The 13th of december, 1666

The events, which took place on the 13th of December 1666. Made a dramatic change in my life.

First I will tell you a bit about myself. My name is Mark. I am sixteen years old and I go to St Paul high school. I have one Brother who is five years younger than me called Bill. I also have a nagging step -mum who has looked after me since I was two. My real mum died in very strange circumstances but dad will not tell me the full story so I don't know much about it.

At school I used to have two best friends. They were Sarah and Will. Will has blue eyes and a lovelypersonality. I had known Sarah ever since I was three. Sarah's mum and my step mum got on with each other really well. Will is one of my best friends; he's the only person who can make me laugh on a bad day.

I am no longer friend with them now, after that horrible day of 13th of December. It all started when I was invited to a Will's Halloween party, I loved parties especially thefoodand dancing. We were all having a great time dancing eating etc... Until after the party had ended when Will, Sarah and I played truth or dare it was all fine until it came to my turn. They dared me to go in the haunted house, which was located near by. I couldn't refuse otherwise I would have been called a chicken at school for the next year so I reluctantly agreed.

Up in a dark hill where the moon shines through the bare branches which casts an eerie feel to the atmosphere and where many crows are sitting on the branches looking, and waiting for the time to strike for there next victim. Stands an old house, " The House of Death" its called by the villagers.

A chill went down my spine as I was walking up the hill. Flashes of stories came rushing to my mind. I tried to convince my self that those stories were all a bunch of lies.

As I got to the top of the hill I reached for the big wooden door, which was covered with graffiti. My friends stayed outside so I would go in alone. As I entered the house I put my torch on, as the light in the house was not so bright I then took a few small curious step down the long corridor the door slammed behind I suddenly jump and took a few deep breaths and don't know what to expect to happen. As I was walking down the corridor the floorboards creaked which echoed down the corridor, water was dripping from the ceiling, there was many cobwebs on the side and corners of the corridor. I wanted to turn around and just run straight through that door which I entered. But I couldn't, I would then have been called a chicken. So I carried on walking down the corridor hoping for this day to end when suddenly I heard a machine being switched on at the bottom of the corridor.

" Who is it, ok jokes over come out now?" I shouted

There was no response and I really started to shit my self as there was total silence again I tried to convince my self that it was Will and Sarah being immature but I was still unsure. The silence crated a really terrifying tone, which turned this dare in to a nightmare came true. My head was rushing wild with stories, images and movies of when the main character dies in trying to impress someone. I kept on telling my self that it was all nonsense. When suddenly the light started flickering to my bad luck my torch also went out. I tried to hit it back on and it wouldn't come on. I started singing to my

self to take my mind of the horrifying images, which were entering my mind when suddenly somebody or someone was whispering out my name, near the end of the dark corridor.

" Who is it, who are you, stop messing around now it isn't funny" I shouted

There was no response and my voiced echoed around the corridor. Frighteningly the lights went out, my heart was pumping faster and faster, my feet felt as if they were stuck to the ground I couldn't move it as I was so scared I was unable to breath I was taking deep breaths.

I shouted out on top of my voice " Who are you!"

To my joy the lights came back and I was so relieved until I looked on the floor, there was a note saying go to the room on your left. I didn't know what to expect from this note. I got really scared as to thinking that who was behind this insane prank. I didn't know what to expect so I gathered all my courage and decided to enter the room and see what is in store for me I turned to the left and entered the room and there stood in the middle of the room my dead mother.

I busted out in tears to see such a sight I was terrified and feeling a sick as she been cut open from many part of her body. I went over slowly to see my mother when suddenly I heard machines being switched on again and this time I also heard my name being called out by someone. I looked all around me to see if any one was there, I couldn't see any one but I was terrified so I ran back to the door which I came from and left. I came out with a white

scared face and tears running down my cheeks. Sarah and Will looked in shock when they saw me in the state that I was in.

" What happened in there are you ok," asked Will and Sarah

I told them that my dead mother was in there. Sarah was in total shock her face turned blue. But Will didn't believe me he said that my mum must have been buried as she has died. So he went to see for him self I was outside with Sarah telling her what happened, when Will came rushing out saying there's nothing there I said there is something there. We went in together and where my dead mother once laid was now missing... there was a silence in the room I said to my self who or what was it ...

I'm now writing this in my dying days, My story is the truth it is not some wild fantasy made up to scare people with. Mine really did happen. The story is personal to me and telling it to anyone makes me appear insane to the outside world. I guess it does seem unbelievable in retrospect. The images of that night of the 13th of December still haunt me to this day I am hoping that you will never feel the need to show courage, as I did to my friends, because the results may not be what you expect That night I lost my friends and my sanity.