

Adam's Story

James was a cheeky boy who hated history. He also hated boring museums and boring historical things. To James, boring history and boring historical things were the worst most boring things in the world. Also, James thought Monday was the worst day of the week. Today was Monday, worst luck. Even worst luck, on this Monday the school had arranged a museum trip.

‘Aaaaaaaarrrrrrrhhhhhh !,’ James screeched to his mum and dad.

His mum and dad were busy mending the washing machine.

‘Did you hear someone screech ?,’ said James’s mum.

‘It was me !,’ shouted James.

His mum and dad came rushing into the living room.

His mum was breathing hard. ‘What’s wrong ?’ James explained that he had another silly boring extra-boring museum trip.

‘Oh,’ said his dad.

James’ dad dropped him off at school. If James had had a hate list, for certain school would have been on it. Particularly the boring parts.

The museum was an old, creepy building. The roof-tiles were loose (some were even falling off) and the glass in the windows was cracked. When the

children entered the old, smelly building, everyone coughed.

‘This place smells like old farts,’ whispered James.

‘Stop that !,’ hollered the teacher.

When they entered the museum’s first room, the class went one way and James went the other. He found himself in the Tudor section. Here there were models of King Henry VIII, VII etc and a magnificent suit of armour. To James, the room felt old but not the spooky old. He’d never believed in ghosts, so the place was just boring old.

James looked in the glass cabinets but of course wasn’t interested, so he moved on to the next room.

Then, CRASH !

‘What was that ?,’ James muttered under his breath. He tip-toed around the corner of the corridor only to find the suit of armour running rapidly towards him.

‘Aaaaaaarrrrrrhhhhh !,’ screamed James. ‘Help ! Help !’

He sprinted back the way he’d come and down the stairs, then into the Storage Room which was ‘Staff Only.’ It was dark, he stumbled over some boxes to the back of the room. He looked up, squinting in the dark.

It was then that the knight came in.

Oh dear...