

## The House

If he thinks I'm going into that old house he's got rocks in his head! Big rocks...

The house was oak and was two stories high. It looked like the only things keeping it up were old vines. The door broke down two years ago. It's probably been raided 2 or more times.



I took a deep breath and went in. The floor was covered in birch carpet. Even though it was so foul, I moved to the kitchen. It had the worst pong ever. I better not discover the source!

Next was the bedroom. It was all covered in cloth and one of the pieces of cloth moved. I shouted 'ghost' and ran down the rotting stairs. I ran and ran and ran, out of the door onto the road. "I'm never going back," I said to the shadowy figure. He chuckled. "So you are afraid of dark old houses? Well old boy, let's go home!"