

## The Attic

Daffy has always been a curious child, too bad that curiosity would lead to something much less innocent. Daffy loves the house she lives in. It is an old Victorian house with 3 floors and an attic. Daffy frequently heard sounds and smells rotting food from within the attic, but she didn't think much of it. Eventually she got tired of it, so she decided to check it out.

It was 2:30 A.M, so she had to be extremely careful not to make a sound. As she climbed the stairs the smell of rotting food got worse. She shone her flashlight on the floor to reveal a trail of huge bloody footprints. It sent shivers down her spine. She then heard the low distorted sound of human laughter. She was terrified! Then a clown with curly red hair and a dirty rainbow colored outfit peaked out of the corner. It charged at her and scratched her leg! She fell to the ground with a thud. The clown, startled, ran back into the darkness.

A look of relief washed over her face as she heard her mom call her from downstairs. "Daffodil Violet James! What on earth are you doing at this hour?!"

Daffy ran downstairs as fast as she could to her moms room. She gave her a hug and began to cry.

"What on earth is going on?" her mom said, "Why are you crying?"

Daffy told her about the terrifying clown and the rotting food. To her surprise her mom just said she was just having a vivid nightmare. Daffy eventually agreed and went back to bed.

When she woke up the next morning she was relieved that she was safe and her mother must have been right about the nightmare.

Later her mother asked her to go get the wreath out of the attic. When she got to the top of the stairs she stood with terror in her eyes. On the floor in front of her was a singular strand of red curly hair!

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