

The House On The Lake – by Mark Newton

This is a story to keep you awake,
about a father and son and a house on a lake.
The house on the lake was eerie and cold
with a secret within until now never told.

The little boy's name is Arthur Pale
and he is the subject of this horrible tale.
As Arthur got ready for bed that first night,
he felt in his bones something wasn't quite right.

So he climbed into bed and lay very still.
Then he heard a strange sound that made him feel ill.

He lay in his bed too scared even to scream,
hoping the whole thing was only a dream.
Then from beneath his bed came a noise.
A noise that would frighten the bravest of boys.

I am the Saurus and this is my bed.
Any that slept here have ended up dead.
If you want me to eat you then of course you can stay.
If you want to live longer then run far away.

Arthur screamed out, "Daddy come quick."
His father rushed in fearing Arthur was sick.
"There's a monster under my bed", the boy cried.
His father half smiling looked at Arthur and sighed.

There aren't any monsters living under your bed.
It's just your imagination from something you've read.
So go back to sleep as it's a quarter past one.
You'll be grumpy tomorrow and that won't be fun.

Arthur wasn't consumed by the monster that night.
He woke the next day trusting his father was right.
It was all just a dream as his father had said.
So he pulled back the duvet and jumped out of bed.

Arthur played in the garden for five hours or more.
He played hide and seek with his friend from next door.
The boys played all day until the sun left the sky.
It was now getting quite late so the friends said goodbye.

Arthur went straight to bed and fell asleep right away,
exhausted by the hours of vigorous play.
But soon he awoke with a chill in his bones,
fearing the worst he was no longer alone.



Wasting no time he cried out in fear.
Praying his father was able to hear.
In a matter of seconds, he was there in the room,
saving his son from imminent doom.

His father said "Arthur you really must rest."
"You've got school in the morning and a numeracy test."
"There aren't any monsters. They're just tricks of the light."
And he gave him a hug and he kissed him good night.

Again came the Saurus from under the bed.
"You did not take heed to the warning I said."
"If you're still here tomorrow, I'll eat you without fail."
"And no one will see you again."

In the morning poor Arthur was in total despair.
He was going to be eaten and that didn't seem fair.
He must make his father believe of his plight.
That the Saurus might eat him that very same night.

Again Arthur's father showed little concern.
Not knowing the terrible lesson he'd learn.
Instead he told Arthur not to fuss anymore.
That there weren't any monsters and of that he was sure.

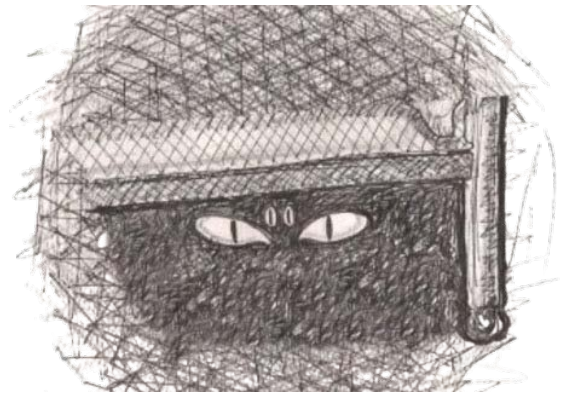
After refusing to sleep in his bed
Arthur slept in the chair by the fire instead.
This was the last time Mr. Pale saw his son,
when he put him to bed at a quarter past one.

When Arthur lay sleeping, the Saurus arose.
He ate the poor boy from his head to his toes.
As with children before he ate Arthur's coat.
An action explained in the note that he wrote.

Dear father, I'm writing this note to explain
that I've taken my coat because it's pouring with rain.
I'll be gone for a while but please don't be sad.
Just try to remember the good times we had.

I tried to explain but despite all my trying,
you did not believe me, you thought I was lying.
The monsters are real, they're not in my head.
They live in my room and they're under my bed.

In closing, the Saurus signed Arthur's name.
Then slipped back under his bed once again.



He knew as he picked his teeth before long,
Mr. Pale soon would enter to find his son gone.

When Mr. Pale came in the next morning,
he discovered his son had gone without warning.
After reading the note he cried, "Oh what have I done!"
"I wish I had listened to my poor troubled son."

He waited for Arthur till 50 years passed.
In that house all alone, Mr. Pale breathed his last
In a chair by the fire they found
the boy's father with a note,
that read simply - Come back soon Arthur.

The house stood for years undisturbed and forgotten.
Like the secret it kept, the woodwork was rotten.
Then one day as the north wind blew fierce and cold,
there appeared in the garden a sign that said SOLD.

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Scary Story

A writing template for a scary story. The page is framed by a black silhouette of a forest. On the left and right sides, there are two trees with bare branches. In the upper left and upper right corners, there are two bats in flight. The central area is filled with horizontal lines for writing. The bottom of the writing area is rounded.

