



Night of the Clown

by Chamodi Dissanyake

It was a quiet, dark night on the streets of Hornets Drive. The roads were blocked by parked cars and I could hear the tooting of car horns from far away. As usual, I started to hum Titanium by Sia and David Guetta, because I felt so bored. I was on my way to my cousin's house to look after my cousins while my aunt was going out with my uncle to a wedding. I quickly glanced at my wrist and the time read 7:30pm. I did not understand why the wedding was held so late. Now the only noise I could hear was the noise of my feet tapping against the footpath. Suddenly, I heard this rustling noise from the bushes beside me. I was sure my heart skipped a beat as I glanced over to see what was in the bushes. Nothing was there. I was sure I wasn't hearing things. I felt a chill run through my spine as the wind grew stronger. I started to speed up my pace and my heart beat faster.

"Hey, how are you?" I said as I hugged my Aunt. "You look great in that dress".

"Oh, thank you, Malorie," my aunt replied.

"So when are you getting back?" I asked curiously.

"At 9.30pm or maybe later," she answered as she stepped into her car.

"See you later and don't forget to put the kids to bed at 8:45pm," my uncle chanted.

I waved as the car started up the road heading out of the street. Just then the front door closed 2 metres behind me. As I looked back, I heard a loud moan and creak. I rushed into the house to see who had entered, but as I looked around, no one was there. I heard some giggling from upstairs and I could hear the sound of a door creaking shut slowly. I bolted upstairs to see what was going on. "Look and see what we made," I heard my 12-year-old cousin say.

"Yeah, it looks awesome and creepy," my other 10-year-old cousin said. My cousins loved creepy and horror movies. Every day I came over to babysit them, I would watch horror movies with them all night, even if my aunt said to put them to bed at 8:45pm and we would always try to think of the creepiest stories to say at bed time. "What are you guys doing?", I said as I entered their bedroom!

To my horror, a woman was standing right in front of me, glaring at me with wide eyes and a creepy smile. In fright, I stepped back and stumbled over a unicorn toy on the floor. Suddenly, I could hear laughter from inside the woman rising above my thoughts. "We scared you, we scared you," my cousins chanted.

"You little freaks!" I shouted angrily.

"Sorry, it felt like the best moment," Lysandra, my 13-year-old cousin, said.

"Anyway what did you make?" I asked.

"A sculpture of a women" they answered "a creepy one from the horror movie we watched last night . Watch Out", As she was saying the last word she was cut off by a thud from the room next door.

"What on earth was that?" I asked panicking.

We all rushed out of the room to see what the noise was. As we entered the room next door we saw the most gruesome thing you could ever see. A human sized clown staring back at us through wide and stiff looking eyes. There was a gruesome grin spreading across the clown's face and in his mouth there was a row of sharp jagged teeth. As I looked at his hands I could see a knife. The clown started to move closer to us. Just then I realised I was not breathing but sucking in air harshly. I glanced at my cousins and their faces were frozen with fear. I tried to say a word but all that came out was a squeak. Just then the lights flicked off and I heard a deafening scream..... To be continued.....

THE END or is it???