

# The Scary House

1. Adjective

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As I stood, gazing at the dilapidated house. I shivered, as though, ice had replaced my spine. The cold air enveloped the entire body. The multiple layers of clothing could not protect against the deathly cold. The walkway leading up to house were cracked. Weeds and dandelions poked out from these cracks. Red roses had grown wildly in thick batches by the gate. The moonlight cast a ghoulisg glow on the house. Vines formed a twisted maze upon the side of house, reaching their tentacles towards the roof. The house's walls showed \_\_\_\_\_ decay by neglect. Splotches of original paint hinted at the house former prosperity. Cobwebs covered the corners of the doors, tiny black spiders threading towards their prey. The house was fit for the kings and queens of the supernatural.

The door begrudgingly creaked open. A musty, dank odor crept into my nose. The house was dead silent except for a few creaks and moans. Black and brown mold dotted the ceiling in clusters, evidence of rain seeping through the roof. I quietly entered the dark living room. The windows were covered with grime and dirt, and the calm moonlight struggled to get through the darkness in thin strings of light. Sharp shadows covered the room. The sofa and chairs were overturned, revealing deep scratches in the ground where they used to sit. Wallpaper lay curled on the floor. A large jagged hole that had been dug into the wall spoke of a violent previous owner. Picture frames hung off the wall diagonally. A misplaced grand bookcase stood the corner of the room, clearly undisturbed

for a long time. Selecting the correct book could reveal a secret doorway into a labyrinth.