

NIGHT AT THE CEMETERY

Sam looked at his friends as they walked away, talking and laughing. In front of them, he had not admitted how scared he was, but now that he was alone, he looked around nervously.

When Lily had first dared him to stay a whole night at the town's cemetery, he had pretended not to be afraid.

- That's boring! – he had said -. Why don't we do something else?

But the rest of the group had liked the idea, and there he was, at the graveyard, waiting anxiously for the sun to rise.

He decided to stay next to a tree, so he sat down. No sooner had he closed his eyes that a weird noise made him get up. It was a scraping sound, similar to an evil laughter. The image of an ugly, warty witch came to his mind. "Don't be dumb", said Sam to himself, "it must be a bird". However, he started walking around, disturbed.

And there it was, as if it had got out of his worst nightmares, a giant shadow with a sharp tool in its hands! And it was going right after him! Sam ran like he had never done, and was immediately convinced that the cemetery was haunted. His only thought at that moment was to get out of there, but soon after he had begun running, he realised that he was lost.

Little did he know that his troubles had just started. He suddenly stepped on something wet and fell off in a cold lake. While he was trying to reach the

surface, he felt the touch of small, viscous creatures. He swam with desperation until he arrived at the bank of the lake and got out of the water.

Unfortunately, he ran into a white shape that he could identify as a ghost. Sam started running again. A few minutes later, he stopped. He was soaked, frozen and exhausted. He decided to rest for a few minutes so as to think more clearly and find the way out of the graveyard.

He woke up the next morning, totally disoriented. Slowly, he remembered all what he had gone through the last night, and was genuinely surprised at the fact of being alive.

He stood up and started walking. The first thing he saw was the lake where he had fallen. At first, he was scared of the creatures that had attacked him, but he realised that the only thing that was in the water was fish. Sam began to feel foolish. This feeling increased as he discovered that the ghosts were nothing more than fog, and that the laughter came from the rusty door of the cemetery, which moved with the wind.

- Hey! Boy!

Sam turned around and saw a tall man who walked towards him.

- What are you doing here?

- I... - Sam tried to come up with an excuse, but he finally said the truth -, I made a bet with my friends. I've spent the night here.

- I saw you last night! I tried to talk to you, but you ran as if you had seen a ghost! I'm the gravedigger.

- Oh! So... you were the monster – muttered Sam -. I'm sorry. I promise I will never do anything like this again.

While he was walking out of the place, Sam thought of how differently things looked like with the light of the day. He had been so scared the last night, and that morning everything seemed completely normal!

However, when he reached the door he started to walk faster. After all, he did not want to be close to the graveyard when the sun went down.