



project

GOTHIC SHORT STORIES

by

Italian and **S**panish

Students



***May 1816-2016 : Celebrating Mary Shelley's writing
of FRANKENSTEIN***

Liceo Jacopone da Todi, Todi, Italy

IES Reino Aftasì, Badajoz, Spain

Drawing of the cover by Sonia Caceres

INDEX

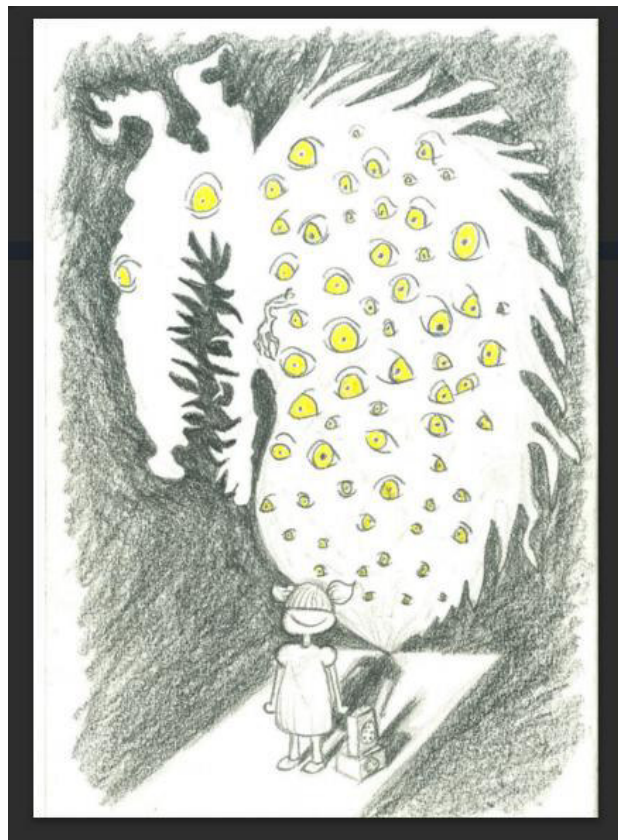
THE INNOCENT GIRL	page 5
by María Pírez & Ergys Pepa	
DEATH IN THE CITY	7
by Ashley Hook & Eva & Laura	
MAYA	9
by Valentina Cricchi & Yolanda Alvarez & Mónica	
AMELIA	12
by Natalie Greene & Pau Crego	
THE SHADOW	14
by Elena Franco & Erica Palermi	
THE DEAD BODY	17
by Erica Palermi & Laura Rostrollo	
ALL ALONE	19
by Samantha Bernardini & Ana Gutiérrez	
THE EVIL WITHIN	21
by Ana Gutiérrez & Samantha Bernardini	
THE TOWN	24
by Ruben Daza & Flavia Tiberi	
THE WIDOW	28
by Francesca Quici & Laura & Davide	

THE MAN'S HUNTER	page	30
by Giorgia Billera & Mar Saez		
THE BOOK		32
by Mar Saez & Giorgia Billera		
THE MASTER		35
by Giulia Mannaioli & Kevin Garcia		
THE GARDENER		38
by Margherita Rinaldi & Noelia Baranco & Rosa Calzado		
THE HOUSE		41
by Roxana Vlad & Santiago Naharro & Alejandro		
HELP		43
by Luis Galván & Valentina Gubbiotti		
ESCAPE THE ROOM		46
by Monica Garcia & Valentina Cricchi		
THE GRAVE		49
by Valerio Paolucci & Javi Macias Martinez		
COLD		51
by Javi Macias Martinez		

THE INNOCENT GIRL

by Maria Pérez & Pepa Ergys

I heard the music as I entered the room, but all that was there was a violin on the floor. It was music sounding but nobody was playing the violin. Suddenly, behind me I heard a voice and I turned round. There wasn't anything but something pushed me on my back and I fell down.



As there was light because there was a lot of sun, I could see this THING which was looking with his multiple yellow eyes. I could see the physical deformities that it had. It licked itself all the time when it saw my flesh which seemed to be so delicious. At that moment, I asked myself "What am I doing in this place?" but I could only think that that thing could eat me.

Then, I did not know what do.

Someone knocked on the door of the house. It was a girl selling sweets. Suddenly, she transformed herself into a hellish creature and it sank its claws into my stomach to rend my meat step by step. Then this thing scooped up a voodoo doll out of my belly, full of blood.

This voodoo doll lacked legs and arms.

I screamed and screamed louder and louder.

Then I felt something twist inside of me. It wasn't the pain that was hurting me it was the "not knowing". I wasn't scared, I was confused and I just couldn't understand, none of this was possible. I was standing in front of a voodoo doll; I don't even know how I knew that. I felt so light, I felt that if I really wanted to I could fly.

My mind started clearing I was becoming somehow conscious, I started laughing, a laugh that wasn't mine and it scared me but I couldn't stop. It was as if something or someone was controlling my body, and I couldn't stop it; it was then that with great horror I looked down and realised that I was looking at myself laughing, but that was just my body. I tried to scream again but I had no voice, no legs, no arms. I had become the new voodoo doll and now I had to find the next victim, just as the old voodoo doll had just gotten a voice back, my voice, my legs, my arms.

DEATH IN THE CITY

by Ashley Hook & Eva & Laura

It was a dark and stormy night when it happened. Chase was still breathing hard when I could finally get back to the house. My hands were shaking while I punched the numbers on my phone. I was calling the police. Where was Mary? She still hadn't returned. Chase was pacing back and forth with worry. Mary and Chase were supposed to get married the day chaos broke out. Right before the ceremony, the terrorists came into the square. I'm still not sure why they had come, but it's clear that they were angry about something. They pushed through the crowd, throwing people to the ground. They shot one guy and I had heard another gunshot while I ran to get Chase. As soon as I saw him, I told him to run as fast as he could back to the house. "I must go search for Mary," I thought. I tossed the phone to Chase after having told the police what had happened and ran outside. It was dark outside and the rain lashed against my face while I ran towards the square. I couldn't see very well, but I could make out dark shapes as I got close to them. I heard loud screams and crying children all over the place, but by the time I got closer to the place where I was, most of the crowd had left. A small boy ran up to me and asked me where his mother was. I didn't know what to say at first, but then I assured him that everything would be alright. I told him to stick with me and to help me find my friend. After about ten minutes, I had thought about turning around to search the other side of the square when I saw them. Mary was lying on her side,

obviously trying to resist moving too much given the pain in her leg. She opened her eyes when I crouched down over her, but her eyes showed that something was wrong. She tried to mumble something to me, but I couldn't decipher the words she wanted so desperately for me to understand. Then the little boy tugged on my shirt and I slowly turned around to find....

.... blood, death, cries from dying people.

- "Mary where are you? "

Mary was lying on the floor. Her face was sweet. She looked asleep but she was dead!

- "How could this happen to us? Right on the day of our wedding!

Then I saw someone with a submachine gun in his arm. He must be one of the terrorists. He had a problem with the weapon. Although he was trying to do it, he couldn't fire it. He wasn't serene.

He manipulated his weapon in a frenzy of anxiety. This made him unaware of what was happening around him

I spotted a gun on the floor. It must have belonged to one of the policemen who guarded the place. I took it . I knew how to shoot. Chase had been in the army in some Middle East country which he didn't want to remember.

Then slowly I raised my arm and pointed at the terrorist. I was about to shoot when the little boy tugged on my shirt again...

If I had shot him it would have been just one more dead person. One more number of the death toll.

But the boy was tugging my shirt. He was alive.

Chase took the little boy in his arm and carried him out of the deadly square.

MAYA

by Valentina Cricchi & Yolanda Alvarez & Mónica

Maya was a girl like many others: she had long, hair as black as the night and blue eyes in which you could look as in the mirror. She was an energetic girl, always happy and she was loved by everyone. Like every other girl, she had a dream. She loved travelling and she wanted to discover every place of the Earth. After completing university, she left her village, a little village in the heart of Italy, to discover the world. During one of her countless trips to Spain she had met John, he also with the same big passion of Maya. They immediately fell in love with each other and, since that day, they decided to continue together their journeys in the various countries of the planet.

One day, they decided to go and visit one of the most beautiful places in the world: Scotland and its amazing castles. They were very excited to have the opportunity to organize this trip and, the following day, they decided to leave as soon as possible; they had to travel several hours in their car. It was a cold winter night. They were passing through a forest, the trees, shaken by the wind, surrounded them, the pouring rain hit the car repeatedly, blocking their view. The only element to light up the scene was the gleam of lightning. Scotland wasn't too far but, suddenly, their car stopped: the engine had burnt out. Maya and John checked their mobiles to call for help but there wasn't connection in the forest.

They were stuck, shivering because of cold. They were alone, in the middle of nothing.

They were far away from any village. Unfortunately, John and Maya didn't know anyone in Scotland, so they decided to spend the night in the car until the next morning. Then they would think what to do.

They were really concerned, but they didn't want to seem so frightened. They hoped that the next day they could hitchhike a ride and get to a safer place.

It was 5 am when John heard a noise near him, like something breaking off. A bit later there was a scream of a woman, which woke up Maya. Both got out of the car immediately. John was only armed with a Swiss penknife, which he always carried since he was 17. The couple walked slowly into the woods towards the direction where the scream had come from. They were afraid of what they could find there. They had just stepped into the forest when a hysteric girl fell at their feet. She was hurt. Close to them a huge creature was about to jump onto the girl. It was an enormous wolf.

John, in a heartbeat, fell on the grass. Maya tried to separate the beast from the girl and John. The animal was on top of John, but he had drawn out his penknife and stabbed it in the chest of that creature, which growled and was surprised by the brave reaction of its prey. It stood back. Maya and John took advantage of the opportunity and shouted to frighten the creature away. It seemed that nobody and nothing had ever faced up to the creature, so amazingly it left them alone and ran away.

They walked and walked to find some shelter and finally they could call the emergency service, who arrived an hour later. The only thing the girl could say was that she was strolling in the forest. Maya and John decided to keep the secret and didn't say what attacked them because they knew that no one would believe them.

But they wondered:

- "Why was such a little girl strolling alone in a dark forest?"
"What was that creature?"

This could be the start of another story.

AMELIA

by Natalie Greene & Pau Crego

One night, like every other night my friends and I were together, chatting and gossiping about our everyday life. We were in my backyard shed that my family and I had refurbished for special occasion uses. It was a very windy and cold night so we had lit a fire to keep warm. Something that night didn't seem quite right, there was a weird atmosphere in the air and this made us all feel uncomfortable. So we decided to head to bed. But no, this was a bad idea. That morning when we woke up Amelia was gone. She had vanished out of nowhere. I myself was scared and I couldn't possibly figure out where she had gone or if she had just disappeared, I mean why would she leave, Amelia wouldn't do such a thing. Isabelle and Ella weren't as concerned and worried as I was, maybe I was just over exaggerating but all her belongings were still there with us, including her phone. It seemed to me that someone had just slipped her into their arms and taken her away. I can't describe the amount of constant confusion that is eating my brain right now. " This makes no sense. A couple of hours ago Amelia was right here. And now SWOOSH! She's gone." " Oh come on would you please take a chill pill Anna! "- said Ella " She probably just decided to head back home you know... ". This carried on for an hour, until I finally decided to head over to Amelia's house to see if she was there. She wasn't.

Her parents told me that they thought she was with us, so now I was super worried.

Amelia's house in a few minutes was full of police officers, asking anything they could use to find her. Then Amelia walked into the house covered in blood and dirt, she pointed at me and said:

"Her...she...did...this".

Next thing I know I'm wearing handcuffs and I'm being interrogated, they left me in that stupid desk for hours kept asking me ridiculous questions and accusing me of kidnapping her.

Afterwards the officer took the keys and let me go free, he said "Someone paid your bail", but who? And why?

So I left the police station and headed to my home, and went to sleep.

I woke up inside a huge hole in the dirt and someone with a mask was outside of the hole and she said "You're not coming out of this alive" I recognized that voice. It was Amelia's.

"What are you doing, Amelia?"

"I have to kill you" she said "I can't help it, there's something inside me that tells me to" she said

"You don't have to do this. You're better than this"

"Shut up! You don't know what It's like, someone stuck in your mind telling you you're worthless"

"Let me out and we can get help" I begged

"It's too late" and she filled the hole with cement.

The End?

THE SHADOW

by Elena Franco & Erica Palermi

It was raining and the girl was running frightened and shocked. She knew that her house was dangerous and she needed to call someone.

When she crossed the forest she looked behind her and the shadow of a tall man scared her.

The man shouted and the girl started to cry and run again but she stumbled on a log that had fallen and she fell on the ground.

The man approached her and took a gun out of his jacket. The girl closed her eyes but something happened.... Where was the man?.... When she opened her eyes she was alone in the forest.

She went home but when she arrived, the door was open. She got into the house slowly but she couldn't believe what she was seeing. A strong shadow was flying all over the house and stopped in front of the girl. She couldn't talk, even move and she didn't do anything.

The shadow moved. Something which looked like a hand touched her hair and quickly moved the hand into her heart.

When she realized she couldn't run away anymore, she tried to push the shadow away, but it was useless. It didn't have bones or flesh. It didn't have a body. Anyway, the shadow had a hand. An invisible one. She could feel it. It was holding the girl's heart, as though it was normal. As though her body didn't exist. She could

feel the pain and she was sure she was going to die. For this reason, she started crying and shouting “Help! Someone help me please!”

No one could hear her. Her house was isolated. When she moved here, she loved the place and the atmosphere. But, then, as the days passed, she started to realize that she was going crazy. She lived alone, she had no neighbors. Sometimes, she couldn't stand the silence. After two months, she started hearing weird and creepy noises, upstairs. The house was big, too big for just one person. When she lay awake at night, her mind couldn't stop thinking about all the ghost stories she knew. She had to go away from there. That night, after she had seen a shadow behind her in the mirror, she got out of the house and started running in the street, hoping to meet someone who could help her. But, after thirty minutes, she was back in the hall of the house, shaking, her heart in the shadow's hand.



Fighting for her life, she tried running, and she got away from that evil shadow. She ran upstairs and she locked herself into the bathroom. She kept looking around her, scared. Suddenly, the window pane crushed and the man she had met before in the forest, got in. He wasn't a normal person. His eyes were red, filled with a sort of evil joy. She could see, in the moonlight, that a part of his chest was gone, and all he had were just bones. The girl had never believed in ghosts, but now she did, and she blamed herself for being so stupid. The shadow was back, too. She was trapped.

She decided, then, to give up, while the two ghosts were getting closer. As everything was getting darker, she could hear a creepy voice, in her head, saying “You can't leave the house. Once you come here, you stay here forever.”

THE DEAD BODY

by Erica Palermi & Laura Rastrollo

It was a stormy and windy night. It was midnight and I was walking home after a long day at work. I had spent the last two months looking for a job that could help me earning enough money to live on my own. In fact, my boyfriend left me last summer, so I was alone. Despite this, I was cheerful. I've always thought that people can be happy, even if they're not surrounded by other individuals. I had a nice job, I earned enough money and, in the end, I confess I also liked to stay on my own, because I could spend the majority of my free time, doing things that I enjoyed. For example reading, running and writing.

That night, I was particularly tired – there had been many clients at the restaurant – and I only wanted to lie down on my bed and fall asleep.

The roads were deserted. Bradford has never been a crowded city. I've always lived there. There weren't many things to do, especially for young people like me, but anyway it was a nice city. I reached the outskirts of the city. I lived there. It was a nice place, surrounded by trees, parks and nature. I was almost at home, when I spotted, from the distance, a castle I'd never seen, on a far hill.

I was too confused so I decided to go to the top of the hill. When I arrived, my face changed. A young person was hanging from the top of the door. I was totally scared so I ran very fast to the police station to report it.

Two days later the police came to my house

- “Is everything OK? “ I asked the police officer
- “Yes, I suppose so. We went to the castle on the top of the hill as you said that a man had been hanged but... how can I say that? ... when we arrived, there wasn't anybody.”
- “What, is it a joke? How can it be possible? I saw that man. You cannot tell me that nobody was there.”

I was too terrified. I had seen it. I couldn't sleep so I decided to go there on my own.

When I arrived, no one was inside the castle and the man ... wasn't there. I searched every room when all of a sudden I heard something fall on the floor which made me jump.

Through the window I could see a man running into the house. He bumped into me and looked into my eyes and I was too nervous. He held my hand and asked me to tie a rope around the lamp. I was terrified so I did it. He told me that something was to be hanged from the lamp. I started to cry.

- “If you can't do it, I can do it... may I?”

Trembling I put the rope around my neck. Then he made me stand on a chair and when the man was to push out the chair, the door opened and the police officer ran into the room.

Three days later I was laying on a bed in a hospital. A police officer told me that everything was alright.

However they hadn't found the man of the rope.

- “Oh, no . I exclaimed. That's impossible”

ALL ALONE

by Samantha Bernardini & Ana Gutiérrez

It was night, I was going to bed, when suddenly the light went out and I heard a noise... Outside, the wind was strong and there was thunder and lightning. I was very scared because I was alone at home and my boyfriend had to work the whole night and he'd be at home the next morning, so I tried to call someone but the phone line didn't work. I was dreadfully nervous and I didn't know what I had to do. I went out and I shouted for help, but no one answered. Then I saw something, it looked like a shadow of a man, so I went back inside the house and I closed the door with the key.

After five minutes I heard the phone vibrate, there was a message from an unknown number and it said: "Your life is in danger". I started to tremble and I could not move from fear...I remained motionless for an hour.

Suddenly I heard someone knock on the door, I thought he was the man I had glimpsed before, but I was wrong...

I decided to lock the door and I sat on the floor closing my eyes and covering my ears as hard as I could, hoping that the noise would end soon. I didn't know what was happening, but I didn't want to be there alone!

Someone knocked on the door again, that time I waited to unlock the door. But suddenly the knocks on the door were stronger and faster. I was afraid but opened the door slowly.

I couldn't believe what my eyes were seeing! All my neighbours were at the door but ...they were not normal ... they were behaving in a strange way ... and they wanted to catch me ... and eat my brain...

All the people of my village had become zombies!!

And now they came to me!!

THE EVIL WITHIN

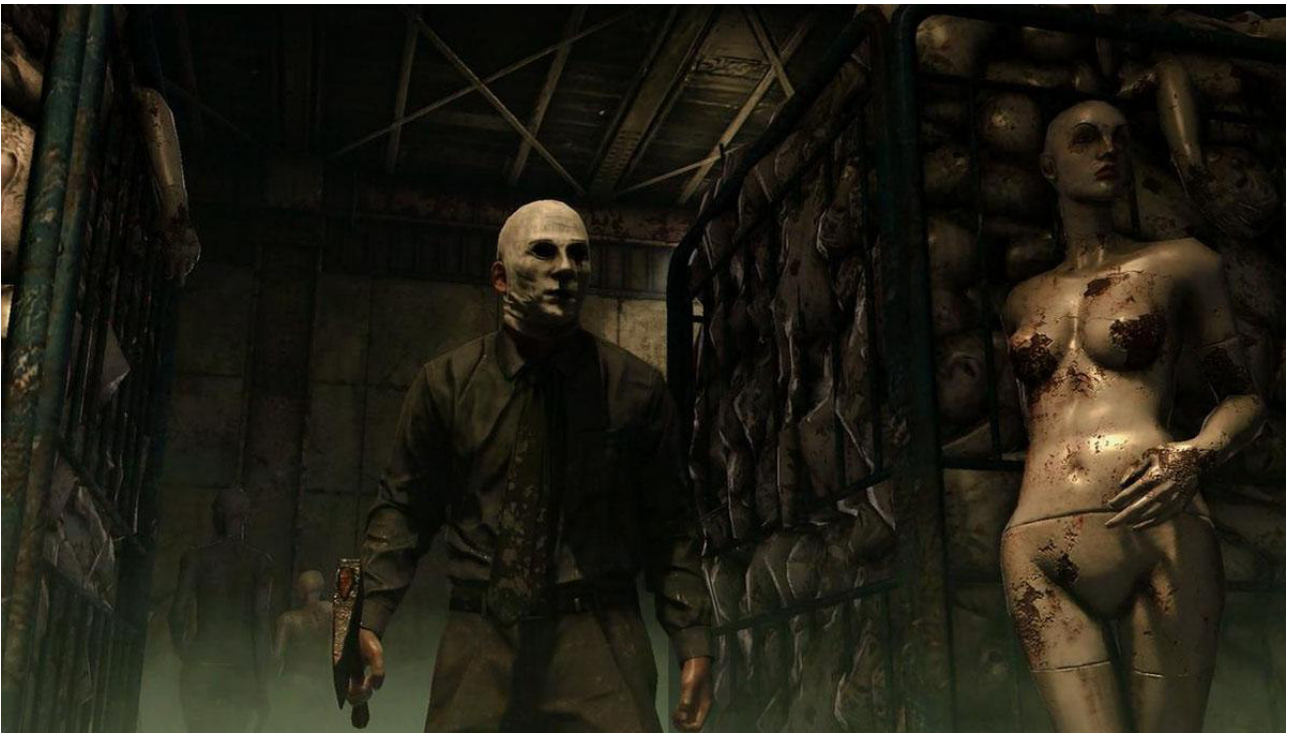
by Ana Gutiérrez & Samantha Bernardini

There was a high school called I.E.S Reino Aftasí in Badajoz (Spain). It was a normal high school, apparently, but in fact it wasn't .

In 1990 there was a teacher called Mark, he was a science teacher, and this year was his last working as a teacher.

One morning, it was on a Monday, students went to school as usual. Their first lesson was with Mark. He decided to go to the lab to teach the class there, but when the students went to the lab and they opened the door they smelt a strange stink. Despite this, the students sat at their desks without giving importance to the situation.

Mark opened a small cabinet (that was inside the lab), and he pulled out a big doll, the size of a person more or less, and Mark placed it in front of all students. When the students saw it they started to laugh, even they joked; a student shouted: “is it our new teacher?” and everyone laughed, including Mark, but he with an evil laughter.



“Today's class will be about the human body” Mark said. The teacher wrote on the blackboard names of all organs and then, he introduced his hands into small holes that the doll had. The students had to say aloud the name of the organ.

Mark slipped his hand into the doll and he took out a real organ, which was still covered with blood. Every time that the doll moved, the bad smell and the teacher's evil laugh increased.

All of a sudden Mark closed the door so that nobody could leave. The students started to be afraid when suddenly Mark ... fainted and the doll disappeared because she had taken possession of his body. Meanwhile the students tried to escape from the window, but Mark woke up and he ordered them to sit. When Mark woke up, he was different, he looked like a zombie, he spoke with a frightening voice and he was all covered in blood.

The students were dreadfully nervous and they didn't know what they had to do. A girl said that she had watched a horror film and in that case there was a girl that wanted to escape from a murder

doll and the only thing that she could do to save herself was tear the doll's hair.

So she thought that they could do the same thing, but they didn't know where the doll was.

One of the students thought that maybe the doll could be in the cabinet, so they made a plan: a boy had to distract Mark and a girl had to go to open the cabinet.

The girl found the doll and she tried to tear her hair.

At the end the doll disappeared and Mark returned as before and he finished the lesson. The next day the students didn't remember anything and they found out that at school there was a new science teacher because Mark had moved to Italy.

THE TOWN

by Ruben Daza & Flavia Tiberi

That night, everything felt a little darker, a little colder. A little scarier.

I was alone in a town I didn't know, but that wasn't the problem. That kind of things had never scared me. The problem was that creepy, little girl who was standing still in the middle of the road. She was smiling. Her eyes, stuck in mine, seemed to be trying to read me, to dig into my soul the deeper they could. I felt naked in front of that intense look, so cruel and yet so sad, so desperate. It's incredible how she managed to keep me there, stuck between the instinct of running away and the inability to leave her alone. In the end, she was just a kid. She had done me no harm. Maybe I was just imagining everything.

The kid stopped smiling. I stepped back but, as soon as she started crying, I stopped again. She looked so sad, so innocent in that moment. I felt guilty. How could I judge a kid like that?

But still, fear wouldn't leave.

All of a sudden, a voice broke the silence. It was just a whisper, but it was still deafening in that immobility. "Do you want to play with me?"

I didn't answer.

I *couldn't* answer. Words wouldn't come out of my mouth.

I still don't know why I was feeling so frightened. Maybe it was just my instinct.

"Play with me, please!" she cried, much louder. I couldn't just keep ignoring her. I collected all the courage I was capable of.

"Which... which game do you want to play?"

She stopped crying. Another whisper: "hide and seek."

She smiled.

I couldn't control myself anymore. I ran away. I started running as fast as I could. I never looked back to see if she was chasing me.

Actually, I didn't need to.

I could hear her laugh. I could hear her voice.

"Hey, why are you already running away? We haven't decided who should hide first, yet!"

I couldn't think clearly. I just felt like I needed to go away, as far as I could from that laughing girl.

While I was trying to put some more distance between us, I noticed that lots of people had appeared at the windows of the houses around us.

Hopeless, I tried to ask for help, but they kept studying me without saying a word, without moving a single muscle. They were standing completely still. I would have thought they were mannequins, if it wasn't for their eyes. Those terrible eyes.

I couldn't stand them. I couldn't stand that frightening stare. But the worst thing was that they were smiling. That situation amused them! How could it be?

They weren't human. There wasn't any doubt about it.

As the creature was getting closer, I tried running faster. I didn't succeed. Actually, I fell.

I tried getting up, but the "kid" had gotten too close and she kept me down on the ground somehow.

"Got you."

In that moment, I noticed a quite big stone next to me. I took it and I managed to turn around toward her. I looked at her, right in her eyes.

I hesitated for a moment. One moment only.

Then, it all happened so fast that I don't know how to tell it. I can't even remember it well.

All I know is that our short fight ended up with me standing above her lying body.

"I need to go away from here. Now."

What I heard after that probably scared me more than what had happened until that moment.

Her last laugh. A sort of warning. Its meaning was clear: *you won't.*

Then nothing more. Complete silence. Not one single sound.

Tired and injured, I started walking down the road, under the stare of all those unexpressive, chilling eyes.

It was cold and dark. . I was under the penetrating gaze of those eyes. I kept walking as fast as I could. When I arrived at clear place I stopped and looked back... There was nobody after me, however I was in the very same site. Still I was in that dreadful town. I couldn't believe it.

I decided to spend the night there. I had seen a small inn with an elderly lady smiling at the door. I approached and asked if there was a room available.

- "Of course my dear, you can have a good sleep here" she answered.

She took me to a large and bright room painted in white with a very large bed with blue linen. I asked her if she could wake me up early in the morning and she nodded.

- "I'll leave a glass of water for you in case you are thirsty" she offered

I thought that everything would change after a good night sleep with the light of a new day. I totally wrong.

I couldn't sleep. The clock on the chest of drawers kept ticking with a penetrating sound. My head was about to explode. The old lady had left a glass of water on the bedside table, so I drank a little sip. It was bitter but it made me fall asleep.

When I woke up, I was tied to the bed with some chains. I tried to move but I couldn't. The old lady was looking at me.

- "Please help me" I cried

But strangely she unlocked the chain. I was free.

I started to run until I so tired that I fell asleep under a tree next to the path in the forest.

When I opened my eyes again a little girl who was standing still in the middle of the road. She was smiling at me. It was the same girl in the same place.

I understood that everything that had happened the day before would happen again ...

And I couldn't escape there.

THE WIDOW

by Francesca Quici & Laura & Davide

More than a thousand years ago a group of boys and girls decided to take an old ghost stories book, chose one of the stories and try to evoke the ghost who was in the story.

They found a very strange story, it talks about a widow who was depressed and tried to kill herself every day without success, she tried everything: to hurt herself with a big knife on her neck, on her face, her heart; she tried with a gun, with poison, with thousands of pills but nothing...

One day a demon visit her and said if her wish was to be dead and she said "I don't know".

The demon killed her but maybe she didn't want to die so her ghost wasn't in peace to see the light and it was prisoner among the humans.

Now she is very angry and

... seeks revenge. The ghost read in an old book of rituals that a dead person could free her soul if she in exchange killed two people one boy and one girl and then ate their hearts.

So she sought a group of guys to kill two of them. She walked in silence with a large sharp knife in her hand.

However one of the boys found out what she wanted to do. Then he grabbed a heavy stick and try to hit the ghost.

- "Ja, ja,ja. You can't do anything against me with that stick"
she laughed

Then the guys started to scream and scream. The ghost couldn't stand that noise. It was impossible to bear it.

- "Stop screaming, I can't stand it any more" she begged

However the guys realized that it was the only thing they could do. The ghost started running away from them and went into a room. They followed her and she hid in the only place she could find, in the closet. But she was trapped.

The guys locked the closet and buried the key in the darkest place of the forest.

The ghost will be trapped in the closet until someone finds the key.

Will she be trapped forever? forever?

THE MAN'S HUNTER

by *Giorgia Billera & Mar Saez*

1. Introduction

It was night and two guys were running as faster as they could.

They wanted to escape. They wanted to SURVIVE.

Tristan was taking Isabelle's hand in his to support and guide her.

Isabelle's eyes were full of fear. This was the worst thing that

could happen to them. There was something behind who was

following them. If this thing reached them, they would surely die.

Isabelle screamed and fell to the ground. Tristan stopped running

to go helping her and then... the thing who was following them

appeared in front of the two guys! They shouted and...

LET'S START FROM THE BEGINNING

We are near to a dark and tangled forest full of high and thick

trees. The trees are so thick that the light cannot reach the ground.

No one who has entered that forest has survived and some stories

started to be narrated by the people. Stories about a killer living in

the depths of the forest who killed everything that enter his

territory. And it's exactly in this forest that our story starts.

A group of kids were camping in the forest. They were around a

campfire telling stories. In fact horror stories. They were scared

but having a great time.

Before going to bed they drew lots to see who would gather some

wood for the campfire. It was Paul. He had to bring some

firewood. All the group saw him go deep into the dark silent forest but nobody saw him return.

They called him and looked for him, until they found someone , a man.

However the man had something in his hand , a rifle. They were shocked. The man said he was a hunter. And he was hunting...

- “What are you hunting?” one girl asked.

- “I am hunting you” replied the hunter.

All the kids stared at him in disbelief.

- “I am going to give you an advantage. You have ten seconds and then I am going to start shooting” said the hunter

- “Are you joking?” one boy asked

- “One, two, three ...” the hunter started counting

- “We had better run” one girl yelled

When the man shot his rifle all of the kids had already started running.

- “Whoever survives the dawn won’t be hunted.”

The first victim was a girl who sprained his ankle. Then a boy who stumbled on a rock. After that a boy who was exhausted ...

Only one girl who climbed up a tree could see the light of the day.

THE BOOK

by Mar Saez & Giorgia Billera

Nick loved reading. He read whatever he had in his hands.

One day Nick decided to search in the attic of his house because he had read every book in his room. Then he found a book in a cobwebbed corner. He decided to take the book to his room.

When he opened the book he could read on the first page: *you can only stop when you reach the end, you cannot leave it halfway through*. However, as he liked ghost stories, he continued to read the mysterious book.

The book dealt with a ghost story. While he was reading, he noticed that when the ghost did something to its victims, he felt the very same thing that the ghost was doing to them. The things he read were becoming real. He tried to put it down but could not take his hands off the book.

“Am I supposed to end the book?” he wondered. “Or do I have to return the book to the attic?”

While he was wondering about what to do next, he heard a voice calling him and then he saw a woman who was staring at him. She was wearing a white dress dirty with blood, she had straight, long and dark hair, her complexion was really pale and her eyes were as cold as ice. She looked like a corpse.

I froze in place. Since she looked at me, I wasn't able to move. I wanted to stand up but my body didn't follow my wish and she was coming closer second by second.

When she was about to touch my cheek, she disappeared.

I tried to calm myself down a bit and put down the book I was still holding in my hands but, at that moment, the book spoke to me: - What do you think you're doing? You can't stop reading, remember? I have already told you that, didn't I? You have to continue to read me until the end. No matters what happened to you, you have to continue to read me. -

At this point I realised that I couldn't do anything.

All I had done was useless. I couldn't fight against this terrifying power, so, I continued my reading.

Just when I was about three pages from the end, the ground started to shake.

The book fell from my hands and the woman, who was there before, took my hand and she said: - Don't worry. I'm here with you. We have to fight him. **WE HAVE TO FIGHT THIS MONSTER!** -

She was staring angrily at the book and, after a moment of silence, the book exclaimed: - So, in the end, you found it out? You're smart. You're smarter than I thought, Claire. -

At the end of these words the book started to change: it became bigger and, after a few moments, it became a monster.

I wasn't able to move. I looked at the girl, who was standing between me and the monster as if to protect me.

Our eyes met and I asked: - Who... who are you? -

She looked at me with her beautiful eyes, which were full of love, and said: “ I’m your older sister. The book, that you were reading, killed me before your birth. I was excited like you when I found this book, but... at the end... I died here. Now, the time for my revenge has come. Let’s put an end to all this.”

She gave me a box with some matches inside it and she started fighting against the monster.

I ran near the book, that was on the floor, and burnt it.

The monster cried and then... disappeared.

My sister Claire looked at me: - You are brave. I would have loved to be with you from the beginning... but that monster took my life away... I would have known you, my little brother. I’m happy that I helped you but now for me it’s time to go. They are calling me. I can’t stay here with you, but you have to remember that I will always watch and protect you from the sky. - After these words, she gave me a light kiss on the cheek and disappeared into the gold light that was behind her.

I said good bye in tears and returned to my own bedroom.

My life returned to normal.

THE MASTER

by Giulia Mannaioli & Kevin Garcia

January 14, 1960

It was a day like any other, I went jogging like every morning, but this time I decided to take a different route through the forest. The forest was beautiful as well as sinister as there were several crows flying over the tree tops..

As I was running I could see an abandoned house through the trees. It was so mysterious that I was scared but at the same time curious to see it. I went to see what it was like. It was open so I entered. In the house there were few rooms and there was a kitchen in which there was a peculiar book surrounded by chains on the table.

I took the book to understand something and it had a rather odd symbol. Suddenly I started hearing voices in my head, they spoke in a strange language, I began to have a slight strange headache.

I heard the voice of someone outside the house, I put the book on the table and I hid inside the room in front of it. I closed the door and I looked through the key hole, there was a man. I was very scared and I only wanted to run away from him as fast as I could. Unfortunately I couldn't because he walked faster and faster and I couldn't go away without being seen by him. So I went to the bedroom and I hid under the bed.

He walked into the kitchen, he picked up the strange book and he unlocked the chain. He put the book on the table and he began to talk:” I know you're here! You shouldn't come here, you have committed a serious mistake”.

I looked behind me to look for something to defend myself. I saw a saucepan with a very long handle, I took it and ran out of the room. I went to the living room, but he was not there.

I turned around and there he was, coming towards me with a knife. I tried to hit him with the pan but I failed. I was punched in the face, which knocked me down, and I fell unconscious on the ground.

It seemed a dream as if I was still sleeping, I saw a giant and horrible figure before waking up. I had a frightening pain, I opened my eyes and saw the man opposite me . He was cutting the flesh of my chest with the knife, drawing the strange shape that was in the book. He said: “My master is about to come, be patient”, he said with a macabre smile.

When he had already done it, he took the book, he opened it and began to read in the language of the voices I was listening to. I began to hear a great ringing in my head that was making me dizzy and paining in my ears. I was screaming with pain while he was clutching his head, he had dilated veins and eyes. He shouted: “WHY MASTER? WHY ME?!”
He fell on the ground, looked dead.

I began to notice something inside me. I looked at my bulging belly and something was trying to get out. I screamed in pain as my belly was tearing apart .

A pretty big dark tentacle started to appear, it was the Master.



THE GARDENER

by Margherita Rinaldi & Rosa Calzado & Noelia Baranco

It happened... I am sure it did.

Nobody believes in me.

Not my family, not the policeman, no one. How could I forget that night? I was so close to saving him. It happened because of him, the gardener.

We were in love, we were happy, we were married.

Luke and I had just moved in to our new house, it had a large garden, and we recruited a gardener.

He was a young man named Liam, he didn't talk much.

The third night we stayed in the house, I heard a noise. You could only hear it if you listened very carefully. It was the noise of a key in a lock; it was coming from downstairs, I jumped up and took my handgun, I arrived at the kitchen and then I saw him.

I watched as Liam looked me in the eyes, he was wearing a blue robe and I saw a gun in his hand.

I then heard Luke calling me, he heard it too.

I watched as he turn around and pulled the trigger, the bullet speeded through the air and rooted into her heart.

I turned back to him and shot him in the head, how could he?

Luke is gone, he's dead, the love of my life...

.....

I didn't want to fall in love again. But I needed a man in my life, although I knew that men were evil and jealous. The death of my love had turned me mad.

Six weeks later I met a police officer. He was smart. He was really good-looking, tall, fair and with blue eyes. Everybody thought it was the perfect man for me and for any woman.

However as we were walking down the street, I felt that he stared at every woman. I felt jealous. I couldn't bear it any more.

- "Would you like to come round and have dinner at my place?" I asked him.

While I was preparing his food I put some poison in his salad.

- "What a fool!" I thought to myself while he was swallowing his food.

It took him three hours to die.

He didn't deserve to live if I wasn't the only girl of his eyes.

Six weeks later I met a nice man. He was a firefighter. Elegant, well built, and large green eyes. I warned him about my jealousy, although the fool didn't care.

Inexplicably, he died in a fire in his home while he was sleeping.

Was it a coincidence that we had had dinner together the evening before?

A month later, I met another man. He was a nurse. He was so cute, affectionate, careful, talkative. His hobby was juggling with cards. Everything was perfect, or so I thought, until one day his mobile rang while he was having a shower. I picked it up. It was a girl and she was asking for him, "MY BOYFRIEND", so I hung up.

The next morning the police found his corpse with six fatal stab wounds. Weeks later I heard that the call had come from his sister. But I didn't regret what I had done.

I realized that I had a serious little problem. I had become a black widow. For now I don't want any men in my life.

I wish I found the perfect man for me, although I know it would be difficult.

Because all men are evil.

THE HOUSE

by Roxana Vlad & Santiago Naharro & Alejandro

It's been there for many years now and is uninhabited . The villagers don't even remember the last time that people have lived there . Of course, it ruins the scenery but the town doesn't have enough money to demolish it , and there are very high risks as it is a very old structure. It is located down the street and anyone who passes by the house feels like being spied by many pairs of eyes. The children believe that it has a life.

However , I am quite sure. Its appearance so close to disintegration doesn't scare me .

Living close to it, at night I hear piercing screams. Sometimes lights turn on and off , even though I don't know how it can happen because electricity was cut off a long time ago.

Whenever I have tried to explain the things I see and hear, everybody takes me for a mad man, including my parents .

I had never seen a ghost. But that time I did.

But as they say, there is a first time for everything.

It was a woman. She was dressed all in white with long dark hair.

I was having dinner. It was midnight. I had to cross a dark lonely corridor to go to the restroom, and I was a bit scared.

I was alone and the lights of corridor didn't work.

It was as dark as pitch.

All of a sudden, I saw a white light crossing in front of me. I had to stop immediately, as I didn't know what it could be.

Then I heard a loud scream close to me. I shivered and shook. I picked up my phone to dial 911, the emergency number. But then something threw my phone away. I couldn't believe it.

I got into my room quickly and tried to turn the light on. But it didn't work.

I had to react as soon as possible.

I ran quickly, around the room, suddenly something blocked my legs. I couldn't move. I struggled to get off the force that clutched my legs with all my strength until I managed to break free.

“ Let me alone “I cried.

But I noticed a cold touch on my back again.

The window! That was my only opportunity to escape from that “thing”. Although I was on the second floor I didn't hesitate to jump out of the window. I noticed a crack in my ankle when I landed but I knew that I had to run away from that place. I remember that I could notice the breath of something down my neck...

Three hours later when I opened my eyes, I woke up crying and totally scared.

I was hanging out of a tree with torn clothes.

My ankle was broken, but I was three kilometres away from my home.

I was sure that I had seen a ghost.

HELP

by Luis Galvàn & Valentina Gubbiotti

It all started in my village. I had arranged to meet with my friend to go to The Wall, a picturesque place of the city centre.

When we got there, everything was really dark. There was only one lamp post at the end of the wall, we headed there.

On the way we noticed something strange, as if we needed fresh air, we couldn't breathe, but in the end we got to the lamp post. Once we got to the lamp post, it went out. Everything turned dark and we began to be afraid.

Five minutes passed when we saw in the distance a light illuminating the entire wall which was getting closer to us.

Suddenly the light was just beside us. We were so surprised that we started running. All of a sudden I stumbled upon a stone and fell down.

I fainted.

Finally, when I woke up, everything was dark.

I was inside something, something similar to a coffin.

I was lying inside a grave.

“Help” I screamed

The situation started to be serious and I screamed as loud as I could but no one answered.

I was scared of the situation: it was pitch black and the air wasn't enough.

I would have died in a little time if nobody opened the coffin.

I started thinking about what has happened... maybe I fainted and they thought I was dead...

I couldn't believe my family's sorrow. I wanted to cry. I continued knocking on the coffin hoping that someone heard me.

I started to panic. "I will die" I thought. And then "I don't want to die, I'm too young"

I was losing my hope when I heard someone walking around the coffin. And my hope was reborn.

I screamed "Help!" again and again.

So I heard an astonishing voice getting close to me.

I was happy: I wouldn't die!

I kept screaming something like ' Help' or 'I'm alive, open this coffin'.

Then, I recognised the voice: it was my brother's.

A few minutes later, I heard another voice. I started thinking that I was safe!

After that , the room started getting full of people and someone knocked at me. I knocked back.

The sound of a chainsaw was the best sound I'd ever heard in my life!

The light started to enter, the happiness was indescribable.

When they opened the coffin all my family and my friends were there.

They were crying because of the joy.

When I got up, they all hugged me.

Finally, this nightmare had ended and I was safe.

ESCAPE THE ROOM

by Mónica Garcia & Valentina Cricchi

I always loved solving puzzles. Whether it was the Rubix Cube or crosswords in the newspaper, I loved proving to myself and the world that my mind was sharp enough to overcome obstacles that other people could not. I tried the “Escape the Room” game.

The concept seemed simple. You’re locked in a room with a few friends; you have to solve a few puzzles in a certain time frame to successfully “escape” the room. Something like this sounded like exactly the kind of challenge that would excite me, so I signed up and a few friends joined.

We got to the place, and were quickly led into a room that looked like a normal living room. The rules were explained to us by a voice. “My name is Brian, I’ll be your moderator. You have an hour to work together to solve the puzzles to get out of here. The clues are hidden throughout the room. I’ll be right outside if you need anything. Any questions?” Everyone shook their head “No”, so we started.

“We're doing great”. Some of my friends found a key under a chair, which unlocked a panel on the wall. We found a riddle, “You answer me but I never ask you a question, what am I?” I immediately looked under the telephone, and found a piece of paper with numbers on it that opened a combination locked drawer. My friends and I were killing this, it was all child’s play, until we reached the last lock, which was the way out.

“Come on guys, we only have 15 minutes left!” I raced through the room to comb through any clues I could have missed, nothing. I looked over the clues we found, nothing to help us. 5 minutes left. “I have to beat this!” 5 seconds left.”I’m so good at puzzles. I’m sure I didn’t miss anything”.

The timer hit 0. “Okay Brian, we give up, tell us what we missed. Brian?” We banged on the door, no answer. We waited a few more seconds, and knocked again; still no answer, just dead silence. I checked my phone; of course there was no network at this time.

My friends started panicking, and looked at me for answers. “Come on you’re the best at puzzles, out of all of us, help us find a way out.” We picked through the room for another hour. No luck. We tried kicking the door down, we took turns charging at it, still no luck. My friends started screaming, then crying and what the hell, me too! We realized that we might never get out. Eventually, their hunger and thirst silenced their cries. I stroked my friend’s hair as they lay dying.

Little did they know that I had paid Brian to lock us in here. Who the hell would want to commit suicide all alone?

Now I'm alone, this happened two days ago maybe three. I don't know because I can't understand how much time has passed. I'm hungry and thirsty. I'm surrounded by my friends' corpses and they are starting to smell badly. I can't stay here anymore. I need to get out. Now I can't understand the reason why I wanted to kill myself, it was a very stupid idea. Why did I want to throw my life away? I'm going crazy. In the room there is nothing except a sofa and a small table, there are no windows. I'm a prisoner. I'm weak

but I try to make an effort and I scream as much as I can. “Help! Help me please!”. No one answers.

I'm going to sleep, tomorrow I will find a way to go out. I hope it will be a best day.

All of a sudden I wake up. I feel something on my face. OH MY GOD! THERE IS A WORM ON ME! I open my eyes, THERE ARE A LOT OF WORMS ON ME! I start to scream, it's horrible.

I see that they come from my friends' corps. I'm living in a nightmare, this can't be a part of my life but not, all this is real.

I'm going to die here, in this horrible place, if I can't go out.

I'm lying on the floor, I'm exhausted. I'm thinking about my family. Are they worried? Will they save me? WHY HAVEN'T THEY SAVED ME YET?

I'm dying, I know. I'm feeling too weak, my heart can't keep on beating for a long time. My breath is getting weaker.

My eyes are closing. I see for the last time my dead friends, sorry, it's only my fault. And then, only dark.

THE GRAVE

by Valerio Paolucci & Javi Macías Martínez

One dark, windy night, Jake was drunk and he was on his way home.

While he was walking, he heard a voice, a creepy voice calling his name, he initially thought that was the wind but when he heard it for the second time he became so pale, so scared.

"Who is talking?!" he asked out loud.

The wind whistled, Jake was so scared when he heard a voice whisper: "I'm the devil".

...

He remained motionless.

Everything around seemed to stop; there was just silence.

The only thing that Jake could hear was his heartbeat.

...

Suddenly a strong noise broke the silence, the ground opened up in front of him, and he fell down into an open grave!

The hole was very deep, and when he got to the end he couldn't see anything, just darkness.

He felt so scared and he started to climb out of that terrible grave but it was useless, he couldn't get out.

A terrible figure appeared on a green flame that lit all the grave, "Hi, Jake" he said.

Jake gave a shout of pure terror and lost consciousness.

As Jake felt like he was still falling down a rift, he woke up, seeing how walls were changing as deep into the earth he went, from asphalt to calcined soil. The falling had no end and Jake found himself trapped in that endless descent, without stopping to listen to the voice that called him.

After fainting again, all became darkness in seconds. The voice that called him cleared up and his eyes opened fast. He could see, against the light, his “friend’s” face calling him in that hospital room.

Cold

by Javi Macías Martínez

Cold. That's how the darkness felt, so cold that it even burned. My dizziness cleared as the time went on, my numb body recovering its sensitiveness. As I tried to move, I felt my wrists itching, the feeling extending to my arms, more aggressive, aching like if spiders made of needles clawed at my flesh. I grew scared, I couldn't help shaking and shuddering as I got some chills running up my spine.

As I kept squirming, suddenly, a light flashed, strongly and blinking my eyes, used to the darkness around me. My bare body was illuminated now, I could hardly see it, but I was naked, my flesh showing some little wounds and some bruises. As my itching became pain, a big shadow covered the light, then, all became darkness again. I heard some heavy steps getting closer to me, my bindings keeping me all motionless. Then, I felt something cold running up my leg until my knee, to be followed by a growing pressure. All I could do was mumble whoever that was with me in the room to stop, as it was becoming uncomfortable. I could hear a cold, male chuckle and a crack. Suddenly, I felt the pain hitting my leg as my knee was crushed. I howled, tears beginning to run away from my eyes, over my cheeks. I felt my own warm blood bathing my other leg as I felt something curling around my remaining foot toes, it started to get tighter around my skin.

I was already trying to brace myself, but it was too much. The pain of my toes being cut away one after another until I had no

more was overwhelming. And then, the feeling of my captor sucking on my already bloody foot.

The psychopath began to climb on top of me as I fought, shaking my body as strongly as I could, feeling then his heavy body over me. I then felt a warm, soupy fluid dripping on my shoulder, a warm breath and then jaws surrounding it. I felt the bite tearing my flesh as my captor chewed the meat and gulped it down his gullet. I felt his thick gut crushing my torso slowly, making my breath shallow, I couldn't do anything more than crying out loud from fear and pain, exhaling the little air I had inside me. I then felt this person's teeth pressing down into my throat, my voice being erased forever from now on. The only things I could hear were my captor humming, apparently delighted by my flavor and my soft sobs, as I drowned slowly in my own blood.

Then, I closed my terrorized eyes, knowing they wouldn't open, neither see, ever again, as this monster kept eating his feast.

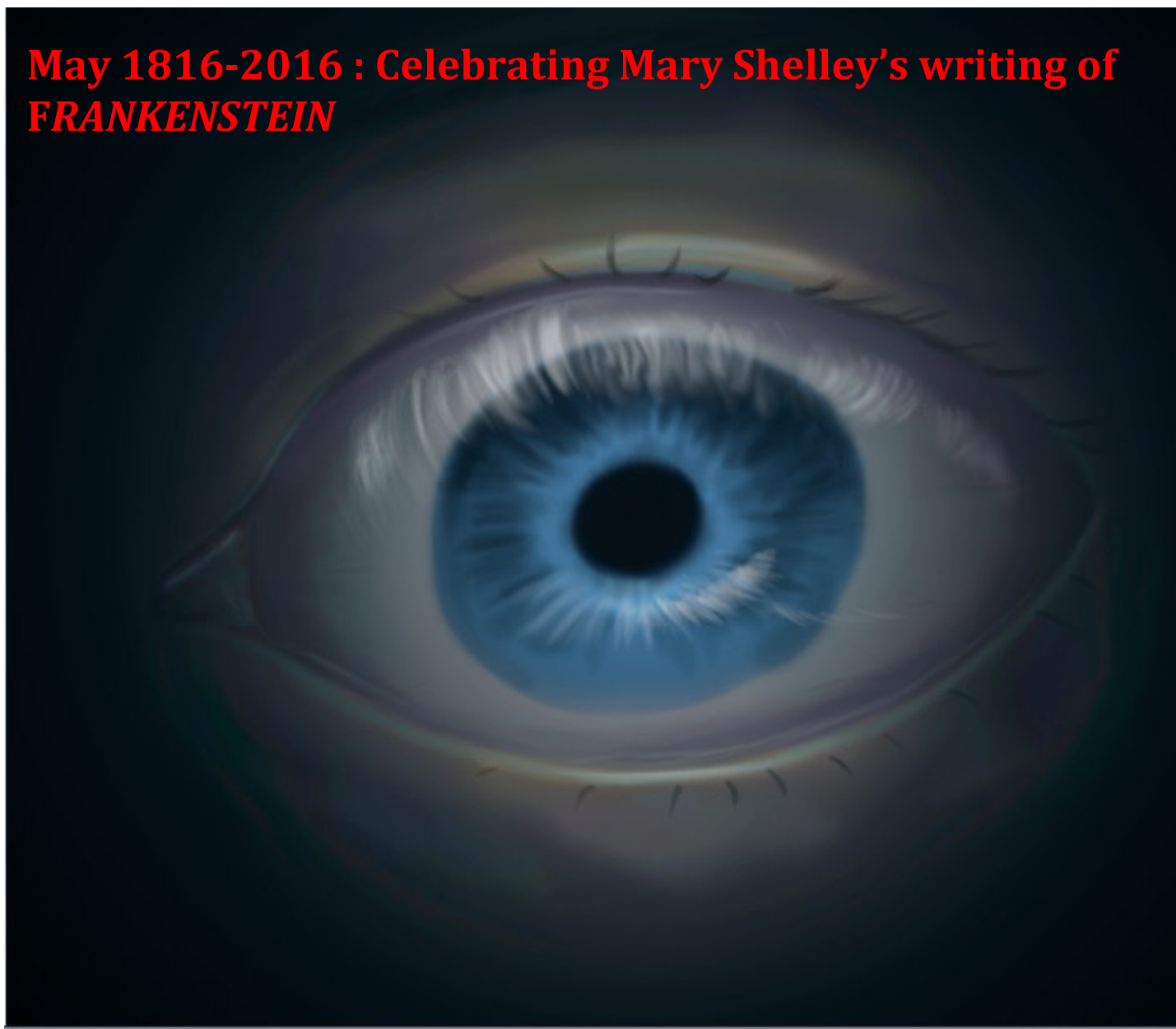
Thanks everybody

The teachers

Donatella Calamita - Liceo Jacopone TODI – ITALY

José Antonio Padilla - IES Reino Aftasi – BADAJOZ- SPAIN

**May 1816-2016 : Celebrating Mary Shelley's writing of
FRANKENSTEIN**



Liceo Jacopone da Todi, Todi, Italy

IES Reino Aftasì, Badajoz, Spain