

The haunted house on the hill

I walked through the dark, gloomy, creepy forest. I heard a rattling rusty chain like a swing with a little girl swinging back and forth looking side to side. In the distance I could see my old creepy haunted house with flickering lights going on and off. As I looked up I could see a bright colorful moon walking up the hill like a ghost dancing in the forest. As I walked up the hill I could feel the warm breath of someone else and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. I could hear the crunchy leaves crushing like bones under my big boots.

In my haunted house I saw a mystical cob web clinging from the creaky roof. As I walked through my house I saw a crowd of bats above

creaky floor boards. All I could see was a figure
in the light. I fell to my knees and never woke
up again

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