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The Curse Of The Pictures

It was Saturday and Alex lay in bed, trying to get rid of the feeling that something was wrong. Well, perhaps all he was worried about was sharing the house with a zombie. That was the kind of thing that would worry most people. Or was it that he felt the magic book was laughing at him? That also should have been enough to bother anyone.

No, there was something else that made him shiver, something from his dreams.

As he was standing in the bathroom in his space-rocket pyjamas, brushing his teeth, Alex looked at himself in the mirror. It was just as well he did, for in the reflection he saw a dark shadow creep above the bathroom door. Alex stopped brushing.

Something large, deadly and yet very silent was

right behind him near the roof. Not sure about what he'd just seen, Alex braced himself, then, crouching down, he charged out of the door, whirled around and looked back. It turned out that he'd just been quick enough.

A *huge* black spider dropped from the roof and glared at him with horrible clusters of angry eyes. Two enormous teeth, dripping with venom, caught Alex's horrified attention. It was just like the spider he'd drawn in the book, but bigger, more terrible and *very* frightening; especially in the way it raised its front two legs and waved them at Alex.

'Arggggghhhh!' With a scream of terror, Alex scrambled down the stairs, the spider scuttling after him.

They both charged in to the front room, where Granny Brady was still sitting in her chair.

'Food?' asked Alex's granny, looking up eagerly.

Alex pointed a shaky hand behind him, to where the spider was just coming in through the door. His granny got up with a jerk.

The spider didn't like the look of the zombie. It

reared up and backed away from Granny Brady.

With a whoop of relief, Alex immediately recovered from his fright.

‘Yes! That’s it Granny, breakfast!’

‘Breakfast.’ Granny lumbered towards the spider, reaching out her pale white arms.

Now you probably don’t know what a nervous giant spider looks like, but it kind of sways and its eyes go all shiny with alarm. This one retreated as Granny Brady came towards it. Back up the stairs it went, never turning around, always keeping watch



on the strange creature shuffling towards it over the carpet.

‘Go Granny! Go Granny!’ Alex was dancing and jumping at a safe distance behind his granny, delighted with the turn of events.

The spider withdrew into the dark safety of the spare room, the one his parents used when they were home. Nipping around his granny, Alex slammed the door shut on the monster and turned the key triumphantly.

‘Breakfast?’ groaned his granny with disappointment.

