

Clair's Nightmare

Clair brushed her hair, cleaned her teeth and put the clothes she wanted to wear the next day on the chair. She grabbed her old brown teddy bear, got into bed and turned off the light. In a few minutes, she was fast asleep.

Later, she called to her mum. "Mum, I'm scared!" she yelled.

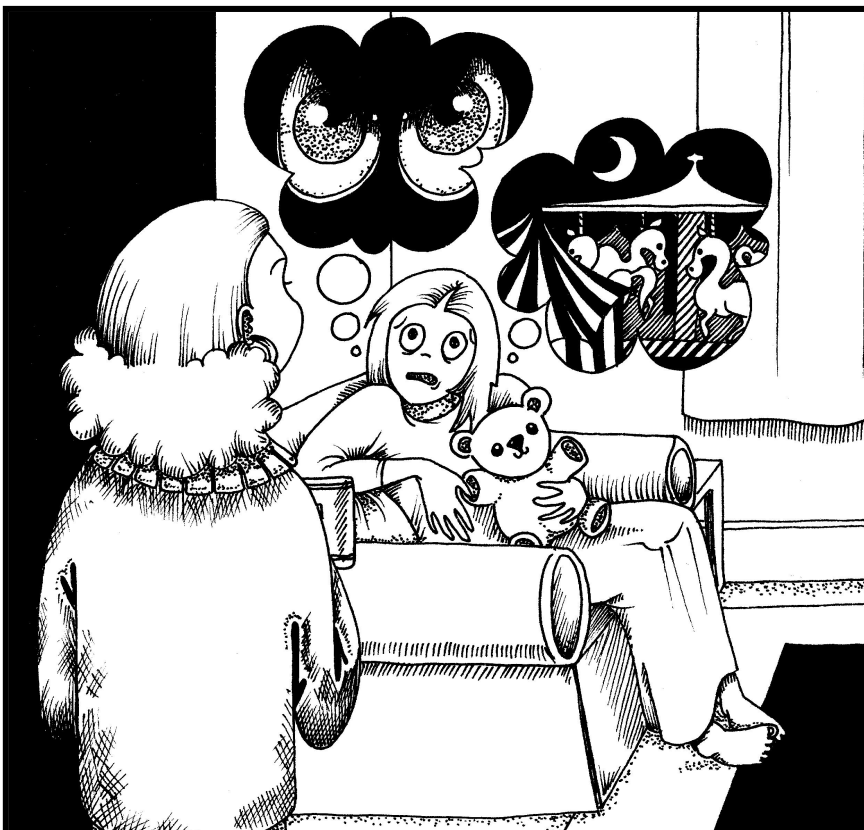
"Stay there, I'm coming," shouted her mum, as she went upstairs. "What's up?"

"I had a nightmare. I was at the fair. There was this pair of eyes, and they just stared. They were really bright and glared in the dark. I could hear these claws scratching on the floor. I was so scared. There was no air, I couldn't breathe. I started to run in my bare feet. I didn't dare look back. I didn't know where I was. I swear, Mum, it was really terrifying."

"There, there!" said Mum, stroking Clair's hair. "Come downstairs and clear your head. Blow your nose and dry those tears. Sit on the sofa, and I'll prepare a cup of hot chocolate for you, my love."

"I was reading this excellent book at school today," said Clair. "The librarian said the author wrote in a scary style, but I still thought it would be good. It was called 'The Haunted Fair and other scary stories.' "

"Well, maybe from now on you should read only about fairies and cuddly toys!" Mum said, with a grin.



"Oh Mum," Clair moaned, "I'm not as young as that."

She drank the warm drink and cuddled up on the sofa. She was so comfy. She yawned.

"Sweet dreams," whispered Mum.

Clair fell fast asleep with a gentle snore.