

The Museum

“Those exhibits in the Museum were awesome,” exclaimed Jack to his brother as they headed home through the darkening streets. “Oh no,” he realised, “I’ve forgotten my fang souvenir!” “Go and get it then,” answered Jack. The full moon lit his way back to the museum in the clear skies.

When he arrived, he stopped to get his breath back in his lungs. He found the giant oak door unlocked and crept through into a large entrance hall lined with old ornaments which were crepuscular in the night air. He climbed the old creaking stairs, passing into the gloomy room that he thought he’d left it. “Where could it be?” he thought. Looking around, he spied the fang on a seat near an eerie saber-tooth tiger skeleton, exactly where he left it. “What a waste of money it would have been if I’d forgotten it,” Tom thought out loud.

A window creaked open letting in an icy-cold breeze. In the darkness, Tom shuddered in fear. “What was that?” Tom thought “it can’t be one of the guards, they’ve already patrolled this area.” A shadow darted as quick as an arrow behind a pillar. He froze as still as the artefacts around him. Out of the, silence, footsteps came nearer and nearer. Someone was coming closer. Someone or something was with him in the room. Edging away, he clenched his fist around his fang souvenir.

Tom’s eyes scanned the room, looking for an exit, to his horror, the only way out was the downstairs window! The sound of footsteps was coming closer and closer. An arm appeared on the banister. Without thinking, he raised his hand and plunged his fang into the flesh. Blood spurted on the floor. As he ran to the opposite stairs the air filled with a bone-shattering crack.

Tom shoved open the window and scrambled out, he bolted as fast as he could down the steps, through the gate and out into the gloomy streets, his hair slicked back in the gale. Getting home, he babbled the story to his father. Two seconds later, Jack stumbled in with a makeshift sling, bleeding arm and clutching the fang. Quick as a flash, Tom realised he had just stabbed his brother! Satisfied, they all collapsed laughing. Tom’s dad exclaimed, “I don’t know how you two never cease playing tricks on each other.”