

# **Furbaby Adventures**

## *The Missing Flashlight*

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1st. Place

In the stillness surrounding the house, the only sound was the buzzing of the flies. The air was hot, so stifling hot that you could see the heat waves. The door of the house was slightly ajar, just enough so they could see inside. It was an eerie place. Just being there brought about an uncomfortable nervousness in Jasmine. Downright scared, is what she was!

“Oh, why did I come with you guys?” Jasmine whined. “I could be at home now lying on the lawn, or playing ball. You guys are always getting into trouble!”

“Go back to the car then!” Ezra huffed. “I’m exploring!”

“Me too!” Jasper yelled in excitement.

“It’s too far to go back by myself! I don’t want to go alone!” Jasmine blurted. “I’ll stay, but if I get hurt, I’m telling mom.”

“Then brave up and keep quiet!” huffed Ezra, with an annoyed look. “We don’t get out often, and I’m making good use of my free time,” he snarled at her.

Ezra slowly pushed the door, so that it opened all the way. The door hinges were rusty and squeaked horribly. He pushed it hard, to get it to move.

Swish!!! A bird flew out the door, right past Ezra, almost hitting him in the face. Jasmine screamed loudly with surprise of it.

“Uhg! You screamed right into my ear! It was just a bird, silly girl!” laughed Jasper. He took his first step into the dusty, deserted, old house, followed by Ezra. Close behind was Jasmine, who only followed, because she didn’t want to stay outside by herself.

This is a scary yard, she thought. As she looked around, she saw tall grass and thistles, and scraggly caragana shrubs that had almost grown into trees. The broken, rusty machinery lying about, added to the eeriness. Not to mention the way the paint was peeling off the house! In Jasmine’s mind, peeling paint was always a sign of a haunted house.

Inside, the house was tiny. The kitchen and living room were joined, creating an area that seemed like a small box with a window. There was a wooden table with a single chair just under the window. Dead flies and insects caked the window ledge. The curtains, hinted at being pink and frilly at one time, but now were shredded and stained yellow by whatever sun had made its way through the cobweb-covered glass.

As they stood at the entrance, to their right, they could see an old, brown, cloth, rocking chair. Behind the chair stood a metal lamp, its shade yellowed with age. Cobwebs clung to the lamp and hung down to the chair. The faded wallpaper, flowered and stripped, also had its falling corners decorated with cobwebs.

"I hope none of this gets in my hair. It's gross!" exclaimed Jasmine. "I just had a bath."

The floor creaked loudly as Jasper started through the house, with the other two following closely. Jasper looked to his left and noticed a stairway leading down to the basement.

"Look Ezra, basement stairs!" Jasper whispered loudly. "Should we go down?"

"Ya, of course we should!" exclaimed Ezra. "This is going to be more interesting than I thought. Let's go! Do you have the flashlight?"

No, guys no!" shrieked Jasmine, as loudly as her quivering voice would allow. "We shouldn't go. I don't feel safe. We should go back to the car."

"You're just a big chicken," Jasper barked. "I'll go first, scaredy pants."

Jasper turned on the flashlight; looked at his friends; smiled; took a deep breath; and turned back to take the first step down.

Just then, a loud bang came from below. Jasmine screamed! They all froze!

"You did that, didn't you, Ezra?" Jasper laughed.

"Naahh, I didn't do it! Ezra replied, with a shaky voice.

Then, BANG. Another big bang came from the basement. Jasper flashed the light down the stairs, and what they saw made them all scream at once. Jasper dropped the flashlight, and they ran screaming, terrified, as fast as their legs would carry them.

They could hear whatever it was, with its glowing eyes, stomping up the stairs. The banging was getting louder and louder. It felt closer and closer. They scurried out the door and ran down the lane. They were totally out of breath when they reached the car.

As they raced to get into the car, I woke up. My three, beautiful dogs had jumped onto my bed, waking me from my crazy dream.

Is it just a coincidence that I haven't seen my flashlight since?