I didn’t mean to kill her.

The air turned black all around me.

Icy fingers gripped my arm in the darkness.

Wandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me.

The eyes in the painting follow him down the corridor.

A shrill cry echoed in the mist

Icy wind slashed at his face and the rain danced its evil dance upon his head as he tried to get his bearings on the isolated beach.

Footsteps slowly creaked on every step of the stairs. The bedroom door handle turned slowly.

Death lurked in every door way with hell at one dark window.

My hair stood on end, a shiver raced down my spine and a lump came to my throat. It was him...

The gravestones stood silently, row upon row like soldiers long forgotten, a scream shattered the silence...

It was there and then it had gone, why would a rabbit be on my bathroom floor?

Bleary-eyed, I went downstairs for breakfast, the house was empty, even the furniture had gone...

The lights flickered and then went off, then the sirens started, it was coming, and we knew it wouldn’t be the last time...

The date was 13th July, my 345th birthday... it would be my last...

Three of us.  We were the only ones left, the only ones to make it to the island.

"What have you done?" the headmaster bellowed, all eyes now turned to me as he stood over the lifeless body on playground.

Dad just sat and cried.  He cried for three whole days.  His face was blotchy and his eyes were red. Then one day he just stopped...

The clock stopped... 74 minutes past 18...it was time to get up.

The car screamed to a halt, four men wearing masks jumped out and ran into the nearest building, I looked around. The street was deserted except for me.

Everything stopped; people were stood like statues all around me, people in cars, men on bicycles, babies in prams all lifeless, frozen in time.

I had never seen a ghost.  But like they say, there is a first time for everything.

He opened the safe and it had gone. No one had the code, who could have opened it?

Grey and foreboding, the castle stood atop the hill looking down across the small town, in the topmost window of the highest tower stood a small boy called...

Am I in heaven?  What happened to me?

Closer and closer it came, it was getting bigger and bigger, soon it filled the sky above, was the moon falling?

He wandered aimlessly through the house seeking any form of distraction to avoid the inevitable doom. Why did it feel like he was nearing the gallows?

Peeking through the window her surprise turned to horror...

I woke up with a start, something was in my room.  The wardrobe doors opened and it came out of my wardrobe.

"Witches don't exist!" My Gran's words echoed around my head as the horrific vision glared at me through my bedroom window.

Keeping watch at the side of the ship, George was tiring; his eyes weary from constantly searching the horizon, were they also playing tricks on him?  What was that waving from the rocks?

The two coins in his pocket clinked together as he stumbled down the cold pavement, the holes in his shoes turning his feet into blocks of ice. His heart was warmed though in the knowledge that he was rich.

The phone rang. "Hello," I said, "Hello." No one was there.  I hung up. All the lights went out...

Wrapped up warm against the icy fingers of dusk, the caretaker closed the cemetery gates, who was that watching him?

Hundreds of eyes peered at me through the darkness in the alley.  How many cats where there? Why were they all here together?

I heard the music as I entered the room, but all that was there was a violin, laying there on it's back on the bare floorboards.

It was the day the moon fell.

I couldn't believe a word he told me anymore and why had he brought me here?

Cold and wet, tired and exhausted she made her way along the path through the forest.

Everything stopped, everything a statue all around me. Frozen in time.

"Help me!" Help me!" Came the call from behind the steel door.

"Welcome to the future!" said the teacher as she removed the sheet with a flourish revealing what had been hidden beneath.

My next door neighbours, The Johnsons, were all asleep in their coffins when I climbed the fence to get the ball.

It moved, why was it moving?  That should not have been moving, well not on it's own anyway.

I hadn't seen the door before.  It wasn't there last night.  Cautiously, I turned the handle.

She scratched his face from the photograph. She would get her revenge.

It was a bright, frosty morning. The pavement glistened like a carpet of crushed diamonds in the early morning sunshine.

As she walked along the street the tiny dragon in her pocket stirred restlessly.

Just after he died, he sat up.

His metal mask shone in the sunlight, he prayed that this would not be his last day.