

Whispers In the Dark



Cobblebank 1 would like to acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of the land on which this book was created; we pay our respects to Elders past and present. Of Wurrunjuri land

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Published by Cobblebank 1 St Francis. 456 Bridge Road Cobblebank Vic 3338

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CHAPTER 1 ORDINARY DAY?

SCREEEECH! the door opens, I come through, with my smile extending up to my ears. My dog Bolt enters with its massive brown fluffy hair shining then slowly diminishing into the dark basement. The light flickering showing me, a small Argentinian boy with a buzz cut and a birthday cone shining of my head I look normal yet different. It's my 17th birthday and I'm more excited than a little kid on Christmas day but from today I promised myself to not be that little kid I was. My dad just told me to go get some tinsel for decoration; my mum used to love when we used tinsel to decorate the house. But died when I was born, my dad always blamed me for it, but we still get along to a certain point, he is very obsessed with his **novels** and never lets me go near them but today was it was different, he trusted me.

I finally went into the basement with all his books the size of 5 Harry Potter books glued together. But then a light brighter than five suns gleams at my face, piercing through my eyes. I run to the nearest wall, panting in fear admitting my fate. I soon realised that the light was diminishing, and the book was getting clearer, and I could see a face on it slowly becoming clearer but then and I slowly crept towards the book, "HELP, PAPI!" No answer. GASP. It's my face. I'm struck by confusion and fear, I scream again "PAPI, PAPA!" Still, no answer but curiosity got the best of me and finally piled up enough courage to go close to it hoping that it was another random Hispanic person or a memory book with my face on the side. This book was

like all of dads' books, long ones with unreadable text on the side, I never got permission to see the books let alone go into the basement and now I understand why. My dog pampering in the corner of the room flung at me coming for comfort.

I scream losing all my confidence in a second. I run to the door screaming for my dad and Bolt runs after me.

CHAPTER 2: HIDDEN CHAPTERS

After sitting down in the same spot for hours trying to complete my math **homework**, I had only finished 12 pages 6 remaining, I quit went and fetched Bolt together we slowly crept down together the wooden stairs each step feeling heavier by the second. Bolt dashed down with no fear and barked when he reached the end, "Hush Bolt" I quietened him. The stairs protested my steps groaning as if it hadn't been stepped in for years, I clutch my chest as fear snakes around my heart. As the horror led to an end thin needle of light disturbed my vision, I found myself in the most luminous library filled with endless books. My fingers danced across the detailed covers of each book exploring all the type of textures. As I lifted a book out of its slot the light blinded my eyes soon fleeting moment of joy becomes a tumultuous shiver of panic I peeped through the hole to see the most disturbing news ever. I saw a dishevelled figure along with a variety of monsters ghosts, **goeey** green blobs and skeletons overtook the scene. My mind went spiralling as fear robbed my oxygen. My surroundings changed blurry and spun around as I processed what I witnessed before any further overthinking I patched up the scene and planned out my future procedures. Bolt whimpered in fear noticing my strange actions, before I could react, the bookshelf knocks down. All the books splurging down scattering all over the ground. A wave of harsh covers knocks me over leaving me weakly folded like a camp chair I scan the room for Bolt while holding my ribs in pain I can't think straight as I feel a strange presence behind me, my body feels frozen, my ribs feel crushed, and my eyes are blurry. Suddenly another row of books starts shaking and rumbling. My life starts collapsing in front of my eyes each string of my heart ripping every time. My mind races between ideas of what to do, confusion washes over me as I feel like I'm being drowned. The final straw hits me when I fall a skull crushing

experience drowns my body in pain I can no longer handle the agony I'm
experiencing however for my best friend Bolt I push through and continue to search
for him even though it hurts bad.

CHAPTER 3: UNKNOWN SECRETS

The sound of a crashing bookshelf fills the room, I shriek in horror frozen in the spot, Bolt starts sprinting to me, multiple spirits start levitating towards me, I break into a cold sweat, starting to dread for what's going to happen to me. I brace myself as there's no hope for me at all, suddenly Bolt pounces in my direction. Fear grows within me as my dear best friend turns against me as Bolt. I realise he was just trying to save me but instead sacrificed himself in the process, helpless I let out a scream that barely escapes my mouth. I turn back, in tears with silent whimpers only to see Bolt in the air with eyes white like snow, I could barely recognise who was in front of me. The dark and grim basement there were gasps and whispers. Random sounds were coming out of Bolt's foaming mouth, "Na rmhlh jnvvlggi mrsai..." Bolt mutters repeatedly while he's mid-air moving abruptly like he's trying to get out of a suffocating coffin. I starts hyperventilating with overwhelming anxiety of what I just witnessed, my fear and anxiety reaches extreme levels where at some stage I can't even breathe, my chest tightens as I wonder what's happening to my poor boy, he's my number one supporter, my best friend since birth. Unexpectedly, he fell to the floor, sleeping, lifelessly.

I stop sobbing for a moment and walk slowly towards the somewhat corpse of Bolt. I crouch down and contemplate shaking him out of his everlasting sleep or running out of the basement back to my room. I snap out of it and prioritise getting Bolt back to himself, I take a deep breath and touch him with a shaking hand. Bolt gets up panting and coming close to lick my face, I sigh in relief that nothing happened to him, but something felt off about Bolt he looked distorted...

Me and Bolt race upstairs praying to never go through the petrifying experience they had just been through. Bolt seems different, he's still social and playful but it's his eyes that never changed after the incident. They're still as white as snow, still looking at me lifelessly. I sit on my bed as Bolt hops on right after, I think about the times me and him spent together without him being so indifferent with me.

CHAPTER 4: THE AWAKENING

I tried to shrug the whole thing off trying to forget all the horrific events of yesterday, but the memory keeps fleeing back to me I try to enjoy my first actual day of being 17, I brushed my teeth, climbed into bed, and pulled the blanket tight around me nice and warm. But something kept feeling off. Every creak of the floorboards made me think of the basement. No matter how many times I told myself I was just imagining, but I couldn't stop imagining Bolt the thought of any harm that bolt could have

Hours slipped by. My chest tightened with panic until exhaustion finally dragged me under. I was done acting normal I wasn't, today wasn't the normal birthday a seventeen-year-old would experience.

By morning, I was wrecked. My eyes burned, my head felt like lead, but the curiosity hadn't faded. If anything, it was worse stronger, clawing at the back of my mind.

The next day my dad left to a business meeting in Hong Kong but the moment my dad left a shiver of fear of being alone with the possessed basement. I tried to brush it off, but each screech, thud or bang kept reminded me of the Basement, but I had decided that I should go and visit the basement and decided to bring Bolt to help him explore and explore I did after I got ready I went downstairs and tip toed with bolt, I took the book out and a white bright shiny light flashed my eyes and the same writing that I saw yesterday and then the book shelf came pushing towards me and a pathway to downstairs appeared so cautiously we walked down.

CHAPTER 5: THE BASEMENT

As me and Bolt explore , we meet the previous owners of the house, they give me a piece of ordinary looking yarn and a map that looks very old and stained like it's from the 1950's, it's all torn and shredded, so many dusts on it and how it was untouched for so many years tells us that someone has built this for a reason, it all leads to an exit. But we sense that there's a huge problem we got to deal with before entering the exit.

me and Bolt must complete obstacles and challenges made by the previous owners of the house, that they built before, the pillars looked very tall and scary like, some of the platforms of the pillars are even unstable and looks like it could collapse at any time. As I take a whole breath in preparing himself to jump, I hold himself off for a second and thinks about it, because I'm terrified of heights, I take a moment and think about how I'm going to do this with Bolt.

I prepare myself to jump to the first pillar and I make it with pure heart, but I struggle to balance myself, but I caught myself just in time. then I jump to the next one with pure confidence with a smirk on my face believing that I could do this. As we both take a deep breath to overcome our fears, we leap with each breath we take. Once we finished going up the pillars everything collapses behind them as soon as we stepped onto the floor with a stone-like texture with a rough tone to it, it almost feels like someone dug this out for these ridiculous obstacles.

Our objective is to find wooden planks that looks like it's been abandoned and unused, to fill in the gaps as they enter in the next obstacle. Kris found a bunch of planks in a small hidden little conner, and then I grab the planks, and get ready to place them and step onto them hoping that it's stable enough for both of us to get on,

as they progress through the basement, it gets darker and the basement starts to stretch out a bit, with each gap of the basement widens, we to struggle to place each of them. I uses each ounce of strength hoping I can get out of this terrifying cave like, so my dad doesn't worry about his me worry or what I'm doing right now, at this point he thinks with his mind at ease slowing down the pace and taking his time placing each plank.

As they dive deeper into the cave-like basement they seem to find a turning point just right after they finished placing down each plank. As they stepped onto the platform, they felt at ease, they felt like all of this is over, but little did they know that it's not something big is coming. Lasers emerged from the side of the walls, they take a breath, and Kris tries to figure out how to get through this Lasers without touching them.

Bolt goes in first and sprints at it like in the Olympic dog shows I used to watch; he tries he's best to run past the lasers as fast as he could with a smirk on his face. He made it with ease but now it's my turn, with every sweat that runs down my face to my legs is fricking me out, eventually I went and dodged all the lasers like someone was throwing a dodgeball at me, with one leap of faith, one luck, I jumped as far as I could and I slipped as I dragged myself to the floor. I got myself back up and I found the stairs going up, eventually leading at the shed at Kris's backyard after placing the ball of yarn in the bowl with the face of a cat on it.

CHAPTER 6: MOTHER'S GRAVE

I decide to go back into the house and start frantically searching hoping to find something that can solve my confusion. I go through my dad's room and find a locked drawer with a note on that says... Find where the past meets the present, and that sends me in a spiral of confusion. I quickly get up; my eyes darting around the room and can't find anything except above the drawer is a picture of my dead mom. Behind the picture is the same message – Find where the past meets the present. Then my brain clicks, I sprint to my car and quickly drive to the cemetery where my mom is buried. I go her grave and immediately get a wave of emotion, but I push through it. Still, I go towards and realize something is wrong with her grave and see a glowing purple button on each side of her grave. I press it and purple smoke starts pouring out and her grave starts lifting upward from the ground and when I can see it opens revealing her.

A disgusting smell fills my nostrils but my focus falls onto her hands. In her hands is a silver key. Without a thought I grab it and run from fear. I drive without looking back and when I finally get home, I try to open the locked drawer, and it opens successfully. I find a lot of files and each one of those belong to one of the ghosts I saw in the basement. And all these people have one thing in common; they were all African and they were all put on death row. Even though I am scared, I decided to go back to the basement and ask the ghosts. I slowly creep down to the basement and in a trembling voice ask them about the files and what happened to them. They reply in almost a whisper telling me that each one of them had my dad as a Judge and he sent them all to death row because of their skin colour. He was racist to them and caused them to be killed for false accusations. They told me that they will kill my dad when he gets back from Hong Kong. That made me very scared because I loved my

dad a lot. Even though he is apparently a bad person. This is the person who gave me his jacket when it was raining, played with me on the swings when I was a kid, and even bought me my first car and taught me how to drive. I just can't bear imagining him being a bad person. But it's too late and I'm too tired to think about that now. But a jolt runs through me. I forgot to complete the remaining 6 pages of my **homework**.

I go to check the worksheet I had to do but for some reason it was finished with neat handwriting and everything, I glance over at bolt and for a split second he winks at me. I thank him knowing it seems weird, but I did not care I trudge to my bed with Bolt following me on his hind legs and we both sleep in bed. My dad strictly told me not to let Bolt sleep on the bed because he sheds too much, and he'll destroy the bedding. But I'm too tired to bother. As my eyes slowly close my memory flashes of all the events that happened today. Bolt walking and wearing clothes, my mums grave with her inside. The soft patter of the rain slowly puts me to sleep.

CHAPTER 7: FATHERS PRESCENCE

As my dad's arrival grows nearby. I stare at the clock with my heart beating faster than a cheetah. My heart sinks to my stomach I clutch it reluctantly. I constantly visit the ghosts and have made friends with some of them but it's still eerie. One afternoon my dad came back from Hong Kong and parked the car on the road Infront of the house the sleek design and paint makes you instantly know it's a sports car. I put together all my courage and confronted him about the ghosts and what he's done to the people on death row. He takes a deep breath and starts talking. Slowly my face glooms I feel scared even being next to him hearing him breathe makes me pant. After a long interrogation of my dad trying to defend himself trying to say that what he has done was alright. At the end when he stopped trying, he mutters this out. "I am a demon".

My heart drops. But before I can reply I shoves me into the basement and says, "sorry it had to end this way son!" not knowing what to do next I remember the ghosts. I talk to them and come up with a plan. According to them my dad is possessed by a demon called Ohmar. So, with Bolt I do all the puzzles and challenges again and eventually make it back to the shed in my backyard. The ghosts gave me some weird looking water that has an eerie glow around it and there is tape around it labelling Holy Water.

Bolt and I go straight back to where we last saw dad. I really hope this is going to work. I tell Bolt that he was my best friend and that I'm grateful for him and all the times we have spent with each other. And for a moment I think I'm dreaming because I hear him respond to me. "I do too Kris... I do too." I'm shocked but there is no time to spare. As we enter the house, we decide to use our element of surprise

and sneak up on him. Bolt will hold him down while I give him the holy water. We both wish each other good luck showing our strong bond we go for it. Bolt holds him down and a struggle happens. After a bit we get him to take the Holy water. And he falls on the floor. It's as if a small mist that emerged from his body got swept away in the drift.

We take him to bed and sit on the couch. We watch some Tv and rest so we can get our energy back, "Do you think he be ok?" Bolt says. His English needs some improvements, but I mostly understand what he means. "I hope so." I say as I give him a reassuring smile. To ask for more help, me and Bolt ask the ghosts for more guidance on how to bring my dad back to full health and they give us this medicine and explained that it will not taste good, but it will give him strength. After I get ready to leave, they ask me about what happened to Ohmar. I told them that he just left dads body, and it was as if he flew away in the wind.

They nod to each other. And then they explain to me that Ohmar is still on the loose and that wherever he goes they are cursed into following him and since he was not killed, they will have to leave, and the basement will return to a normal library and that I will never meet the ghosts again. This makes my heart **plunge** into a downward spiral, I have made all these new friends and have developed a bond with them in many ways, and they must leave now and will be gone by tomorrow. I knew what they were going to say but I had a little bit of hope that they would say something else like that they would be back in a day or two but no. It still feels hard to let them go but eventually we give our farewells and venture back to the library for the last time.

I go back to my dad's room and give him the medicine. He is confused not knowing what's happened this year. I don't explain it to him. Don't want him to worry. After he takes his medicine, I go to bed and lay there with Bolt next to me. I'm not as tired tonight but still we sleep swiftly throughout the night, and it feels as if our dreams take us through infinite never-ending adventures just like today.

Blurb

A story with mysterious whispers from the shadows.

Spirits that can explain history like no other.

A possessed dog with a ghost within.

A great thriller for all

Recommended age is 14+ yrs

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