

Doomed

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp, her small weak build and her pasty [complexion](#). Her temper so fiery, it was loaded with [ammunition](#) and ready to blow. Every day she pulled me over and [hissed](#) at me if I started walking over to Mr Parker's old house. But her paranoid self would say "Riley! Don't risk your life trying to explore the old man's house!" But obviously my twelve year old self's curiosity got the better of me.

So on a [dreary](#) afternoon, with the [sunlight](#) trying to seep through the thick [clouds](#), I decided to explore Mr Parker's house. The old [monster](#) from across the road just shook her head and muttered her [farewells](#) under her breath. I ventured into the house, but as soon as I did, a tall, [scaly](#), [slimy](#) figure came towards me. The door slammed shut and I had nowhere to go. 'Doomed' as Mrs Scruttlescromp had warned.