

Phobias and Fears Compositions

Chloe G_ 8ENG3

I could hear the fluttering of wings coming from the walls in my house. The fluttering sound which drives me to my breaking point.

A rotting smell which was seeping through the walls made my head dizzy. The world around me was a blur, I could feel the panic settling in. The scurrying and fluttering was nearing, it was coming from everywhere and yet they were nowhere.

I found myself stumbling toward the door. The cold, hard wood beneath my feet, a reminder that I was still there.

I reached my hand toward the door, I touched the cool brass handle. I went to open the door but I felt them, cockroaches climbing up my arms. I was trying to scream, but I could no sound was coming out.

Stumbling through the door I headed to my brothers bedroom. My vision was a blur. I couldn't see where I was going. I felt through his room, searching for his bed, whilst tiny legs clawed at my skin.

I felt his skin beneath my tips of my fingers. A warm, sticky liquid was covering his body and the sent of blood coated the air. I moved my fingers up towards his face, instead feeling the cockroaches tearing at his flesh and running over what was left of him.

I stumbled blindly into the hallway. Every step I took there was a crunch beneath my. They were climbing my legs. There legs digging deep into my skin. I found my self in the kitchen. My fingers were fumbling for something, anything to get rid of them. I scraped my hand over the handle of a pan. I grabbed at it and started swinging it around. I hit it against me, trying harder for them to leave. Harder and harder until they were gone from my arms and legs, but I could still feel their feet clawing at the edges of my mouth and on my eyes.

I raised the pan above my head. I struck my face with enough force that they would be gone, and I would be too.

That's the last memory I have, the rest is a blur. My future holds nothing and I will forever be trapped there. Reliving it day by day, night after night.

Maggie C_8ENG3

Amelia crept through the hall, trying not to look anywhere in the fear she would see a shadow playing tricks with her. Everywhere around her was pitch black, so she used the rough wall as a guide. She tensed and shrunk in herself when she heard a creaking from behind her. She kept trying to convince herself that she had made the noise, or that she was imagining things. She turned around shakily, lifting her hands to her chest as she did so. She stopped breathing when she felt some kind of liquid on her hands, warm and running down her arms. A car drove past the house, the flash of light through the window illuminating her bloody hands, as well as the shadowy figure standing limply at the end of the hall.

Amelia screamed, turning around and running. She made it to the lounge room before she stopped, not knowing where to go or hide. She also noticed that she didn't hear any footsteps. She turned around and jumped when she saw someone behind her.

"Hey, hey, are you alright?" The voice of her mother asked. Amelia blinked as the lights turned on, revealing the image of her mother standing there with a worry-stricken face. "Ugh, looks like your brothers been drawing on the walls with sauce again."

Amelia looked down, noting that her hands were smeared with sauce. She looked back into the wall, seeing the sauce smeared wall that now seemed mundane.

Keegan F_8ENG3

Michelle RockRoach, slowly got out of bed on a Monday Evening. She went to put on her slippers, when she noticed that something was in her left slipper. She flicked the slipper and a cockroach fell out.

Michelle started to scream, she hated Cockroaches. All sizes, and all types. She hated them so much. That she had Bug Spray, in almost every room of her house.

She was scared of Cockroaches because her sister, Dee Cockroach put a fake cockroach in her bed when she was little and when she went to go to sleep she saw the cockroach and started to scream.

Ever since this happened Michelle was deathly scared of cockroaches and when she saw a real one she had to kill it, but most of the time the cockroach was already dead from natural causes.

Michelle took her slipper and started hitting the cockroach she had no idea if it was dead or alive. But she still kept hitting it over and over again. After maybe 20 hits, Michelle looked and saw that the Cockroach was dead.

She got a rubber glove and picked up the remains of the Cockroach and put it in a bin. Her day then resumed as normal, she did her usual and went to her work and waited to go home, where she would then go on a weekly run with her sister.

On Michelle's way to grab coffee she bumped into a lady wearing all sorts of bangles and very weird clothes.

"Sorry," Michelle said.

"Don't go running tonight, you will find yourself facing your biggest fear" The lady's voice was cool but alert.

Michelle's eyes widened. She then quickly ran back into her car and travelled back home....

Ivy L _8ENG3

I lay on my back, my wide eyes directed at the ceiling above my bed but unseeing in the darkness. My eyes created swirls of colour, orange and purple hallucinations swimming before me. I fumbled for the torch on my bedside table, switching it on. Wide awake, I opened my bedroom door.

I stood in the hallway outside the closed bathroom door. I struggled to slow my breath, but it rattled in my pulsing chest. My torch fell out of my trembling, sweaty hand and clattered on the varnished wood floor. It illuminated the gap under the door, swallowing the space behind me in darkness. Maybe they wouldn't be so bad tonight? A drop of cold sweat fell onto the doorhandle as I turned it.

I could hear them before I turned on the light. Clicking, scuttling. Tiny red eyes turned towards me. My shaking hand stretched toward the light switch, but instead of cold plastic my fingers met a hard and crunchy insect.

Cockroaches.

I withdrew my hand in horror, tears of panic spilling down my face. My eyes struggled to adjust to the black. My heart hammered in my ears. Stepping back, I felt cockroaches' wings crunch beneath my socks, their insides plunging through the fabric into my skin. I fell backwards and my head hit the bathtub. As I reached up to my head I felt thin legs scuttle from my hair to my hand.

I opened my mouth to scream and felt the textured underside of a roach on the roof of my mouth. Gagging, I climbed onto the edge of the bathtub, cockroaches scuttling between the fine hairs on my leg. I reached to the shower curtain for support but a swarm of cockroaches as long as my fingers exploded out, covering my arms. Shaking wildly in an attempt to get them off I tumbled back to the floor. The bathmat squirmed beneath me as the insects erupted around the bathroom.

I curled my legs into my chest. I felt the roaches run across my face. In my nose, my ears, across my eyelids. I felt a small one digging into the corner of my eye, biting the tear duct. A drop of blood crept down my cheek. My eyes rolled into the back of my head.

And that was the last thing I remember.

Leila P_8ENG3

Everything in the room was white. From the bedposts to the flooring there was nothing but a pure absence of colour. The walls were of such a hue that, for all I knew, there could be no walls at all. A room of nothing that stretched on into colourless oblivion. The only sound that penetrated the sheer emptiness was the clocks. Their ticking was relentless and eternal. It was everything. It was the only thing.

Although my only company was the ticking of the clocks, I was able to keep no sense of time. I was trapped in this room for what could have been a day or a year or anything in between. Every tick sent a shiver down my spine. I was agony sitting there, just waiting for something to happen. I had to do something.

Even though it went against every fibre of my being, I knew the only logical thing to do was to walk to the clocks. They were the only things that seemed real here.

I found them before long, pure white and repulsive in every sense. I knew I had to destroy them, to at least put a stop to the ominous ticking. I plunged my hands deep inside the clock faces, cracking glass and wood, busting apart cogs and springs. There was no more ticking.

I heaved a sigh of relief then noticed something on the ground. Colour. Ovals of sticky red set before each clock. *Could this be my way out of here?* I thought. Then I realised that they weren't just ovals, they were faces. And that wasn't just red, that was blood. Each oval formed the face of one of my closest friends or relatives, warm against the cold tiled floor.

Then I saw my hands - they were bloody too. I only blinked and the world seemed normal again. A normal room except for the four bodies slumped on the floor, each with a gaping cavity ripped in their chest.

Robert P_8ENG3

I wake upon a heavy sound of crawling and scratching on the floor. The sound getting louder and louder, almost deafening. I can slightly feel my bed sheets getting pulled at from the overhang over the side of the frame. I slowly rise, I can definitely tell that the noise is coming from the floor, but it's pitch black and I can't tell. I start to get down when I feel nibbling on my feet and rough fur on my feet. My reflex is to run away but I am trapped on my own bed, in the dark surrounded by something that touches me, that's my biggest fear, being touched. I scream, looking for a response and that's when it doomed on me, my parents are at a music festival for two nights. I feel my way over to my bedside table and feel for any supplies. I might be trapped here for two days, I feel a bottle of water, two cookies, a TV remote, a leveller tool my dad gifted to me and my phone. My phone! That's it, I grab my phone and switch on the light. Thousands upon thousands of rats all over the floor surrounding my bed suddenly appear. The noise is still deafening, so I decide to cup my ear against the wall to see if the rats are in other rooms as well. No noise from the other room parallel to mine. My heart rate is going through the roof, I notice a small gap in the wall next to me. The builders level is the first thing I grab and jam into the wall, just as I hear a Zap! The TV's cable has been fried along with some rats. I use the level to pry the wall, as one rat climbs up onto my bed, then onto me. I scream and kick, I fall into the rats. Thousands of little feet all over my body. I jump up and pry at the wall again, my tears running down my face. Crack! The wall opens, no rats inside this room. I crawl through the gap and escape the room, Immediately I grab my phone and weigh up the options between calling Dad or the pest control.

Sunni W_8ENG3

I pushed the door of my bedroom open, and it swung in with a loud Creeeeeeaaak. I stepped in and dropped my bag onto the floor, walking over to my desk. I sighed, thinking of all the homework I had due later that evening, dreading the hours of tests. I swung my chair around, about to sit down, when I saw it.

It was a small, yellowy-white ball, the size of a large marble. It was sitting in the middle of my desk. I approached it slowly, until my nose was only a few centimetres away from it. I studied it closely, then it twitched. I back away, fast, tripping over my bag and falling onto my back. Then the thing hatched.

Thousands upon thousands of small, black, disgusting spiders spilled out of what I now knew was an egg sack. They spilled over the edge of my desk, like a sea of satanic insects, with dozens of eyes, 8 legs, and venomous fangs.