Scared of the Dark

Boo, Rook and Gloom



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D'Serious! Media

Boo came down from the attic. Rook came out from under the stairs. Gloom slipped from under the bed.
They met on the sitting-room rug.
"Let's stay awake until morning," whispered Rook.



For a little while, they sat very still on the rug.
Boo yawned. Gloom yawned. Rook yawned.
“This needs a better plan,” said Boo.
“A snack,” said Rook.
“A quiet snack,” said Gloom.



Boo found a quiet route through the hall.
Rook led them towards the fridge. Gloom held the door so it could not bang.
“Just one little thing,” Rook whispered.
Boo pulled the handle.



The fridge light clicked on. Eight huge legs unfolded.
The fridge had become a giant spider!
Little spiders hurried towards its light.
Gloom shut the door. Click. Just a fridge again.
Nobody wanted a snack.



They tiptoed into the sitting room.
"The television could keep us awake," said Rook.
Boo found a clear path round the toys.
Gloom turned the sound right down.
Then Rook pressed the big button.



The screen flashed.
Behind it, something enormous stirred.
Two eyes opened. A big, scary monster rose above the television.
“I,” it rumbled, “was ASLEEP.”
Rook jabbed the button. The room went dark.



They backed away.
“The garden,” whispered Boo. “We can get out through the kitchen.”
“Is grass noisy?” asked Rook.
Gloom checked the door.
Beside it, the cat slept with its nose under its tail.



Boo turned the handle very slowly.
The door went EEEEEEEK.
The cat opened one eye. Then the other.
“Oh, good,” it said. “Someone to talk to.”
Gloom quietly pushed the door shut again.



The cat talked about its dinner.
Then yesterday's dinner.
Then a dinner it had smelled but never eaten.
At last, morning lit the windows.
The cat was still talking. The garden was still waiting.



At breakfast, Boo's eyes felt heavy.
Rook's head felt full of fluff. Gloom was cross about everything.
Even the toast tasted like cardboard.
"Chew more quietly," he grumbled.
Nobody had enough energy to argue.



Outside, the sun was shining.
The children were running, laughing and playing.
There was room for three more.
Boo, Rook and Gloom watched from the window.
They only wanted their beds.
They were too tired to join in.



That evening, Boo went to the attic, Rook under the stairs and Gloom under the bed.
"Let's be silly in the sunshine tomorrow," said Boo.
Nobody asked for one more thing.
They were already asleep.

