

Missing memories

The dry leaves crunched as Morgan explored the woods not too far away from her house. This was her first time camping with her family which made the fact extremely exciting. Her parents were behind her helping her look for sticks to make a fire. With a glimpse of an eye, she caught sight of some overlapping branches in a desolated corner near an old tree. Quickly, Morgan ran to the spot and picked them up as she slowly turned around. They weren't there. The sticks her parents were holding laid on the floor at the spot that they were standing a second ago. Deadly silence invaded the forest while Morgan desperately looked around trying to find her missing parents. "Mum? Dad?" she wimped. A tear frantically rushed down her cheek as she ran back home dragging her favourite teddy in despair. After that happening, Morgan lived on her own and never opened the door to anyone. A few years later, Morgan wasn't seen anymore which made the house go on sale. A family from Hayes moved in one day and found the house in bad states: there were rats living in the fridge, floor tiles breaking in pieces; bugs and an awful lot of spider webs covering the house like a blanket and even filling it like it was part of the furniture. Long time after cleaning, James, the owners' son, remained at home while his parents went to the market to buy some shopping. Empty silence danced around the house except from the muffled music breaking in from James' headphones. He was comfortably resting in his bedroom on his chair. Instantaneously, an ear-splitting noise echoed from downstairs as James sprang in mid-air with trepidation. Without a chance of helping himself, James fell back and jolted his head on the ruined carpet which made his headphones unplug. In pain, James stood up placing his headphones on his desk. Curiosity ran across his mind as a bunch of questions bursting his brain told him to not go downstairs. James was too determined to not, so he didn't follow his instinct. In fact, he never did. His hand slid down the hand rail on the side of the stairs as he jumped over the banister. A rush of fear and insecurity made his forehead sweat. In the middle of the living room, stood a young girl. At first, James couldn't understand the age, even though it didn't matter, more that mattered to him was what was a young girl doing in his living room? The hairs on his neck lifted as goose bumps rose up to his arms. The girl had long, dark, streaky hair covering half of her face. She was wearing a dirty night gown and was also holding a teddy. Lifting her finger up, she pointed at the door. "This is my house-leave...NOW" she murmured with an eerie voice. Her eyes transfixed, she stumbled towards him... And from that moment on, James was never seen again...