**All Mossing Over**

Inspired by ‘Mementos’ by Charlotte Bronte

They say that it is haunted. They say witches live there and I believed them. They say that if you go in, you won’t come out.

I felt it reach out to me. That very next day, as I was walking back from school, I felt my laces open.

“Hey guys!” I said, “Wait up, I’m doing my laces.”

Then I saw it. It reached out to me again. I had no idea where this place was. It was like we were connected. I walked up to the gate. “Don’t do it,” I heard a voice rise in my mind. I felt the connection again, but stronger this time. I took another step, but every step I took, I felt it pull me and grasp me. I tried to stop but it pulled me closer and closer, until I was facing the old oak door. I gathered all of my courage and opened the door. Two black birds circled the house like they had found their prey. The plants looked woven together and tangled with ivy. Moss grew up the house and blocked the windows like blinds that can’t be shut. I touched the old door knob and knocked on the door. It opened and scraped the old wooden floor. I stumbled in…

The house was abandoned, it was menacing. You almost felt like you were being watched. The antique cu-cu clock chirped and nearly gave me a heart attack! There was a fire blazing in the living room. At first, I thought nothing of it but then I realised, if there is a fire blazing, there must be someone here. I sprinted to the door but it was locked. I must have shut it after I came in. I was trapped…

All of a sudden, I started to panic. “Are they here now?” I thought. It was then I made the worst decision ever. I rapidly started thumping the door. “HELP!” I screamed but nobody came. “HELP!” I screamed but my friends were long gone. Then I heard the floor boards creak and an old croaky voice say, “Who’s there?” I ran and hid behind a chair. I caught a glimpse of her before she went back to her bedroom. She had long, shaggy grey hair that looked like it had not been washed in years. Her eyes were thin, with wrinkled pale skin around them. Her body was covered in a black robe, old and crusty with age. The chair I sat behind was an antique. It was red with yellow flower-ish shapes on it. I was in the living room. The TV was square with a wooden border covered in buttons with a three-foot ariel on the top. I sneaked into the old kitchen to find two sets of stairs. Up or down?

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