

# The Cupboard

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

The sunlight shone through the dreary clouds. Suddenly I remember what Miss Scuttlescromp said: "Don't go into the cupboard! You'll regret it!"

I decided a slimy cupboard couldn't do anything to hurt me, so slowly I stepped in, thinking back on what had happened to Miss S. Maybe I should trust her? *No it wasn't my husband who died. She's just being over protective. I'm not even hers! It's just ammunition for her sadness.*

The big brown door creaked open. "Ok." I mumbled to myself. "I can do this. It's just a cupboard." Hiss. It sounded like a beast. Maybe it was, but I don't believe in monsters. I kept walking when suddenly a creature with a scaly complexion bolted-somewhere...

I slowly, turned left, then right. Forward, then back. It was nowhere to be seen. *Probably just my imagination. I shrugged and walked away. "Farewell child..."*