

The Mansion

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I wrote this while remembering some scary things that had happened to me when I went to my Grandparent's house. Surprisingly, I've encountered something like this, and I'm scared stiff even now. I didn't go into to much detail, because I get scared every time I think about it..

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The Mansion

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Based on my experiences in my Grandparent's mansion

"Isn't this the perfect house?" my mother asked as she looked proudly at the dusty old mansion that looked as though it was going to fall over at any minute.

My grip tightened on the Jack Skellington doll that I had received for Christmas as I stared in horror at the ancient house.

"We're going to live here?" I asked in shock and dismay.

"Yes, and I think that it's wonderful." said my dad with pride. "Your great, great, grandfather built this house with his bare hands."

"I believe it." whispered my older brother, Josh, as he watched a spider spin a web on the front porch. I gulped, and cautiously followed Josh into the house.

The inside was so large, that somebody could've fit another whole house inside of it. The floor groaned with each step that I took, and I hugged Jack so tightly, that he'd have been blue if he had been alive. The air was arced and dusty, making it smell like corpses. The hallways were long dark, and scary, and they seemed to stretch longer and longer as you walked to the other end. I didn't like it at all, and I wanted out as soon as possible.

"Honey, can you take this to the basement?" my mother asked me as she gave me a cardboard box. Shivers went down my spine. The basement? That was the last place I wanted to visit, especially when I had to go by myself.

Mom, seeing my fear, told me that I'd be all right. That reassurance didn't help prepare me for the next couple of days that would be nothing but pure terror.

I slowly started down the hallway. The floor creaked and groaned as though it were alive, and I saw spiders scuttle across the floor. My heart was pounding in my chest, and I felt like screaming. I had placed Jack carefully on the top of the box so he could comfort me, but he just sat there smiling as though nothing was wrong. The lights flickered slowly, as though they were dying. Suddenly, the lights went out. I could see my breath because it was so cold, and I told myself that I'd be fine. When I had almost reached the end of the hallway, I stopped dead in my tracks. Someone was at the end of the hallway, just standing there. She had long, black hair draped over half her face. She wore a long, white dress with bloodstains. Her eyes were all black with no white at the sides. Suddenly, she floated forward and came two inches away from my face. I was so shocked, that I couldn't move, or make a sound, no matter how much I wanted to scream. Her hair fell away from the rest of her face, and...

I screamed, dropped the box, and ran back to mom as fast as I could. I knew she was following me, because I could feel her hot, sticky breath on my neck. There had been no skin on the other side of her face!

My mother didn't believe me, and neither did my dad and brother.

"It was all in your head." said dad.

"It never happened." said mom

"Cool story, though." said Josh. Nobody believed me...nobody. I was alone on this, and that frightened me more than anything. Then, a thought suddenly struck me; I left Jack back there! I asked my parents

to get it, but they said they were busy. I asked Josh, but he laughed and said he had better things to do. I couldn't sleep without Jack, and he was my favorite toy. I had to get him back... and that would mean going back down the hallway, but I needed him, and I'd do anything to get him back.

To be continued...