

THE MANSION

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scuttlescromp...

"No! Don't go into the mansion!" She had [hissed](#) at me. A finger of [sunlight](#) had edged through the [dreary clouds](#) outside and made its way into the room, spreading light on her [scaly, slimy complexion](#).

"There are monsters!" She croaked. I didn't want to have to tell her that I was going to the mansion, it would only give her [ammunition](#) for our next argument.

"[Farewell!](#)" She called after me.

The door slammed behind me, shrouding the room in darkness. The figure in the hallway came closer, until I could feel its hot breath on my skin. It growled, then escalated into a roar. A [monster](#).

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