

The House that Is Haunted

Jack looked up at the old house. The dare had been to knock three times before running away. Everyone knew the house was haunted. Cobwebs covered the walls. Broken windows rattled. A strange light flickered on and off on the front porch. Jack started up the dirt path. The streetlight had never worked. Jack only had the light of the moon. One step. Two steps. He was almost there. The porch creaked when he stepped on it. He almost ran away, but he was too close. With a shaking hand, he reached out to the door. Before he could knock, a black cat streaked past him, making him stumble. He fell back, and his foot went through the porch. He tried to pull it free. Bats darted down from their nest in the roof. He covered his head with his arms and started screaming. He ran to his friends on the sidewalk. When he looked back he saw a face in the upstairs window smiling at him.