

## *Haunted*

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

The old house is so dilapidated that if you bashed it hard enough it would fall down completely leaving debris everywhere, including dust...lots of dust.

I still can't believe that my best friend Tom dared me to go into that old house at exactly when the sun is a vermillion colour.

The next day as soon as I see the sun going down I walk down the street to the old house. In the top right corner a luminous glow was seeping out like water coming out of a pool after a child jumps in. I heard a quiet cackling sound and a cat's meow. I can hear Tom's words in my head: 'don't worry; if you die I'll be the scapegoat.'

The speculation of what's happening in this house is terrifying. I turn the handle, open the door and see a black figure in front of me. "Hello," it says with a cackling voice, and the door slams behind me...

