

The Closet

I climbed the rickety old stairs. They creaked and made irritating noises as I trudged up them. I was curious as to what I would find. Bodies... Spiders... dust? I peered my head into the room, and saw a closet. It was blanketed with dust and cobwebs. I walked into the room and quietly snuck over to it. I blew the dust from the handle, and it cascaded down onto the wooden floor. The handle was rusted and cold to the touch as I turned it.

It made old noises like the stairs. My fear started to arise, and my stomach was doing backflips. I opened the closet, with a sharp turn. "BOO! Found you! You're it!"

By Sarah P and Zoe H