

# The empty house essay sample



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Pushing the heavy gates open the touch of the iron bars, as cold as ice, seized up my hand completely. Even though I could feel the unevenness of the cold cobbled path beneath me, they were smooth in contrast to the crunching of the dead leaf that I stepped on. Carrying on up the path the grass carried on forever into the horizon. One lonesome oak tree stood by the house swaying in the wind, its branches waving hauntingly. The moon shone bright white in the cloudless sky; it was the only source of light that could be seen.

Owls occasionally fluttered by overhead, their silhouettes passing over the grass. The air was cold and numb, and with every breath I drew a misty, chilly exhale followed. As the house drew nearer everything around me became quieter and more distant. The trees murmuring could no longer be heard as I stared at the forgotten house. The house appeared empty, and everything seemed bleak. It reminded me of a tombstone in a graveyard – overcome with vines, twisting around it like a snake trying to kill its prey. The house appeared impressive and morbid in the greenish- black sky.

A flash of lightning briefly illuminated the house and I saw that the windows were broken but the structure seemed good. I started to think about what I should do, my options were to either stay outside risking getting hit by lightning or to go into the old house, not knowing who or what might be in there. My answer however was soon decided as the dark clouds started to build. I looked around as I huddled under the large, oak tree which offered me little or no protection from the razor-sharp rain that began to fall.

All the other houses on the abandoned street were too badly damaged for me to take shelter in. I stepped up to the front door, which was covered with cobwebs and spiders. An old rusty chain hung down, swinging in the breeze twined with vines. I pulled it. Nothing happened, ‘hello!’ I shouted ‘is anybody there?’ Still there was no reply. A light suddenly appeared from the crease of the door. It began to slowly creak open. I held my breath in anticipation of what would be on the other side. Impenetrable darkness met my eyes, threatening to consume me.

Where has the light gone? I wondered. Something didn’t seem right, but nothing would hold me back. Ignoring the sense of dread rising in my stomach, I entered into the unknown. Dust clung to the back of my throat as I breathed in slowly. I started to ask again if I was alone, but the words caught in my throat. The musty atmosphere seemed to engulf my every breath, and I was scared that the dank cobwebs and mouldy damp that seemed to seep out of the walls would soon render me unable to leave.

Chills were running through me, as if a ghost was passing through my body. Suddenly, in the distance, there was a faint booming sound like the beating of a drum. The noise soon started to get louder and louder until all that could be heard was the deafening noise. I clutched my phone tightly. My legs started to tremble and my hand grasped tighter. The pain became unbearable, as I began to scream. I was so terrified, that I couldn’t move. I have been scared before, but nothing compared to the fear that ran through my veins on this unforgettable night.