

Years 5 & 6  
3rd Place: Pacey van Burgel  
Year 5, Byford John Calvin

## The Boy in the Cellar

Prologue:

The little boy shivered in the cold, damp air from the chilly night wind blowing through the open window. He was frightened of the dark and the blackout didn't help much. Even through the open window he could not find any source of light throughout the night sky. He had his hands out in front of him, staggering slowly along like a zombie to prevent bumping into things in the pitch black surroundings. But then, he heard a noise. It sounded like a voice, a deep manly one. The boy strained his little ears to try follow the noise. However, the first step he took he crashed down, down, through the floor into a hole that swallowed him up like his mouth swallowed ice cream. Then his mind copied the surrounding darkness of the cellar.

Chapter 1: 10 years later

Cooper Carberry was a footy mad kid who was a champion in the making. He had tons of courage and skill, and was super-fast and agile. Coop's cheeky smile and naturally good looks made him a fun person to have around and was very popular with kids his age. The 13-year-old didn't show much emotion, but what was about to come in his life would make him crack. His ability to keep a cool head would be put to the ultimate test.

The new house was nothing like Cooper had imagined. He and his family of five, his Mum, Dad, and twin brothers Billy and Garret, had moved from Perth to Exmouth because of his Dad's transfer to a different work company. His optimistic dad had assured the family that everything was okay and the house was a great one, but instead it was a downright wreck. It had holes as big as cannonballs in the roof and walls and had wooden boards and roof tiles peeling off, as well as the dark brown paint. *This house is a piece of junk. It's probably 100 years old!* Cooper thought.

"Well, here we are, not quite a palace, but we'll get a builder to come down here and fix it up a bit, make it look even better than our old one." His Dad belched as loudly as a firing bazooka because of the coke he was drinking.

*Easy for you to say* thought Cooper.

"Don't be so down Coop, at least we got neighbours who we can make friends with," piped up Billy, upon seeing Cooper's gloomy face. Cooper looked in the direction Billy was pointing and there he saw a blonde-haired girl about the same age as him and a little boy next to her, obviously her brother. They waved at him, and he waved back. *Well, at least there are some positives* he thought.

Chapter 2

The inside of the house was not one bit better than the outside. As soon as Cooper stepped inside, the floorboards creaked like crazy! There were no windows or air conditioning in the house, probably because the massive holes in the wall did that job. His dad showed him his bedroom. As soon as he entered, he had a massive coughing and sneezing fit. It was as dusty as a 100-year-old bomb cabinet from World War I! It only had a bed, a closet, and a really ancient looking cupboard with a key on the top. Cooper sat down on the bed, immediately triggering a dust cloud as big as his dad's farts.

*Did Dad really have to pick this house out of a million others?* Cooper was feeling a mix of emotions. Anger, confusion, and most of all stress. He then pulled back the sheets of his bed and what he saw forced him to stop holding it in. He let out an ear-piercing SCREAM! His Mum ran in and was half way through saying, "What's wrong?" when she saw what the commotion was about. There, under the bed sheets, was a whole colony of cockroaches, ants and worst of all, disgusting, smelly stick bugs. She was about to scream, but she had already fainted. That's when she had one of those moments that you remember saying something that you regret later. Something like, 'I do.'

### Chapter 3

Cooper couldn't sleep. Probably because there were a few more itchy bugs still in his bed which had found a new home among the hairs on his left leg. He also kept hearing weird noises, things like howls and moans and faint gurgling. *Don't worry; it's only the wind* Coop assured himself. But then he thought he heard a growl from very close to him, and became more and more unsettled. That's when he couldn't take it anymore. Still wide awake, he grabbed his torch and shone it toward the way he thought the noises were coming from. The sudden flashing light that he hadn't seen for about 5 hours nearly blinded him. There, in the small light, he saw the rusty, dusty, ancient cupboard. He pulled the middle drawer open and found a ripped piece of white paper. He seized it in his right hand and turned it over. He spotted some words on it and squinted to make them out. But the eight words Cooper saw were words which filled him with horror and dread. Words which made him feel like his worst nightmare just had a nightmare.

*Remember to feed the boy in the cellar.*

### Chapter 4

Cooper woke up to the smell of delicious pancakes wafting right into his nostrils. He went downstairs and awaiting him on the breakfast table was a plate piled high with his favourite breakfast, choc chip pancakes with maple syrup oozing down the sides. After wolfing down six pancakes, Cooper went upstairs to get changed. As he came in, he saw the middle drawer of his cupboard open. He was about to close it when he remembered the note from last night. Cooper looked inside, desperately hoping that the note was just a dream. It wasn't, his nightmare was true. The same tattered,

dreadful note was still there. Determined to prove his bravery, Cooper put on his boardies and Dockers T-shirt, grabbed his torch, and headed down stairs to the cellar. He then turned the doorknob of the cellar door and stepped inside the haunted den of nightmares!

He walked slowly in the black like night surroundings, but his feet kept crunching on sharp things on the floor. He shone his torch down to the ground only to find skulls and bones with sickening blood dripping off the side. Shadows bounced off the wall, as if tempting Cooper to come deeper into the never ending blackness. And he did, with hungry growls and terrifying screams growing louder by the second, as did faint, off-key carnival music. That's when a cold, bony hand grabbed him from behind. Cooper shrieked and yelled, pushed the attacker out of reach, and sprinted out of its weak grasp. He stumbled over bones, tripped over carcasses, and slipped over blood. He finally reached the cellar door and as he was about to close it behind him when he heard a moaning, horrid, terrible, bone-rattling sound. Feeeeeeed meeeeeeeee.

## Chapter 5

Cooper ran upstairs, screaming like a little girl who had just dropped her triple scoop ice cream. Mum heard the commotion and ran right up to Cooper, whose face was as white as a ghost.

"Cooper, my dear, what on earth is going on?" she exclaimed.

"M-m-m-monster, b-b-b-bones, c-c-c-cellar." Coop managed to choke out.

"What are you talking about honey?" Mum asked, bemused and confused. Cooper just took her by the hand and led her up to his room, unable to speak, let alone try. He opened the drawer in his cupboard in which the note was in, and pointed to it.

"Oh, that's just a bunch of rubbish!" she laughed once she had read the note. "Ignore it, whoever wrote it was probably just trying to freak some poor people out". With that, she left the room without another word.

*What a joke, if only she knew* thought Cooper.

That night at 12:00AM exactly, Cooper hopped out of bed and grabbed his torch and a box of cookies he had prepared earlier. He walked to the door and went to the top of the staircase, expecting his parents to be fast asleep. However, he could hear his Dad belly laughing and the T.V as loud as a trumpeting elephant. *Oh no!* thought Coop. Then he had an idea. He ran back into his bedroom and went to one of the large holes in the wall next to his bed. He threw the box of cookies into the hole but then heard a clang where it landed down below. He shone his torch and saw a trampoline on the ground. *I could land on that* he thought and inwardly smiled at his discovery. He turned the torch off and leapt through the hole, timing his jump perfectly. What he realised as he was nearing the ground was that the trampoline had no mat.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Cooper as he landed with a thud. He started limping towards the hole leading to the cellar that Cooper had discovered when they had first come to the house. He was about to step into the hole when he heard a rustling of leaves and a

"Is anybody there?" coming from nearby. Because of his natural instincts, Coop dropped down into grass, flat on his tummy. However, when he heard the voice again he realised it must be the girl who lives next door. He cautiously got up and shone his torch in the direction of the voice. Sure enough, there she was in the torch light.

"What are you doing here at this time of the night?" Cooper asked.

"I was going to say the same about you! I just go for a walk to clear my mind if I can't sleep" she replied.

"Well, firstly, what's your name? 'Cause mine's Cooper."

"Cute name, mine's Tori". Coop went red.

"Yeah, well, back to the subject, I came out here because of this" . . . he followed to tell her the strange events of the previous days.

After Cooper had relived the whole story for Tori, she leaped over the fence and declared, "I'll go with you to the cellar."

"Well, if you want, but be careful, it's REALLY creepy" he warned. They walked to the hole in the wall together and slowly stepped in, Coop leading the way. He shone his torch around to show Tori what the surroundings looked like.

"Whoa" she said in amazement. They stepped deeper into the cellar, seeing and hearing the weird things and noises. Cooper told Tori to keep an eye out for any sudden movements. Then Tori cried out in a shrill voice, "Something's got me . . . Cooper . . . help me!!!!"

Coop grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the grip of the mysterious figure lurking in the shadows.

"RUN TORI!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. He ran with Tori close by him, crunching bones and carcasses all the way. He crashed straight through the cellar door and collapsed onto the floor behind it, panting.

"That was close wasn't it Tori?" He turned to look beside him. Screams echoed back in the cellar and Cooper heard the crunching of human bones, moaning and gurgling sounds. Tori was gone!!!

The End (Or is it?)