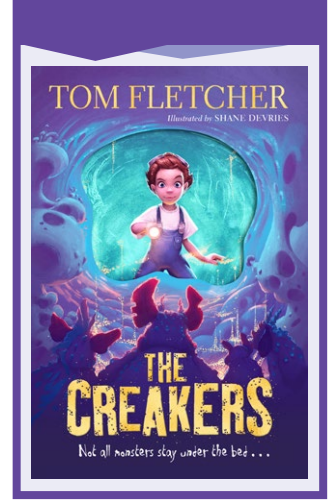


The Creakers

Extract Taken from The Creakers Prologue

Pages 1-3



The sun disappeared behind the pointed silhouettes of the rooftops of Whiffington Town, like a hungry black dog swallowing a ball of flames.

A thick, eerie darkness fell like no other night Whiffington had ever known. The moon itself barely had enough courage to peek round the clouds, as though it knew that tonight something strange was going to happen.

Mothers and fathers throughout Whiffington tucked their children into bed, unaware that this would be the last bedtime story, the last goodnight kiss, the last time they'd switch off the light.

Midnight.

One o'clock.

Two o'clock.

Three o'clock.

CREAK . . .

A strange noise broke the silence.

It came from inside one of the houses. With the whole town fast asleep, who could possibly have made that sound?

Or perhaps not who but WHAT?

. . . CREAK!

There it was again. This time from another house.

Creak!

Creeaak!

CREEEAAAAAK!

The Creakers Prologue: The Night It All Began

The sound of creaky wooden floorboards echoed around the hallways of every home in Whiffington.

Something was inside.

Something was creaking about.

Something not human.

There were no screams. There were no nightmares. The children slept peacefully, wonderfully unaware that the world around them had changed. It had all happened silently, as if by some strange sort of dark magic, and they wouldn't know anything about it until they woke up the next morning, on the day it all began . . .



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