



Am I Mad?

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You think I am mad?! What could I do? It was not madness - it was the furthest from madness - it was pure sanity! The deed must be done, I had no other choice, I must have killed him! Otherwise I would have been killed! What's this, you say? You still don't believe me? Well, let me tell you the whole story.

During a dull, frosty and dark night, I rode through town on horseback, hoping to find a scrap of food, for I was famished, having ridden for several days without a proper meal. As I was riding, a man in a cloak, as dark as the night sky approached me. He spoke in a low, raspy voice that sent chills down my back.

"I need you to do something for me." He said, in a voice that could make a grown man cry "Kill the man in the old Stonebridge mansion, or I will hunt you down and make sure you never see the light of day again."

I was horror-stricken. I didn't know what to say! My legs felt like they were made out of jelly. I collapsed on the floor, and my eyes went blurry. The last thing I saw was the man disappearing into thin air, and my eyes rolled back in my head, and blackness crept in.

When I came to, the sun was high in the sky. My stomach growled, so I went to grab some food. I suddenly remembered the man in the black cloak. I was petrified at the idea of my death. My palms were sweaty and the back of my neck was covered in sticky, wet sweat. Standing up weakly, I got on my horse and set off in the direction of the Stonebridge mansion. When I arrived, I could not believe that someone would live there. The front yard was covered in weeds, and the grass was uncut. The frame was rusted, and the mansion looked ready to collapse. Moss was creeping into the house. I crept in, it smelled rotten and damp. I heard a snore. I quickly ran out, but not before I saw that the only person in there was a small old man. Over the next few days I planned carefully. I snuck in and out, discovering hidden secrets planted all over the house. Over the next few days I prepared. I prepared for his death.

One night, I was ready. The moon shone bright in the dark night sky. I crept into the mansion, working slowly and silently. I had gotten used to the idea of killing the old man. A maniacal smile crept onto my face. At midnight, I came out of my hiding spot. I listened for a sound. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. The floorboards creaked. Wind blew silently outside the windows. The old man sat up. His eyes darted around the room. Seeing nothing he collapsed back on his bed. I approached him. He saw me and all the colour drained from his face. I killed him quickly. What else could I do? It was my life or his on the line.