**Haunted Dreams**

There is darkness everywhere. A small amount of light is radiating from the halfmoon floating in the sky overhead. There are no stars. It is cold and humid. You look around you and find your friends gone. You are completely alone.

You make your way down the empty street, the only artificial light coming from a lone street lamp, which blinks out as you walk past. You come to a dead end; a lonely house resides there. You have never seen it before. The cold wind blows, shaking the two unkempt trees in the front of the house. A broken window is on the right half of the house, as well as two others in seemingly random places. A light is on in one of the rooms with a window.

You decide that you have no choice but to ask the owner of the house for directions. You muster your courage, then walk up the the cracked cement driveway. Each time you take a step the sound echoes through the air. You come to a tiny, furry black box, as if made for jewelry, in the middle of the driveway. You impulsively pick it up, wondering why it would be in such a place. As you analyze the object you find that there is a tiny keyhole on the front of it. With the intentions of returning it to its owner, who you assume is also owner of the land you are standing on, you slip it into your pocket.

You continue your trek up the driveway, which soon turned into gravel, then into dirt. You see a golden sparkle from the grass on the right side of the path. You walk over to where you thought you saw the glow and thread your fingers through the grass. Your hand comes back up holding what looked to be a tiny key.

As you try to insert the key into the slot on the box an ear piercing creak makes you jump. You look up to find the door to the house opened, which was not how it was beforehand, at least not to your knowledge. A faint light invited you into the house. Remembering your original mission, you again store your findings in your pockets and jog the last stretch to the stoop. You bounce up the stairs and knock, trying to get the attention of anyone that may be in the house. You call out, but the only answer is that of the echo of your own voice.

You walk into the room, empty except of a single hanging light bulb. You look down at your feet to find a wooden trunk that wasn’t there seconds before. Upon examining the box you find that its contents are protected by a rusty lock. This reminds you of the little box and key you picked up earlier. You take them both out of your pocket and fit them together with no trouble. Upon opening the box you find an averaged-sized silver key.

Curiosity overtakes you once again as you fit the silver key into the old lock of the chest at your feet. You take a deep breath and turn the key. The box suddenly springs open. A freezing wind bursts forth at your face. You close your eyes and bend over, trying to protect yourself. The sound of chattering teeth attacks your ears from all directions. Your legs begin to feel warm, then your waist. The warm feelings slowly makes its way up your body. The warmth calms you, and when the comfort makes it to your neck you finally open your eyes. You gape at the sight before you. Decayed bones floated about on a red sea. The warmth begins to invade your open mouth. You try to shut it, but you aren’t quick enough; too much liquid already made it into your system. You watch as your vision turns a deep red, then fades into the darkness…