

Mansion of a serial killer – creative writing

[Profession](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It was a cold rainy day school felt like it had been on forever, but it was only 11:45 oh well, at least I have lunch to look forward to.

As I walked in to the dinner hall, I saw my best mate Kobe staring out of the window at the other side of the canteen. I walked over and asked what he was staring at. He replied

" I was thinking about what it would be like to spend a night in that old mansion"

" I think that's a stupid idea "

I replied

" why? Are you chicken?"

He said

" No of course not I will prove to you i'm not chicken

Said I

" Fine we will both stay in the mansion on Saturday night "

After lunch Kobe and I went to play basketball on the inside courts, I was still thinking of the dare. I'm always scared to do things which could get me in trouble.

I am really small and skinny with long brown hair and blue eyes. Kobe is nearly the opposite of me he is tall, slim, with dark skin and a shaven bald head he is always in trouble and he is really brave. All the kids in school are

scared of him even though he is big and tough on the inside he is really quite a nice person. I am lucky to be friends with him. We made friends when we were 12 I use to get bullied every day and one day Kobe saw the lads bullying me so he came over and sorted them out ever since then we have been best friends.

After school Kobe and I walked home he lived just across the corner from me on the way we passed the mansion. We stopped and looked up at it; it had been abandoned for years. It has really old stone work all the bricks are dirty and have bits of moss growing on them, the roof slates had fallen off and broke to a hundred pieces on the floor, most of the windows were boarded up and the ones that weren't were smashed, there were weeds all over and the garden looked like a jungle with all the long grass. Kobe started to walk on so I followed him we walked to our street and said good bye. The street we lived on was quite a poor part of town there were giant pot holes everywhere, the houses were small and packed tight together quite a lot of people have windows put out from the rebel youths that live up the road.

Later that night I came down stairs for tea. Mum was sitting at the table on her own because dad was away for the week working. I asked mum about the mansion

" Mum you know that old mansion? Who used to live there and what happened?"

She said

" a young couple use to live their who were very odd and never spoke to anyone but one mourning they were both lying dead on their beds with slit throats and wrote on the wall with blood was the words I will be back! So that's why nobody wants to move in"

Trying to get to sleep that night was almost impossible that night my imagination was going crazy and scared me. The curtains were stirring and it sounded like rusty razor blades. I was thinking maybe I shouldn't do it but the I remembered this was to prove i'm not as scared as people think I lay thinking about the next day until 2: 00am when I decided to get some sleeping pills from down stairs.

I woke up in the mourning feeling really tired I went downstairs to get something to eat. Mum was out at work so I sat down on my own eating my cereal trembling to think this could be my last bowl. I wrote a note that read gone to stay at Kobe's see you tomorrow I left it on the kitchen table and left to go to Kobe's house it was a cold wet day pouring down with rain as I got their I knocked on his door and walked in he was just finishing his toast.

We went upstairs to his bedroom. He already had his stuff packed, so we just played board games for the day as dawn came upon us, we went down stairs and told his mum he was coming to stay at my place she said

" Ok"

And we were on our way. As we stepped out it was starting to get really dark, the clouds were bid and grey and looked like they were about to spit

rain at any minute. We set off towards the mansion. The time seemed to drag and it seemed like the longest walk ever

Finally we reached the mansion the big black rusty gates were crashing together, sending shivers down my spine as we walked towards the door. I was shaking and my teeth were shattering together while Kobe just walked calmly to the door and turned the handle. The door opened with a massive squeaky creak. The smell of old and rotten hit me straight away, the floor boards creaked as we walked on them. Every thing was covered in dust; there was a spiral stair case in front of us and a grandfather clock ticking in the corner. As Kobe shone the torch on the wall and on the floor there were lots of red stains which freaked me out.

BOOM all of a sudden the door slammed shut causing us to jump and shout as we turned back to look at the stairs. There was a tall dark figure standing there it said in a deep low voice

" GET OUT!!"

We turned quickly to get out the door but it was locked. We turned and sprinted to go down the cellar. We jumped behind an old book case when we heard the stairs creak. The guy entered the room and switched the light on. As I lifted my head to look around, I saw dead bodies everywhere. Some all bones some rotting and some fresh ones hung on the wall. Kobe looked at me and gulped I had never seen him scared but I could see the sheer terror on his face. I looked around the corner and saw the guy he had long greasy black hair hanging over his scared mangled face a long dark leather coat and

jeans. He was holding a large knife in his hand, he started to walk over to the book case