

Recitation B

A Scary Night

The last bus was gone. The night was silent. I was alone. With no other choice, I began the long walk home. The streets were cloaked in an eerie quiet, and I couldn't shake the feeling that every shadow was watching me.

Then I saw it: the old house on Headless Drive. Its windows glowed like the eyes of an ancient beast. Something was pulling me closer to it, like a moth pulled to a flame. Heart pounding, my feet carried me toward the door, which creaked open.

Inside, the house felt endless, its rooms sprawling in every direction, each darker and more ominous than the last. I tried to turn back, but an invisible force dragged me deeper and deeper into the gloom. A rusty hinge groaned, and a door beside me swung open.

Was I alone? I froze, but icy, unseen hands shoved me through. The door slammed behind me, sealing me in darkness.

I gasped. Something lurked there with me. "Hello?" My whisper echoed into the void. "Hello?" Then---a screech shattered the silence, and I saw it. A dark figure, eyes glowing red, emerged. Its stare pierced me, freezing me in place.

The air thickened with the stench of raw meat and blood. Cold hands gripped me, squeezing tighter and tighter until my breath faltered. I fought, gasped... and then, darkness.

I awoke outside the house, running home with terror gnawing at my insides. No one believed me. No one ever believes me. And I've been haunted ever since.

So heed my warning: steer clear of the old house on Headless Drive. And yet, as I stand here now, looking around, I realize something chilling. Some of you---yes, you, and you, and you--- have already been inside. In fact, maybe---just maybe---we're all still there.

(301words)