

The background is a dark, atmospheric illustration. At the top, a large, dark, winged creature (possibly a dragon or a large bat) is perched on a branch, looking down. A bright blue lightning bolt strikes down from the sky. A full moon is visible in the upper left. The title "GRIM TALES" is written in a large, ornate, metallic font with decorative flourishes. Below the title, a large, multi-towered castle with glowing windows sits in a dark, misty forest. To the left of the castle, a small, glowing, ornate chest or box sits on the ground. To the right, a dark, wolf-like creature is visible. The bottom of the image shows a dark, rocky landscape with a small, glowing, ornate structure on the right.

# GRIM TALES

Immanuel College entries into the Grim  
Tales Competition.  
March 2025

Internal 1<sup>st</sup> Place

# FRAMED FEAR

The man entered the abandoned house, flashlight trembling in his grip. He had heard the rumours; a family had vanished, their bodies never found. But as he explored, he found something worse: the walls were lined with photographs. Each photo was of him. The images depicted his life, his every move, captured long before he ever stepped foot in the house. Then, he saw it, a photo of himself eyes wide with terror, pinned against the wall. The door slammed shut. Blood soaked through the floorboards as his body was rewound, his entire life erased, one scream at a time.

***Grace B / 11NLI***

Internal 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

# VICTORIA

Victoria, the doll starred at every day since I can remember. She looks strange now. No, not strange, different. Had the paint started to crack? Was the colour of her dress fading? I couldn't put my finger on it. Had mum moved her? Why did she look so odd? I thought I was delusional but I know her. I remember the way her blonde curls bounced when I picked her up. I loved the way her earrings glistened in the light. I loved her red bow in her hair and the way she'd smile back at me. Wait, wha-

*Ruby W / 11CST*

---

Internal 3<sup>rd</sup> Place

# SERBIAN DANCING LADY

The tapping followed him. A rhythm too precise, too eager. She moved under the flickering streetlamp, limbs twisting and head lolling. Her tattered dress clung to her legs, swaying in the breeze. He walked faster. The tapping did too. Closer, louder. A wheezing breath slithered behind his ear. The scent of rot. His shadow stretched, but there were two now - hers, impossibly tall, arms too long. Something cold kissed his spine. A jagged, rusted edge. Pain bloomed. His legs gave way. As darkness closed in, he watched her above him, still swaying. The tapping never stopped, and it never would.

*Abigail W / 11NLI*

As I crept through Blackwood House, shadows danced around me. I stumbled upon a door hidden behind tattered curtains. The doorknob creaked, revealing a room filled with medical equipment. A chill ran down my spine - almost like I wasn't supposed to be here, like there was something waiting for me. Suddenly the lights flickered, and I heard whispers. "Get out while you still can." I tried to flee, tried to escape it all but the door slammed shut. The whispers grew louder. I was trapped. And then, the darkness consumed me. Would I ever see the light again?

*Aurora M / 9AP*

---

## BROTHER'S BRIDGE (BRIDGE OF CLAY)

Clay's hands bled as he tacked brick after brick, mortar rusting beneath his fingernails. The bridge rose like a monument to suffering, its tones slick with sweat and something darker. His brothers' faces blurred in memory, their eyes hollow, mouths stuffed with dirt. At night, he heard them calling, one by one, they crawled from the river, waterlogged and bloated. Arms twisted, bones snapped as they dragged themselves onto the bridge. "You left us" they gurgled, mud spilling from their lips. Clay screamed, but they tore him apart, piece by piece. By dawn the bridge stood taller, stronger and hungrier.

*Grace B / 11NLI*

# THE UNKNOWN ABYSS

In the heart of an ancient forest, a village whispered of a cursed well. Each night, a chilling wail echoed through the trees, drawing the curious to its depths. One fateful evening, a brave soul approached, peering into the darkness. A pair of ghostly eyes stared back, pleading for release, unable to resist, they reached in, only to be pulled into the abyss. The next day, the villagers found the well empty, but the wails grew louder, they realised too late: every soul that sought to free the trapped spirit became its eternal prisoner, lost to the shadows forever.

*Sam D / 8BTA*

---

# THE CRAGSIDE HORROR

Our ancient Ford had finally reached cragside camp. As soon as we unpacked, an old man shouted, "You shouldn't be here, they'll come for you, making a low rumbling sound..." I shook my head at the man's balderdash and walked away. But Tuesday changed everything. I was taking a walk when I stumbled across a clearing filled with bodies. I wanted to puke. They were mangled and bloody, different parts, strewn everywhere. There was something wrong with this camp. I was filled with dread, just as I heard a low, rumbling sound... and felt my flesh torn to shreds.

*Reuben A / 7TG*

# THE MYTH CHASERS

There were warnings, but Alice and William rowed their little boat out anyway. "I'm certain it's here." William murmured peering into the murky depths, suddenly, a huge and terrifying beast burst from the water. "The Kelpie." William breather, gazing into the fiendish red eyes of the malicious water horse. Without warning, he was grabbed viciously and became entangled in the salty seaweed mane. "WILLIAM!" Alice screamed, then she too was snatched from the boat. As the two were pulled into the dark depths, they realised they should never have chased myths. for nobody had lived to tell the grim tale.

*Ella A / 10AGR*

---

# CARPE MORTEM

The room was a massacre. Mr Keating's head was caved in, a grotesque mess of flesh and bone, his skull shattered from when I'd struck him with the heavy leather-bound book. His blood painted the floor a sickening pattern, pooling around his twitching body. The others joined, knives and pens slicing through his flesh, carving poems into his skin like twisted art. His screams echoed but they only fueled us, spurring on the madness. The chalkboard read "Carpe Diem," smeared in red. We had seized the day, but now the only thing left was death, and we reveled in it.

*Grace B / 11NLI*

# CRIMSON ECHOES

Deep beneath the cursed manor, the walls wept crimson. Amelia crept through twisting corridors, heart bounding in her chest. The scent of rot and blood mingled with the whispers of unseen horrors. In a shadowed chamber, grotesque figures slithered along ancient stones. Their eyes, glowed with malignant hunger. A monstrous figure emerged, dripping viscera from jagged wounds. It lunged, teeth bared like shattered glass, tearing flesh with savage delight. Amelia screamed, her voice swallowed by the darkness. In that moment, she became another ghastly victim, a mere echo among the relentless, tormented souls. Forever lost to the night. Eternal misery.

*Grace B | 11NLI*

---

# HOOKED

The ticking never stops. It gnaws at my mind, a relentless reminder of what i've lost. A casualty of a boy who has no idea what it means to feel. Peter, that wretched child, stole everything from me. My crew is gone now, all of them. Dead. Peter made sure of that. Blood stains the deck, their screams trapped in neverland's twisted air. Now, I am a cautionary tale, a name spat like a curse. And when I do, I'll drive my hook through his heart, and his maniacal laughter will be the last to die.

*Grace B | 11NLI*

# THE MONSTROUS WOLF

She trusted through the snow alone and frightened. The village had warned her about the wolf. A monstrous creature with an insatiable hunger. As she walked, she felt eyes upon her, and soon the wolf emerged from the trees. It's fur was gray, it's eyes a piercing yellow. She tried to run but the wolf was too fast. It caught her, it's jaws closing around her leg.

The full moon cast an eerie glow as the wolf razor sharp claws tore through her flesh, silencing her screams. But then she screamed, but the only response was the wolf triumphant howl.

*Thomas G / 7MJP*

---

# PERFECTLY MUTILATED

The sculptor's obsession with perfection drove him to horrific extremes. Instead of clay, he molded human flesh, harvesting victims from the dark corners of the city. Skin peeled away like velvet, bones cracked under his delicate hands as he shaped every detail. His latest creation, a woman with perfect symmetry, lay on the slab. Her chest still rose faintly, eyes twitching as his scalpel danced across her skin. Then the flesh started to fight back. Tendons twisted, bones snapped into place, and with a final scream, the woman stood, her eyes now filled with a monstrous hunger. She was alive.

*Grace B / 11NLI*

# BLOOD RED

The forest was mine - until she came. A girl in red, smelling of sugar and rot. I stalked her, but when she turned, her grin was too wide, her teeth too sharp. She moved fast - blade sinking into my gut, twisting. I howled, but she only giggled, dragging the knife up, spilling my insides onto the dirt. Warm blood pooled beneath my feet as my legs buckled. She climbed onto me, hands digging into my open wound, pulling. My ribs cracked. My vision blurred. she leaned close, breath sweet with the scent of berries. "Not so big, Not so bad"

*Abigail W / 11NLI*

---

# THE NEW GRIM REAPER

As the melody of the forest finished, a light flashed and a book hovered in front of me. I grabbed the book and my hands boned up, my clothes switched to a cloak, and my eyes were jet black. Plants withered at my feet; suddenly the book flicked through many pages and stopped, I saw names written down. Souls dragged me in a portal, the sound of overlapping screamed echoed through the void. Cries of a child filled the air. I touched the baby and he crumbled to dust. I looked outside admitting my new life as the new grim reaper.

*Zonera R / 8NHA*

# A SOUND BUT NO SOUL

Every night a spine chilling scream echoes through the walls of my home. Father says I am only dreaming. I made the mistake and followed the sound. I crept down the damp stairs. All of a sudden a creature ran towards me. It had branches growing from it and it's large eyes looked soulless.

I then felt myself being dragged away. I let out a loud scream but it was the one that I have been hearing every night. I woke up and realised I was in a deserted basement. I can't hear people upstairs.

*Lucille H / 7ADW*

---

# A SIGHT FOR THE MORTALS

The quivering witch was led through an eerie forest. Blood spelling messages on trees and a gathering of youths. "Thou shalt now be executed unless thou admits" Spoke the council leader. "Thine idle threat is nothing, but an irrelevance to me" said the young woman nervously. "Nay though criest! For see how they knees quake with fear!" The young woman was chained next to a man carrying a gleaming sword. He drew the sword closer but before she was demolished, the guilty witch shot up to the sky covered in another blood and the leader dead.

*Lucie H / 7ALL*

# DRIZELLA'S SIDE OF THE STORY

Mother had never been the same since she fed her that soup.

That shoe belonged to Anastasia, not my 'perfect' sister. Betrothed for a day charming never saw it coming. A tip-tap of heels, a once-loved hand squeezed his shoulder and a stab in the back, quite literally. Charming dropped to the floor. All that was found was bloodstained shards upon the throne, the remanence of a glass slipper and the merciless face of a little cinders. The town of Occitania would never be the same again under the bloodthirsty, watchful eye of the queen. "All hail the new monarch Cinderella"

*Amber P / 7ADW*

---

# WITH OPEN ARMS

The supply run had gone horribly. Out of eight of us, only I stand here alone. No one deserved to die. Especially not her. I only looked up from the floor once the elevator stopped moving. There she stood, at the end of the hall. Her form is monstrous. Visibly sickening. But I don't scream. I take a step closer, holding my arms out to her. My hands hold her face as her claws dig into my skin. I don't cry out in pain. I only smile, for I know that I'll spend the rest of my time with her.

*Calum E / 11CST*

# THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T DIE

She wandered the forest, nameless and forgotten. Addie's bones ached, her feet torn from endless miles. The deal had promised freedom but it delivered torment. The shadows whispered, hungry. They watched her carve tally marks into the trees for each day lost. Blood smeared her finger, nails cracked down to the bed. She couldn't die, but her body decayed. One night, the darkness took shape. The devil who cursed her returned, smiling wide. He caressed her rotting cheek, kissed her broken mouth, and whispered "Are you ready to belong to me?" Addie wept, her voice raw. She had no other choice.

*Grace B / 11NLI*

---

# HANSEL & GRETEL WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

They were lost, deep in the woods, far from home. There laid a body, stuffed with candy as blackened blood poured from its wounds. A house lay ahead with the same sugary coating as the corpse. A woman's sickening sweet smile lit the darkness, her voice as enticing as the hole she dwelled in. The two prey found themselves sitting with the leech, talking with it... eating with it... sleeping in its arms. Its warm, comforting arms. Its warm... comforting... fire surrounded them. Their skin bubbled and blistered. Their pleas muffled by toffee as they burnt to a crisp. 8

*Constance G / 10FAB*

# THE BLACK STONE

I stared at the stone in my hand, its mesmerising glow wanted me to keep it but do I really want to be evil? It's just a stone, I should return it, what power could it possibly have. Might not even be worth it, the purplish black stone shimmered from the sunlight and a image of my future self appeared in it. My eyes widened and I threw it across the bright small room. When I opened my eyes the stone disappeared. Breathing heavily I laid down on my bed and thought of the scary image. It won't happen right?

***Zonera R / 8NHA***

---

# THE MAN

I was terrified on that night what happened was I had a wonder through the woods. I saw a man, a man with a sinister laugh. I started to back off when I saw blood from his mouth. The thing that made me run, well it was a knife. I thought to myself, could I out run him. I tried running home. I couldn't. I felt like the wood was turning into a forest. I stopped to try take a breather. The man caught up. Well did he stab me? I as in pain, I heard a voice.

***Patrick M / 7MP***

# JACK & THE HORROR TREE

One gloomy morning, Jack had to sell his cow! Jack wasn't very happy about this. He and his mother loved the cow clearly. Although they loved it money was light so they sold it. Jack was sent back with beans and not money. Although his mother wasn't happy he planted the beans. These beans grew into a tree of evil. This tree brought many bad things to Jack. One day he woke up with 1000 bee stings. The next day he was very poorly. So very clearly Jack was cursed for not listening. Jack's mother was not happy with him!

*Poppie M / 7RLJ*

---

# TRICK OR TREAT?

It was one dark night on Halloween. Three friends went trick or treating. The door they knocked on started to open slowly.

A lady shouted, "Come in." Dan started to enter so we followed him. It was very creepy, "come closer dears, I don't bite. Would you like a trick... or treat." We slowly crept forward but suddenly a figure fell down from the open door behind them. Screeching like a Pterodactyl with horns on its head and bright red eyes. They screamed "help us, we're trapped." Then spiders and cobwebs fell from the ceiling onto all of them. The end.

*Amelia T / 7MP*

# LEAVES AT THE DOOR

The door slammed shut as a gust of wind took control. It startled the old couple as they ran down the stairs worried something broke from the raging storm. Audible sigh all escaped as they noticed the leaves that blew in. Deciding to clean up in the morning, they switched off the lights and headed up stairs. Stopping midway, they said “we didn’t leave the door unlocked.” Turning around, they saw a shadowing figure rushing towards them. Leaves weren’t the only thing that blew in that night, but unlike the awakes, the leaves blew out the next day.

***Aiza R / 8CMF***

---

The 12<sup>th</sup> bell rang. I could barely see the woods. 4 watch towers, 4 gates, 400 cells but not prisoners. The moon was the only source of light. I’m not just hungry, I’m not just thirsty, I’m desperate. No one is here. Yet I hear the cries they haven’t. The huge metal walls send shivers down my spine. Clatter. Clatter. The cells echo. Who and how? A shadow appears a hooded tall creature. I am weak to my bones. I can’t even cry. It came closer and closer. It grew. In my mind I beg. Send help. Who is that? Help!

***Lydia N / 7ANJ***

# THE VOICE

I was all alone on a call with my mum when I heard my cat meowing when my cat was right next to me. But I could still hear the meowing coming from my bedroom. So I went to the hallway and to my bedroom door and I could still hear the meowing. So I called out my cats name and the meowing stopped and all of a sudden I could hear my mums voice from the room even though she is on a call with me.

***Amelia D | 7RLJ***

---

Silence. The leaves crackled on the ground. My hands shook in fear. I had a sharp pain in my throat. There was something making screaming sounds in the distance. My skin shivered in fear. It felt like the walls were closing in on me. As the echoing noises filled my ears in seconds. My heart was pounding. Ears were popping. As I looked, there was a ghost right in front of my eyes. I ran for my life. As I stepped the ground surrounding me. It felt like I was falling into my death. Is this the end? Is it really?

***Belle K | 7ANJ***

# TRUTH FINDERS & LIE MAKERS

Detective Leon and Vivienne stood over the lifeless body of a man in a dark alley. The victim, a local business man had been stabbed twice in the chest. Vivienne stared down at the body coldly. Leon studied the blood splatter and notice something odd. An unusual mark on the ground, a clue that only Vivienne knew about. He turned to her, suspicion creeping in. "You were here earlier, weren't you?" Leon asked his voice low. "What's the first thing I ever taught you? Everyone is a suspect, trust no one." Vivienne snickered as Leon stared at her in pure shock.

***Holly-Taylor B | 8PJM***

---

I was home alone until There was a scary sound. I was so scared that I ran into the woods and then I saw a tall creature. I tried running but I blacked out then I was in a room. There was a creepy mirror. The person in the mirror looked creepy. She looked like she had bloodshot red eyes, bleeding everywhere. Ripped clothing and no mouth but then she ripped it. Blood was everywhere. She said "help, help help" but little did I know he was right behind me. It's too late to run now.

***Anita A | 7MJP***

# THE CHURCH

Dong, Dong, Dong! The twelfth bell rang. A sudden shiver shot down my spine as the realisation hit that I really was all alone on this mysterious church. Strange noises engulfed my ears like a howling or whirling sound. Fear was all that I felt. I heard the echoing cries bounce off the ancient walls of the haunted structure. A mysterious shadow appeared from behind the tall, wooden door. The voices in my head grew louder and louder as the feeling filled me that maybe I wasn't alone. A church with no priests and no nuns. What was happening?

*Emmy G / 7ANJ*

---

# THE GHOST OF BLACK SHOCK

Amir couldn't sleep, he couldn't get the dark stories he'd heard earlier that evening in the hotel from his mind. The salty ancient mariner told about the legendary east coast hound with beastly red eyes named black shock. He wandered, the Ravenscar Hotel halls staring at dusty pictures on either side and remembering the phrase: "If he looks you in the eye, you know you're about to die." He turned around as the walls closed in, he had little choice but to run. Turning a corner, two red eyes glowed. Amir screamed but after that he never made another sound.

*Anita A / 7MJP*

Midnight. I was told to meet up here. Why an abandoned mental hospital? Well me, Jessa and Max were supposed to be urban exploring. It's the thick of night which makes it worse. At least it's just us. I saw a skeleton covered in gossmetes. I heard Jessa and Max talking at my side. Jessa went upstairs where the people were. We split up. We heard scuttling but it was just us. We turned around to see a shadow but there was nothing there. I heard screams, but from where?

**Nicole L / 7MJP**

---

Julian the nasty ugly disgusting villan got trapped in a slimy moldy green cage with sick coming out of his eyes and he's dripping it all over. It even leaking out of the cage. The cage door bust open and it was that bad it opened the cage and let him out. He escaped and made a big river on the streets and everyone was washed away by his sick. They even swallowed it. The he seen all of the dead bodies. They even had slimy creatures everywhere. He was the only person left standing, the rest were dead.

**Daisy G / 7TG**