Dust swirled in the air as I opened the rickety door and entered, “What are we going to do now James? Asked Ethan.

“I don’t know, all the other people are too scared to explore this house. Let's be the first ones,” answered James.

There in the gloomy, rusty room was a small box shining like the sun, what could it hold? Maybe something that could be old and forgotten.

“Maybe we should go back, maybe we should listen to our responsible parents and go back,” Ethan said.

 “ No, we are going to see what is in that shiny box now,” James demanded.

But there was a problem: it was locked. It was closed harder than a giant clam. They were going to have to find the key, if they wanted to see what was inside this legendary box.

“ Ethan the box is locked.”

“Let's go and see the rest of the house for the key,” James eagerly said.

They walked up the drooping cracked stairs to the gloomy bed room. They searched in the creaking wardrobe, nothing was there. They checked under the bed, nothing, so they went to the living room.

“The couch looks like it got scratched by a thousand cats,” Ethan said.

The table looked like it could shatter any second. They searched the crusty couch, nothing there. They searched the creaky table, nothing. So they went to the kitchen.

“Wow this is just madness,”James exclaimed.
The pans are twangled and bent. The closest hinges are all rusty. They searched through the dish racks with no key in sight. The cabins have nothing but dust. So they went to the attic.

“ Okay, this is just ugly.” Ethan said.

The paintings of a mysterious man were cracked. The things scattered like a land fill disposal. “Hey what is that shiny thing?” James questioned. It was the key!

They jumped with joy and ran down the cracking stairs to the box. It was a bit tough at first, but then they opened the mythical chest. They were shocked. It was a fully solid gold chain!