

Frankie: pupil scripts

Piece A: Short Story

Opening the Fridge

Slowly, Ewan peeped through the crack in his door. All was black. He took a step out. He could hear distant snoring as he ~~crept~~ crept across the landing. As his heart raced he stared ^{crept} into the darkness; he could hear the fridge urging him on-willing him to move. Now the stairs. The tricky bit. Suddenly a THUD!... He raced down the creaking stairs—even the seventh one that makes an earsplitting creak noise. He could see the ~~white~~ white rectangle straight ahead of him. Then he opened it. He took a quick glance and saw the chocolate digestives. ~~Then~~ He could feel pair of eyes watching ~~her~~ him in the darkness. Who was it? Had he been seen? ~~him?~~ His eyes darted around the room, his heart in his mouth. He grabbed the biscuits and ran for it.

"Ewan!" echoed a voice.

Sneaking Downstairs

I lay under the covers, staring at the ceiling, my stomach empty. Slowly I got out of bed and crept towards my door. The handle shimmered in the darkness, urging me to turn it. My hand quivered as the brass handle turned and made a 'click'. I jumped. Shadows crept across the landing while I nibbled at my nail. My parents' room's door creaked and I bolted down the stairs—including the seventh one that makes an earsplitting thud when you step on it. I stared at the human-eating fridge and my legs turned to jelly as I tiptoed towards it.

I reached out and...