

# The Suspenseful Stables

"That was a great riding lesson today," said Mia to her sister Emma as they made their way home through the gloomy mist. "That was so fun when we jumped one metre," smiled Emma, putting her hood up, trying to block the icy weather. "We'd better get back before Mum and Dad question where we are." Wondering where her whip was, Emma groaned. "Oh no I've forgotten my whip. I will have to go back and get it. Tell Mum and Dad I will be back soon," cried Emma running as fast as she could along darkening lane back to the farm.

Panting hard, Emma raced along the murky lane up the hill and around the corner until she arrived at the farm. Finding the tack room door unlocked, she tripped over the doormat and began her search. "I can't remember where I placed it," Emma said to herself whilst scanning the room. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her whip glistening in the moonlight, on the tack room table. "Imagine how angry Mum and Dad would be if I came home without my whip," sighed Emma. "What an idiot I would be if I turned up to the show jumping competition without my whip," thought Emma.

All of a sudden, a metal gate rattled. Emma jumped. In the dusky night, a shadow slipped along the gravel. Who was there? Emma fell back against rotten tack room wall, heart racing. Without any warning, footsteps crunched closer to the tack room door. Hardly daring to breath, a slim shadow entered the tack room. Someone was there. Someone was under the table. Heart pounding, Emma tightened her hand around the icy whip.

Emma's eyes dashed around the room for another exit. Petrified, she finally realised there was none. The footsteps were coming closer. The shadow peered over her. Without any thought, she raised her whip and smacked the shadow with all her might. As she did it, there was an ear bleeding scream.

Worried, Emma charged from the tack room as fast as lightning, through the entrance gate, along the twisting lane, down the slippery footpath, her sodden hair curling into a tight ball. Arriving home, she blurted out the confusing story to her Mum. A few seconds later, her sister Mia stumbled into the modern house, with a bright red mark on her cheek and in her hand was a whip. After staring at her sister, Emma soon realised it was Mia all along. "You two love playing jokes on each other don't you," laughed her Mum as they all collapsed on the sofa, telling every single detail of the story to Dad.

By Isla and Perdi