

Horror House

Ugh. I couldn't believe what Jacob dared me to do. I have to sleep in the Peterson's house and everyone knows that when an eighth grader tells you to do something, you do it. Thankfully, my best friend John has to go with me. John is a total nerd; he's like a little Albert Einstein. He knows everything, well basically everything.

So, there I was in writing class and everyone was reading their scary stories and talking about guts and gore, and I just couldn't shake the feeling that I was going to spend my Halloween night in a death house. You have to be a total social reject to not know the story of the Peterson family.

The story starts with a man who built a house for his love. He married her, gave the house to her as a present and then they had a child. One night, the couple was arguing, so the mother placed the child in the other room and while they were yelling, CRACK!!!! the child fell through the floor. The couple was devastated. They didn't eat or sleep. They went insane sitting in their bed and, eventually, they died. A week later, some kids went missing and some say the Peterson family couple took them.

The fact that I had to go into the house from hell bounced around my skull. I'm not afraid of sleeping in the house. Well I don't know if I am or if I'm not. Veeeeeeee11ffffff All I know is that I have to go.

October 30th, the night before Halloween, also known as "spare pants day". Ding dong, I ran toward the door as fast as I could because I kept getting this feeling in my back that a hand would come out and grab me, then kill me. When I finally got to the door I opened it faster than lightning without looking through the peep hole, because a ghost won't kill someone if there's two people in the room. Even if there's a robber at the door, I'd rather be robbed than killed by a ghost. Luckily, there was no robber, only John, and for some reason he brought David Howlsman one of the jocks. "What is Howlsman doing here?" I whispered into John's ear. "He's another one of Jacob's victims, lets just go and get this over with" After all that walking, we finally made to the Peterson's house. When seeing Jacob, he told us the four-one-one. We couldn't leave the house until morning. I have everything I need. I have a snuggy, flashlight, small pillow and a week's supply of Twinkies in my backpack.

Midnight it was officially Halloween. It's time to go inside the house. When I stepped into the house with John and David behind me, the first thing I heard was the weak floorboard making an odd sound. "Good luck, you'll need it," says Jacob before slamming the door. My eyes scanned the room all I saw was a hole in the upstairs floor and many family pictures. It's weird I'm in an old beat up house which probably has two ghosts who can't stand the fact that I am still alive. The only thing going through my mind is, "Does the plumbing still work and how am I going to go to the restroom?"

We were all standing in circle wondering what to do in the next twenty four hours, when suddenly we heard a sobbing from the basement. "I think we should check it out," says David. When we went to the basement we saw a girl about my age. I recognized her face, she was one of the kids that was kidnapped. "LEAVE!" she yelled. Then suddenly, "fsh" a sword went through her chest and Mister Peterson has the sword in his hand. "Shh, we wouldn't want to scare our visitors." "Boo!" and that very second we ran we like our lives depended on it, because they did. "You're an idiot, a freaking idiot," I yelled at Jacob. "So I'm an idiot for being concerned?" Jacob replies. "No, your an idiot for wanting to go in the basement of a haunted house... wait where's John?" I asked when something jumped out of the tree right next to us. It was John hanging by his own intestines with only enough life to say the words that will haunt me forever..."YOUR NEXT!!!" After hearing those words, me and David ran not looking back until we were caught by Mister Peterson's ghost, but by then it was the first of November and the ghost was dissolved because it was no longer Halloween.

The end or is it?