[](http://r58.cooltext.com/d.php?renderid=308070598492979&extension=png)

I had walked past the house many times before. I still don’t know what drew me in that stormy morning. Probably, because of it being it being winter, the snow and the and the threat of thunder and lightning. The house was the only nearby place that I could get shelter.

It was dark and dusty, but at least I wasn’t getting wet. I started to walk around to look for somewhere to rest. I found a room with a few chairs and a single, small coffee table sitting in the middle of them. I sat down on one of the chairs. It was then I felt a change in the atmosphere, it started to grow heavy and thick. I realised the room was bigger than all the bedrooms in my house put together. I got up and started to walk around. There was a sudden bang that came from downstairs. I decided to go and find out what it was. I was sure I was the only one in the house… I thought anyway.

When I got downstairs there was a shuffling noise coming from inside of the rooms. I immediately went to investigate it. It had a huge steel door leading to it. I strained to get it open. The room inside it was really dusty, filled with old furniture. There were big, long, draping curtains, blocking out all the light, but beams of light still escaped through the gap between them. It was only then I realised there were two young girls standing staring at me. They looked about ten years old. For a moment I thought I was going to faint. I saw two people who looked like one - one standing at a mirror and the reflection was there too. But it wasn’t. They were twins. Identical twins. I don’t know why it was, the thought of identical twins always scared the life out of me. I went to turn and leave, unnoticed I hoped but I couldn’t move. It was as if I was stuck to the ground with glue. “Where are you going?” said the shorter one. I screamed and blacked out.

I woke up to two voices whispering. Hoping it was my sisters, I leaped up, thinking everything was just a dream. But it wasn’t, it was all real. The two girls were standing over me, the twins... They went silent when I jumped up. I looked at them. Their faces told it all, I had scared them half to death. I slowly started to walk towards them. They began to walk backwards away from me. “Don’t come near us!” one shouted. “Unless you want to die…” said the other and they both started to laugh.

Suddenly, they started to grow paler, shrivel to skin and bone. They began to shriek in pain. I turned to see the twins slowly beginning to turn to dust. As they were disappearing, black sores appeared all over their body and then slowly the girls disappeared. I closed my eyes and blocked out the horrible noise. I told myself, “It’s not real Kylie, it’s all a dream… I hope.”

I was scared to even peep out of my eyes but when I eventually did the twins were gone. I began to walk home, watching all the people walking happily home from work, children chasing each other in the street and the laughter and talking of bustling shoppers. I turned the corner to see my younger brother and sister playing in the front garden. When I walked in the house smelt of baking. I walked into the kitchen to my mum cooking.

“What’s that smell, it’s delicious.” I asked my mum. “Chocolate chip cookies,” she replied.

“Mum, do you know anything about two twins in the that big old stone building?” I questioned her.

“Yes, they died from the awful plague that happened around a hundred years ago. People still say they haunt that house and anyone who goes too close may get it. No one has ever seen them, but they say that if they appear to anyone they shall haunt them for life,” she said. “Why, what’s up?” she asked…

I could not answer.

By Leah Gorman