

The Abandoned Village (redraft) by Ayva

Quietly Maddy crept out of bed and checked that no-one was awake. Her and her family had gone to a caravan site to see Maddy's aunt for a week. Nervous but confident, Maddy carefully slid the key into the caravan door and twisted it. She took one last look inside to check that no-one was awake. All was silent. Maddy slowly started to jog towards the Abandoned Village that her mom had told her about.

10 minutes later she arrived at the huge rusty gates leading to the village panting. Ignoring the sign saying 'NO ENTRY OR ELSE !!' She slowly pushed them open and ventured in. She came across one house that particularly drew her attention. It was like the house was telling her to go in. Maddy strolled through the untouched garden to the wooden dilapidated door and shoved the door open. Her jaw dropped in amazement as she stared at the idyllic room. Something had been cooking... it was her favourite raspberry pie. On the walls there were ancient oil paintings of past kings and queens. In the corner of the room there was a leather pink armchair and on the ceiling there were a glass chandelier that looked like something you'd have at a royal house. Maddy strolled over to the arm chair and flopped into it. The armchair devoured her as she fell asleep.

Maddy slowly began to open her eyes. IT WAS NIGHT... SHE'D FALLEN ASLEEP!!! Maddy sprung out of her chair. The room was only lit by a single flame from the candle. She was wondering what her parents would be thinking by now. Would they be worried ? By now puddles of water surrounded her feet and water was dripping on her hair. Outside it sounded like world war 1 was happening again, the thunder howled and the lightning sliced the night air. There was an odd breeze even though the window was shut. The chandelier was hanging off the ceiling like a spider. The oil paintings were ripped down the middle. She knew she wasn't alone. Maddy sprinted up the stairs and into the main bedroom. The door slammed shut behind her, she pulled it anxiously. It was

locked. Behind her the window opened. She spun around. Nothing was there. A shiver ran down her spine. Fortunately the bed was on wheels so she could shove it into the door. When she moved the bed a flood of spiders crawled at her feet. Someone's footsteps echoed through the house. She had to leave? She ran and pushed the bed into the door. It came crashing down.

Maddy ran down the stairs out of the house and to the caravan. When she arrived she slammed on the door. Her panicked mom opened the door and gave her daughter a huge hug. Maddy took one last look outside, which she wished she never did. When she saw the sight that made her imagination go wild...