

Death Chase

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Age 12

Coquitlam

We were crowded outside the door of the arena. To celebrate my friend Sarah's birthday, she took us to Chase Arena, only the newest and coolest party place around. It's like hide and seek tag, I think. But a clown is 'it'!

They let us in and led us to our arena. It was a maze of walls and ramps, and a door on the far wall.

"The clown will come soon," our guide said. "Remember, three rounds. Ten minutes each. Good luck." With that, she locked us in.

Sarah clung to my arm. "Let's go!" she hissed excitedly. Our party spread throughout the maze, and soon red lights flooded everything. An alarm sounded.

"Attention," a voice over a speaker commanded, "The clown is OUT!"

We squealed and squirmed as we heard large pounding footsteps by the other door. The clown?!

Sarah bolted to where most of the other girls were.

I was about to follow her when the clown came near. He followed them instead. I noticed he carried a metal bat.

A bat. A metal bat. This was alarming.

I ran in the opposite direction, ducking behind a wall. I slunk into the shadows.

A scream pierced my silence, followed by a clunk and a whimper. Another scream. That sounded real.

I abandoned my place and stayed as far as possible from the clown as I could.

But before I could go much farther, I spotted blood running down a ramp behind a wall. My heart beating in my throat- I rounded the corner. Amanda, from my class, was lying there, bruises marking her forehead. How... macabre! A huge cut was bleeding uncontrollably from her head, as well as her neck and arm. Her face was spectral as that clown's white face paint. I gasped as quietly as I could. What was the point of this... "game"?

I remembered something I learned in health class. I glanced around for the clown before kneeling beside Amanda. I stuck my finger under her nose. There was no breathing flow.

That could only mean one thing- the clown! Or... the killer clown. Enough was enough.

I managed to make it through the round. Only two more to go... I hoped tonight I'd be lying in my bed- not my mausoleum.

"You made it through round one... congratulations! Team meeting time," The speaker voice announced cheerfully. "The next round will start in two minutes."

We met around Amanda's body.

"They got Sarah," Anna wept. "She was the birthday girl!"
"And Tess. And Lily," Samantha added sadly.
"We need a plan..." I said slowly.

“Time’s up!” Red light flooded the arena. We scattered. The pressure was on.

I heard a crack and Samantha’s scream. I cringed into the shadows. But soon he cornered me.

“Don’t,” I warned. He squinted and smiled.

“I’ll give you anything you want,” I begged.

“Will you?” He flashed his teeth, revealing two fangs. Wait... Chase Arena was ...where vampires quenched their thirst?!

Then he swung the bat.