

The Spooky Old House

One foggy Halloween night, Max dared to explore the old, creepy house at the edge of town. The rusty gate groaned as he pushed it open. Max's heart was pounding, but he was curious.

The house looked like a monster with its windows like empty eyes. Max stepped inside, the floorboards creaking. Cold air whispered, carrying faint giggles. He held his flashlight tight.

In the dark, a shadow moved across the hallway. Max swallowed hard and followed it upstairs. The stairs creaked loudly. At the top, he found a door slightly open with flickering light inside.

He pushed the door open and saw an attic filled with dusty, old stuff. A single candle burned in the middle of the room. As Max got closer, the candle flickered, and a creepy whisper echoed. "Welcome, Max. We've been waiting for you."

The attic door slammed shut behind him. Max spun around, heart racing. Shadows twisted and formed ghostly figures with hollow eyes. "Join us," they chanted. The candle went out, leaving him in darkness.

In the pitch black, cold fingers touched Max's skin. He screamed, stumbling back. "Please, let me go!" he begged. A ghostly face appeared inches from his, eyes glowing. "You cannot leave," it hissed, "until you become one of us."

Max felt icy hands pulling him into the dark. His screams echoed, but no one outside heard. The old house stood silent, and Max was never seen again.

Max's tale became a spooky legend, told in fear by everyone in town.