The house in the clearing

As Mr Turnip lay peacefully on the edge of the bed, whiskers twitching in a deep slumber, Charlotte left the comfort and safety of her duvet and began to silently get ready. Making her way down stairs, avoiding the creak on the fourth step, she crept towards the back door. With great care as to not wake anyone, she slowly turned the handle, skulked into the back garden and squeezed herself through the gap in the fence that backed onto the forest.

The moon was full and had a strangely ominous glow to it unlike anything she’d seen before. She should have taken this as the dark omen it was intended as, but she decided to press on. It wasn’t until several minutes of walking that she noticed it. Silence. Absolute silence. No birds, no insects, no wind. Nothing. Only the sound of the crunched dead leaves beneath her feet could be heard. She was about to turn around until she saw it...

Standing in the clearing, like a desolate tomb, the house loomed. As she stood staring at the menacing structure, her mind wandered back to the stories she had heard around the camp fire during her friends many sleepovers. Tales of bloody murders, crazed lunatics and lamenting spectres were just a few of the many stories told about ‘the house’. Now she was finally here. Alone. The witching hour almost upon her.

The moment she stepped onto the path leading to the house she felt it. She couldn’t explain how, but she knew something was watching her. Every fibre of her being screamed at her to turn away. But a small part of her would not let her do it. Gnawing at her, she knew she had to find out once and for all what she had saw all those years ago in the attic window. The image that was seared into her brain. With a deep breath, she reached out and turned the handle...