

Example text: Mystery stories

The Midnight Dog

“I’m beat!” I said as I flopped on the unmade bed.

“Me too,” agreed Sam.

Sam’s my brother. We had just moved into our new house. All day long, mum had been working us hard getting everything put into place. We had just finished unpacking the last box.

Luckily mum was letting us use our sleeping bags for the night, so we quickly brushed our teeth and crawled in. Within minutes we were both sound asleep.

“Hooowl... Hooowl...!”

I sat bolt upright in bed.

“D...d...did you hear that Sam?”

But Sam was snoring – lucky him. I held my breath, waiting for the noise to return.

“Hoowl ... Hooowl...!”

I clambered out of bed and shuffled over to the window. I shivered – even though the night was warm.

As I peered through the upstairs window, I could see a shadowy figure crouched down beside the back fence. The full moon cast eerie, wavering shadows across the yard, making it hard to pick out much except a pale shape, a little like a dog.

I couldn’t leave whatever it was down there all alone. It was obviously in pain. Slowly I crept downstairs, careful not to wake up the rest of the family. Just as I opened the back door, the creature turned its head towards me, its big eyes glowing silver in the moonlight.

“No way,” I breathed. I could see straight through its body. “This can’t be happening!”

I raced upstairs and woke mum and dad, much to their displeasure, and dragged them outside to see the moonlight dog. But when we arrived, it had vanished! Needless to say, my parents thought I had been dreaming.

I had to admit, my story was quite unbelievable – had it not been for the old rusty dog tag lying in the dirt!