**Ringing of the Doorbell**

I was reading a book when the doorbell rang frantically. I opened the door to see and was surprised when I saw no one there. I came out of the house and tried to search for some-one, but not a single soul could be seen. The street lights switched on but only one of them was working properly. One was continuously blinking while another was really dim.

I went back into the house, as it was nearly eight o’ clock and kept my book because now I had no mood and time for reading. I went into the kitchen made myself some hot soup and back into my room Slurp!! As I was enjoying my soup, I was also thinking who would it be on the door. I was then continuously gazing at pitch dark sky through the window. The moon looked like a jewel in a necklace of pearls. The shimmering stars looked like the pearls of the necklace. This made me feel relaxed. I thought of going out for a walk. I called up my friend and when she arrived we left for a walk. We were walking on the street just outside my house. The cool breeze slapped my face as we walked. We were quite tired. My friend sat on the bench in my garden while I lay down on the grass staring at the blanket above. I felt rejuvenating as the grass tickled my feet.

We then went back inside the house as thick, black clouds gathered in the sky. The stars and the moon vanished. Thunder rumbled and wind howled. The street lights turned off. Dogs started barking loudly and owls started hooting. The atmosphere suddenly became spooky and we felt scared. Soon, it started pouring heavily.

Suddenly, the bell rang once again. This time I was worried. My friend opened the door and once again there was no one there. I tried to call my mother but unfortunately there was no network due to the rain.

We came out to see if we could find anyone but no one was there once more. We couldn’t even hear anymore sound instead of water rushing through the gutter and drains and the rain drops racing on the ground. It was once again we went back into the house. The next time the bell would ring, we would make sure who was doing it. So, we sat near the door. We pulled chairs from the dinning table and placed them near the door.

The next time the bell rang it was my neighbour`s son. I saw this through the window nearby the door. We went to his house complained to his parents and by the time my parents had come. The rain stopped and mother earth looked like a young girl just after a bath, fresh and full of life.

His parents scolded him and told him never to repeat this mistake again. My friend finally went back to her house and I could sleep peacefully once again.