

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK TWO

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA

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Class 6H

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“When asked, 'how do you write?' I invariably answer, 'one word at a time!'.”

- Stephen King

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INTRODUCTION

On January 22nd 2018, I returned to visit my first school, Low Ash Primary. It was a pleasure to meet such talented children and an honour to work alongside them again in a creative writing workshop.

They were imaginative and motivated; I was so pleased to witness each idea as it came to life as we drafted stories alongside their study of ghost fiction and Vikings.

Low Ash Primary School welcomed me back for a second time after all these years and after reading these stories, I know in the near future I'll have some competition!

Presenting the second collection of stories by Class 6H, and wishing the very best of luck to these new authors.

E. Rachael Hardcastle
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FEATURED AUTHORS

3AM...NIGHTMARE... by Grace Helm
VIKING HORROR by Abigail Andrews
HENRY THE VIKING-GHOST!!! by Aiden Strickland
VANISHED by Ashleigh Buchan
THE UNDERWORLD!!! by Billy Graves
THE TRIP OF DOOM! by Callum Coles
THE VIKING APOCALYPSE by Callum Rhodes
VIKING GHOST by Charlie Axon
THE NIGHTMARE by Connor McDonagh
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THE DREAM by Hawah Noor
DISAPPEARANCE-REAPPEARANCE by Hayden Isherwood
VIKING TORTURE by Lilah Merrell

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13TH – HORROR! by Madison Coyle
THE VIKING APOCALYPSE!! by Malaekah
Adrees
THE MYSTERY OF THE VIKINGS by Maria
Gradzka
SILENCE OF THE NIGHT By Molly Whiteley
VIKING NIGHTMARE by Oscar Oakes-Wood
SCREAM by Gracie Harris
THE GHOSTLY NIGHTMARE by Sidney Brook
SILENT NIGHT by Gracie O'Donnell
12 MIDNIGHT by Taylor Dickinson
THE VIKINGS ARE COMING by Ella Cook
THE PORTAL by Matilda Brankin
VIKING TORTURE by Josie Iles
IT WAS ALL A DREAM by William Stewart

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3 AM...NIGHTMARE...

by Grace Helm

Exhausted and worried, uncomfortable and scared, I lay awake wondering who or what could grab me whilst I lay here. Alone. The more I think the more I am terrified. As I cautiously made my way to the misty, old and drafty window I covered my ears to block out the dreadful screech of the wind. CREEEEK! My bedroom door slowly groaned open... A black shadow appeared in my darkened room. I looked at Ashleigh, she was snoring like thunder. I tried everything to wake her up. She didn't move.... I was drawn to the shadow. It beckoned me to follow.

Instantly and bewilderedly I followed the shadow to the cold, wet outdoors. The immense, dark shadow towered over me. The questions running through my mind were these: what is happening to me and is it going to destroy me? The paranormal spectre beckoned me over to the dark,

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miserable Viking burial ground. Unfamiliar sounds teased my mind as I courageously crept into the circle of the interment ground.

“Help!” I screeched as a hand forcefully hauled me into the mysteriously, swirling portal that had formed in the ground. I opened my eyes slowly but steadily. I felt like I was in a different world as there were unfamiliar voices spiralling through my mind. A strange, peculiar man came up to me. He held his hand out and pulled me to my feet. I asked the man why he looked strange - as he had: weapons surrounding him; shiny, silver armour covering his body; and the most peculiar leather boots. I got no response from the strange man. I glared whilst waiting for an answer. “I am a Viking and you’re in Viking heaven!” he forcefully stated. “So why are you here? You’re just a kid.”

At that precise moment the paranormal spectre reappeared coming straight toward me. I stepped back and moved slowly into the dark, spooky woods. I stepped on a twig - it gave me away! I ran like an Olympic record holder trying desperately to escape. I finally stopped - convinced I was safe.

It was a strange place - muddy, cold and wet. I heard a strange sound from behind me. Somebody stood there. At first I couldn’t make out who. It was that Viking, He had followed me. But why?

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“You need to get home! You’re not safe here. Say the words on this parchment and you will be saved.” exclaimed the Viking.

He gave me a piece of paper. It had 3 words on it. Unlam Dasam Deman,

“Unlam, Dasam, Deman!” I wished as I spoke.

Instantaneously I was home, in my bed. The window was open... The black shadow entered my bedroom once again. I felt a tingling on the back of my neck. The questions spiralling through my mind were these: when will my nightmare be over?

How will it end?

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VIKING HORROR

by Abigail Andrews

The dorm, was situated at the end of the long, winding lane, miles from the nearest town, and completely secluded. As the dorm stared out across to the pitch-black woods the ivy crawled up the trees whilst crushing them like a snake suffocating its prey. I groggily stepped out of bed, whilst unfamiliar sounds teased my semi-conscious mind: branches scraping against the window like chalk on a black board; whistling of the wind; and the distant hooting of owls.

As I gingerly opened the heavy, creaking door, I began to search around me. In the distance I could see a bright light, which shone down upon an old, dilapidated bridge. The questions running through my mind were, should I go and have a look or should I stay? I woke Gracie up and I exclaimed, “Look out of the window Gracie.”

“What is it Abby?” Gracie replied.

“Look at that light, it’s drawing me towards it,”

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I muttered quietly (transfixed), “quick, follow me.”

Freezing, due to the biting wind, we moved towards the bright light. Lilah was complaining about being cold, but our major concern was the howls of the wolves, which were chasing us towards the blinding light at the bridge. I thought to myself, should we jump to the light or should we stay and let the wolves shred us to bits? (Why was my mind playing these awful tricks?) Thankfully Gracie screamed, “JUMP!”

Unexpectedly, we woke up and found ourselves in a swamp. We hid behind a wooden hut as we heard voices.

“I’ll go see who it is,” I whispered.

Despite being petrified I asked the strangers who they were. Their obvious leader stated firmly, “We are Vikings and we have been trapped at this burial ground for an eternity.”

The Vikings were extremely friendly and showed us around the Viking burial ground. Then we spotted a colossal, gnarled old tree. Suddenly they had vanished. The questions racing through my mind were: where did they go and had we been sent to replace them forever?

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HENRY THE VIKING- GHOST!!!

by Aiden Strickland

9:30 in the morning. There I was sat waiting for everyone to wake up. I couldn't wait anymore. "BANG". They all woke up. "Why did you do that," snapped Billy. Mr Henry dashed into the room, "What was that horrific noise?" he shouted. I shrugged my shoulders so I didn't get told off. Sweating anxiously, because of Mr Henry's loud voice, William slowly started to get dressed.

When we reached the busy, loud cafeteria we had our breakfast. We left at 10:15. As the whole class walked slowly down to the old, deserted burial grounds Callum, who is strawberry blonde, got sent to the back of the line for slapping Billy. As the class arrived at the burial grounds Billy and I saw a rock mysteriously move. I was stunned by what I had seen. Nobody believed us.

We returned from the burial grounds at just

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about tea time. After we had tea we went to bed but that's what the teachers thought! We actually sneaked out to go see what was at the burial grounds. At night when we got there we saw Henry the Viking! He threatened to bury us for 50 years. I was petrified.

Henry, who is a ghost, grabbed a shovel and started chasing us. I grabbed an old Hoover that was next to a shed. I had a plan. I was going to suck him up. I jumped past the corner and switched it on. The ghost was gone, but the question was, is this just the beginning? ...

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VANISHED

by Ashleigh Buchan

I woke up fitfully. I saw something strange leaving my room. I couldn't quite figure out what it was - a shadow maybe? Before I had a chance to work out what was going on, I felt a strange urge to get up and follow whatever this thing was. The question running through my mind was this: should I follow this creepy shadow? I do. I see it moving rapidly downstairs. Carrying on, it goes outside into the darkness. I can't see it, where has it gone? All I see is a giant staircase going down, with an old, wooden trapdoor at the bottom. Going down it is the last thing I want to do but I have no control over my legs. I arrive...

Greeting me is a beautiful, small kingdom. I feel amazing. But I didn't know things where about to take a turn for the worse. As I continue on walking cautiously, the sky get darker, the grass turns into thick, black mud, which is difficult to barge through. Eventually, I get to a castle. An imposing

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haunting castle. There's no one there, but outside guarding it are row upon row of suits of gleaming, silver armour; they look weird. One of them twitches. Am I seeing things? Slowly, one by one, they begin to come alive, but no one is inside them. The question running through my mind is this: how are they moving? I rush to hide, I don't think I was quick enough - I think they saw me. Clanking suits of armour everywhere - I must stay safe. My only choice is to dart inside the castle. I go in to the haunting castle. I thought it was midnight it was so dark. I don't see anyone. I am on high alert.

As I creep quietly, I see a dark, mysterious throne. No one is sat on it. I head up to the strange, creepy throne. I come to a dilemma - should I sit on it or shouldn't I? I do. I feel something weird going up my spine. A man, who looks rich, appears. He looks at me angrily. He commanded, "Guards, seize her!" I run as fast as lightning, they can't catch me. Looking around I can't see them. I think I lost them. I see the old, wooden trapdoor again. Thankfully it sucks me in like a tornado. I wake up in my bed. I look outside, there is no sign of the castle.

WAS IT ALL JUST A DREAM?...

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THE UNDERWORLD!!!

by Billy Graves

Midnight, it was all quiet, everyone was fast asleep. Peacefulness glided through the air. CREAK! Something terrible broke the silence. Other noises then filled the dark, misty room. The noises where: the dark hoot of an owl; the screaming of lightning; and the croaky voice that seemed to get louder by the minute.

I woke up the rest of the group worried about what troubles may lay ahead.

“What’s up Billy?” Chubb whispered.

I stammered in response, “We are not alone”.

As I went to switch on the old, rotten light fitting at the side of the wall I tripped over a small hook in the floor and went flying. As I was falling I seemed to crash through the floor and ended up in somewhere creepy.

“Are you okay?” shouted Chubb.

“Yes,” I replied groggily.

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Chubb followed me down the chasm, but once he touched the ground the hole above us filled. We decided that the best thing to do was head forwards. Later we smelt something delicious.

“Sausages,” we both yelled in unison and then cheered. But once we came to where the sausages lay we saw something extraordinary.

Vikings!

The next thing I knew I was in Valhalla.

“Halt,” the Viking king - Aiden - shouted, “Who goes there?”

I stood still to the spot. The king thought for a while. We started to make a run for it whilst the Vikings ran after me. We hid behind a weirdly shaped rock and waited for the Vikings to pass. Because Chubb was so large, he moved the heavy rock and revealed a tunnel which we proceeded to fall down. We ended up falling onto a stone slab that floated away at great speed. The weird thing was the slab seemed to go up a hill. At the top I saw Aiden and the slab pushed the grotesque monster off of the cliff.

He was dead.

Once the Vikings returned they thought that we were their new kings and offered to do anything for us.

“Let us go back to the mortal world” we

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commanded. And with that we were gone. We were home.

The questions on my mind were these: were the Vikings actually real and had they ever existed?

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THE TRIP OF DOOM!

by Callum Coles

I could hear the trees scraping the window - like cats claws on a chalkboard. It was pitch black – all you could hear was the terrifying thunder: a WWII battlefield. I saw a misshapen shadow floating in the air. I thought I was seeing things but my feet started to move without me knowing. The question in my mind was: what is causing this? My friend Billy cautiously followed me outside. “What are you doing out here?” whispered Billy. I explained everything to him but he thought I was lying.

We went to explore the frightening, dark graveyard. Within a blink of an eye it all came to life. There were Vikings surrounded by crooked, long houses and animals being fattened so they can be eaten by the tribe. They stared at us. They were definitely wondering who we were.

They chased us thinking we were going to raid their village. So we ran. Ran until we were at the edge of a river. We were trapped and there was no

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point in swimming because they could swim faster than us. Billy and I tried talking them out of killing us. They weren't having any of it.

Suddenly I woke up. I had no idea what happened, I thought it was just a nightmare. But was it?

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THE VIKING APOCALYPSE

by Callum Rhodes

The creaking of the window as it was tickled by the old, corrupted tree. Groggily, I cautiously opened my eyes and sat up like a dead man. What was that? I wondered. As I glared at the window the reflection told me that there was a misshapen figure behind me so I glanced and a voice whispered, “DON’T GO TO SLEEP.” The question running through my mind was this: should I go to sleep or should I go follow this frightening voice?

Suddenly, the misshapen figure vanished into thin air and when he left I collapsed to the floor like a building being demolished.

Eventually, I woke up and immediately woke up Taylor. I told him everything and he nearly shed a tear. Petrified, yet brave we went to explore this haunted voice. As we tiptoed out of the silent room there was a shadow at the top of the staircase.

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SLAM! The door shut behind us and we began to panic. Petrified, we went to check it out.

Trudging quietly and slowly we made it to the top of the stairs. We gingerly peeked our heads around the corner and along the misty corridor there was a horrifying, phantom Viking. We gulped and looked away and then we looked back and the Viking had vanished into thin air. Slowly, we walked towards the brown, crooked door and then in the blink of an eye there was another creak behind us so we looked and there was the Viking.

He roughly took us by the neck and put us to sleep. Sleep: instant and deep.

The question racing through my mind like a bullet was this: where was he going to take us?

Confused, we woke up hanging above a burning fire pit and it looked like we were goners. Luckily Taylor had a knife. He cut us down and we ran for our lives. Unexpectedly, they threw a load of spears and we dodged them all. Taylor, who is really fast, spotted a broken Viking long boat. We quickly sprinted towards it and jumped on board. Suddenly we appeared back at Whitby.

The question racing through my mind was this: “was it all just a dream or was this crazy adventure real?”

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VIKING GHOST

by Charlie Axon

The tree branches clawed at the window - lions clawing at their prey. Groggily, I opened my eyes and sat bolt upright. I stared out of the window whilst the devil like owl watched me. It peered into my soul. From the reflection in the window I saw a misshapen figure behind me. Shock froze me on the spot. I tried to turn but my body shut down. I screamed for help but my breath was taken from me. The apparition instructed, "Leave now!"

As soon as the spectre left I collapsed to the floor - completely drained. In this instance some people would run away petrified; others, like me, on the other hand would want to stay (intrigued by the situation). The questions racing through my mind were these: why was the phantom here and where did it come from?

Gingerly, I opened the door and tip-toed down

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the stairs. I saw it. It flew around the corner. The second I turned. It grabbed me. It pushed me down into the cellar. "What is this place?" I stuttered to myself. Darkness surrounded me and again I heard the ghostly hoot of an owl. I ran, getting closer and closer to the sound. There it was. The mystical brown, owl that stood upon the corrupted barren tree.

Where am I? This Kingdom is so glorious - more fantastic and beautiful than has ever been witnessed. Then the majestic bridge collapsed in front of my eyes. Where can I go now? Ponderously, I made my way down the jagged rocks to the shore. The second I immersed myself in the water the tide threw me away.

I was teleported back onto a cool stone floor. Glimpses of light shot between the cracks of the wooden hatch. I opened the hatch. It brought me back to the hotel. Slowly, I crawled up the staircase and back to my bedroom. I stayed in bed waiting for the inevitable to happen...

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THE NIGHTMARE

by Connor McDonagh

CHAPTER ONE

I woke up as I heard the demonic tears of a dripping tap and the faint hoot of a barn owl therefore I decided to peek out of the ancient door. I saw a misshapen shadow but nobody's there. I decided to investigate.

“You can't escape...” the mysterious voice said.

I feel a spine-tingling shiver run down my back as I turned to look behind me. I got a glimpse of the same shadow and it pushed me forcibly down a trap door into a deep, dark pit.

I woke up to see a weird dungeon in the partial light. I entered and there was an axe and on it there was a note saying use me. Questions raced through my mind: the axe had been put there by whom and why did it have instructions?

Suddenly, I heard a lethal noise as a skeleton

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rose from the ground. I guessed I needed to fight – in order to survive. I picked up the heavy, silver axe and I sprinted towards the Viking skeleton and in one swift blow I chopped off its skull. Three more rose from the ground: restless spirits rising from the underworld.

“Join us...” they instructed. I charged (left and right) to try to pick them off one at a time. I sliced the arms off the one on the left and the legs off the one in the centre. I dashed to the one on the right and hit its sword with my axe. It tried to disarm me but I managed to disarm it. I pierced the back of its spine and it collapsed.

I slay the last two and five rise this time.

CHAPTER TWO

“Blast,” I exclaimed, enraged, “when is this ever going to stop?”

I darted to the next skeletal warrior filled with determination and I sliced him down. I sprung to the next and chipped into its skull. I put my axe in a horizontal position and run through the remaining three. My next opponent is different. It’s ten times bigger and it looked way tougher. It punched at me like a meteor sawing through the air. Luckily I managed to dodge it just in time. It made the ground shake like an earthquake. I tried

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to pierce its bones with my axe but it didn't work. I saw a bow with arrows and I raced to pick them up. I picked up the bow and I shot its left shoulder. No effect. I run up its left hand and sprinted up its arm. I gripped onto the arrow and I thrust it into its skull.

It disappeared into thin air and I returned back to my normal life in my normal world.

Well... that's what I thought. The questions on my mind were: what just happened and could it ever happen again? Knowing this I tried but I just couldn't get to sleep. Why was I the victim?

Nothing is as it seems...

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VHBG IN YORK

(Viking Horror Burial Ground)

by Ellie Smith

Wednesday 14th March, my class arrived at the holiday cottage (which looked haunted) for our annual trip. I had a really bad feeling about this. After an exhausting day everyone went to their rooms. Time passed - it was 11:30pm. No one in my ghostly room could sleep. Ashleigh and I sneaked out into the corridor. Suddenly Ethan and Aiden came out of room 14. I looked outside it was pitch-black. Despite this we decided it was time for an adventure and proceeded to creep outside.

It turned 12:00. Lightning struck twelve times. We were curious. Curious because there were people creeping around, but they didn't look like humans. Could they be ghosts? Further questions were racing through my head: how did this happen, where did they come from and where am

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I? The people were dressed in: coarse, woollen tunics; green, rough scarves; and all had leather boots. We all wanted to leave. I whispered to Ashleigh “Where are we?”

Many people were looking at us as we walked.

“Why are they looking at us?” mumbled Aiden.

“Our clothes maybe?” stated Ethan.

“Where do you think we are?” asked Aiden,

“Are these ghosts and could we be in a graveyard?” I enquired.

We went to a compact, market for food and then found a safe place to rest for the night. Time passed and then in the middle of the night Ashleigh and I woke up. We wondered where Ethan and Aiden were. We checked outside to find Aiden and Ethan marching with an army. Ashleigh and I ran. Ran like lightning. We then became lost in this desolate place. Quickly, someone grabbed us and threw us into a rotten, dingy dungeon. We were there for what seemed like an eternity. Ashleigh said sadly, “Nobody is coming, are they?”

Almost immediately. Bang, Aiden and Ethan were there and we were freed.

We then marched for days over moorland and through forests.

Finally we arrived at the cottage. The teachers and our parents were there and they were furious with us. It was Friday 11:00 am. Many questions

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swirled in my head. How long have we been away for? Did it really happen and has this been a dream, or not?

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VIKING GHOST STORY!

By Emily Partridge

Nine thirty in the morning. All of us got our suitcases and made our way to the shiny, blue bus. It took two hours until we were finally at the outdoor training centre. We sat down on a wooden bench and started to eat our sandwiches that had been packed by our parents. Afterwards we played in the children's play area which had swings, slides, climbing frames and a roundabout. We played for hours followed by sports field games on the fallow field.

Mrs Mathieson, who can be very strict, then showed us to our rooms. When we was told who we were sharing a room with, I found out that I was in a room with Gracie H, Maria, Josie, Maleakah, Ellie, Molly and Gracie T. After we had unpacked we headed downstairs and waited for our suppers to be served to us. Finally, after an exhausting day at ten thirty we went to bed.

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About three hours later we all sneaked downstairs because we could smell smoke. The questions on my mind were these: where could the smoke be coming from and could it be coming from an ancient fire pit?

We tip-toed towards some old, grey gravestones. We accidentally stepped on them. “Oh no,” shouted Gracie H, “why are there spirits near you Emily?” I was confused about everything. Ruins appeared all around. The questions on my mind were these: why were all the girls running away from me and could I be the problem? I heard a quiet moaning in my ear and turned to see the giant Viking spectre right beside me.

The next thing I knew I was coming around in the medical unit surrounded by doctors and nurses. Surely it had all been a dream.

Then why do I have a Viking treasure clasped in the palm of my hand?

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NIGHT OF THE LIVING VIKINGS

by Ethan Holmes

30 minutes to midnight.

I couldn't rest. My mind was racing with strange thoughts. All I could hear was: the crying of crows; the rustling of the leaves; and the wind blowing through the old, mossy trees, which were outside my tent. The wind began to blow harder. My orange covering began to hover. I ran out of my tent and headed towards my parents shelter. Whilst running, I observed dark oak woods with branches which were witches hands.

Lightning struck. The confusing thing was that it wasn't raining, it was still, still as a corpse. As I scurried towards my parent's tent I tripped – landing heavily on the damp, boggy ground. What could I have tripped over? What could it be?

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Slowly, very slowly, I lifted my head and heard a voice mumbling. There was a small campfire with ugly looking men sat around wearing: long leather boots; rough woollen tunics; animal skin cloaks; and iron helmets. I crept closer – one turned and looked at me. A dark, sinister crow swiftly flew at me. The ground began to shake and opened wide. I fell down the pit. It felt like an eternity before I hit the ground. The last thing I heard before I fell was the cackling of the men.

I gradually and hesitantly pulled myself up. “What happened?” I muttered to myself. I found myself in a long, dingy building. The wonderful smell of pork, which was being roasted over a large, flickering fire graced my nostrils. I was drawn towards the delicious aroma. Someone grabbed me viciously. “Are you after my food?” he growled. Somehow and with energy I did not know I possessed I managed to break free and ran for my life.

I ran into the darkness and emerged in my tent.

The question running through my mind was: what just happened?

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TWELVE MIDNIGHT MAGIC

by Georgie Parsons

Twelve midnight. I was sat staring into space as the knocking of the water pipes (like the playing of a piano) keep me from sleeping. The tears of the clouds sound like sharp, heavy claws scrapping down the misty windows. I slowly crept towards the foggy window - to take a breath of fresh air. The fallow fields looked dark and lonely – staring back at me. I hear: the trees clawing against my room wall; the girls giggling next door; and lightning that was striking incessantly.

Petrified, I turned around to see a shady figure standing there. SILENT. I hear her talking in my mind, “Cooommme wiiiitth mee!” The questions running through my mind are these: should I go with her and find out what’s going on? Also where did she come from? Did she come from one of the other rooms in the hotel? I followed her. She led me to those fallow fields that were staring at me

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smack in the face.

The thing that she led me to looked so familiar. It somehow reminded me of the Viking burial grounds we had built at school for our topic (English). The rocks were in the shape of a Viking longboat. I stood stock still (like a statue) in between the hard, sharp rocks. Then I was teleported to this magical, mystical place called Valhalla. This a beautiful place for the Viking after-life. Women sewing and kneading. Men training and mending. Some of the poor were working as slaves.

WILL I EVER RETURN TO MY BELOVED FAMILY?

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VIKINGS COME ALIVE

by Gracie Thompson

Suddenly, it was midnight. I woke up, sweat dripping down my back, sending spine-tingling shocks through my body. Everybody else was asleep. I decided to take the risk of going to wake them up. They were as cold: cold as ice. It was as though they were frozen. Randomly, a peculiar rock hit my dusty, old window. I cautiously peered out. I was greeted by a dark ghostly shadow.

It seemed to be beckoning me, wanting me to go with it. I was faced with a dilemma. Inside I felt as though I needed to go, outside, my fingers were shaking as if my body did not want me to go. But I had to go with my instincts. So, despite my trembling fingers I opened the decrepit, rotted window frame and climbed down the twisted, red vines. I followed the ghastly shadow towards the foreboding, ancient burial ground.

The wind wrapped around me like a cloak as if it was trying to protect me from something.

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CRASH! Suddenly, a cracked, wooden trap door appeared. The question flowing through my mind was: shall I check it out? Yes! Rapidly running towards it, I thought shall I go in? – I had no choice, before I could make up my mind, it pulled me in like a tornado.

Around an hour later, I woke up in a decrepit house, an odd one as well. I wondered where I was. There was a dog (which was huge) laid next to me. I glanced outside to see a deserted old town with the burial ground at the far end, it looked so haunting. So, I called it an adventure. I checked I still had my red backpack, placed it on my back and said to myself quietly “Let’s go!” I cautiously walked through the strangely, unpopulated town towards the burial ground, but it seemed to be getting further away. I had been walking for ages so I decided to take a break in a creepy restaurant, which turned out to be a haunted one. The brown, broken door opened as squeaky as a mouse. I wondered who had opened the brown, wrecked door. Who knows? I decided to take a look in the mysterious building ...It was abandoned. Wait, I think the whole town is abandoned.

Further around the building there was a lever. I pulled it. I fell as fast as a bolt of lightning. OMG! I was finally at the mysterious burial ground. Everything came to life, reeking mud was flying everywhere. The Vikings were hurriedly crawling

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and climbing out of the giant burial mound like there was no tomorrow. Without warning, one of the Vikings grabbed me tightly on my shoulder. “Who are you? Why are you here?” I screamed at him. “I am Jarl, a vicious Viking and this is MY town! You shouldn’t be here. GO!” Rapidly thinking about what to do, I closed my eyes and wished I could go back to the decrepit, creepy house. I screamed. Whirlwinds whisk wildly around me.

Suddenly, I’m back. Back to the familiar surroundings of the dormitory. I check the others. They are no longer frozen (if they ever were) although they do all have a small puddle of water under their beds ...

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THE DREAM

by Hawah Noor

I awoke from my slumber because I heard the trees calling my name as they lurched back and forth in the momentous storm. Then I took a glimpse at the clock, whose numbers were brightly illuminated in the otherwise pitch black room. It was 3.00am. The creaky, metal bed was standing in the middle of the gloomy, forlorn room. All the hairs on the back of my neck had stood up. The bed had creaked. Then I heard...

“Hawah, Hawah wake up!” whispered Gracie T, “I heard Mr Henry snoring and I thought it was a monster.”

Almost instantaneously we saw an overpowering light shining from outside.

Maddy, who we presumed had been asleep, mumbled, “Am I dead? I see a light.”

Some people in our group are awake; others are

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sleeping. Could they be dead? Just then I heard deafening footsteps. The questions racing through my mind were these: was it a lethal creature, are there other monsters and have they come to kill us?

We all hid for what seemed like an eternity – there it was... it was a “Malaekah!” we all shouted at the top of our lungs and gave her a colossal hug. Then we heard the crunching of dead, old leaves nearby. Despite being nervous we made the decision to go outside – into the unknown. Trembling (with fear), Maddie mumbled, “Let’s go back inside.” Just then Gracie T leant on a stone (which is in the middle of the field) and the ground started to shake.

“Gracie!” we all shouted in unison.

“Oops,” she exclaimed. Unexpectedly, ghostly ghouls and sinister skeletons started appearing from the ground. Petrified, terrified, frightened these were all the emotions I was feeling.

Just then I heard, “Hawah, Hawah wake up you are going to be late for your trip.” As my mum was calling I realised this was all a dream.

Or was it...

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DISAPPEARANCE- REAPPEARANCE

by Hayden Isherwood

Imagine a room that was completely claustrophobic, where the wind shrieked so loud it could break glass and the darkness flooded the room like a tsunami. That's where I was. My classmates and I were huddled up shivering whilst our teachers snored. It was too cold to sleep for us youngsters. "It's an iceberg in here!" chattered Ethan.

"We need a fire!" complained Charlie. I stared out of the partially steamed up window. The place where we were was just abnormal. In the distance, there was a roaring flame that was a forest fire. My classmates came up to me. "Let's go!" I whispered.

We crept out like ninjas from 'Mission Impossible'. Some people would stay in bed (being cowards); others – like us - would say 'Challenge Accepted.' We carried on deftly whilst our eyes were swivelling cautiously. The never-ending path called our names. The question that

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was spiralling through my mind was this: was the flame moving? The extravagant fire was in an ominous area now. It instantaneously vanished! There were around fifty dented, ancient rocks surrounding us. Instinctively, for some strange reason I knew we were at a Viking Burial. “Guys we need to go. “Now!” I shouted.

Too late. A ghoulish Viking village emerged from thin air. “What the heck?” questioned Oscar. Our feet were stuck to the floor like we had superglue on our shoes. We couldn’t move. Spectres of Vikings appeared and started walking and talking. We were petrified. “Belinda can you pass me the wood?” asked one of the Vikings.

“Oh no it couldn’t happen!” whispered Taylor, “Oh it has, guys, Belinda’s name was carved on the stone.” Eerie feelings swarmed us. Deathly screams were haunting us.

As fast as a click of a light switch, the village was intruded by wild horses neighing, inducing fear. Almost immediately the stallions became stuck in position - unmoving. A Viking went closer to them. They were stone.

The villagers screamed in panic. The horses had blood tears rolling from their eyes. Their souls started evaporating and started twirling in the air. During the panic, a beast came: indescribable. The

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beast transformed the other Vikings to stone too. My unconscious took over my mind. Tortured children swirled in my head. Then a scorching skull with eyes so black.

“I am Barkasto: The God of all Vikings and Anglo Saxons.” said the beast viciously,

“This land has disappointed me and now I will obliterate it!”

“I have something to admit,” sighed Taylor, “I saw our names on some of the stones too.”

Utter silence.

“This is a vision of how you turned to stone!” Barkasto laughed hysterically. “You fell into my trap - all because you were cold!”

It was too late... Darkness flooded the place like a tsunami, the wind shrieked so loud it could break glass and the area became completely claustrophobic.

Now I am not here.

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK TWO

VIKING TORTURE

by Lilah Merrell

Midnight, everyone is asleep except for me. While I was lying awake a sudden noise struck my ear like lightning - it was footsteps.

Suddenly, it was gone. Immediately, a strange bright light flickered on and off like a torch outside my window. More scared than ever before I got up and tried to wake Georgie up. She was dead to the world. The question running through my mind was this: should I go alone or should I just stay here? Quickly Georgie woke up - as grumpy as ever. While we tiptoed out of our tent not trying to wake up Hawah or Maddie, the light came again (even stranger and bright this time).

Running to the light – despite not knowing why - we found ourselves in the Viking burial ground.

The light came from a huge bonfire that was surrounded by the spirits of long dead Viking warriors. The earth opened up and we fell into an enormous pothole, which was nearly filled with

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water. The ghosts followed grabbing at our clothes. We swam for our lives to the cave entrance. We scrambled from the water into the cave and safety.

We were back in to our tent in our sleeping bags and Maddie and Hawah were still sleeping. The question on my mind was this: was it a dream?

Then I realised my hair was soaking wet...

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK TWO

13TH - HORROR!

by Madison Coyle

I was woken up on the pitch-black, snore-filled bus by the spine-tingling presence of a supernatural being. I groggily glanced at my watch...12pm. Witching hour. There was no way I would investigate the strange, creepy manifestation, that was outside, alone. The question on my mind was this: could my kind, normally helpful friend Hawah, possibly help? Of course she could - she loves adventures.

“Huh... Mads, what’s that strange building over there?” Hawah whispered to me, quietly. At the end of the dark, stone-filled burial ground was what seemed to be an unmistakably long house. Could it be a Vikings? Some children would have ran back into the bus; others (such as Hawah and I) would investigate it like detectives in a movie.

Hawah and I slowly stepped through the ghostly burial ground. Something hit us ... hard. We woke

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up in what seemed to be a jail cell - that had been prepared by the unknown. Like someone knew we were coming. We knew - by the timer on the wall - that we had 12 hours to flee the Viking afterlife (Valhalla).

If not, we would remain ghosts forever, in this strange place.

We had to endure: incredible glass mazes; lava jumps; creature infested swamps: and all the time being chased by guards. Finally, we came to a void.

“JUMP!” I screamed.

We fell...

I was woken, startled, by my mum's sweet voice, “Good morning sweet-heart, ready for the big trip?”

The question blazing through my mind was this: could all of this have been a dream?

Surely not.

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK TWO

THE VIKING APOCALYPSE!!

by Malaekah Adrees

As I was on the bus I felt the spine-tingling presence of a supernatural being. Heavy breathing (from a source unknown) interrupted my slumber. I glanced at my watch...7pm. Slowly, I crept to my friends: fearless Hawah; sporty Gracie T; funny Josie; kind Gracie H; caring Abigail; and crazy Maddy.

“Hey, guys wake up,” I bellowed.

“Hello, is it morning yet?” whispered Gracie H.

“Come here guys this is weird.” shrieked Abigail.

“Forget her she’s probably pulling one of her pranks.” declared Gracie T.

“R..ight?” Maddy said frightened. Incredibly, at the back of the bus there was a strange door. A large wooden door. The question on my mind was this: Why was there an ancient, mysterious door on a bus? Trembling nervously, I went back to my seat. I couldn’t help thinking about the mysterious

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door. The huge, yellow bus suddenly stopped. We had arrived? When I stepped down off the bus, my friends and I were packed tightly together. The colossal, terrifying building in front of us was screaming that there were demonic ghosts inside. When we got into the ancient building, we partnered up and were allotted our rooms. Our dorm number was 13...

Soon after, it was our bedtime - 9:00pm. The girls and I got into our beds however later that night after a fitful sleep something awoke me. "Who is that?" I stammered. I crept out of my bed hoping I wouldn't wake anyone else up. "Maddy?" whispered Hawah, "What are you doing?" Maddy was sleepwalking (in a weird trance).

"Come on, I'll get you back to your bed," Hawah declared.

CREEK!! "What was that?" I lifted up the carpet and there it was a secret passage underground. Too many weird things were going on.

There was a number on the 'tunnel' but it was probably nothing. I woke up all the girls quickly. We all got dressed in the dorm and once we were ready we carefully went down the secret dark tunnel.

Where will it lead us? Will we ever return? We

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had to find out. Suddenly, we came across a staircase - a narrow spiral staircase. It led us to a pathway of stones. We followed the pathway between the huge boulders. Until we were at Valhalla. Valhalla - a terrible place to be - Viking heaven.

A colossal shadow approached us. And gave us a huge fright.

“Who are you?” asked Abigail.

“I’m a Viking and you’re in Viking heaven,” the shadow calmly stated.

“How do we get out?” stammered Josie.

“You will need to complete this mission.” The Viking man had given us a complicated map and some clues. We had to follow the clues and find the missing precious gold.

We looked everywhere for what seemed like an eternity in our quest to find the gold.

If only we hadn’t gone on that school trip, if only we had stayed asleep in our dorm, if only that dreadful tunnel hadn’t appeared then we wouldn’t be here, attempting to solve this desperate conundrum.

“Hey guys, come and look at this,” shouted Gracie H. There was a strange statue. We all surrounded the statue. At the back of his left leg there was a number. “A secret passcode?” muttered Abigail. We tried the number and amazingly it

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worked. “Grab the gold,” Maddy shouted. We quickly ran to the Viking shadow and gave him the gold. “Well done, you have completed the mission!”

Finally, we went through a spiral, which was full of water.

We were back at home. My beautiful mother woke me up. “Get up sweetie it’s time to go on your trip.”

“WHATTT??” I exclaimed.

“Why are you soaking wet?” she enquired.

Had it been a dream?

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK TWO

THE MYSTERY OF THE VIKINGS

by Maria Gradzka

The ancient hostel – which was located at the end of a long, meandering lane – was miles from anywhere and completely secluded. The windows stared out across the desolate fields whilst the ivy crawled up the walls like a snake wrapping around its prey – causing it to gasp for breath.

A shrill noise came from outside. Almost instantly Ellie woke. Ellie and I were situated in our tiny, cramped room wondering what to do next whilst our hearts thudded. I saw a mysterious shadow stood behind our curtains. It moved. “Ellie did you see that!” I bellowed. She hadn’t however we followed it. Where would it lead us to?

It lead us to a gigantic burial ground where there were lots of strange looking people doing a range of activities including: cooking a newly

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slaughtered pig; sharpening huge swords; and sewing some woollen, rough tunics. Suddenly, a strange looking ancient Viking approached us (his facial expression told us he was extremely angry). We turned and ran as fast as the wind however when we looked back he was still there just behind us. We carried on until finally we could run no more.

The question on my mind was this: where were we? It was the darkest forest I had ever seen and it was darkening by the second. A vortex appeared and we were spinning through deep space.

Is this really the end?

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SILENCE OF THE NIGHT

By Molly Whiteley

The stroke of midnight. A chilling breeze rattled through the trees that huddled together for warmth. I could hear the tears of the clouds jumping off the tent roof. As I started to awaken I lay there not knowing where the decision to stay awake will take me. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye I saw a shadow. The question on my mind was: what is that? Some people would have been terrified; others like me were ready for an adventure!

Even though I was brave I needed companions. So I woke up Maddy, Hawah, Ellie, and Gracie. “Come on let’s go.” whispered Hawah quietly.

Everyone tiptoed out of the damp, cold tent and into the wind. The crackling of the branches fell dead to the world.

The shadow was a ghost girl. “A Ghost!” Ellie stammered.

“I am a phantom,” the ghost exclaimed.

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I thought to myself. “Who is that?” My legs started leading me towards her.

“Can you help me find my mother?” She asked. Some would have run away; me and my friends stayed and agreed to help. Before I could finish my thoughts we were falling deeper than hell itself.

Then I looked around me. Where were we? I had so many questions. The phantom had gone...

We rushed around like headless chickens trying to look for her. I realised that people had appeared and they were Vikings. I turned to see that Hawah had collapsed to the ground in shock! A tall, slim Viking woman in a cloak rushed towards Hawah sweeping her from the ground and taking her to a small hut. We followed. The question in my mind was: How could all this be happening? The woman was helping Hawah recover. Minutes went by but it felt like hours. Maddy noticed Hawah was starting to awaken therefore she was over-joyed - so she cheered. The woman told us her name and we told her the whole story. Her eyes lit-up when we said about the phantom. “Where’s Phantom?” she asked. Suddenly, the phantom burst through the door and the woman’s eyes met with hers.

“M-Mother?” Phantom gasped.

Blackness.

Then I woke-up in the tent. Safe. Was it a dream?

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK TWO

VIKING NIGHTMARE

by Oscar Oakes-Wood

12pm. Mr Henry's snoring was loud: a lion's roar. The waves on the cold, dark sea were crashing and booming around. Also, I could hear the tears of the clouds lashing the window. In the distance the hoot of the owl was the cry of the devil. I couldn't get back to sleep on that cold miserable night. Then silence.

Petrified and feeling alone, I woke Taylor, who was on the bottom bunk, and told him something didn't feel right. "Did you see that?" I stammered to Taylor. "Yes," he whispered. It looked like a slender shadow had walked right past the room. We slowly followed it. Where was it going? We didn't know. But we wanted to know who it was and where it was going? No matter what may happen.

We got to the ancient stairs and saw the giant,

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slim shadow slowly go through the old, creaky door at the end of the creepy, seemingly never-ending corridor. I went to go step on the stairs. I couldn't feel anything. The stairs had gone! (How strange). Luckily, there was another set of stairs on the other side of the corridor. We tiptoed as quiet as mice trying not to wake any teachers up. The stairs: the route to finding the shadow? We went over to the door and stepped outside.

We fell into an abyss. Down and down we travelled. Where would we end up?

Valhalla (the land for the Viking afterlife). It looked just like I had imagined! Magical.

As we got to Valhalla we saw a giant river running through the middle of the land. There were also humongous mountains and a Viking burial ground. "What's that?" Taylor exclaimed, "It looks like a Viking ghost and he's coming towards us!" More and more apparitions started coming up from under the old, giant rocks in the burial ground. "RUN!" I shouted to Taylor. We saw a portal over the old, crooked bridge that must go our escape, back to Whitby. We ran as fast as we could over the bridge - just in time as then it smashed down onto the river below. Luckily, we got back to Whitby safely.

When we got back, the sun was just rising and we quickly ran upstairs and got back into bed pretending we had been asleep all night. Other

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people in the room had just woken up, but Taylor and I had been up all night.

Whitby: a place where anything can and does happen.

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SCREAM

by Gracie Harris

I was woken up in the pitch-black, snore-filled dormitory by the presence of a spine-tingling supernatural being. I groggily glanced at my watch ... 12pm. Witching hour. There was no way I would investigate this strange, creepy manifestation alone. Suddenly, I heard whispering. “Gracie, Gracie.” I slowly climbed down from my bed. I opened the door, it was my friend Gabriella. She quietly said “Do you want to go on an adventure?” my conscience was making me unsure of what to do, should I or shouldn’t I? I eventually decided I couldn’t let my friend down. “Is Mr Henry asleep?” I asked. Then I was distracted by a shadow ...

We made our way to the bottom of the stairs and we were heading towards the front door when, in

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the pitch back darkness, I was sure I could just about make out something stood there. I was scared. But then I heard “Hhhaaaho” it sounded different to anything I had heard before – in fact it sounded rough, like a Viking (but it couldn’t be, could it?). I looked out of the door - yes it was the Vikings. I was terrified, they were coming towards us. My mind was spinning. Spinning because I was scared. We ran really quickly back up the stairs towards our dormitory. As we were running, glass shattered around us, covering us like rain. In a blink of an eye, we were at the dormitory. We crashed through the door which was closed behind us by a mysterious force. Desperately trying to forget what had just happened, I closed my eyes tightly and wished for morning to arrive quickly.

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK TWO

THE GHOSTLY NIGHTMARE

by Sidney Brook

As me and my best friends chat about what we could do when we go outside, the last teacher falls asleep. “Are all the teachers asleep?” whispered Taylor. Before I had a chance to answer, my nose started to twitch as I was greeted by the delicious aroma of a barbeque. The question running through my mind was this: where was this smell coming from in the middle of the night? I turned towards Taylor, it was clear he had smelt it too.

As fast as a dart, Taylor and I put on the nearest clothes and headed outside. Quickly, we sneaked along the old, bumpy hall way and down the decayed, wooden stairs. We slowly, nervously stepped outside onto the damp, wet floor.

“Can you hear that?” Mumbled Taylor.

“Yes” I replied.

We could hear sizzling, like someone was cooking on a fire, we could also hear crunching of

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leaves like someone was walking near us. But as we got closer, we started to see something glowing amongst the trees. We were going to turn back but we agreed we would go and check it out. So, we slowly crept closer and closer to the mysterious glowing light. As we were a few footsteps away, amongst the glow, we could see what looked like people dressed in Viking clothes. So, we sneakily tip-toed closer to them. As we were next to them, there was a gust of wind which sent the leaves flying, scattering everywhere. Slowly, a leaf astonishingly flew through one of the Vikings and that is when Taylor and I realised they must be ghosts. They all turned towards us with their glowing, bright red eyes!

We both tried to rush back to our dorms but we couldn't escape them because they were coming from every direction. As we reached the old, crumbly, stone building we were staying in, the doors were locked and the terrifying, blood-thirsty Vikings were getting closer and closer to us. As we tried to hide behind some bushes in front of the building, I felt something touch my shoulder ... Aarrgghh!

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SILENT NIGHT

by Gracie O'Donnell

A loud knock on the window woke me up. I was frightened. Frightened because I had no idea who it was. I looked at the dirty, old window BUT NO ONE WAS THERE. I sneaked out to investigate. The dark, gloomy clouds glided across the sky. I arrived at the old, disgusting burial ground. The cold wind pushed a rock down the hill. I was frightened because the rock was heading towards me. I walked down the rocky hill. Suddenly I saw a Viking longboat on the lake. I climbed up the longboat to investigate. I found a Viking shield and sword. I walked to the back of the boat and saw a Viking helmet and half of a shield. Suddenly I saw a Viking skeleton. I ran to the front of the boat so I could be prepared to fight. I tiptoed to the back of the boat again. The skeleton, which was extremely old, charged towards me. I pushed the skeleton off of the boat but then another skeleton pushed me

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off. I woke up then and it had all been a dream.

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12 MIDNIGHT

by Taylor Dickinson

I was sat staring into deep space as the shouting from another room kept me from sleeping. As I cautiously rolled out of my wooden, uncomfortable bed, unfamiliar sounds tantalised my mind: the whispering of the wind swishing through the nearby trees; a crackling noise from a fire pit; and the clashing noises of a blacksmith sharpening silver swords! Slowly, I opened the brown, dilapidated door as I wanted to check outside. The question darting back and forth was this: what would be my fate? Carefully, without waking my sleeping roommate, I stepped outside. Lightning struck. I could hear the clouds quickly crying out their tears. Although I was scared and tired, I wanted to investigate this mystery.

“Who’s that,” I unexpectedly heard from behind me.

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“Taylor.” I replied. “Come with me Oscar I need you to help me!”

We rapidly darted over to a palid, ashen tree. We saw someone. He had silver, mail chain armour as if he’d just returned from a monstrous battle.

“It’s a Viking,” Oscar screamed with a full throated yell. Quickly, we both ran up a seemly everlasting hill. Was he catching us? Or was it my imagination? I could feel his heavy breathing on my spine-tingling back. “Keep going Taylor,” I thought to myself. He chased us all around the village like headless chickens until -

AHHH!

My leg I think it’s broken.

Is this the end?

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK TWO

THE VIKINGS ARE COMING

by Ella Cook

There was a loud bang as the thunder crashed outside my bedroom window. Suddenly I heard a quiet knock on the door downstairs. I rushed down the stairs and opened the old door. There was nobody there. I wondered who had knocked on the door. I crept outside to find out who had knocked on the door. Slowly I tip-toed down a dark scary path. It was very cold and the rain poured down. I was really scared because there was lots of weird noises. I could hear banging and shouting coming from the rocks at the side of me. There was a group of Vikings by the rocks. They were planning to steal all the Low Ash children for slaves. They saw me listening to their plan. “Get her” shouted the Viking in charge. I ran back to warn everyone. I had to wake them all up to tell them what I had heard. “We have to hide,” I told the teachers. The Vikings said, “Break the windows.” They couldn’t

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find anyone so they went back to the rocks. I got really tired so I went to sleep. The next morning I woke up and went for breakfast. I asked everyone if they were ok. Nobody knew what I was talking about. Had I been dreaming?

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THE PORTAL

by Matilda Brankin

I wake up groggily. I heard a loud knock on the rotten, old window, the question zooming through my mind was this: who can it be? I carefully climbed out of the window (closely followed by my best friend Gracie O, who decided to follow me) and down the shiny, new, black drainpipe.

As we slowly turned around, we stumbled upon a Viking burial ground. Towering stones, which were laid out in a circle, filled the landscape. On further inspection, the circle was filled with people. Men (who had weapons) looked half asleep. Could the Vikings be back? Gracie's mouth watered like a waterfall, she was that scared. She whispered, "Are we heading to the burial ground?" I replied quietly "Yes." We sneaked in and cautiously. Suddenly, old zombie looking Vikings, who seemed to appear from nowhere, stared at Gracie and me.

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If only we hadn't of climbed out the window, we wouldn't be trapped here. Gracie yelled. I heard another bang. What could it be this time? I glanced around and it was the same Vikings but now they were carrying a longboat and chanting. They looked distracted, so we decided to make a run for it. As we were running away, we bumped into Mr Henry. He was not impressed with us at all. He escorted Gracie and me back to our dormitory and made us go to straight to bed.

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VIKING TORTURE

by Josie Iles

Unfamiliar sounds tantalized my mind as I awoke: branches clawing at the window are devil's talons; leaves dancing and twirling in the howling wind; and the wind screeching like a child being tortured. I looked out of the grimy window to see a hulking shadow. I shrieked in terror. Accidently, I had awoken everyone in my claustrophobically small dorm. The eerie, weird walls were closing in on me as I started to sweat uncontrollably.

“Josie are you ok?” whispered Malaekah.

“Yeah, I just hate this place. Let's escape,” I replied. We crept out like ninjas on a mission. Until the floor had gave away and we were the Olympic bobsleigh team hurtling down the seemingly everlasting Cresta Run.

“Where did the floor go? Are we truly trapped?”

As we began to investigate our new surroundings, frighteningly we stumbled upon a

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rotten dead body. The Viking afterlife: the gigantic waterfall of blood; the fearsome, faceless apparitions flying around, and shattered bones lying on the ground. I felt a cold, spine-tingling breath of air.

“What was that?” I shouted.

“I think it was a spectre,” Malaekah shrieked, “RUN!”

We began our frantic search for an escape route and freedom. Clawing at the bones of the deceased our desperation increased. With all hope gone we were miraculously saved by a voice from ‘the gods’.

“Come with me,” it ordered. Then we ran back into our dorm. ROOM 13 ...

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IT WAS ALL A DREAM

by William Stewart

The leaves crackled. The twigs snapped. Yet incredibly despite being inside, the wind whistled in my face. Everything was teasing my mind. “Guys. Did you hear that?” I asked. Billy groggily woke up from his deep slumber. He hates getting woken up. “Hear what?” whispered Billy, “Do you mean the teachers?”

“No” I corrected, “I mean the leaves and twigs crackling and snapping outside, Billy.” I really thought something was out there. Billy went to the window to have a look. “Look! Look! Look!” announced Billy, “what’s that?” I didn’t know how to answer him. We just stared. We saw a weird, glowing and misshapen figure. It had no eyes. No ears. No mouth. No facial features at all! Billy was scared and wanted to hide; as for me, on the other hand, I thought of this as a challenge or quest to investigate. “Let’s wake up Jake,” whispered Billy. “Jake! Jake! Jake!” After a while, we told him

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about it and told him to look through the window. Finally, when Jake saw it too, we decided to investigate outside...

It was cold and damp outside. Billy really wanted to go back but we had a vote and he lost. We gingerly crept upon a foggy, old burial ground. "Guys! We need to go back!" shouted Jake. We didn't even say a word after what we saw. We just ran. There were more than any of us could count... There were more than 300+ white, glowing figures everywhere!

Whilst we were running back, terrified, I took a glance back to see if they were gone. But they were still there. As I looked back, I realised that Jake and Billy were gone! It was as if was caused by 'The Devil' himself! Then all the white figures just started chasing after me instead of standing there! What a day! So I tried running faster because they were now catching me, but I just uncontrollably stopped and just stood there! My feet were not able to move but my head could. I took a look back and they were after me! What did I do to make them so angry? Whilst I looked back, they were getting Closer! Closer! Closer!

I was confused... My phone's alarm set off... I was in bed... As my eyes slowly opened, Billy's

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did too. “Oh. It’s time to sneak out, Will.” whispered Billy.

“Umm. I’d rather not, Billy.” I stammered.

The question in my mind was this: Would this scar me for life?