

The Chopping Board

“That last ride was the best wasn’t it Roger?” exclaimed John to his brother as they strolled down the moonlit street. “Yeah and the best bit was when you threw up over the edge of the Smiler!” chuckled Rodger, rubbing his hands together and pulling his hood up as the first drops of rain fell from the sky. Looking up John grimaced “Nooo I left my signed cap at Alton Towers. I have to go back! Tell Mum I’ll be back for pudding.” And with that John ran back to Alton Towers, leaving Roger behind.

Puffing and panting, John ran across the gloomy, mist filled car park until he came to the entrance of Alton Towers train system. Boarding the train, John took it all the way to the main entrance. “Where did I leave it?” John wondered as he walked past the Smiler, up a ramp and into the café where they’d had lunch. There it was lying on the table where he had left it. “Thank goodness I found this,” John muttered. “If I would have left, this no-one would have believed me.”

Without warning, the gate clanged shut. John jumped. Through the gloom something raced, quick as a knife behind the counter. John crouched next to a table, hardly daring to breathe. He could hear footsteps. Something was moving. Something or someone was coming closer. The frozen night air flooded the room like a tap filling a glass. What was that? A shadow slipped into the staff room, almost taunting him to follow. Rooted to the spot, his hand felt for the kitchen cupboards and grabbed something rough and plastic.

John peered around the room, looking for an escape, but was there any? Terrified, he realised there was none. The footsteps seemed as loud as a marching band. Whatever it was it was coming closer. Slowly a shadow grew in front of him. Without thinking, John raised his hand and slammed the chopping board down on its head. Everything was silent and the thing fell to the ground, presumably unconscious.

John sprinted out of the café, across the theme park and out of the main gate, clothes flapping in the wind. Arriving home, he blurted out the whole story to his Dad. Moments later, Roger walked in, scalp bleeding, holding a signed baseball cap. Immediately, John knew exactly what had happened! “I suppose this is what all the fuss is all about,” sighed Dad, pointing to a box in the corner of the room and out hauling a kitten black as night. John, who was relived the adventure was over, collapsed on the sofa, stroking the cat which was now sat next to him.

By Kai