

Abandoned Treehouse

As I climbed up the rickety ladder, a spine crawling breeze whipped my face with icy claws. The unstable ladder shook violently when I took my first step into the treehouse. Hollow wooden floorboards echoed threats of collapsing under my feet as I ducked under the low rise ceiling. Dust motes filled the room with a rotting odor as the sharp nails of crusted dead leaves clawed at my ankles. Cobwebs covered every corner of the cramped space clutching onto any type of threats that touched it. Whispers of the wind echoed secrets that lay unknown for years after this room was abandoned. Dusty curtains whipped my face as the wind howled in the moonlight. A soft white glow illuminated old photographs of warm smiles on the chipped, wooden walls. A family of joy. A family of love. A family of something that leaves you with nothing but a melted heart.

A small voice thundered for me to leave as the floorboard underneath my feet creaked louder in pain after every step I took towards the exit. Then something jabbed my heart. My guts twisted. My breathing quickened. Something was watching me. I felt it...But who could it be?— Especially at this time, where there's nothing but sleeping homes. I turned around. A dark figure with glowing crimson eyes hovered over my shadow. It crept towards me as I tried to scuttle back to the exit but my arms and legs were as heavy as boulders. I couldn't move. Then, everything went black.