

# #WEAREWOKING

TOGETHER

## SHORT STORY CONTEST

Thank you to all of the local young people who took part, and congratulations to Gemma, on being one of our highly commended entries!

## THE SUPERNATURALIST

GEMMA, Age 12.  
Woking High School

The cinema screens went dark, the fountain stopped running and the street lamps flickered off. They were coming. The citizens of Woking ran inside and bolted the doors, covering in whatever form of hiding place they could find.

A lone figure ran in the shadows. She had to get help. It was only her who could. She found what she was looking for; a metal lever in the gate next to the church. She pulled it, aware of the scared faces watching her from every window. The young woman took a long breath and ran to the Lightbox.

The Lightbox was eerily still. The girl sprinted along the corridor and lifted a floor panel, cursing as she scabbled for the edge. Below the floor was a broken descending staircase, which she quickly ran down, covering up the hole after her. She tumbled down the last few steps and jumped to her feet. The room where she had landed was small yet impressive, with a silver door set with jet and emeralds.

A tiny keyhole in the door trembled as she approached, morphing into

a hand print shaped indentation. A howl echoed from above.

The girl raised her trembling left hand to the print and placed it on it. The door cracked in the middle and seamlessly slithered into the walls, floor and ceiling.

The room in front of her was a tomb made entirely of black marble. Her voice cracking, she spoke: "Sir, we need your help. The firehounds have escaped and are terrorising everyone. They are stealing the electricity to fuel their fire. You, as the first genuine supernaturalist, are our only hope!". A green and black swirling mess slid out of the tomb. It spoke with a deep, controlled tone: "Thank you Liberty, I will do my best to help."

Outside, over a hundred firehounds had surrounded the town centre and were baying and whooping madly. Liberty raced out to the canal with only one goal; to distract the hounds. She leapt onto a boat and lit a flare. As she expected, around twenty dogs appeared around her. They each tried to reach her, by jumping and paddling, but the water hurt them, so she was safe for now. Also, her distraction was working,



because more firehounds came, blazing fire at the boat but being cut short by the water.

At the memorial, the green and black cloud emerged. It flew up to the angel on the top and plunged into it. The cloud then flew out with a loud cheer from inside the memorial and more clouds in varying colours materialised near it. The green and black cloud floated down and spoke to the others: "Greetings soldiers, we are once more in peril and need your help..."

As the battle raged on, the original cloud met Liberty by the canal. All of the hounds had joined the battle by now. "Thank you for saving us, Herbet George Wells". The cloud looked like it smiled.

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