

A Haunted House

Lightning struck in the distance, and thunder rumbled menacingly.

I was soaked to the skin when I was walking in the storm. Desperate for shelter, I paced through a forest, which was a habitat for many creatures unseen. As I shoved a shrub away since it blocked my path, I saw a gloomy structure looming over me. Beside it was a graveyard, with cracked tombstones. It was deserted, and the dead rested here—but not quite. I had a feeling that I was being spied on.

Despite feeling uneasy, I had no choice but to push open the metal door, which was covered in rust, and enter the mysterious mansion.

A sense of foreboding immediately washed over me. The silence was eerie.

For a few times, I thought I heard a noise behind me, but when I turned around, darkness met me. Above me were holes in the walls, and a flock of bats soared above my head. On the walls were faded portraits of people from long ago; their faces sullen and expressionless.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded behind me. When I went to investigate, a cold hand seized my shoulder and I found myself staring into two bloodshot eyes, and a colourless face. As the figure opened its blood-stained mouth, a whisper that sent chills down my spine said, 'I hope your skeleton finds it comfortable in my haunted house.' In the silence, it brought its heavy axe crashing down upon my skull.