

Haunted House

There was a long, piercing scream followed by a hand that reached out and grabbed my foot. There were a couple moments where I thought I would pass out from fright. I wasn't much for haunted houses and the thought of being drug into one scared me out of my wits. Neither had I liked it when my friends planned this little "fun filled" Halloween evening. Laughing immediately followed my the incident. I wasn't expecting anyone to play any pranks on me but I should have figured it would happen. "Gotcha!" Nathan chuckled as came out from under the table I was standing by. My breathing began to slow down as I relaxed my grip on my friend Macie's arm, whom I had clung to for a desperate attempt for safety.

There are five of us, Cody and Krista (who were brother and sister), Nathan, Macie, and myself. Without a doubt I was the one who least enjoyed the idea of joining the adventurous night that included trick or treating, a haunted house, and a corn maze. My favorite event that was planned for the evening was trick or treating.

"I told you I hated haunted houses so you decide to choose me, out of everyone, to scare the living daylights out of," I whined.

Unfortunately we had already finished gathering up our candy from the neighborhood. Now I was in the middle of a old creepy darkened house without any bit of comfort within the rotting moldy walls.

The silence that loomed throughout the whole house was, except for a creaking floor board here or there, my downfall. This gave my thoughts time to contemplate what

the floor as if you had just witnessed a murder,” exclaimed Cory worriedly. I had barely caught my breath my thoughts were flying from one moment to next trying to focus on a bit of truth in what I saw. Finally I came to my senses. Never had I been in situation like this and I was certainly not going to tell my friends of what I had witnessed. “I’m fine, I just got so scared that I felt a little dizzy and fell back onto the floor”, I lied. It was a desperate attempt to keep myself from sounding crazy lunatic.

“I’m going to just sit out in the hall, I stated. Without another word I turned on my heel and strolled out into the hallway. Keep as much composure as I could the questions overwhelmed me. How had I had a vision of something that happened 200 years ago? Was it even real? If so how did that mother know I was standing next to her? Trying to calm myself down I reassured myself that it was nothing more than my imagination. “How could I have perceived something that happened over 200 years ago?”, I convinced myself walking back into the room. Abruptly I spotted a knife covered in bright red wet sticky blood laying innocently on the bed next to the red stain.

My eyes flew to every corner of the room. No one was around. The same uneasy fear had come back inside of me. Just then, I saw something white come out from behind the door behind me. I spun around and in utter horror screamed. What stood before me had almost drove me into madness. A women with blood on her hands in an old fashioned dress. Without a warning a hand came up around my mouth. I felt helpless when I struggled to free myself. Then with relief or anger I saw my friends jump out all at once. I wanted to break down and cry.

“We have been planning this for weeks, I hope we haven’t scarred you for life, “ Macie exclaimed.

led into the darkness that lay ahead of me. Blindly, I followed Macie into the bedroom of the accused psycho murderer. The story that follows the two-hundred year old house is the mother had gone mad and killed her two children and her husband then herself. Supposedly she still roams the house in search for her family.

The next couple moments had seemed like hours. The hairs on the back of my neck stood as I felt a cold breeze brush past. I could hear my heart beat pounding faster inside my chest. Krista followed behind as we stood in the cluttered foul smelling bedroom. Tears stung my eyes as the smell became so strong I had to cover my nose with my hoodie sleeve. My very blood turned cold as the fear of the unknown crept inside me.

Standing beside her bed I looked down at the pile of dried blood that had never been attempted to be covered or cleaned up. Suddenly a burst of a vision had come into my sight. I was reliving a past event 200 years ago as if I was sitting in the room. The two children ran into their mothers room on a stormy night snuggling close to the comfort of their mother. Without warning pulling out a sharp knife and stabbing her children and watching them helplessly bleed to death. The mother glared at her dying children with a crazed look in her eyes. She then pushed herself off her bed to stand right beside me. I wasn't sure if she could see me until she slowly turned her head with a demented smile on her lips and glowered into my eyes. I froze for a couple moments with fear and my heart was about to jump out of my chest I backed away and stumbled as sweat beads formed on my brow. A loud crash followed by a cry of pain had overwhelmed me as I jammed my eyes shut.

Opening them couple seconds later I was surrounded by my friends. "What in the world happened to you? You were standing beside me, then a second later you collapse to

I could hardly breath when she came over and gave me a hug. I accepted they had "got me good." Walking out of the house I was relieved to know nothing had been real.

"How did you create the scene with the mother and kids," I inquired. "We didn't do anything like that," Cody confessed.

I looked back at the house. When slowly I watched a women glide to the window. She gradually lifted her head with a cruel smile her eyes fixed on mine. Then in a blink of an eye, she was gone.

I turned around with realization that I would never underestimate I simple haunting Halloween tale ever again.