

# The House

By  
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“What the?” I exclaim to myself as a creak of a floor board behind me makes me jump.

I look around straining my eyes to see into the darkness but it’s no good. I can’t see much more than a few feet either in front or behind me. My heart is pumping hard and I feel a cold trickle of sweat run down my back, making me shiver.

“Why oh why did I come here?” I ask myself for what seems like the hundredth time since I entered this old, creepy house. I can’t believe I let myself get pushed into this, it’s so stupid but now I am here I can’t back out. I have to go on and finish what I have started.

I inch forward again with my back to the wall which gives me some sense of protection. My fingers feel their way along the wood panelled walls of this narrow passage way. I only know that I have come to the end of this section when my fingers fall into a void and I have to feel around until I touch the rounded wood of a doorframe. I inch closer so that I can crane my neck just enough to look around it into the room beyond.

It is ever so slightly lighter in there as an old curtain has partially come down allowing a slither of silver light from the full moon to enter the interior. A small part of it is lit up but that leaves much more of the room dark and threatening. Any one could be lurking in there or any thing. I shudder and continue to look around. I can

see that there is still some furniture there covered by white sheets and it smells musty and damp.

“Better than rotting flesh,” I mutter, but only just.

This place gives me the creeps, with its gothic exterior and its very colourful reputation. It is the local haunt for all things spooky, and now I am in it, because Brendan Richards cornered me. I shake my head at my own stupidity, but what could I do but accept his challenge? If I didn't he'd make my life at school a living hell.

As I turn my head from the room I see a flash of white out of the corner of my eye and my heart jumps again, almost stopping for good this time. I whip around to face whatever is there and I feel a draft of cold air on my hot and sweaty face. As I stare ahead of me a corner of one of the sheets lifts ever so slightly and the moonlight picks it up, flashy white across the room. I take a breath, and relax a little, as this must have been what I had seen. I smile to myself and thank god no one else is with me in here to witness me nearly wetting my pants. Nothing else moves, but I must as the only way out of here with my head held high is to complete my mission and when I do it will also wipe the smile off Brendan's ugly face. That will make it all worth while.

Up ahead of me I see my goal, the staircase, and move quickly to it and begin to ascend. Each board creaks loudly but I am not letting anything stop me again. I get to the half landing and take comfort in the moonlight streaming through, lighting my way up to the top. I keep going, not looking to the right or left, just in case I see something I don't want to see. I just look down at the floor as I run along the landing to the room at the end where Brendan said he'd put my mother's credit card.

I can't believe I was stupid enough to borrow it and then take it to school. Then as Daniel brandished it like some damn trophy, Brendan saw it and grabbed it. He had smiled his twisted smile at me and said if I wanted it back I would have go to the old

Robinson house at 9 p.m. If I didn't turn up he'd destroy it and tell everyone what a wimp I am.

So here I am running around an old empty and reportedly haunted house in the dark, scared half out of my wits because I took something that didn't belong to me. Mum always says we all pay for our sins and that's what I'm doing right now.

I make it to the door and as I extend my hand to grasp the handle it turns on its own and the door creaks open. My mouth drops open to scream, but my throat is so dry that all that comes out is a croak. I want to run but my feet are rooted to the spot and I'm trembling with fear, as I wait for something to leap out and grab me. As the door fully opens there is nothing there but a table on which lies the missing credit card. With my heart thumping wildly and my knees in danger of giving out, I make a dash for the table and reach out to grab it back. As I begin to turn back I feel an icy breeze behind me. All the hairs on the back of my neck rise up as I watch in horror, as a wispy human like shape begins moving towards me. I wish I could move, but I can't, and the shape begins to coalesce into a more recognisable form. It's a woman! Her grey long fingered hand reaches out and touches mine and I cringe as the cold soft hand covers it and I hear her say,

“You have returned at last my love.”

As terrified as I am her words intrigue me. I struggle to croak out,

“What!”

“Have you forgotten me?”

I haven't a clue what she is on about so I nod my head.

“Then let me remind you.”

She reaches out towards my head and I try to move it away but again I'm frozen to the spot. Her long fingers search out my temples and an icy touch like an electric shock

runs through my body. Immediately I begin to see pictures in my head, like extracts from a movie but I know they are much more than that. She is in them, alive and very beautiful and suddenly I know that we were in love. I have no idea how I know this but I do and I also know this happened eighty years ago. We had planned to run away and get married, but her father was determined that she would marry a rich old man he had picked for her, and when she refused he had threatened her. In desperation she buried her jewellery in the park and managed to get a message to me that we had to leave that very night before it was too late. I waited with two horses all night for her but she never came. She vanished that night and was never seen or heard of again. I never found out what happened to her but now I saw it all. Her father caught her trying to leave the house and strangled her. He then buried her body in the woods. At the time I had wondered if she had truly loved me, but now I know that she did.

“I have been waiting for you my love, to show you why I did not come to you that fateful night and now I have I am finally free to leave this most cursed place.”

I open my eyes and look at her grey face and I feel once again just how much I had loved her.

“Thank you,” I managed to say, as I’m no longer afraid of her.

She smiles and says,

“We will meet again my love, now I can move on to the other side.”

I don’t really understand what she means, but I nod anyway.

“Goodbye Harry,” she says as she fades away and the room becomes instantly warmer.

I take a deep breath and find myself alone once again in the darkness but I feel happy and somehow lighter as if a great weight has been lifted from my soul. I smile and look down to pick up the credit card which I had dropt on the floor. Maybe this

was why I had taken it in the first place and Brendan act had unwittingly brought me here so I could meet her again. Maybe I should thank him. I shake my head.

“No that’s going too far,” I mutter as I retrace my steps to the front door to leave this house for the last time.

I will come back to the park though as I have some jewellery to recover. My Mum has been struggling since Dad walked out on us, so the money it will bring will help a lot and I know my love would approve.

I walk around the house to the road and find Brendan and his gang waiting for me.

“Did you get it?” he asked smiling malevolently.

I hold it up.

“Yep I did. Oh and thanks for that,” I tell him and he frowns, not used to his victims thanking him. I walk passed him and he is no longer smiling, but I am.