

The House

I shuffled in to the grave yard as the eerie mist drooped over the leaning grave stones. A single black rose stood in the cracked paving stone. A shadow flickered in the corner of my eye. A shiver ran down my spine. I glanced up at the old, sagging, rotting house. There was a glow coming from the boarded up window. No one had lived here for at least 20 years. How could there be a living body in the house? Then the light flickered of. The darkness seemed to grow colder as if the glistening full moon had expelled all existing warmth left in the night.

A light danced in front of my scared eyes, throbbing, soothing me almost hypnotizing me to follow it, into the creaking house. I opened the big oak and slightly rotting double door, the light moved on I followed it in to a cobweb incased room. The door slammed behind me, I was suddenly snapped out of my sleepy trance. The sickly yellow light guttered and went out and I was plunged into darkness as I felt around the dusty room. Blood rushed. Vision blurred. I fell to my knees and fumbled in my pocket for the note.

"Don't follow the light!" I remembered what it had said. What had I done? What will happen? Will I ever escape? Then I fell into darkness.

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