



# House on The Corner



Dazed and confused, Sandy awoke to the sound of mumbles. She was bound by rope and was covered in dust. Her heart began to beat rapidly as she realized where she was and what had happened.

She squinted through the dim light, trying to make out her surroundings. She was in a dusty old room, with cobwebs hanging from the ceiling and shadows dancing in the corners. The room felt cold and eerie, sending shivers down Sandy's spine.

As she struggled against the ropes binding her wrists, memories flooded back into her mind. She had been walking home from school when she decided to take a shortcut through the old, abandoned house on the corner of the street. It was a house that everyone in the neighborhood whispered about, a house that was said to be haunted.

But Sandy hadn't believed in ghosts or goblins. She had brushed off the warnings of her friends and boldly entered the house, curious to see what mysteries lay inside. That's when everything went dark, and she found herself waking up in this strange room.

Sandy's pulse quickened as she heard the mumbles again, this time louder. They sounded like whispers, as if someone—or something—was lurking just beyond the walls. Fear gnawed at her insides as she struggled to free herself from the ropes.

With a final desperate tug, Sandy managed to break free. She stumbled to her feet, her heart pounding in her chest. Ignoring the dust that clung to her clothes, she made her way towards the door, her only thought to escape from this nightmare. Sandy fumbled onto the street and ran home. She never returned to the house on the corner.

