Thump – by M L Sawyer

Thump, thump, thump.  
  
Billy’s ragged breath came in gasps. He stood, back against the hallway wall, just above the stairs. His heart pounded while his eyes flicked from side to side, trying to see where *IT* would come from.  
  
Thump, thump, thump. The heavy footsteps echoed through the house. The house was deserted, Billy was all alone. He knew what was coming.  
  
Billy did not know what to do. Should he run or hide? Could he risk fleeing past the monster down stairs to freedom?  
  
Thump, thump, thump…creeaak. Too late now. *IT* was on the stairs.  
  
Billy dashed from the hall to his room. All he had was his bed, a set of draws and the cupboard.   
  
Thump, thump, thump. It was almost at the top of the stairs!  
  
Billy raced to the cupboard, opened the door and dived in between his hanging clothes. Closing the door carefully, he looked through the gap and waited.  
  
Thump, thump, thump.  
  
A shadow drew across the entrance to his room. Billy held his breath, eyes wide, unable to look away.  
  
A maniacal laugh echoed through the entire house, chilling him to the bone.  
  
“Biiiilllllly,” a creepy voice called. “Billy, I’ve come for you…”  
  
Billy shook his head, finally managing to squeeze his eyes shut.  
  
“It’s not real,” he whispered to himself. “Not real, not real…”  
  
Thump, thump, thump.  
  
Billy opened his eyes but a shadow blocked his vision. Was that movement? Something reaching forward?  
  
In an instant the door was ripped open.  
  
“Boo!” wild white ringed eyes over a squishy fake red nose leered at him. Billy screamed.  
  
…  
  
Sitting upright in bed Billy continued to scream.

“Muummm!” he yelled before throwing off his covers to race towards his parent’s room leaving tell-tale wet footprints behind.  
  
An evil chuckle echoed out from under the bed. As James slowly wriggled his way free, he pressed the button on his toy clown again, causing it to laugh again.  
  
James smiled in victory. His plan had worked! It had taken weeks of whispering, calling to Billy, telling him what was to come… The first night that Billy had run to their parents had been satisfying, but it had not been enough.   
  
Quietly he made his way over to the chest of draws, making sure to avoid the small footprint puddles that had been left behind. There, all alone his large teddy bear clown sat; his favourite toy that his older brother had stolen from him, slapping him in the face with the toys not so soft hands chanting, over and over again, ‘your toy doesn’t like you, your toy doesn’t like little James…’   
  
Who liked who now?  
  
Holding the doll close, James looked around, eyes coming to rest on Billy’s favourite transformer. Briefly he recalled how many times Billy had hit him in the head as the transformer dive bombed him in a surprise attack…   
  
As James made his way back to his own room he began to ponder how he could get the sound of such a toy onto his recorder…