

Example Text: Mystery story

The bedroom cupboard

Creeeeek...bang! Creeeeek...bang! The old wooden gate swung slowly.

Frank stopped outside the gate. Cold and tired, he had been walking for hours in the dark. Frank was on his way to visit his mother, but his car had broken down in the middle of nowhere.

He looked past the gate towards the spooky looking house at the end of the path.

“Well, it’s better than spending the night out here,” Frank said.

As he knocked on the door, a creepy little man opened it and let him inside. “I have a spare room upstairs,” the man said.

“Thanks,” replied Frank.

The man showed Frank to the stairs. “Make yourself comfortable, but whatever you do, don’t open the cupboard.”

“I only want to get some sleep,” said Frank.

The creepy man gave a cackle as Frank left him to climb the stairs. “We’ll see!”

Frank walked into the room. It was small, dark and very dusty. But at least it had a bed.

Frank flopped down and closed his eyes. That was when he noticed a strange scratching noise. It seemed to be coming from the old cupboard in the corner, the one the man had told him not to open.

“It can’t be that bad,” Frank said. Reaching out, he grabbed the handle. It was ice cold. The hairs on his arms stood up and tingled. The scratching noise was louder now.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the handle turned.

Creeeeek! The cupboard door opened.

Frank leaned in to take a peek.

“Nooooooooooooo!”