

In the library

One cold afternoon Kate and I were sitting at home practically alone but there was one other person there, the chauffeur. A tall scary man that would always appears at the most odd times such as whenever we had bad dreams and when something would go wrong it would always lead back to him. We try to tell our father that he's evil but he never believes us. He is a very busy man, he's a multi millionaire! He has very little time for Kate and I.

This afternoon, Kate and I were in the house library. We were playing tag when the chauffeur jumped in front of us. I fell and hit my head on the shelf. I looked up, he was gone. I stood up with a spell of dizziness; I raised my hand to the back of my head to find blood gushing like a river down the back of my neck. Kate looked at me in shock. She took off her hand made wool sweater and wrapped it around my head then she realised that a book had fell when I hit the shelf. She picked it up off the blood stained floor. She brushed the dust off the book, it read: family history Kate opened the book. It was mainly pictures and in every picture the same man, the chauffeur. I read a paragraph mentioning that he had killed all the family through the past two centuries.

We dropped the book and headed for the door but the door was strangely locked. I tried to break through the door but it would not move I turned back to my sister but she was not there. I was walking around trying to find my sister. I turned a sharp corner to find her hanging from a fan! A note on her foot read "don't trust people that you don't know you'll always be let down" I heard slow footsteps approaching from behind! The sound of "thump thump thump!" I began ever so slightly to panic. I turned around I could not see the man but, I could hear the footsteps the sound was becoming louder. I could start to feel the wooden ground start to vibrate! I turned around and headed for the door but it was late

There he stood right in front of me. He's blood stained hands reached out to grab me! He raised a huge butcher knife with the attempt to stab me my vision became blurry. Everything slowed down dramatically. I felt father grab me and stabbed him hoping that he would stop him forever. He faded in to a fine mist and spoke "I will come back for you James I will he disappeared

I'm 32 now and this is the day that this all happened it has fallen on the same day, a Wednesday. I sit in my bed shivering wondering what will happen next.

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