

Student's Name

Professor's Name

Course Name and Number

Assignment Due Date

### The Haunted House

I have a phobia of haunted houses, bears, and ghosts. I can deal with the bears because one would often see them approaching. However, ghosts and haunted houses prey on my fears and seem to enjoy them. The house at the end of the road has been there since I can recall. Everyone says that it is haunted. Could it be true? The residence housed a wealthy family that moved upstate, and no one has habited it since. The compound has overgrown weeds and grass, and a lonely oak tree stands amidst this vegetation, making it more critical to discuss my experience. I am the curious type, but looking back, I should have stayed away from it. I convinced Rob, my best friend, to accompany me to see if the weird tales about it were true. I still do not know why we felt it was a good idea because we regretted every moment of it. That ominous day is still fresh in my mind; I have never been scared as much as I was on that day.

It was on a Friday, and incidentally, the 13<sup>th</sup> day of August. It has become a commonplace assumption that Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> is synonymous with a bad omen, but that flew past our young and naïve minds. I was only ten years old, and Rob was 11. We took a powerful torch and approached the house from the backyard. The gate was squeaky due to the rust, denoting years of neglect. The backdoor was closed, so we hoisted ourselves through a window that we found partially open. The rooms were vast and empty. It was eerie, and the evening light was not doing it any justice. We found two flights of stairs, one to the upper rooms and one to the

basement. We decided to start with the basement and see what was there. By now, it was approaching seven o'clock in the evening, and darkness was becoming oppressive.

The flight down to the basement was scary. It was dark, but the powerful torch illuminated the entire place. However, cobwebs crossed from one side to the next, and we had to push our way downstairs. Suddenly, we heard a strange whining sound coming from upstairs. We stopped dead in our tracks. Rob whispered to me that we listen carefully to see whether we would hear it again. It came back! It was louder this time, and I think we heard some footsteps. I was now confused, panicking, and halfway crying silently. I was crying because I was too young to die. I did not even tell anyone about my whereabouts, so who would find me? I could not cry loudly because if we survived, Rob would hold that against me for the rest of my life. I had a futuristic reputation to protect.

We mustered some courage and decided to check the source of the noise. However, before we could reach the ground floor, we heard a crash and what seemed like screams from the upper rooms. We could not keep pretending to be courageous. We screamed too and ran out of the house as fast as we could. Rob, who was holding the torch, threw it out of his hands as we scampered for our safety. The hair all over my body stood aloof for hours afterward. I ran straight home, got into my room, shut the door, and got into my bed. For what appeared to be an eternity, I could not get the fear I felt out of my mind. I implored my family not to ask me about my quick entry into the house. I promised to narrate the ordeal to them when I became comfortable enough to relive the experience. Additionally, I realized that I could even represent my country at the Olympics given the right motivation. I could run fast and maintain the pace for many meters. However, I cannot bank on this as a full-time career.

Is that house haunted? From my encounter, all I can say is if you want to find out, just go in and live to tell the story. Six years later, when I was sixteen, I told my family the story over thanksgiving as we ate turkey. I avoided that route for days in case the ghosts saw me and decided to finish what they had planned. I have not been courageous enough to go back and see what caused the whining sound. We have never talked about this day with Rob or told anyone about it, save for our families.

---

# *WritingElites.net*

## *The Custom Writing Experts*

*Need an Original, High-Quality, Plagiarism-Free Creative Writing Essay Like This One?*

[Order Now](#)

---