

After dinner, Journee had the lounge all to herself. She made herself a cup of tea and was about to check her phone, but as she made her way towards the couch she heard a high-pitched squealing sound.

She stopped, before following where she thought the sound was coming from. She brushed her hand across the old alarm. Journee put her ear against this rusty box on the wall. The squeals continued. Next, she tried to open the alarm's door, but it didn't budge. She tried again, this time with more force and the door finally opened.

Inside, she found what looked like some sort of nest. When she touched it, it felt like cotton wool and was as black as night. She moved her head closer and suddenly saw something move. There were tiny white things, lots of them! Each one was no bigger than a leaf bug and they were moving. She watched in fascination as the tiny beings stood up, like miniature people! They ran about the place inside the nest. When they bumped into each other, minuscule sparks of electricity zapped and popped.

Journee rubbed her eyes. This was not possible. She peered into the alarm cavity once more. The tiny white beings were dancing now, frolicking. She could hear squeaking sounds. She opened the door as far as it would go and peered behind the switchboard, far into the house. She was utterly fascinated. Here was a young girl so scared of spiders and cockroaches and other disgusting insects, yet when she saw these creatures she felt calm.

Suddenly, she heard a door slam. 'Fatty Vampire, you stepped on MY side of the room, I can tell because your towel's there! Keep! AWAY!' It was Miles. Journee quickly slammed the alarm door shut and walked slowly down the hallway to her room.

Hours later and Journee could barely stop thinking about what she had seen inside the alarm. Had they been ordinary old insects it wouldn't have bothered her or intrigued her. But they most definitely were not insects.

They were tiny beings.