

The Haunted House

The house stood alone at the end of the street, surrounded by trees that rose high into the stormy skies. It was shuttered and closed off from anyone brave enough to get close. The fence, once white and welcoming, was now graying with age and lack of attention.

Mac was alone. That was part of the deal. His friends watched from a safe distance away. He wrenched open the broken gate and walked up the cracked concrete path. His heart was beating so hard and fast, he thought it might carry him away.

“I can do this,” he said in a whisper.

When he reached the door, he could see how pretty it once looked though now the red paint was chipped and faded. Someone had once loved the house. Forgotten flower gardens overcome with weeds told him that much.

What were his instructions? Knock three times, then run. He tried to ignore his growing fear. If he had come this far, he could finish the job. His arm shook when he reached for the rusty metal knocker.

The door swung open with a squeak that sounded more like a sigh. Mac looked back at his friends one last time before he stepped inside.