

# Haunted House

It's the night of halloween, my friends and I quickly walked up to the last house on the street, above the haunted house the milky white moon looked about ready to swallow the house whole. In the distance I can hear a wolf crying out to the dark night. The trees are swaying to the rhythm of the howling wind. The house creaks of old age, paint peeling off places, boards out of place. I can hear a person screaming, yelling for help that will never come. I wince at the thought of my friends and I being the ones screaming at the tops of our lungs, burning with the effort to run away from whatever is in that house. I start to shiver, not from the cold but from fear. I turn away from my friends not wanting them to see the terror in my eyes. From the window I see a flash of blinding light then a person yelling pierces my ears.