

Text level: descriptive, expressive language to create mood

The Old House.

I followed the path. The path was muddy. The path went through the trees. The trees were hanging over the path. Suddenly I saw the house. The house was old. The moon was shining. The house was dark. I walked towards the house. It had big windows. The windows looked like huge eyes. I thought that they were watching me. I approached the house. My hands trembled. They were ice cold. The house was gloomy. My heart was pounding. I went up to the front door. The door was massive. My eye was drawn to the handle. It was in the middle of the door. It was large and round. It was white and shaped like a skull. I reached out. I moved my hand towards the handle slowly. The skull was grinning. Before my hand touched the handle the door made a groaning noise. It slowly opened. I peered inside. There was nobody on the other side of the door. The door had opened by itself. I crept through the doorway slowly. I looked around. The hallway was dim. I turned to the right. I let out a cry of terror. I jumped backwards. The room was dark because it had only one candle burning. I caught my breath. I realised that I was looking into a mirror. The mirror was large. I hardly recognised myself. I looked wild eyed. My hair was long and black. It looked like a bird's nest. I had beads of sweat on my forehead. They were trickling down my forehead. I was freezing cold.

I moved towards a doorway. I entered a room. The room was smelly. It smelled of mould and mildew. The room was dusty. There was a single candle in the room. The light from the candle was faint. I thought I saw something move in a corner of the room. It was in the darkest corner of the room. I heard a sound. It sounded like something dragging itself across the floor. My throat felt tight. It was difficult to breathe. The thing was moving towards me. I could not move. I could not see what it was. I could only hear it. It was moving across the floor towards me. It got closer. I couldn't move. I was terrified. It moved further into the light from the candle. It was close enough for me to see it. I could see it clearly. I saw what it was. It was hideous. It filled my eyes. I screamed. I screamed very loudly. I screamed so loudly that it would probably wake the dead.

