

All in This House is Mossing Over

In a dusty corner of the house of decay, a small box lay blanketed in cobwebs. It was made of ebony and covered in strange carvings; the letters of a foreign tongue. The lid was inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gold leaf, but the treasure locked inside was more valuable still.

Wrapped in slowly moulding silk was a jade elephant from the East. It had once hung from a necklace, sealed in a temple for centuries, high in the Himalayan Mountains. It had mystic powers, the locals said, made with magic for magic purposes. That was what made it so desirable. That was why the collector ripped it from the temple and brought it home. That day, the terror began.

Thomas Chan, Year 8

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