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The Black Death House

The fog thickened, over the town of Eden as I walked towards Rose's house. I started to think about what I had got us into?

I wish I had done 'truth' instead of 'dare' at the party yesterday. I thought I should be brave and be the first one to pick a dare. Big mistake!! So I asked Rose, my best friend, to do it with me.

The night of the dare had arrived. My mind was racing and my heart was thumping, I thought it was going to come out of my chest. After I picked up Rose, we headed towards 'The Black Death House', which was two streets away.

As we walked it felt as though eyes were watching us the whole way. We had to keep turning to look behind us as it felt like someone was following us. We finally reached 'The Black Death House'. We stood there for ten minutes deciding whether it was the right decision to enter. We plucked up the courage to walk through the arch shaped wooden door. The sound of the creaking door echoed as we held hands and shuffled in.

I am not sure we will be able to carry this dare of staying the whole night? We unravelled our sleeping bags and put them as close together as possible. The house had been derelict for years after an old man named Mr Jones had died and nothing had been restored in the house since his death.

Everywhere we looked, even though there was no electricity, the street lights lit up the rooms slightly, we could see cobwebs everywhere and all of Mr Jones' belongings were still there. That is freaky! Now we were in we wanted to investigate what else was in the house. We decided to travel upstairs first. Each step leading to upstairs creaked, the landing was vast. There were four doors, the one to the left was slightly open so that seemed the best option to choose first. We gradually walked over there and peeped through, there wasn't much to see. We quickly ran out of that room.

The one on the opposite side of the landing was closed tightly shut. As much as we were scared we really wanted to see what was behind the door. What if it was Mr Jones laying there dead in his bed? We looked at each other with horror in our eyes but knew we had to do it!

The handle to the door was thick with dust as Rose tried to open it. It was very stiff to open as though it was locked. We gave it a forceful push, as we did that, it quickly opened and we fell to the floor in a heap.

We both looked up at the same time and looked at the bed. It looked like someone was asleep.

At that point the front door slammed shut with a loud bang. Who on earth is that?