counter. Mrs Glass stares at me as she counts the change but even though she isn't looking she gets it right. I turned around and all the porcelain dolls had turned their heads to look at the counter where I stood. My heart rate sped up and every breath I took seemed to echo around the shop. The air seemed thin, my heart was in my mouth and my feet pounded the floor as I sprinted to the door. And as I passed them I swear all the dolls lifted their porcelain hands to wave at me.

The necklace bit into my skin as I sprinted home not wanting to stop and not wanting to look around in case something might be following me. The cool metal felt slippery in my sweaty grasp. When I reached my house and was safely in the garden I forced myself to look at the necklace, afraid I would see something that would permanently mess me up. It was a silver chain with a silver bird charm on it. The bird looked like it was sitting on an intertwining canopy of leaves. I could see every vein in the leaves and every feather on the bird. I shoved it deep into the pocket of my school uniform, and shoved my hand in afterwards to stop the evil

from leaking out. I walked into the kitchen and poured myself some apple juice, I plopped in two ice cubes and shoved the carton back in the fridge. I decided to make steak for dinner for mum when she comes home from working in Supervalu. I couldn't find any steak though so I whipped some cream and went out the back for some strawberries. I had picked a good few when our dog, Fat squeezed himself through the hole in our fence and ran into the woods behind the house. This is surprising because A. Fat is scared of the woods, B. He can barely fit through the hole in the fence and C. He usually only moves when he hears the can opener. I ducked through the hole after him, crawling on my knees and ruining my school trousers. I darted into the shade of the trees and the difference between the light of the sun and the gloom of the forest blind me momentarily. I sprinted through the forest tripping over roots and being scraped and scratched by branches of trees, calling out for Fat the whole time. I fell over on to some moss and had lost the will to live when I felt Fat's wet muzzle sniffing around my ears. I stood up when I hear Fat growling. The hair stands up on the back of his neck. I turn around and around hating the

fact that I can't see behind me. Suddenly shapes materialise between two tall trees and surround us they wore long flowing black robes and I buried my face in Fat's fur and cried because I knew it was the end. I felt a freezing hand on my shoulder and a cold burn spread starting in that spot. A hand reached out and plucked the necklace from my pocket. An hour later I lifted my head. To see that they were gone.

To Be Continued.

