

The Dare

by Nathan A

I woke up at my Grandpa's house and it started off as a normal day...a blue sky, cars driving, and birds in the sky. It was a pretty good day so far until I saw it. It was a house a couple doors down from my Grandpa's. It wasn't very creepy in the day, but it was really creepy at night. It almost looked like it was looking out to eat something. The reason I call it creepy is because supposedly the last owner shot himself with a gun and now he haunts it.

That night my sister and I were playing outside and my sister dared me to go knock on the door. I told her, "No way am I doing that! You do it." We repeated you do it for about another five seconds then stopped. I finally decided to accept the dare. I went up to the sidewalk and then chickened out and went back to my sister. Then I tried it again a couple more times, but chickened out every single time. The closest I got to the house was one block up the sidewalk.

That night when I was asleep I dreamt that I went up to the house and I knocked on the door. I waited a little then heard a loud growl. All of a sudden the entire house lifted up and the doorway ate me whole. I woke up sweating in my bed, panting.