

Sometimes it snows in april

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It was just another typical evening at Silver Town. Rowan, Shannon, Reeve, and I were five friends from Madison high and we were driving past Rose Hall (the famous haunted house) on that Halloween evening. The house lay in ruins. Not a single soul had lived in it for over fifty years. There, it stood, alone in the hills, rising from the green cane fields. There were no other houses near by. It stood there day and night, all alone. Every one said the devil lived there and that anyone who slept in the house will die violently and mysteriously or survive, hopelessly insane.

Nevertheless people did go into the house from time to time. We all went in as well but that was in broad daylight, of course. We visited the grand rooms and we went down the back staircases to the cellar, where Annie Palmer used to practice black magic and where the dark brown stain that was said to be the blood of her last murdered husband. Rose Hall was not a nice place at all. Even in bright sunshine the windows were broken and black with dust and grime.

Every Halloween night the five of us, oh sorry I forgot to mention Mace, he has a record for violent disorder, well to me he has.... it as 2 years ago on an Autumn evening me and Mace went down to the new arcade arena, and for nothing Mace beat up a young boy in the toilets, I had to hold him back. Mace has always been a bit odd and he always picks on people for no reason. He may be a mad person, but he sure is my friend. Anyhow back to the story... the 5 of us went down to our high school where other friends would come, and we used to have a Halloween party, sometimes everyone used to dress up as vampires and other weird things. But really, we use to

get together with everyone and play games, sit around telling horror stories and mostly for fun.

On that night we turned up to the party quite late and found every one busy playing games and talking. We walked in and found a round table near the corner and went to sit down. Just when we were all starting to get bored Shannon came up with the idea about playing truth or dare. We started to play and that's when all the trouble started to come. We all wrote out our separate dares on pieces of white paper, folded them and placed them in a vase. We picked out our dares. First Rowan, then me, Mace after, followed by Reeve and then Shannon. One by one every one started to leave as it as getting quite late and it was only the five of us left and with one or two people that were on the other side of the hall. It all started when it was Shannon's dare, I could tell it was something bad by the look on Mace's face.

Shannon's dare was to go to Rose Hall, knock on the door and say trick or treat. At first we all thought that it was a very good idea and that we should all go trick or treating. It was really dark with hardly any one on the streets. All the little children had gone home and nearly all the lights were switched off. We drove up slowly and we could see the dark deserted house all there lone and it felt as though it was waiting for us. For some strange reason the journey up the hill seemed to take years and what more it was starting to rain, and not only that Mace was driving. It started to thunder and lightning struck, and then it looked at us, smelled us, it was as though the lightening and the fear from it was its light.

The house never looked more evil, every film, nightmare, anything scary that makes me want to run under my parents covers when their not there flashed before my very eyes, It gave me the shivers and I felt that something inside was telling me; This is not right; turn back, evil dwells here". These words were running through my head over and over again. At that moment I remember Reeve calling me. I told them to turn back the car in a very quiet voice. They all looked at me as though I was stupid or something. Then Reeve asked me what was wrong for the second time, but this time I didn't bother as I was starting to get really scared. Nobody was listening to me. I thought they were all thinking I had gone mad. Just then I heard a whisper saying `I can't turn the car'. Straight away I looked at Mace's face. I heard him say it again to the four of us.

This time he said it in fear. We all went silent staring ahead. The only sound to be heard was the rain. It was getting louder and louder as we drew closer and closer to the grim Rose Hall. In a flash we were there. It was dark. The rain had stopped now and I could feel a cold breeze rushing past my face; it did not feel like the normal winter breeze, it was a shivering breeze, an evil, deathly breeze. Shannon walked towards the door slowly. We followed behind her and it felt as though each step that we took towards the door was the last. `Knock, knock' We felt the sound vibrate in the silence surrounding us.

At this instant I grabbed Mace's arm with the thought that something was going to open the door. We waited and waited till we all felt relieved that nothing was there to let us in. We all turned back with the intention of leaving, but just then we heard the door start to creak open slowly. Before

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we even had the chance to look back Shannon, had gone and we heard it. We heard the faint scream for help. My legs started to shake, I was weak, I felt as though I was at a funeral, my heart was soft, and I could feel it beat, it was fast.

The tears were there. Rowan screamed and then she burst into tears and fell down on her knees. We could feel the silent night looking down at the four of us, helpless, knowing that there was no turning back now, but only to face the fear ahead of us. It felt like as though we were in the part of a film, a funeral, everyone crying, sad music at the background, everywhere you look there was sorrow. The door was left there wide open for us, and we knew that there was no way out. We made the final decision that we had to go into Rose Hall and find Shannon. We went in pairs: me and Mace, Rowan and Reeve. We all had the fear hidden inside us, but outwardly we showed raveness as we stepped into the forbidden house.

As we walked in, we found our selves in the middle of the hallway with only two straight narrow paths ahead of us that were never there before. Looking at these paths we knew that one of these path would lead us home where as one would lead us to another world, the world we did not want to enter, the world contradicted by hope, but we did not know which was which. Mace and I decided that we would go right, but Reeve and Rowan wanted to go the same way as well. We sensed that we only had a short period of time and we had no time to argue, so I decided that Mace and I should go left and let the other two go right. As we approached our paths we all turned around at the same time, and looked at each other, thinking that it's the last time. I ran towards Reeve and my closest friend, Rowan, and gave them both a big hug,

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which felt to me as if it was bringing back all the memories of the five of us together with smiles on our faces.

I felt Mace's warm hand around my shoulder drawing me away from Reeve and Rowan. I remember Mace telling me that there was nothing we could do, except to face what was coming, we did not have a choice because, the door had closed behind us. I managed to pull myself away from both of them. We said good-bye to each other for the final time, and we started to walk. Our footsteps sounded very loud on the wooden floor. Everything smelt damp and moldy and there was silence as if many ears were listening to our footsteps. I felt as though I had been walking for many days without stopping, not realizing how much pain I was in, but instead realizing the fear. Mace and I started to walk faster, after a couple of minutes or probably hours, I began to feel as though I was reaching destiny, only not knowing what it was.

Mace suddenly stopped. He grabbed my hand and pulled me back. We stood there for a couple of minutes and then we heard two screams. At first I did not want to believe what I had heard but I had to and I decided to go back for them. I didn't know what was going through my head; I started to run as fast as I could until I tripped over something and for a minute I thought I was dead. I was sitting there when I felt something dripping on me. It was really dark which meant I couldn't see what it was, but I decided to smell it.

It smelt weird. It smelt like blood. Just then I let out the loudest scream that I had ever screamed in my whole entire life. I heard Mace's footsteps coming towards me as yet I did not look up. He came and sat next to me. I

remember Mace whispering in my ear and asking me what was wrong. I told him I felt something dripping on me and it smelt like blood. Mace smokes, so he always carries a box of matches' in-case his lighter never worked. We were both sitting there and it felt as though we had given up hope. Mace took a cigarette out of his pocket and a box of matches to light the cigarette. When the fire flicked on the match something took it out.

I started to get really scared; I knew something or someone else was in there apart from the both of us. I sat there silently, trying my hardest not to make a move, I even held my breath, and although it was dark, I closed my eyes. Those couple of seconds felt like a couple of hours. He flicked his match again and this time the flame did not go out. He looked around to see if anything was there, but he couldn't find anything. Just then he felt something drip on him. He looked up slowly. I remember him being quiet for a long time until I looked up. It was a horrible site, a photographical site and memory, and I hate hinking about it. I was too shocked to cry or even say anything. I could feel my heart beat getting faster and my body getting cold and hot and cold and hot. It was Shannon.

She was covered in blood, her eyes red and wide open, her mouth also open with her tongue sticking out, accompanied with her ever slow blood flowing to the end of her tongue where it built up only to drip, there was blood all over her body, and there was only distinguishable as a pole trusted in her belly, flowing with blood, holding her, supporting her to the ceiling. She was a mess. All hope that I ever had was lost, it felt like a child getting its ost awaited toy and only after getting it, it was taken away, I felt what the people walking aimlessly in the desert with a dry throat felt, after running <https://assignbuster.com/sometimes-it-snows-in-april/>

with joy at the first site of water only to discover it was a mirage. We couldn't do anything apart from walking ahead. Every step felt like the last one.

We walked and walked in total darkness, with the presence of our recent memories until our legs couldn't carry us any longer so we both had to sit down. I put my head down and I remember thinking about what my family was doing and what time it was. Just then Mace told me to look up, he told me that we reached it; he told me that we have reached our destiny. Without saying a thing I stood up in amazement, speechless. " Mace, Shannon, Rowan, and Reeve we're home"..... " Darling, wake up". I opened my eyes so many people, my own people. 'I'm home, I'm home... Where are the rest where are they? ' 'I'm sorry darling. They... , they died in the car accident. Thank god that you survived'. From that day to this I don't know how we ended up in the car accident, and I don't know why I came back but Mace didn't. Every time I drive past Rose Hall I hear the screams of Reeve and Rowan and still see the body of Shannon.

Twenty-five years have passed and things have changed in the outside world, but I have not changed. For me my past is still living and haunting me. I have still not yet uncovered the mysteries of that night in Rose Hall. It's a normal evening at Silver Town. Halloween night has come back to me again. And as I'm driving towards Rose Hall I hear again the same voice, the voice that I once heard twenty-five years ago but this time it is saying 'Come... come... come'. I still don't know if Mace lied when he said he couldn't turn the car around, but I do believe that he is still alive and I am going back for him.....