

GHOSTS OF VALHALLA, BOOK ONE

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Class 6HM

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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 first collection of stories by Class 6HM, and wishing the very best of luck to these new authors.

E. Rachael Hardcastle
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IT LOOKED LIKE FUN

by Alyssa Brigg

It was a dark, gloomy night and my friend, Charlotte, and I were awake. I asked her if we should explore and she agreed. We sneaked out of the dorm room where the teacher, Miss T, was on the floor snoring with three packets of digestive biscuits and a knocked-over cup of coffee. She also had a biscuit in her mouth. We both jumped over her and went down the winding stairs and out of the exit door.

We walked near a towering statue and suddenly we saw a giant flame glowing in the air. Charlotte and I went to see, but as we approached, we heard singing. We slowly walked closer and saw a huge longboat on fire with people holding hands dancing around. It looked like fun. But after we walked to the Viking-like party, a man (who had a candy-floss beard and weapons as bright as the sun and as big as a fire extinguisher on his belt) came

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out of the crowd towards us.

He said his name was Duke Erik-Mora and he explained that it was Valhalla which is a huge celebration that the Vikings celebrated every year. I was worried that he was going to kidnap me OR EVEN KILL ME and my friend Charlotte agreed with me. Duke Erik-Mora said that he just wanted us to go and join in.

We all started dancing and it was really early in the morning so we decided to go back to bed because we had to get up early. We said goodbye to the Vikings and off we went to bed. As we walked closer to our dorm door where Miss T had been, we saw that she wasn't there anymore, so we were a bit confused and a little worried. We walked through our door. Our mouths dropped to the floor because then we saw Miss T still asleep on our dormitory floor, not only by herself but also still with her biscuits.

Exhausted, we went to bed. About an hour later, my bed started to move, then I heard a man shout, "Oi, it's not comfy under ere!" so I got out of bed to investigate. Under the bed, I saw Duke Erik-Mora....

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THE GRAVE OF SIGWOLF

by Amelia Helm

I couldn't sleep. I turned and looked at the clock which said 1:37 am. I whispered to Kiera next to me, "Kiera, Kiera, are you awake? "

"Yes." She grumbled, "What time is it? "

"It's 1:39am." I answered. "Wait, what's that?" I peered out the window and saw a bright red glow over the brow of the hill.

"I don't know," Kiera said with a curious expression. "Let's go and check it out."

"Fine then," I mumbled. We stood up trying not to make any noise as we crept across the dormitory. The trees danced in the wind whilst we got closer to the window. We clambered out of the window. The silence of the sleeping graveyard was deafening as we sprinted through the rolling hills down to the coast.

The sea crashed against the rocks; the eerie glow got brighter. The winding path ran through the

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sandy beaches. We hid behind a log, watching tall, shadowy figures dance around a roaring fire. The figures looked as if they were wearing some sort of animal skins and weapons clung to their leather belts whilst we crept around the trees trying not to get seen.

One animal-like man stood tall and towered high above us. A question raced through my mind: who were these strange-looking people? The early morning stretched across Whitby as we stood up and cautiously walked towards these strange people. “Who are you meant to be?” Kiera mumbled as the large, ghostly figures stood shoulder to shoulder.

“I’m the mighty Sigwolf,” he boasted, now standing taller. “Who might you be?”

“I’m Amelia and this is Kiera.” I answered with a slight wave of my hand.

“How about you come to Valhalla to help us defeat Sigrid the Evil?” he asked, tightening his fists. I nodded to Kiera as she nodded back.

“Sure, we’ll go,” I answered.

He started leading us towards a passage. “Up here,” he said as we continued to follow him.

“Wait, who’s Sigrid the Evil?” Kiera questioned.

“Sigrid the Evil,” he snarled, “has been terrorising our people, but now it’s time to put a

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stop to it.”

As we wandered up the winding passage, we stumbled up across an amazing place. Valhalla. “Whoa, this place is amazing!” we gasped in amazement as we continued wondering around in awe.

“Welcome to Valhalla, Viking Heaven.” Sigwolf proudly explained.

Whilst we continued walking through that amazing land, waterfalls poured over the edge. The longhouses stretched far across the city of Valhalla and the large, historic town slept as we entered the tall, iron gates.

We walked into the weapon smith’s building and watched him as he made us longswords. “Here you go,” the weapon smith said as he handed us our weapons and armour.

“Thank you,” I replied quickly, handing them to Kiera.

“Well then, let’s get ready for battle.” He handed us our armour and we wandered out to the battlefield.

I looked at the clock which now said 5:30am.

“Kiera,” I whispered, “we have to go - it’s nearly 6:00am!”

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“What about the battle?” Kiera questioned with a firm tone.

“We’ll have to run.” I answered.

“But we have to help defeat Sigrid!” she replied.

I stood there speechless as I nodded to Kiera while we slid the armour on and grabbed our swords, running to catch up with Sigwolf.

A gloomy, tall figure stood at the other side.

“Ah, Sigwolf,” a voice bellowed, “my old friend, and I see you have brought others.” A large, gaping hole opened underneath me and Kiera and swallowed us.

“AHH!” we screamed as we landed face first into the mud, knocked unconscious.

In the morning, we woke up somehow in our dorm again. Was it all a dream? I looked at Kiera and whispered, “What happened?”

“I don’t know,” she answered as she sat up. Mud was encrusted on our feet as we both looked at each other with puzzled faces. I felt something hard under my pillows. I grasped it, showing Kiera and whispering, “Look! A Viking brooch!”

“Whoa, I have one too!” she whispered back, pinning it to her top. “So, it wasn’t a dream?”

“I don’t know,” I answered with the same question still racing through my mind. Was it a dream?

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VIKINGS COME ALIVE!

by Anna-Jo Sampson

One quiet evening, the teachers were all asleep; meanwhile, all the children were whispering.

“Guys, we have to be quiet!” whispered Emma.

Everybody in the room fell silent. Several minutes passed before the chattering started again.

“Anna-Jo, are you awake?” asked Siena.

“Yes.” I replied. Clara clapped silently. All eyes were on Clara.

“What?” snapped Kaitlyn impatiently.

“Shall we all escape to go and explore?” asked Clara.

“Why?” asked Kaitlyn.

“I just wanted to go because I heard something and I saw a shadow run.” replied Clara. There it was again. The shadow. A black nothing.

Emma, Clara, Kaitlyn and I changed out of our pyjamas, put our shoes on and wrapped up warm. “Wait! What about Chelsey and Molly?” I asked.

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“I’ll wake them up!” exclaimed Emma. Emma went over to their beds and woke them up. Molly and Chelsey got ready too.

“There it is!” shouted Clara.

“There what is?” asked Chelsey.

“Why did you shout?” whispered Molly. “You’re going to wake the teachers up.”

“Sorry, I saw the shadow again!” explained Clara.

“What shadow?” we all asked in whispering voices.

“I’ll tell you later,” explained Clara. We stood in the middle of the room working out how to get out.

Thinking quickly, Clara gazed out of the window looking for the shadow. All the others and I looked for a solution for how to get out. “I’ve found something!” exclaimed Kaitlyn. We all ran to the other window, tiptoeing quietly. There stood some ladders. Tall wooden ladders.

Quietly, we climbed through the window and down the ladders. “Freedom!” shouted Chelsey. The giggling started.

“Let’s go and explore!” Molly suggested. Slowly, we parted into groups: Molly and Chelsey were in one group and I was in the other group with Kaitlyn, Emma and Clara. Molly and Chelsey ran towards the woods. Running too fast for us,

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they were lost in the distance.

Squelch. Squelch. The deep, brown mud squelched beneath our feet. There in the distance was the burning glow of a crimson-red fire. “What’s that?” questioned Kaitlyn.

“I don’t know. Let’s go and check it out,” I replied. We ran towards the glowing fire.

Suddenly, before our very eyes, we were witnessing a Viking burial. We were lost for words. We walked through the Viking burial ground.

Standing high as soldiers were three tents. We carried on walking around the corner. The flickering fire with its calm glow was surrounded by wood logs standing in the flickering glow. The air smelt of burning smoke. We could feel it was the air of Vikings.

“Hey, what are you doing in our village?” shouted a mysterious voice.

“Ahh!” I screamed in fear and shock.

“What is that?” asked Clara.

“I don’t know,” I replied. The question racing through my mind was this: where were Molly and Chelsey? Three more Vikings came out of from the death-like trees.

“What do we do - run or fight?” whispered Emma.

“Run,” we all whispered. We all rushed towards the abbey. A dark, oak tree loomed in the distance.

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We all made it to the tree, but where were Molly and Chelsey?

Panting, my eyes looked all around the dark night for Molly and Chelsey. They were nowhere to be seen. Sneakily, we crept away from the tree and headed to the woods. The Vikings were still chasing us and we could hear their Viking footsteps behind us. We saw two heads in the distance running towards us. Could they be Molly and Chelsey? The heads became clearer, but it wasn't our friends. It was the Vikings. Over the hill, Molly and Chelsey came into sight.

“Guys, we are here!” they shouted. We all ran (including Molly and Chelsey) to the abbey and climbed up the ladders and through the window. Chelsey knocked the ladders down and locked the windows. We were all safe now.

The next morning, I woke up and I saw grass on the floor. Could it be from my dream? Or maybe it wasn't a dream...

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GHOST VIKINGS AAAAGHH!

by Bariq Tarar

This scary, frightening school trip was the darkest hour of my life. My life was (almost) destroyed by terrifying, ghostly figures. I had never seen anything like them before. It all started at midnight when I heard a strange noise.

We had gone to a strange, spooky house in the middle of nowhere. Exhausted, we eventually arrived and wearily stumbled to our rooms. It was by now a dark and gloomy night. Suddenly, whilst I was half asleep, I heard a strange and frightening noise, so different to the familiar night time sounds: the children loudly snoring; teachers repeatedly coughing; and the owls quickly screeching. The question running through my mind was this: what was that? I woke up a lazy, tired Jayden and a grumpy, groggy Joseph. From nowhere, we saw ghostly white smoke appear. We had to investigate.

Slowly, we crept out into the fresh, wild open.

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We were all cold and shivering on the outside, but brave and warm on the inside. After following the smoke for a short while, we arrived. On arrival, we saw a strange pile of mossy, eerie stones making a circle. Next to the stones were Vikings - who looked vicious and brave - happily cooking raw meat on a fire.

Unfortunately, Jayden tripped on a loose grey rock and the Vikings spotted us. We urgently ran as fast as our skinny, short legs could carry us. Unexpectedly, the Vikings stopped dead and left us alone.

“Who are they?” whispered Joseph.

I replied, “They are Vikings.”

Barely alive, we still had to go back and investigate what they were doing. When we arrived, we didn't see the Vikings anymore, only a ship. Somehow I smelled fear and could taste death.

Suddenly, the Vikings jumped out at us but they passed straight through us as if we weren't even there. I noticed they were mysterious white ghosts. They came from the mossy, grey rocks and the ancient, creaky long ship. As fast as he could, Jaydan ran back towards to the old, rusty house, quickly followed by Joseph and me. We all dived into our cosy, snuggly beds. The rusty, brown door was pushed closed behind us by the kind, whooshing wind.

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Quickly, we went to sleep like nothing happened...

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VIKINGS ARE COMING

by Charlie Gaunt

I was half awake when I heard a scratching at the window. I climbed down the crooked, old bunkbed.

“Sammy,” I whispered. “There’s something outside.”

“It’s probably just a pigeon. Go back to sleep – it’s twelve o’clock at night,” he replied angrily.

Terrified, I went to the window but nothing was there. I opened the window. The question running through round my mind was this: what was it? I heard it again at the opposite window. What was it?

I toughened up and decided to climb through the window.

“CHARLIE, GET DOWN FROM THERE NOW!” Mrs Wilkinson shouted.

“I could hear something though,” I said.

“RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRR!”
a Viking shouted as Mrs Wilkinson was leaving the

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dormitory, but she did not seem to see or hear him.

“Where do you come from?” I said.

“HAMDA HEE!” he shouted, as he smashed the window with his two meter long sword.

“Come with me!” the Viking commanded.

“Ok,” I replied cautiously.

He put me on his crooked back and brought me to Hamda Hee - the place where all Vikings live. There were Vikings everywhere.

“What are we having for food?” I asked.

“BEEF!” all the worn-out Vikings all shouted.

After eating for a while, I started to get really full and I brought out a camera. So, I said to them “Who wants to take a photo?”

“What’s a photo?” they cheered.

I explained what a photo was and I told everyone to smile. We all looked at the funny photo - with either cheesy grins or funny faces – and we all laughed. After we looked at it, something started to happen. It started to go all black.

I woke up and I was back in the dormitory. It was very early morning. Everyone was still asleep. There was lots of mud on my shoes. Was it real? It left me with lots of questions. I searched for my camera. I needed to find the photo.

Quickly, I turned the camera on and scrolled through the images. I found the photo with the Vikings, but there were no Vikings - just me, all

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alone, pulling a funny face ...

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NIGHT-TIME ADVENTURE

by Chelsey Dennett

It was 12.00 at night. “Leah, are you awake?” whispered Chelsey.

“Yes, I am,” Leah whispered back.

“Do you want to go on an adventure?” hissed Chelsey.

“Yes, let’s do it!” whispered Leah excitedly.

Leah and Chelsey tiptoed down the creepy hallway past all the teachers who were snoring loudly in the teachers’ room.

“Quick, let’s go to that open window,” murmured Chelsey.

“Ok,” replied Leah.

Quietly, they crept cautiously to the window so that no one would hear them going out. Chelsey was the first one to climb through the window and then Leah followed her out. After they were both out, they walked excitedly further away from the campsite.

After a few seconds, Leah said, “Look, Chelsey,

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there is a glow of crimson-red fire in the distance!”

“Oh yes,” replied Chelsey. “Shall we go and see why it is there?”

“OK,” said Leah.

A few minutes later, they arrived at a spooky, gloomy forest with bone-like trees staring at them. As they carried on walking nervously into the forest, they finally arrived back on to the narrow path.

As they wandered up the narrow path, it was silent and all they could hear were creepy crows (who were haunting their minds) screaming. When they got to the top of the winding, gloomy path, in the distance they could see a colossal castle which had the red and orange fire inside that seemed to watch them as they walked slowly past the ominous graveyard.

The black, iron gate looked foreboding: made worse by its very loud creaking; the black posts which were as sharp as vampire’s teeth; and its brown, tall, wooden pillars.

A few moments later, they saw creepy people surrounding the red fire. Suddenly, the strangers saw them and started to run toward them, so the girls ran away.

Leah said, “Do you think we have lost them?” Then the strangers appeared again but seemed nice and friendly this time, so Chelsey took a picture, then Leah took a picture.

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After a while, Leah started to get tired so they headed back to the campsite, tiredly walked past the teachers and jumped into bed.

In the morning, when they all woke up, Chelsey and Leah looked on their cameras to show their friends the pictures of their night-time adventures. But their photos were not there ...

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VICIOUS VIKING ADVENTURE

by Cherish Turner

It was a dark, gloomy night in the countryside, on a school trip, during the night. Emily and her friend Kaitlyn could not get to sleep, so they decided to escape and explore...

As they made their way up the winding, cobbled path, all they could see was clear darkness, and the eerie shape of the large bush swaying side to side. Kaitlyn, who was terrified by the movement, jumped aside. She said, "Oh no, what have I done? I have knocked over a precious ornament!"

Emily replied "It's ok - just keep walking."

When they finally made their way up the winding path, they heard a noise. BANG! They both wondered what was happening.

After they paused, they then began to make a couple more steps forward. A few seconds later, they both reached their hands out in the darkness to find a mysterious, hollow door, but that was not

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all...

Terrified and nervous about opening the mysterious door, they froze in shock. A creepy hand opened it. Creak. Who did the hand belong to? How did it get there? What did the owner of the hand look like? A strange man appeared, who looked like a Viking, and stared at them like he had never seen a human before!

He shouted, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

Both of the girls were so shocked and scared that they didn't answer. After a little while, the Viking suggested they followed him to his village. Should they go?

A little later, he took them both to a place called Valhalla which looked very frightening. There were fireworks, bonfires and, of course, a Viking barbecue. Kaitlyn asked why they were having it and they told them it was because they were celebrating the victory of a fight that they won.

About seven hours later, Emily and Kaitlyn were so tired that they decided to head back to the campsite before anybody noticed they were missing. When they arrived back, an angry teacher called Mr Kevin was waiting for them.

How much trouble would they be in? The girls hoped it was nothing too bad...

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THE VIKINGS AND ME

by Clara Noble

It was midnight and we were at Nell Bank on a school trip. The room was silent and only Molly, Emma, Anna-Jo, Siena and I were awake. We had to be really quiet. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. “Who do you think that was?” I asked.

“It’s probably Siena and Anna-Jo coming back from searching the other corridors,” replied Molly.

“Let’s see, just to be sure,” said Emma. The door handle started to turn before it opened with a creak.

“Please be Siena and Anna-Jo, please be Siena and Anna-Jo,” Molly repeated quietly over and over again with her fingers crossed. Siena and Anna-Jo came through the door. Everyone was relieved. “Hi, guys!” I said happily. “Whoa!” I fell over.

“How did you fall?” asked Anna-Jo. “You weren’t even walking.”

“I don’t know!” I replied.

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We looked on the floor and next to me was a bottle. I picked it up and tried to open it, but dropped it. It rolled under the bed, so Siena went to look. There was a door set in the wall under the bed. “Guys, come here and look at this!” said Anna-Jo in confusion.

“Let me see!” whispered Emma. We all looked under.

“Should we open it?” asked Anna-Jo. The door was eventually opened by Emma because none of us wanted to open it, so she stepped up and did it.

Through the door, there was a wood with dilapidated, mossy rocks and in the distance, there were people. Anna-Jo started to walk in. We followed her. “I’ll take a picture,” murmured Anna-Jo as quietly as she could. But the flash had been left on! They noticed the flash and ran after us with swords and axes.

“Let’s run!” exclaimed Emma.

“I think that would be best,” replied Siena quickly.

“Come on!” I screamed, “We haven’t got all day!” We ran back through the door as fast as we could before they got through too. Emma slammed it shut and luckily no one got hurt and no strangers got through.

“They’ve gone, haven’t they?” asked Anna-Jo.

“Yes.” I replied. “Look at the picture, so we can get an idea of who or what they were.”

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“First of all, I have so many questions!” I said. “Why is there a door and why was there a bottle?”

“I don’t know, Clara, but Anna-Jo, look at the photo,” shouted Emma. She looked at the picture and the only people in the photo were statues! Just gold, grotesque statues everywhere.

“How did that happen?” asked Siena.

“I have no idea!” Anna-Jo answered.

Something caught Anna-Jo’s eye in the corner of the photo. It was the date the picture was taken on.

“Oh!” she exclaimed. “This isn’t the right picture!”

“What?” asked Emma.

“This is the one I took at the museum,” replied Anna-Jo.

“Anna-Jo!” we all shouted. I scrolled to the picture we really took that day and we all knew who the strangers were. Vikings. Large, fearsome Vikings.

“Get into bed, I can hear a teacher coming!” whispered Siena. We all jumped in bed, but to our surprise it was Molly.

“Where did you go?” I asked.

“I just went to the bathroom.” Molly replied.

A few minutes later, I fell asleep. After a long night, I woke up in the morning and thought it must have been a dream. I looked on the camera and saw the last picture taken. It was telling us that it wasn’t a dream.

Actually, it wasn’t a dream after all.

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THE GHOST NIGHTMARE

by Daniel Lawrence

Daniel walked over to Thomas and asked, “Are you awake?”

“Yes,” Thomas replied.

“Do you want to sneak out into the forest?” came Daniel’s next question.

“Ok,” said Thomas, bravely.

They hastily made their way downstairs, but they were making a lot of noise, so Thomas had the extremely good idea of going out of the window. They dashed out of the window and into the forest.

A few minutes later, they realised that they were lost. They walked on, but the more they walked, the more frightening it became. All of a sudden, they tripped and were launched through the air before landing in a heap on the ground. Puzzled, Daniel looked around and realised they were in a deep hole that looked like a trap. They were stuck! He looked down and realised that there was a pile

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of bones on the ground shaking frantically. Suddenly, a sapphire-coloured being flew out of the bones which then immediately stopped shaking.

It was a Viking ghost! They both gazed at the sapphire-coloured ghost with a look of horror on their faces. The Viking quickly let them out of the trap when he realised that they were humans and not animals. The Viking quickly dashed off and Thomas and Daniel quickly follow behind.

Soon, they realised that the Viking was heading towards a Viking burial ground. They quickly stopped, and the Viking also came to a halt, but as soon as they did, a giant ship stormed through the trees and through their bodies!

Daniel and Thomas looked at the ship and realised that not only was there more than one Viking ghost, there was an entire colony!

They walked on once again and found the actual burial ground. The Vikings were all having a giant feast because they were preparing to go on a voyage. They were all really friendly and invited Thomas and Daniel to join them.

A few minutes went by, and they were all having a fantastic time eating, singing and dancing round the fire.

The next thing that Daniel was aware of was

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waking up safely in his bed with his feet covered in dirt and with a piece of chicken in his hand. The question racing through his mind was this: was it all a dream, or had he really been celebrating with Vikings?

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VIKING ISLAND

by Elaine Agbodo

“Alyssa, I heard something - wake up!”
whispered Elaine.

“What is it?” questioned Alyssa.

“I heard something. Let’s go and see what it is,”
said Elaine.

“Ok,” mumbled Alyssa.

We tiptoed out of the room and into the dark hallway. All of a sudden, we could hear the teachers starting to snore. Tiptoeing out of the mysterious hallway, we reached the staircase. It was dark and I didn’t like it.

We managed to get outside. The door slammed. We turned around but the abbey wasn’t where it had been. Replacing it was an orange glowing light. Without thinking, we ran straight towards it. All of a sudden, we toppled over each other into a dark hole filled with people wearing animal skins and carrying swords. They were Vikings! It looked like they were being forced to work. But by who?

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It was the Viking leader.

We needed to ask him how to get back to the abbey, but we couldn't get to him. All the Vikings were crowding round him and they wouldn't let us through. After a few minutes of trying to get to him, we finally accomplished our mission. We asked him how to get back but he didn't know what we were talking about. He had never heard of an abbey before and it worried me. Then he told us something we had never heard before. All the Vikings were fake; they were ghosts and they went back to normal after midnight.

The Viking leader was very friendly and invited us to a meal to celebrate all of their victories. After about twenty minutes, we had all finished our food and it was delicious. There was beef, chicken and much more. We were all very full and the time had gone so fast. By now, it was 11:30 at night. None of my friends would have believed me if I told them that Alyssa and I had met a Viking leader.

I realised that the time had started to go even faster. It was 11:45pm and so the Vikings started packing away their things and Alyssa and I started to get ready to go too.

At 11:59pm, they started fading away and said goodbye to us.

Then all of a sudden, in the blink of an eye we were back in our room.

"Elaine, wake up," whispered Alyssa in a

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hesitant voice.

“Hmm,” I said as I woke up.

“What happened?” I exclaimed in a confused voice.

“You were shaking in your sleep,” stated Alyssa.

I told the other girls in the room that I had seen lots of Vikings but they didn't believe me. They didn't believe me at all. If they didn't, then I couldn't make them. Something was prickling my back. What was it? It was a Viking jewel. How did it get there? At least I had proof that I did see Vikings. I showed them the jewel and then they believed me.

“Wow, you need to take me there sometime,” stated Alyssa. Little did she know that she had already been!

“Are you willing to give up most of your sleep?” I asked her.

“Of course - as long as I get to meet them,” she exclaimed.

Then, at 11:00, the adventure started all over again...

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VIKINGS COME ALIVE!

by Emily Lister

It was a dark and gloomy night, when we two friends went on a journey, to Buck Woods. I am Emily, the active one, and I was climbing trees. Jake, who is not scared of anything, was telling me to hurry up. Nobody noticed us crawling out of the old building.

As we made our way up the long, winding path with its cobbles, the silence was hurting our ears. The silence surrounded us: the silent cold air bit us; the silent grass waved in the wind, and the silent creepy crawlies crept over our black shoes. WHOOSH. The wind was blowing the loose dirt from the floor into our eyes. WHOOSH. WHOOSH. The wind was strong, very strong.

Then I saw a small flicker of light coming from the distance and jumped back in shock. “Come on Jake, don’t be a wuss,” I shouted.

“Ok,” shouted Jake in excitement. “Wait for me then.” I was running towards the burning glow of

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the crimson-red fire. Although I didn't want to, my feet were controlling me; it was strange, like I was possessed. Jake saw a bunch of small Vikings playing together, so we started to run away but a boy called Gunnar told us to stay and play with them and we said that we would be happy to.

In a split second, things changed for the worst. We had been playing for hours with Gunnar and his friends when Gunnar's father came - who was the leader of the Viking clan - and he did not seem impressed with his son had done. He started to shout, "GET AWAY, GET AWAY. Gunnar, are you ok?" Then I told Jake to give Gunnar's father a lighter and his pocket knife. Jake and I were so happy when he then invited us to tea.

What seemed like seconds later, Miss Thompson woke me up. I discovered that I had muddy feet. I couldn't understand how or why I had managed to have mud on my feet if I had been in bed. Would I ever find out why?

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THE VIKING CATASTROPHE

by Emma Conrad

It was 11pm. “Shush! Be quiet, Clara.” I whispered whilst yawning and taking a sip of my ice-cold water.

“Ok, ok!” replied Clara.

“Did you hear that?” I asked.

“No,” replied Clara.

“I’m sure it was a person outside,” I explained, “Let’s go and see what it was.”

“I’m not sure that is a good idea.” whispered Clara, scared.

“Yes, it will be fine,” I answered. The wind whistled and howled. Orange crunchy leaves flew around my head. The trees were as tall as soldiers, standing smart and proud.

“Twit twoo,” hooted an owl.

“Was that a person?” I exclaimed, “It was tall and dressed kind of weirdly. It had a coat and a brown leather bag.”

“No, you’re probably just seeing things,

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Emma,” said Clara, hoping she was correct

Squelch, squelch. The ground was full of mud and was very uneven. As we made our way up towards the grotesque figure, unfamiliar sounds teased our semi-conscious minds: the echoing noise of the water drops; the eerily-lit sky; and the tree branches whirling around. Silver spikey railings beside them with their patches of rust were scattered everywhere.

We saw a fire. The crimson-red, flickering fire with its dangerous glow was situated in the middle of a circle of grey stones. Slowly, a burning longboat floated out of it. We walked carefully towards it and noticed the figure that I had seen. Suddenly, it came alive! It was a Viking. A fearsome, vicious Viking. Scared yet brave, we walked up to it and touched it. “I can’t touch it!” exclaimed Clara, “It is as if it is not there.”

“Let me have a go,” I shouted.

“Hey, stop touching me,” yelled the Viking. He started running and chasing after us. He ran as swift as a lion.

“RUN!” screamed Clara. We started to run for our lives.

“I’m going to catch you!” roared the Viking. The crows (which were haunting my mind) squawked extremely loud. I wondered what was

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going to happen but there was one question in my head that was bothering me: why was there a Viking in the 21st century? Was I dreaming or was this actually happening? I really wanted to stop and be rooted to the spot, but I had to keep running.

As we ran back, we passed the trees, we passed the orange crunchy leaves and we passed the silver spikey railings.

“Pant, pant, pant. I am out of breath.” I said, breathing heavily.

“Me too. I think we lost him.” sighed Clara.

“Yep,” I replied.

“Zzz, zzz.” Clara snored. We woke up in our pyjamas, with everything where we left it. “I had the weirdest dream ever last night. You and I were walking in the woods and we saw a figure. It was a Viking. After that we saw a Viking longboat float out of a fire. Then the Viking chased us and it ended there.” explained Clara.

“You will never guess what – I had that very same dream too!” I answered. But we didn’t notice the mud on our feet...

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A NIGHT WITH THE VIKINGS

by Jake Dolecki-Fisher

It was a dark and gloomy night, when none of us could sleep: all we could hear was the sound of the rough force of the wind blowing; and rustling, with old, crumpled leaves rattling all over.

“Sammy, wake up!” I whispered, “Sammy?”

Sammy replied, “WHAT?”

“Wake up!” I insisted.

Sammy slowly got out of bed and stumbled across the room to the door.

“Wait!” I said, “We need to check that everyone is asleep first.” So we looked over all the people and teachers.

“Right, I think that they’re all asleep, so we had better go,” sighed Sammy.

“Yeah, ok,” I replied.

We slowly made our way to the main door, trying not to trigger any creaky floor boards. We finally made it, which felt like ages. As our cold, frosty hands laid on the splintering wood we could

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feel the weight of the door, as our stomachs sucked in, we took one big heave and the door opened with a noise that our ears could not stand and which was sure to wake anyone up. CREAK!

Squelching through the damp mud, we jumped to what appeared to be a moving light as we peered over the small, grassy hill with a big gulp of fear. The sound of the deafening horns shook the ground. “WOW, that is loud!” I exclaimed.

“I KNOW!” shouted Sammy.

“I think that we should go back to the dormitories,” I said worriedly.

We slowly tiptoed through the wet, damp grass back to the long building. Suddenly we heard a deep voice.

“Hey - what are you doing around here?” We froze.

“Uhhh, we just wanted to explore,” I exclaimed

“Yeah!” Sammy then added on.

“Want a picture with the chief Viking?” the tall Viking said.

“Uhh....OK, sure!” I replied confusedly

We took a selfie with the Chief Viking and they even invited us to a feast! But we had to say no politely because we needed to get back before everyone woke up. We thanked them for being kind and for letting us take a picture with them. As we opened the main door, I said, “Get ready for the screech!”

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SCREECH. We opened our room door and surprisingly everyone was still asleep. We climbed back into bed and I closed my eyes, but I remembered to look back at the Viking pictures and savour the memories. I looked at the selfie, but for some reason the Chief Viking... wasn't there!

My eyes shot open.

“SAMMY, LOOK!”

THE DARKNESS

by Jayden Szpitter

On the first night of the winter school trip (which was to a Viking burial ground), the class went down to the ground floor of the hotel for some hot chocolate; however, as I went down the stairs with my friend Sidney, he stopped me and said “Bro, did you hear that? It sounded like Vikings!”

I exclaimed, “It is probably just the wind.” So, we carried on walking down, got our hot chocolate and went back to our dorms.

After around an hour of sleep, Sidney came to my bed and woke me up, saying, “There are Vikings outside!” I quickly went to the window and there were Vikings. Quickly, like ninjas, we went downstairs – out of the door and into the graveyard, hiding. Sidney had his camera with him but when he took the picture it flashed and a dark-

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haired Viking looked at him sternly.

Like the speed of light, the Viking rushed over, asking, “Do you want to come and celebrate with us?” He was not angry at all; in fact, despite his stern appearance, he was quite the opposite. “Yes, please!” we shouted as we hastily made our way to the other Vikings who were partying. Beautiful was the mead and food, and friendly were the Vikings. After a few minutes of partying, the Guizer Jarl (Head Viking) came to Sidney and me saying, “You need to go back inside now as dawn is breaking.” So, reluctantly we said our goodbyes and went back to our dorms to sleep. After what seemed like a full night’s sleep, I woke up. It was still night (in fact it felt as if time had stood still). Was that all a dream, or did it really happen? Suddenly, I remembered Sidney had taken a photograph. Hurriedly, I checked his camera. Where was the picture? All the image showed was an empty graveyard.

No Viking...

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THE HAUNTING VIKINGS!!

By Jayden Vickers

I woke up in the middle of the night so I decided to wake up Joseph and Thomas too. I explained to them that I wanted to explore around the Abbey. They wanted to go through the door, but I pointed out that Miss Thompson was snoring outside and also that the stairs were rickety and creaky. I told them we should carefully climb out of the window because it was a very big drop. We slowly climbed down the roof and landed on the old, dusty grass.

Thomas touched me on the back; I jumped, frightened.

“I’ve heard this place is haunted and I believe it is. I don’t know if I want to go explore round this Abbey,” whispered Thomas.

“Really? Now I don’t know if I want to go in now,” whispered Joseph, quietly. The haunting house and the dark, gloomy night were following us in every step of the creepy way. All around us, I was seeing pop-out faces and leaves, bushes and

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trees moving! Now, I really did think that this place was haunted. We heard a splash of water out of the water fountain. The grass swayed along beside us and followed us with the dark, cold night.

We came to a door and crept through it. In the distance, I could see a pool table and a bar. We walked through and then I saw a glass move.

“Did you see that glass move? I did,” exclaimed Joseph.

“Yes I did,” I whispered. We went to go and investigate. I saw a pile of bones stacked together to make a body. There were a lot of skeletons, playing snooker and drinking. We quickly slid under the table and watched them for about 20 minutes.

“We need to get out. I think we need to get out and attack them!” I shouted. We came out from under the pool table.

Joseph round-house-kicked one of the skeletons in the neck, Thomas punched him in the face, I kned him in the nose. We fought our way through, but they came back to punching us all in the face. There were three horrible, bearded Vikings left.

I whispered to Thomas and Joseph, “Let’s attack them, boys!” We all kicked them and banged their heads together on the pool table. We couldn’t climb back through the window as we had to go up the stairs, but we saw a Viking body laid there on

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the stairs.

I shut our door behind us just as Mrs Wilkinson opened her door and we jumped quickly into our bunk beds.

When I woke up in the morning, yet again I woke Thomas and Joseph up. I asked them, “Shall we go look at the dead skeletons?”

They both shouted, “YES!” We went down the foreboding, dusty stairs, but there was no skeleton! Where had it gone and how did it disappear?

A NIGHT WITH THE VIKINGS

by Joseph Denning

“Jayden, Jayden, are you awake?” I whispered.

“Yes,” Jayden murmured.

“Shall we go out and explore?” I asked.

“Yes.”

We silently crept out of our dormitory.

“Jayden, the teachers are asleep - be quiet,” I said.

Quietly we crept around the teachers and ran into the forest.

As we walked up the steep winding path with sticks on the floor, all we could hear were trees waving in the wind. When we got to the middle of the forest, we saw the burning of the crimson-red fire with people sitting around it with clothes like animal fur. The question racing through my head was this: why were these people sitting around a fire? Didn't they have a home to live in?

One of the people sitting around the fire turned around and saw us. What should we do? Should

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we run or should we stay? Before we could run, a deep voice instructed us to stop and stay.

Rooted to the spot, Jayden and I were so nervous that we couldn't move. The person got closer and closer. As the person was nearly upon us, we saw a shape appear. It was a man, but no ordinary man. It was a Viking. And the clan leader.

He was mad. Really mad. All because we had interrupted his feast with his friends. And his friends were mad too.

Then, one of the Vikings started to chase us, so we started to run back to our dormitory. When we got to the dormitory, we jumped into our beds and under the covers, hoping no-one was going to come and get us and that none of the teachers were going to come tell us off. Suddenly, the sun came streaming through the curtains and woke us all.

As we all woke, I found mud on my feet, as well as some wooden bowls and some pictures of us with some Vikings...

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THE VIKING TERROR TRIP!

by Kaitlyn Walker

Carefully creeping past Miss T, who was snoring loudly, I shook Emily's shoulder, whispering, "Wake up, wake up."

Emily shouted, "WHAT?"

One of the teachers opened their eyes. We froze. Luckily they didn't wake up. Emily and I sneakily woke Cherish up and we went to explore. It was dark and gloomy in the house. We walked out of the crooked doors and came to a narrow alleyway. Emily, who is apparently smart, said, "First, shall we put cream on Alyssa's head?"

Cherish answered, "Yes, yes!" So we did.

Next, we walked down the winding path. Cherish, who was so scared, needed the toilet and kept going on about it. It took forever for us to get to the top. Up above were silver, shining cobwebs. Tripping over a bone, Cherish fell on the floor and wanted to go home.

Emily spoke in a comforting voice, "It's ok."

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But there was a shadowy figure standing in front of us. The question racing through our minds was this: what did it want?

“Aaarrrrrrgh!” we all screamed. The figure was a bearded Viking. We had no need to be scared. The Viking offered us a hand of friendship. Obviously, we agreed because we did not want to be killed. It turned out we could be killed anyway as he asked us to help him with a huge metal monster that was destroying his home village. It took a while for us to decide, but eventually we said that we would help him.

“How will we get to this hungry metal monster?” we asked.

“Just step inside this bush and leave the rest to me,” said the bearded Viking. Not knowing what was going on, we stayed in the bush.

In a split second, I was in the Viking world. In front of us were screaming Vikings and a silver metal monster. The frightened Viking said that all we had to do was disconnect its wires. All of a sudden, the monster was chasing Cherish and Emily; meanwhile, I was chasing the monster to try to disconnect the silver metal monster’s wires.

Eventually I grabbed its legs. It stopped. It turned. While the monster was staring at me, Cherish and Emily were slowly climbing up its slippery, silver legs. They managed to disconnect a wire but it was the wrong one. It didn’t stop the

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monster, but it turned it good!

The entire village applauded us. Emily and Cherish climbed down from the huge metal monster, and I let go of the enormous shiny leg.

Before we knew what had happened, we were in our beds. When we woke up, we looked at each other in confusion. We had oil on our hands. The question in our smart minds was this: where had the oil come from? Had we really been out on a terrifying terror trip with the Vikings?...

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NIGHTMARES AWAITING

by Kiera Taylor

It was 11:00pm; the girls were away on a trip with school and they couldn't sleep. What could possibly go wrong?

"Hoo hoo," came a soft call through the night.

"Ahh!" screamed Molly.

"Shhh. Be quiet!" hissed Amelia.

"I can't sleep," complained Kiera.

"Neither can I," replied Amelia.

"Well I can," Molly whispered.

"How about we leave?" questioned Amelia.

"Yeah - great idea!" screamed Kiera.

"Fine, then I won't sleep," complained Molly.

"Let's leave through the window and get on with it."

"Woah, look at that glow. Let's go check it out," said Kiera, mesmerised by the glow.

They climbed out of the window and headed towards the glow, passing a grotesque-looking statue with an ivy-covered body, whose finger was

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pointing towards the glow. As they made their way up the narrow winding path, the searing glow of the fire gave splashes of colour across the fields. The girls walked closer and closer. The fields around them turned into a village with a calm atmosphere that surrounded them.

When they walked through the village, they felt a sense of serenity that surrounded them. They found themselves following a river, and then at the end of the river was a burial ground. A Viking burial ground. The screams from the village nearby were deafening.

The girls looked at each other, a single question racing through their minds: what was happening?

The answer soon became apparent: the village was being invaded. As they dashed back towards the village, the sight was gruesome. A longboat forged forwards from the flames and people were being slaughtered left, right and centre. The girls couldn't help them. More and more Vikings came off the boat - it was a portal on the boat or something.

"Help me!" one child screamed. It was too late.

The village was burning down, people were dying and the girls couldn't help them. They tried running into the Viking invaders to hurt them, but just ran through them. They felt lifeless. It was a massacre of people.

Minutes later, the village was totally burnt down

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and the Vikings were loading people onto their boats. They were going to use them as slaves. As they rowed away, the village started to dematerialise beneath the feet of the girls as the sun rose behind them.

A voice broke their thoughts. "What are you doing out here?" screamed Miss T.

"There was a glow," explained Molly.

"Then we followed it," continued Kiera.

"What was the glow then?" questioned Mr Henry, suddenly appearing behind Miss T.

"It was a campfire," finished Amelia.

The teachers talked between themselves. "They're going insane." whispered Miss T.

"I know!" replied Mr Henry. "I don't know how we will explain this to their parents."

"Let's take them back inside," said Miss T.

"Ok," replied Mr Henry, still looking worried.

By now, it was 7:00. Everyone was awake, but still no-one believed their story. Could they really have lived through such a nightmare?

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VIKING VISIONS

By Kieran Moore

Crackle. Crackle. I woke up in my dark dormitory; everyone else was asleep. Crackle. Crackle. What was that noise? Should I explore? Many questions were running through my mind.

I sat up. "Where is the key?" I whispered to myself. I sneaked to the table, hoping nobody would hear me and picked up the gold, shining key. I looked behind me again to make sure everyone was asleep. I unlocked the door. Creak. Luckily, it didn't wake anyone up.

Swiftly, I ran downstairs. The man at the reception was asleep, but as sneaky as a mouse, I slipped outside. I finally felt the cold, arctic-like air outside.

I turned the corner into the grey, misty courtyard. In the middle, I saw a brown, wooden lever connected to the base of a bronze, metal statue. I jumped down from the small ledge and bravely pulled it. I heard a stone door open behind me which unveiled a tunnel - a dark tunnel.

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Inside the tunnel, the roof looked unstable, but I walked through anyway. Lanterns lit the tunnel with a fiery-orange glow. I came to the corner and the lights stopped glowing. I was coming to the end of the small tunnel where there was a small chamber with the floor clogged with water. CRASH.

The roof had caved in! I climbed up the debris on to the hillside above. I crouched down and peeked over. I saw what looked like a Viking ship on fire with some Vikings surrounding it. I sneaked forward towards the ship and saw a black cloth bag. I looked inside and saw a gold necklace with lapis lazuli on the end. I took it and ran back quickly.

When I got to the big brown door, I was relieved that I had remembered to wedge the key into it to keep it ajar. I opened it and looked through the white glass window to the outside. I couldn't believe my eyes – all I could see outside now was a burial ground!

I placed the necklace gently under my pillow. A few hours later, when I woke up, I started to tell my friends about my midnight adventure. But the necklace had gone ...

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VIKING MYSTERY

by Labeeba Naeem

As I lay in my uncomfortable bed, I could hear undertones chanting in my head. The noise seemed to be coming from the depths of the gloomy corridor.

“Emma,” I murmured fearfully, “Are you awake?”

“Yes, but I feel very afraid right now,” exclaimed Emma in a worried voice.

“Did you hear the haunting chants coming from the corridor?” I asked.

“Of course I did,” she whispered. “Should we go and explore?”

“Yeah!” I spoke with confidence as I stood up.

Whilst we paused in the grasp of the grotesque statuette, unfamiliar noises teased my semi-conscious mind. The chants sounded like wounded people calling me to aid them. The grotesque statue was peculiar: ivy crawled up its copper-like torso; its menacing finger pointed at the matt,

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cloudy sky; and moss froze on the base of the monument.

As we departed from the entrance of the gloomy castle, we heard something. What was it? Reluctantly, we turned our heads to meet the same statue, but this time alive. I found that my legs wouldn't move because of the fright. My mouth wouldn't scream because of all the horror, so instead I fainted. The second I fainted, I woke back up and realised it was all a dream... or was it?

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THE GHOST STORY

by Leah Fozzard

“Chelsey, are you awake?” I asked.

“Yes, why?” Chelsey replied.

“Do you want to go outside?”

“Yes ok,” came the answer.

We tiptoed past the rooms of teachers, who were snoring loudly, unlocked the wooden framed window and climbed out of it.

Suddenly, bones started appearing on the uneven pathway. Where had they come from? Then we saw a light, so we went over. As we got nearer, we could see the burning glow of the crimson-red fire.

“Who lit the fire?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” Chelsey replied.

“Look over there!” I shouted, pointing towards a figure in the darkness.

“Why, what is it?” Chelsey asked.

“I don’t know. Wait a minute – it’s a Viking and there’s more.”

“Oh no!” said Chelsey. “They are coming over!”

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“Do you think they have seen us?” I whispered.

It smelt of smoke and food. The Vikings were sitting around a fire, roasting food. They were cooking meat, stew, carrots and chicken.

“I don’t think so!” came the delayed reply.

“Are you sure, Chelsey?” I said worriedly.

“I am sure – we will be fine,” Chelsey answered.

But then everything suddenly faded away and I woke up in bed. Straight away, I looked to see if Chelsey was in bed too. She was.

I looked down to see that there was dirt on my feet. So then I woke up Chelsey to ask if she had dirt on her feet too and she did.

We then woke up everybody else to see if they had dirt on their feet - but they did not!

And since that day we still don’t know if it was real or not...

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A VIKING ADVENTURE

By Lemise Al-Saffar

“Pssst ... Labeeba, are you awake?” I whispered. “I can’t sleep because there are noises outside. Do you want to investigate?”

“Okay,” said Labeeba. “But let’s wear our coats,” she added.

Carefully, we tiptoed outside. Miss T was in the corridor talking on her phone, but she didn’t notice us. We went outside and saw a light. Where was it coming from?

“What’s that?” questioned Labeeba.

We went closer and I tripped over something on the ground beneath me. Then something glowed around us. I closed my eyes and imagined it was a dream. The wind hissed, the trees blew and the ground shook. The next thing I knew we were surrounded by Vikings!

They spoke in a different language and we couldn’t understand them.

“What are they saying?” asked Labeeba.

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“I have no idea,” I replied.

Miss T came outside and saw the Vikings. She calmly told us that we needed to find a new home for the Vikings, but where? The Vikings pointed at a large, wooden ship.

“I think that possibly they want us to go in?” queried Miss T.

Bravely, we stepped into the ship and together we sailed to every island we could find, but the Vikings didn’t like any of the islands that we visited. As we travelled, the Vikings sang songs, made weapons and swam. Miss T tried to teach them English and, after a while, they seemed to understand it.

“Can they speak English now?” I asked.

“Yes, I think so,” replied Miss T.

We went further away over the horizon, still in search of islands that would suit our new Viking friends.

“Look,” said the Viking leader.

We saw a gorgeous island in front of us with lush, green grass and colourful, majestic flowers. There was plenty of space for a farm and many animals. In fact, it was beautiful.

The Vikings thanked us, so we stayed for a while. We helped them: we grew crops; fed the animals; told stories; and made fires with them. Then they took us back to our modern-day camp, but every month they came and talked about

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themselves to the people staying there.

We also visited them regularly and helped them with the crops and in return they gave us souvenirs.

It was a true Viking adventure.

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VIKING HORROR!

By Lily-Mai Coles

“Lily-Mai, wake up,” whispered Leah.

“What is a matter?” asked Lily-Mai.

“Shall we go outside?” said Leah.

“Why?” whispered Lily-Mai.

“I heard a strange noise!” said Leah.

“Okay,” replied Lily-Mai.

Slowly, creeping across the dark alleyway, the girls made their way outside, passing Miss T who was snoring as loud as an elephant.

The wind outside was swirling and screeching. The misty sky reflected on the earth. Everything was dark, gloomy and terrifying. As the alleyway become nearer, the lights (which were flickering on and off) made shadows on the dirty wall.

CRACK. The roof of the alleyway they were in cracked and suddenly the girls could see the dark, faded, blue sky. Then they scrambled up the hard stones. They could hear birds crying and foxes howling. Nervously, they looked around,

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wondering where they could be.

Suddenly, they saw the grassy ground moving, splitting in half. They did not know what to do. They fell, and as they opened their eyes, they could see they were in a burial ground with weird Vikings wearing strange clothes.

The clothes looked like they were made with animal skin. They were sitting around the fire, eating animal meat. As they tiptoed back, they heard a deep voice.

“STAY RIGHT THERE!” shouted a Viking. Leah and Lily-Mai were rooted to the spot!

After they turned around, the Viking said, “Do you want to join our celebration?”

They mumbled, “Okay.” What what might happen to them?

They sat down next to a hairy Viking with big horns. It was getting dark. All of the Vikings started to dance, so the girls took some pictures. It got very late and they decided that they wanted to get some sleep. They went to bed. And you wouldn’t believe what they saw next ...

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NIGHTMARES! (OR NOT)

by Lucy Barker

Hi, my name is Lucy and I am currently 426 years old. 416 years ago, I died and this is a story is about how it all happened (but beware!)...

I lay awake in bed staring at the gruesome cracked ceiling with mould growing from the lights. Siena was laid on the bed next to me making majestic shadow puppets with her nightlight.

“What was that?” I asked her.

“What was what?” she replied.

“Never mind,” I moaned. THUD! There it was again. I slowly crawled out of the creaky bunk bed and slithered down the cold, metal ladder.

“What are you doing?” Siena asked me. I said nothing, but continued to pack my bag with a torch, shovel and pocket knife. “Again, what are you doing?” Siena said again. She continued to ask me the same thing repeatedly.

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“Sshh!” I hissed, “I’m going to see what that noise was.”

“Then I’m coming with you!” she insisted. She followed along with me and we slowly crept out of the dorm trying not to make the floor boards creak.

We sneaked past reception and slowly opened the door with a squeak.

“Sshh!” I whispered. I and Siena quietly crept outside and... BANG! The door behind us slammed shut and we swiftly turned round to see a long outstretched graveyard in front of us. The long, bending ivy crawled up the crumbly façade of the deathly gravestones. A ghostly galleon crawled across the dark, blue sea with tremendously huge waves crashing against the cliffs. The wind howled through the swaying of the branches that seemed like they were looking at me. We were lost!

“Just keep on walking,” Siena insisted. I wasn’t sure what to do, so I did as she said. “AAUUGGHH!!!” she shouted as she tripped over an old mossy bone. “Good thing I brought a shovel,” I exclaimed, “let’s dig it up!” Siena followed my actions and began to dig up the hard, crumbly earth with her hands.

“There we go!” I reached to put the bone in my back pack when, unexpectedly, a voice appeared from the misty air.

“HALT!” came the voice, “what are you

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voyagers doing down here so late?”

“Err,” Siena murmured, “we’re not voyagers.”

HUMP! He sat down with a slump. He had an unforgettable sulky look on his face that sent a shiver down my spine. “We’ve been expecting you!” he said as he lowered his voice. Grumpily, he hunched his back and gave out a big groan. “Scarred for life,” whispered Siena, “and who’s we?”

“The Vikings of course!” he remarked.

I spluttered, letting out a big cough.

“What’s the matter with you?” he asked rudely.

“More like what’s the matter with you?” I replied even more rudely, just to annoy him.

“I’ve been searching for my stupid left arm for years and now I find it in the hands of you two amateurs!” he remarked. I handed him his arm and he suddenly stood up and began walking. Siena and I were curious to see where he was going so we followed him.

“Who are you exactly?” I asked impatiently.

“Harold the Conqueror of Valhalla the VIII!” he said as he ran out of breath.

“Maybe a shorter version would be fine,” I said

“Fine - call me Harold for short, then,” he groaned.

“Now, let’s get on with this sacrifice,” he called. I and Siena gave each other a worried look. Where was he taking us? Who was this terrible person?

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Why were we going? The further we walked, the creepier the place became. The wind howled through the curling branches of the old, oak trees that had red, crimson leaves growing from each bending branch like fingers. I tried to escape from Harold's arms and continued to kick and paddy.

Slowly, we emerged at the top of a long winding track with a huge crowd in the distance chanting: "SACRIFICE! SACRIFICE!"

They began to push us forward and very close to a fire pit.

"AGGHRR," Siena wailed as she was shoved forward into the fire pit. She was gone and burnt alive! I struggled trying to slither out of Harold's arms but he was too strong to fight. I was chucked into the fire pit and all of me was destroyed with not a single bone left to spare...

SO, DID I SCARE YOU?

**IF I DID, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!
IF YOU DON'T TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY,
THEN KARMA WILL MAKE ITS MOVE ON
YOU! SO LOOK OUT!**

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THE DOOR

by Micah Stewart

I woke up suddenly to the sound of a loud, blood-curdling screech. Slowly, a small, decaying, wooden door in the corner of the room started to open. The question racing through my mind was this: should I go though it? As I attempted to move, my body froze. My conscience seemed to be warning me not to go. However, I felt compelled to go. I forced myself in. It was a small, dark room. I barely see something. A statue. Somewhere behind me, still as stone - pointing. Pointing at me with a murderous smile.

The darkest moment of my life had begun. In the blink of an eye, to my shock and horror, I was now outside. The statue had moved. My eyes could not believe what I was seeing. In the distance, the ground had opened up and there was an ancient staircase in its place. The statue began walking. Walking to its doom. Walking closer and closer to

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the screams coming from below, pleading for help. Walking as if it was under a spell, unable to halt its fate.

Suddenly, I was back in the small room, unable to move, like I was dead. It felt like my body was acutely warning me of something, so I took my chance to run. It felt like my only chance.

Flying out of the trap door, I was back into the dormitory. I screwed my eyes tightly and went to sleep. After only a short while, I woke up again. Laughs came from the trap door. Only I seemed to hear them. Slowly, I edged back towards it. The trap door was forced open by a mysterious force.

Horrified, I saw Vikings emerging from it - stabbing straight through me ...

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ARGHHHHH!

by Molly Lowry

It was 11:00pm and I was with my three best friends (Emma, Anna-Jo and Lucy) when we got trapped in school after doing football with no teachers. Just us, silence and darkness.

“Come on then, I guess we should be trying to get out of this place. I’ve heard it’s haunted.” I whimpered.

“Come on, then – let’s go!” shouted Lucy.

“Sshhhh! OK,” whispered the rest of us.

We peered out of the window and suddenly, we heard a creepy, ghost-like chant coming from outside. Emma had already said that she had heard this, but we thought she was playing games. NOPE. We were all freaked out. But Emma was still curious. Before we even had chance to blink, we saw a bright, flickering glow, a horrid, deadly stench of smoke suffocating me and the black ashes dancing in the deadly, night sky.

My breath fogged up the glass and we couldn’t

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see anything but blackness. I threw my jacket over my shoulder along with my bag and led the girls out like a big, strong leader. We sneaked outside tiptoeing like mice, shivering and lifting our leaden legs to squelch through the mud, branches whacking us in the face while we tripped over bones that seemed to be human remains.

In the distance, there was a statue - a weird looking statue that was very tall and mean looking. We decided to run over there quickly to have a closer look. When we finally got there (which felt like a million years), we took a picture of us with the statue on Anna-Jo's phone, but when I looked back at the statue on the photo, I noticed something out of place... he was gone!

Where did the statue go? It couldn't have just disappeared when it was here just a minute before. Bewildered, I rubbed my tired eyes as I took another look at the mysterious photo of us with the statue that seemed to have vanished. In my semi-conscious mind, I could already feel the statue haunting me.

We slowly carried on our haunting journey to find that the weird statue that disappeared into nowhere. On the way, we bumped into what looked like the tallest tree in the world. Unfortunately, Anna-Jo and Emma hated heights. I encouraged them to climb it, but they didn't buy it.

The burning glow of the crimson-red fire

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crackled in my eyes; blazing flames roasted my face; and the burning fire pit screamed out loud. It seemed to be calling, “Come closer to me, come closer and we can become the best of friends!”

Tap. Tap. Tap.

“What was that?” I exclaimed.

“What was what?” Lucy asked.

“Someone tapped me!” I replied in horror.

I slowly turned around, and there it was again, that mean, weird-looking statue. But something was different about it this time. **IT WAS A VIKING WARRIOR TRYING TO KILL ME!**

“We’re sorry for everything we’ve done. Please forgive us,” we begged, sobbing.

“It’s too late. I’m going to kill you on my fire pit on my longboat. Ha ha aha!” he cackled. He dragged us by the neck and furiously threw us into the pit. There was nothing left of us. Not even a single bone or piece of flesh...

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THE SKELETON OF VALHALLA

by Sam Winder

I was half asleep when Charlie smacked me across the face.

“Are you awake?” Charlie asked quietly. “I’ve seen a bone finger sticking out of the mud,” he said.

“Don’t be so ridiculous,” I answered.

“But I have”, Charlie replied, “and now there’s a Viking helmet too.”

I opened my eyes to a dark, gloomy dorm and looked out of my window. As I saw a Viking skeleton, I felt a shiver down my spine.

Charlie whispered, “Let’s go and explore.”

I replied, “No way - do you want to get killed?”

“Well, I would like to see what it’s like,” Charlie replied as he got a baseball bat out of his suitcase.

I said, “Where did you get that from?”

Charlie replied, “Just come on!”

“OK,” I whispered in a loud voice. We went to

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the door and opened it as slow as possible so that it didn't make a noise.

We went cautiously down the spiral staircase and out of a wooden door. We were in a graveyard. Rooks cried overhead.

Silence was all around us. Suddenly we noticed smoke coming from the ruined church next to the abbey. As we hid silently behind a twisted old oak tree, we saw a skeleton holding a shield and sword which gleamed in the moonlight. Charlie dropped his baseball bat in fear and it made a clattering noise on the ground.

"Charlie," I shouted as a skeleton came round the corner. Charlie picked up his baseball bat and ran behind a bush while I started to fight it with a spear from a corner of a cobble wall that I had just spotted in the corner of my eye.

I got the skeleton down to the ground as it said in a scared voice, "I surrender."

Later on we became best friends. The skeleton said, "Come with me" as he followed me down a huge hole. I landed on a cobble stone path and saw a huge building as skeletons surrounded us with fierce looks on their faces.

Then the skeleton came and said, "They are our friends," and I heard a stomp coming from behind the skeletons. It was the Jarl.

"Welcome back," he said with a confused look as he was about to pull out his shiny, silver sword.

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“Don’t attack,” he then said, “because they are friends!”

“Yes,” one of the other skeletons said in a mumbling voice. “You know you can only bring people here if they beat you in a fight?”

“Yes, but he did,” he said.

“If he did, then let’s go and have the feast!” For hours, the feast went on. There was music and a lot of food. I took photos. At the end of the feast, I took a Viking brooch with me and so did Charlie.

What seemed like minutes later, we woke up in the dormitory. I opened my eyes to a bright dorm and then grabbed my camera. I looked at the photos but there were no Viking skeletons in my pictures. There were millions of questions running through my mind, but the main one was this: was it just a ghost or was it something else, more sinister?

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TERROR ON VIKING LANE

By Siena Bharaj

Emma put the light on our dorm. It was 2:00am and we'd been planning this since we got there. Operation Explore.

“Backpack?”

“Check.”

“Shoes?”

“Check.”

“Torch?”

“Check.”

“And camera?”

“Check,” said Kaitlyn and Emma.

“We've got everything,” answered Labeeba. We stepped out of our dorm. The sky was dark. We looked inside the adults' room. Silence. (Apart from Mrs Meer who was snoring very loudly.)

“I want to go back,” squealed Kaitlyn.

“We can't - we've got to do this,” I explained. All of a sudden, there was a flicker of light. We all ran towards it.

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“Quick, get your cameras out,” shouted Labeeba. It was 3:00am.

Unexpectedly, a huge, scaly dragon (with a man riding on it) flew out of the flickering fire. We stepped back in amazement.

“Greetings, folk of Whitby Abbey.” The man riding the dragon introduced himself, “My name is Sigwolf. Thank you for letting me out of Valhalla.”

“Hi m..y n..a..m..e i..s S..i..e..n..a. Th..e..se are m..y friends,” I stuttered in astonishment.

“What are you?” asked Labeeba. “I’m a Viking,” Sigwolf said, proudly.

Suddenly, a large hole appeared in the sky. “Come with me to Valhalla and help me defeat Eric the Conqueror,” whispered Sigwolf.

“Who’s Eric the Conqueror?” asked Kaitlyn.

“He’s a villain who has captured lots of people in Valhalla,” replied Sigwolf. “So are you in?”

“Sure,” we said suspiciously. We stood under the eerie, large hole and, abruptly, we got sucked into the depths of the never-ending hole. I opened my eyes and was amazed on how beautiful Valhalla was.

“Welcome to Valhalla,” Sigwolf announced.

“Wow! It’s outstandingly the greatest place I’ve ever been,” yelled Labeeba as she took loads of photos. At one side, stood a mountain looking over the beautiful town. At the other side, a lake glimmered in the beaming sun, but right in the

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centre there was a building that was not beautiful and pretty like the rest of the village. It was a mossy, old building with a grotesque statue next to it.

Unexpectedly, a scary, shadowy figure appeared from the building with a fearsome dragon looking as though it wanted to eat us! “Capture these peasants,” he shouted.

“Run,” screamed Sigwolf, but it was too late. We got swept into the claws of the hideous-looking creature. Sigwolf’s dragon tried to save us, but Eric the Conqueror, the man who stood at the top of the building, was too powerful and captured him too.

“We’re flying,” yelled Emma as we took more photos, but we were about to get ourselves into danger! The dragon soared through the air, then we came to a stop. We saw Eric the Conqueror standing on a longboat and, as Eric’s dragon put us onto it, Eric tied us up. Back at Eric’s home, Sigwolf’s dragon broke out of the ropes and flew to the longboat. “Help us,” we shouted. He swooped down, untied us and flew us back to Eric. Sigwolf yanked out his sword and went into battle with Eric the Conqueror. Thankfully, Sigwolf won the battle and Sigwolf’s dragon won the battle with Eric’s dragon. We all said goodbye to Sigwolf and his dragon.

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Finally, the large hole appeared and we got sucked back into our dorm. Labeeba was going through the photos, but there were no Vikings in the pictures. The question racing through my mind was this: could it really be just a dream?

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THE ATTACK OF THE VIKING WARRIORS!

by Thomas Thornton-Fletcher

I woke up. It was midnight. There was a horrible stench of smoke coming through the foggy window that crawled up my nostrils. I said to Jayden, “Can you smell that?”

“Yeah, we should probably check it out?” he replied.

“Sure – let’s climb out of the window and explore,” I said.

We carefully climbed out of the dirty, heavy window trying to make as little sound as possible. In the distance, was a huge flickering glow that caught our attention.

As we wandered closer, the sound of chanting echoed around us. The smoke was coming from a huge, wooden, boat set alight like a huge candle in the night. Jayden tripped over something in the ground. Was it human remains? Instantaneously,

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the floor collapsed. It was too deep to climb out. Crunch. We looked underneath our feet. There was an old, skeletal Viking. In an instant, it grabbed my leg and hundreds of Viking warriors started to rise from the ground.

They grabbed us from every angle and dragged us to the surface. Their shouts were as loud as megaphones and never seemed to stop. One Viking, who looked like the leader, was holding a huge axe that was the size of my head that glimmered in the night sky. We were forced to kneel down on the hard rocky floor. It was at that moment that Jayden realised that they were using us as a sacrifice. We were so petrified. He held the axe above our heads. The chanting was getting louder and louder.

Jayden shouted, “Run!” We ran as fast as we could to save our lives. The Vikings were catching up. Each one struggled past each other to be the first to kill us. It was an awful sight.

I shouted to Jayden, “Quick, let’s lose them in the forest.”

“OK,” said Jayden, trying to catch his breath.

We diverted into the cold, misty forest. We each climbed a giant, rotting tree that was impossible to see into due to the thick, dark leaves clinging to

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the rotted branches. The Vikings had disappeared into the distance. The sky was beginning to light up and morning was coming. We ran back to the Abbey and went back to sleep. When we woke up we saw a Viking sword placed on the floor. Where did it come from? Who would know?

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END OF BOOK ONE