

WALKING SHADOWS

Fiachra Gallagher Lawson

Age 15. Sligo Grammar School

IT WAS A cold winter morning. The smell of holly filled the air making a nice and calm aroma. The frost covered ground crunched under foot, while the sound of a robin could be heard chirping in the distance. My hands were frozen to the bone from bringing water to the cattle.

The bucket I was filling was nearly full when a shadow covered me. I turned around expecting a warm hug from my girlfriend who said she would drop down and give me a hand but it was not her. It was no one, I called 'hello'. I called again but it was no use, I was talking to myself.

An object moved fast across my vision, it was completely black and it moved so fast I could not render what it was in time. It was now in the shed rummaging in the turf. I was standing on the outside of the shed and grabbed a stick which was leaning on the tap beside me. I peered through a gap in the corrugated

metal. Tiny bits of turf were flying through the air. I tilted my head to see what it was, nothing. I tilted my head a bit more, I could see the shadow, then I tilted a bit more.

Splash! The bucket slipped off the tap, landing right on my foot, the water covered everything. I was soaked from the knee down. I looked back through the gap and it was gone.

I walked slowly into the shed brandishing my stick armed and ready. At the door of the shed there was turf shards everywhere. What ever this was it was extremely strong because the turf looked like it had been propelled thirty metres back.

Turning the corner I gasped as I saw a hole right at the back of the shed. The front side of the shed walls also had loads of tiny holes in it made by the propelled turf. I approached the hole at the back and got to my knees. It looked like it had no end. The

smell of rotten eggs and wet animal hit me.

I took out my phone to use the torch. It slipped through my wet hands and just kept falling. The only sound was of the water hitting the side of a tin bucket. The ground seemed bone dry which was strange because the rest of our land was waterlogged. I peered deeper into the hole. It was like it went on forever. The phone suddenly disappeared as the light went out.

There was a snarl from behind me and before I could turn around I was pushed into the hole. What ever pushed me jumped as well. I looked up to see the hole being closed over. The creature's claws dug deep into my flesh...

The crowd gathered around the last place Patrick Gallagher was seen. They were gathering around the strange message engraved on the back wall of the shed.

'Our Secret is kept through your Sacrifice'.