

Not alone anymore...

1. Noun
2. Adjective
3. Adjective

Not alone anymore...

One halloween night Celinne was taking a walk in her _____Noun.

It was _____Adjective and she was wearing a warm jacket, gloves and a scarf.

As she was almost back home she saw a light was on in her house.

Nobody was supposed to be home. Suddenly the light went out.

Celinne hesitated at first but then went over to unlock the front door.

The first thing she noticed was this awful _____Adjective, it was so bad she had to cover her nose with her hand.

She reached out her hand for the light switch. But nothing happened. The light wouldn't turn on.

She suddenly heard a loud boom from upstairs. She called out an hello, but no answer.

She slowly made her way up the stairs with an umbrella in her hand ready to swing.

She looked around everywhere and when she looked in her own bedroom she saw that her desk had been moved and turned upside down.

She got really spooked and slowly started to back out of her room, when she out of nowhere felt chills all over her body. Like someone was standing behind her.

She quickly turned around, but nothing was there. But it was freezing cold. She could even see her own breath in front of her.

Suddenly the lights that wasn't working before started flickering on and off.

Celinne got really scared and ran downstairs as quickly as she could.

When

she was almost down the stairs she felt something push her forward and she missed the last step and fell straight for the hard floor.

She hit her face right on the floor and as she was opening her eyes she was laying right in front of the basement door. Suddenly there was this creaking noise and the basement door slowly opened itself. It was pitch dark but she could see something.

She raised her head slowly, not taking her eyes off of whatever she was seeing coming closer and closer to her from the basement.

Now she could see it clearly, there were eyes. Bright red eyes, and the breath, the breath was horrible. Like death itself was breathing right at her.

The fear of what was in the basement hit her and her eyes opened up wide.

Then there was this evil laugh that grew louder and louder.

And then something grabbed on to her shoulders and pulled her down the basement before she could even scream.

And right before the basement door closed you could hear a voice whispering, now I'm not alone anymore...