

#The creepy cottage

Swiftly and quietly, Evie-Amelia crept down the stairs. When she reached the bottom of the stairs she paused. Were her parents still asleep? Luckily, she could still hear their snoring. Evie let out a sigh of relief. She tiptoed to the window and silently slid it open. Happily, she darted over the dew soaked grass. Releasing on her way.

After forty minutes of running, Evie arrived at the abandoned cottage. Breathing heavily, she ambled towards the door. Her teacher had frequently warned her about the curse that lay upon the dilapidated cottage. Despite all of the rumours, Evie was determined to enter the cottage. The stone walls were smothered with moss that was like a fluffy blanket. Beautifully, red roses were painted all over the overgrown lawn and lavender was planted around the edge. The thatched roof finished of the picturesque setting along with the clear blue stream that trickled nearby. She creaked open the door, which was already ajar, and she slipped inside. Surreptitiously, she closed the door behind her.

After that, she edged forward into the first and only room. At one end of the room, there was a burning fire and a miniscule kitchen. At the other end, a rigid bed was neatly made. Evie settled down onto a

plush,crimson armchair that sat in the centre of the room opposite the fire. As she sat down, the soft cushioning enveloped her. Blissfully, the fire crackled and warmed up shivering Evie which eventually sent her off to sleep. Happily dreaming, she sighed about how wrong her teacher had been.

Suddenly,she woke up. Four hours had passed,her eyes rapidly scanned the room. The dark was like a black blanket covering the whole cottage and an eery darkness filled the room. Evie trembled. A gloomy fog lurked around the cottage. Then the door flew open and an icy wind rushed in, blowing the fire out. Evie curled into a ball whilst a frigid air circled her. The corners of the room were boarded with an inky black darkness, making her feel claustrophobic.

At that split second, Evie heard a faint whisper coming from outside. Evie scrambled up and silently tiptoed to the door and peered out. The bare, boney trees circled her with their witches claws. Unkindly, a cold wind ran up to her, battered her face until it was red with coldness. The thunder moaned and lightning whipped the ground.

Cautiously, Evie crept through the barbed trees then began sprinting. Five minutes later, she stopped to catch

her breath when she heard the whisper again. This time louder and clearer.

As fast as her legs could carry her, Evie raced home and locked the door behind her. She quietly raced up the stairs and pulled the cover over her head. Would she be ok? Then she heard a sound that made her mind whirl.....

The end. For now...

By Emily