

The Weird House



Jessica watched as the postman rode his motorcycle up the hill. He stopped in front of the weird old house at the top of the street. He looked scared.

He reached into his bag and pulled out a letter. He hesitated for a moment, shoved the letter into the letterbox, and then sped off as fast as he could.

Suddenly, there was a loud grinding sound and the letterbox began to shake. Then it started to move—all by itself! It zoomed across the garden, towards the house.



The front door slid open and the letterbox zoomed inside. A few seconds later it zoomed back out and the door closed.

“I reckon that place is haunted.”

Jessica yelped with fright. She turned around to see Sam, her twin brother, grinning at her. “I’m not so sure,” said Jessica.

“Really?” said Sam, an evil grin on his face. “Prove it! I dare you to go into the garden.”

Jessica hesitated.

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“You’re not scared, are you?”
taunted Sam.

“No,” said Jessica.

“Then go into the garden.”

“Sure,” said Jessica, looking at Sam.
“As long as you come with me.”

“What? Me?”

“Unless *you’re* scared?” grinned
Jessica. She knew that her brother
would never admit to being afraid.

“Me? Scared? No way!” said Sam.
“Let’s go!” He led the way to the front
gate and held it open for Jessica.

