The lights appeared out of the darkness as the cars drove out from behind the trees. It was Halloween night, and on every Halloween people told stories of the abandoned house on the hill. The house was real but the myths, not so sure. It’s said that devilish monsters roam the house, killing anyone who trespasses. Well, today I’m headed there myself. To find the truth.

The house wasn’t too far from where I lived. It was only about a 30 minute walk. The house itself was located on the outskirts of the city. I tried my best to stay hidden to avoid anyone who might stop me. As I approached the bottom of the hill, I really started to think if this is actually a good Idea, “pff who cares? If I die, I die” I told myself as I started to climb the hill. The hill was really steep and slippery from all the mud and rain, I almost fell multiple times. After a while of climbing I finally reached the top. “Woah.” The house was very broken down, half the roof was collapsed and the house all rusted with some strange black mold growing around it. There were graves all over the yard, strangely none of them had names. I continued walking towards the door of the house looking around and checking the environment.

I reached the door, slowly opening it. The door was so flimsy it felt like it was going to break off from all the rust. I carefully stepped in hoping not to fall through the floorboards. The living was absolutely disgusting. The couch was entirely covered in mold, the carpet was also moldy, and the fire was completely demolished. The kitchen was perfectly intact, dirty and moldy, but nothing was destroyed. The kitchen itself was a very narrow hallway with the sink and cabinets on one side and the fridge and stove to the other. There were rooms on the left of the kitchen entrance but they were completely blocked off by the debris from the collapsed roof. Walking through the kitchen I heard a bang from the other end of the kitchen. There was a door at the end. Going to the door and opening it led downstairs to the basement.

“God, I hate this.” I said as I walked down the steps. Reaching the bottom of the steps, it was very dark and cluttered. Only the moonlight shining in from a small window was the only light I had. There were so many boxes filled with all kinds of household needs. With the little light I had I kept running into all the boxes. I ran into one of the boxes and some kind of pipe fell on my leg. “Ow that hurt!” I bent down to grab the pipe only to find out it was actually a shotgun. Soon after I heard a growl from the other side of a wall boxes. “He-e-y! Who’s there!?” yelled out scared.

The boxes all fell over and a dark monster with huge claws and teeth ran towards me. I tried to aim the gun at it but it was so fast it managed to bite onto my hand. “AHHHH!!” I was screaming in pain as I tried to get my hand out of its mouth. I dropped the shotgun and used my other hand to pry its mouth open. I managed to pry it open and released my hands from its mouth and I pushed it back, giving me time to grab the shotgun and blowing its head off. I stood in shock after what had happened and I recouped myself headed back up stairs. I run back through from where I came from, never going back to the house on the hill.