



YEAR 8 GOTHIC SPIRIT AWARD

FINALISTS

‘The Broken Bride’ by Eden Palmer

I woke up in a dark forest. It was raining heavily. I looked up as my long white wedding lace dress trailed across the floor. I kept walking and walking until I came across an old abandoned chapel. It had cracked windows and an ash roof. I crept closer. When I got to the door, it creaked and I opened it slightly. I gradually pushed it open and felt a dusty breeze as if it was holding back sad memories.

I walked in quietly and saw broken benches and ash everywhere. I recognised this place, but did not know why....

‘Chapter 1: Unearthing The Undead’ by Dante Lewis

The church can hide more secrets that we know, but sometimes it’s better to keep it that way. I’m William, the town detective and tracker, investigating mostly cases that are not odd, like “I lost my jewels” or “I can’t find my ring anywhere”. But this time it is far from the usual. It is unnatural! Not even just unnatural. No, supernatural, ...

‘Gothic’ by PJ Dickinson

One night, in a foggy, misty lightning storm, woke a pirate. He was startled by what he saw... No one seemed to be onboard... He went to check on the captain, and found him dismembered with his body parts on the wheel spikes. He was mortified. He rushed to the deck and all of a sudden in the corner of his eye he saw, due to the lightning strike lighting the sky, the silhouette of an ominous castle. Then he fell unconscious.

‘Unknown Companion’ by Hanna J

I feel like my life is falling, being a single mother with an only child, my daughter Montana, and a dead husband, Bill, who died with a violent stupid reason. My body feels sick and heavy. I have made a decision to move and forget about the anguished past my daughter and I have experienced. It will probably be for the best for us, but who knows?

‘The Story of Bob’ by Declan Skehan

The man is scary. He is vicious and spooky. He hides in spots where people can’t find him. Is he a monster? Is he evil?

A long time ago a boy went home and watched some television before bed. He heard a knock on the door. It was not a quiet knock...

‘The Abandoned School’ by Ethan Cooper

It was gloomy, rainy and dark. Four teenagers (Joe, Ethan, Lucas and Kaitlyn) heard that the abandoned school was haunted by evil spirits and went to explore it. When they went in, the door suddenly closed behind them and locked...

‘The Search’ by Finney Griffiths

Our footwear was drenched, we stood still like statues, ahead of us was what our whole exploration was for. We were engulfed in a desolate swamp swarmed by trees swaying sluggishly. CREAK. The doors, twice the size of any person, opened wide, controlled by a remote or speaker. There was no way to tell for certain. All we knew was with a mansion of this proportion in front of us, we had to expect the unthinkable.

‘The Hospital’ by Heidi Carter Darwen

The rotten smell of decayed logs wafted through the air of York, accompanied only by the small chirps of any bird that dared to sing at this hour. Dark clouds were formed around the Millers’ Manor, casting a spell of rain upon the large expanse of a family’s land. Pitter patter, it chanted against the slate roof, falling into the drain pipe that lay just above a bay window, where a small child snored. The wind blew gentle breaths across the garden, forming a peace that felt too perfect, almost uncanny.

‘Waiting’ by Oscar Cribelli

I stumbled through the endless hallways, my heart pounding. The sound of dripping blood alarmed my ears as I clung to one of the drawers. It had an accumulation of dust and one of its wooden legs was missing. Outside, the thunder tore open the sky as one of the lightning bolts struck a desolate tree, setting it ablaze.

‘Rupert’ by Libby-Jo Linford

The most terrible thing just happened to me. Strapped in a bed, I looked around to see the desolate walls covered in moss. The ginormous, sharp fangs looking over me. The furry creature had taken me. Silence surrounded the area. Bang! The needles dropping on the floor. Blood everywhere. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up with fear...

‘Elena – Whispers Beyond the Sign’ by Aleena Mohammed

The winter’s morning was wrapped in thick fog, hiding the world in pale shadows. Frost clung to the ground; each breath turned white in the cold air. The sun was weak and hazy, barely breaking through the mist, while the silence made the day feel slow to begin. A group of students gathered for their Duke of Edinburgh expedition. The room buzzed with laughter, voices fluttering like birds in the cold air. Mrs Wardley called the register – 32 names answered- and with maps and equipment ready, they set off north.

‘Midnight Masquerade’ by Irum Isa

Lightning and thunder crashed outside, at war with the sky. Heavy rain dowsed the roads, drowning Tiana’s pearl embedded dress bottom as she hastily made her way into the grand banquet hall.

‘Wow, once in a century and I’ve been invited!’ Tiana whispered to herself in awe as her eyes met with the sight of the marble carved staircase, with each step telling its own individual story.

The main ballroom dancefloor scuffed with the small shoe marks of generations of the guests before. All wore masks of different origins, some painted smiles, some crafted horns, feathered peacocks, Tiana’s a simple, elegant dove.

‘Dear Percivil’ by Elliot Holden

Dear Percivil,

I write to you bringing dire news. I’m sure you are aware that over the recent months, I have been on the brink of making history with ‘The Experiment’. I have worked tirelessly, day and night, isolating myself in my laboratory for days upon end, all the while thunder clapped, lighting struck and the heavy London rain poured down on the roof. The sound reverberating through the entire house. The time rushed by and soon came the night of the experiment. Although it didn’t quite go as was expected...

‘Berries’ by Nina Kovac

The air in Jenna’s house was warm and sweet. Her best friend, Jessie, was with her and they have just finished baking some muffins. They both sat in Jenna’s kitchen eating them discussing some nice berry pie recipes they wanted to bake the following day.

‘Oh, Jenna! I found some excellent berries, just a few days back, besides that old castle in the woods!’ Jessie exclaimed, taking a bite of the muffin.

‘Old castle?’ Jenna hummed, ‘you mean the one in that creepy forest?’

‘The Cleaner’ by Phoebe McCann

Brooke Forest 9:15am

He unloaded his van and stood at the forest edge staring into the deep terrain of trees that looked like they went on forever until the end of time. ‘Just one job. Just this one and then I can quit,’ Jonathan muttered as he shakily stepped towards the forest. As Jonathan dragged his feet through the forest, tools and cleaning supplies on his back, he felt a pair of eyes watching his every move...

‘The Mirror in the Opera House’ by Georgia Robertson-Tones

I grew up in the shadowed wings of the Harroway Opera House. My surroundings consisting of velvet show curtains and floorboards that sighed when stepped on. Never having been able to meet my mother, the stage hand took responsibility of me. During the breaks between acts, when the lights flickered like trembling hearts, they whispered stories to me – dark tales of a cursed mirror hidden somewhere in the building, and a man whose soul had been trapped inside it for eternity...