

THE HAUNTED MANSION

Silently, Craig slowly unzipped the opening of the tent and crept out. Just after he left, he stopped and quickly looked back at his parents and breathed a sigh of relief as they were still sleeping. He trudged on through the darkness. Over the bridge, that was over the pristine, vacant river, was a wall that was splattered with graffiti.

Twenty minutes later, he reached the towering, abandoned mansion. His compassionate parents had declined every time he wanted to go there because of a nonsense rumour about paranormal activities happening. He strolled up the path past the overgrown garden that clung to the walls and blood red poppies that smothered the ground.

When he walked in, his jaw dropped open wide. In front of him, was a vast room with a chandelier that was decorated with gold plating and was shining like a mirror. On the walls, were detailed, elegant portraits and on the floor, was a thick, ruby-red carpet. There was nothing stirring; the only sound was the ticking of an antique grandfather clock. As he sauntered down the grand corridor he felt like the portrait's eyes were following him. He walked and walked until he reached the master bedroom. He curled up on it, read a book and then soon settled into his long slumber.

Sometime later, he woke. Like an alert dog, he rose up, straight back, and scanned the well-decorated walls. Darkness had filled the room. Outside, a flash of lightning lashed the ground and the rain clattered the windows like bullets. The trees clawed at wild rabbits with skeletal fingers, digging out their flesh. Craig opened the door and all of a sudden he felt as if someone was staring at his

movement. With his palms sweating, he grabbed the nearest candle and ignited it. Surreptitiously, he tiptoed forward, floorboards creaking as he stepped.

Suddenly, a creak from somewhere else in the house echoed through the fashionable hallway. Was he alone? Craig edged forward, scared to go forward, scared to go back. Then, a flash of lightning whipped the ground and a vague silhouette appeared. He gasped. He felt as if one thousand spiders were crawling down his back. His fingers were shaking and he knew he had to get out.

Without thinking, he smashed through the window and hit the icy, solid ground. As rapid as his legs could carry him, he dashed back to his tent not daring to glance back for a split second. He sprinted and sprinted until he reached his tent. Surprisingly, his parents were still snoring. He started drifting off to sleep. But then he saw someone or something moving outside his tent. . .

By Jayden