

The sad story of Haddon Hall

It was a hot morning of July, in an old cafe in the city of Cardiff. Harry and Jack were drinking coffee and talking about the sad story of the Taylor brothers.

The two brothers lived together next to an old mansion named Haddon Hall. Henry Taylor was 60 years old. He was a carpenter. He was thin and tall, with long, black hair. He was married with Stefany and they had a son, Michael. Andrew Taylor was 45 years old. He worked in a supermarket. He was small and fat. He didn't have any hair and he wasn't married.

It was a cold, grey Halloween evening.

Andrew was playing football with his grandson Michael when their ball fell into the garden of the old mansion. Andrew was scared of the old house so he called his brother for help.

They went into the mansion's garden to look for the ball, but it wasn't there.

The door of the mansion was open so they went in. Even if the house was abandoned it was perfectly clean... **AND IT WAS ALIVE!**

When they walked in, the door closed and some loud sounds started coming from everywhere. The two brothers were terrified, so they tried to escape but the door was blocked.

They started to run and look for an exit but they couldn't find it.

All of a sudden the sounds stopped. The two brothers were terrified... From the stairs a ball bounced into the centre of the room. It was their ball!

Behind them something was speaking. **IT WAS A TALL, UGLY, EVIL GHOST!**

His voice was scarily deep. He said: "I've been alone for too long... do you want play with me?"

Nobody saw the two brothers any more.

Harry and Jack finished up their coffee and went back to their house in Cardiff, the city where nobody dares playing football any more.

By Nicola Marchini (3B)