

A night in the Museum

By Lauryn Durnall

"Ahh", one by one the ancient stone statues broke out of their positions like a person breaking out of a glacier of ice. The statues stepped off of their stone pedestals, stretching like they had just been woken from a deep deep sleep.

There was a loud pop. Another. And another. At every pop another painting came to life. Modigliani's long necked people gabbled rapidly to one another. The Mona Lisa yawned and started talking to a painting of a blonde girl with a pearl earring. Louder and louder until the buzz of voices became deafening to listen to.

"Stop", came the deep throated rumble of an emerald green suit of armour. "Tonight", he continued, "we shall hold a joust in this very hall!"

There was Silence as his words echoed round the hall. And then. Great whoops of joy filled the air. "How exciting" yelled a great portrait of Henry VIII.

At this obvious recognition of the idea, another seven great suits of armour trooped into the hall, each of them leading the ancient skeleton of a deceased moose on horse.

The church chimed midnight, the atmosphere of the room changed. It became cold, so cold it would send shivers down our mortal spines. The cheery yellow walls turned a sludgy grey and an army of ghostly nuns came gliding through the walls. Mummies staggered into the room, their bony, skinless fingers reaching forwards. None of these beings were good, this room was full of evil, enough to make any medium or psychic shrivel up in their boots. Forget the joust.

Statues smashed cases with their fists. The

Suits of armour rode their phantom beasts as clumsily as a bull in a china shop. They ran into tables smashing them to splinters. In half a minute everything was broken until....

"Hello?" came the voice of the museum guard, "Who's there?" Everything froze. The guard walked into the art hall, his leather boots going, tap, tap, tap. The guard froze. His thin face turned deathly pale, he glanced at the damage to the irreplaceable artefacts. The evil artefacts. The guard ran, his shoes going, Shuffle, tap, Shuffle, tap until he rounded the corner.

The next day the artefacts were destroyed, and so was the museum. It turned out, in the early 16th century, the museum was once a nunnery. All of the evil was embedded in the nuns when a grisly murder took place.

Nothing was allowed to be built there. It became a grisly no mans land with a dark secret.