

SPINE- CHILLERS

EXAMPLES

OFF-LIMITS

“Stop, Jess! You know it’s off-limits,” exclaimed Charlie with fear in her eyes.

“I know,” Jess replied but she had already begun edging down the cold stone steps which led to darkness. Above her, bottle-green windows rattled menacingly as the wind howled against them. Her hands were trembling as she slid the tight lock open which protected the secret she was about to unfold. Towering shadows were cast around her, her heart paced as footsteps surrounded her. A gloom-filled mist crawled along the deserted corridor as a sharp nail wrapped around her chestnut curls and pulled her down...

BY HANNAH FOY (13) – SPINE-CHILLERS 2020 WINNER

WHERE ICHABODS SLEEP

“Ichabod’s name never brought him luck. Neither did autumn. The wind danced around the forest path he walked, outlined by fallen leaves. The trees whispered stories; stories of past Ichabods, stories of this night, stories of those who forever slept in their forest. As the trees droned on, his sight blurred until he saw corpses hanging from their branches. When the stories became lullabies, his eyes drooped. He never noticed the root wrapping around his leg. By the time he was in the air, he was asleep. He didn’t even hear the voice shush the trees, and he never would.”

DANIEL BLAKE, SPINE-CHILLERS 2017 WINNER

THE RAMBLER

Fog was creeping in, I wouldn’t make it back before dark. I saw an old church. I’ll wait there and call Tom, I thought. Fog weaved around weather-beaten tombs. I shivered. I crept between crumbling gravestones, heading for the church. The door latch was rusty but unlocked. I entered and shut the door behind me. “Hello?” No answer. I called Tom.

“I’ll be there in 20 Liz!” he said as I sat on a dusty pew.

Moonlight cast dancing shadows through stained-glass windows. Bang! “Tom?” The shadows, still moving, grew bigger. A cold hand touched my shoulder. “Tom?”...

THE CREEK

I had always loved the creek. It had been my secret hideaway since I was a child and it was still just as beautiful. When I was younger I had worshipped the trees that I could climb up. Then I adored the water glistening in the sunlight. Then the birds singing from the treetops. Then the wild animals playing in the shade. No matter what age I was I always found something to relish about it.

And I still loved it now standing there dripping in red, watching his body sink beneath the surface.

MOLLY WINSCOTT (14), SPINE-CHILLERS 2021 WINNER

WHAT LURKS IN YOUR IMAGINATION?