

The Figure

"I enjoyed making outfits at the theatre," exclaimed Helen to her brother Jake while pointing a torch at the darkening streets. "And fancy you getting to make the main character's costume; he looked great in it!" agreed Jake, tackling his coat zip against the bitter cold wind. "We'd better hurry else Mum will wonder where we are!" Rummaging through her rucksack, Helen groaned, "Oh no, I've forgotten my mini sewing kit. Tell Mum I might be home late, I need to go and get it" Helen turned around and rushed off.

Breathing heavily, Helen weaved her way through the dark alleyways. Finding the door unlocked, she tiptoed through the staff entrance, up the narrow stairway and into the costume department. "Now where did I put it?" Helen muttered to herself as she finally laid eyes on her sewing kit. "Thank goodness I found it. I would have been so sad if I'd lost it. Tweedy gave it to me when I made his Mother Goose costume," sighed Helen, relieved that she had found it.

Without warning, the door behind her slammed shut. Helen jumped. A shadow slipped, as quick as a knife, into the dressing rooms. Helen leaned against the overflowing, creaky table, hardly daring to breathe. Suddenly, she noticed the sound of footsteps coming closer to her. Someone was there. Someone or something. A wave of anxiety washed over her. Shaking with fear, she reached out her hand and could just about feel her numbing hands find the tiny box and pull out a handful of sharp, thin objects.

Heart pounding, Helen scanned the room from top to bottom, looking for a way out. Horrified, she realised there wasn't one. The figure was so close that she could smell his fish-scented breath. Without stopping to think, she raised the needles in her hand and stabbed it with all of her might. An ear piercing scream filled the theatre.

Helen sprinted out of the costume department and down the narrow stairway. She shoved open the staff exit door and ran out. After a few minutes, she found herself jogging through the damp alleyways. Finally arriving at home, she blurted out her story to her mum, panting hard. A moment later, the door banged open and in stumbled Jake, arms covered in needles. In an instant, Helen realised what she had done. "Honestly, you two," laughed Mum, plucking out the needles from Jake's arm. "You know better than playing tricks on each other." Helen, relieved she hadn't been told off, let out a sigh.

By Jess and Eden