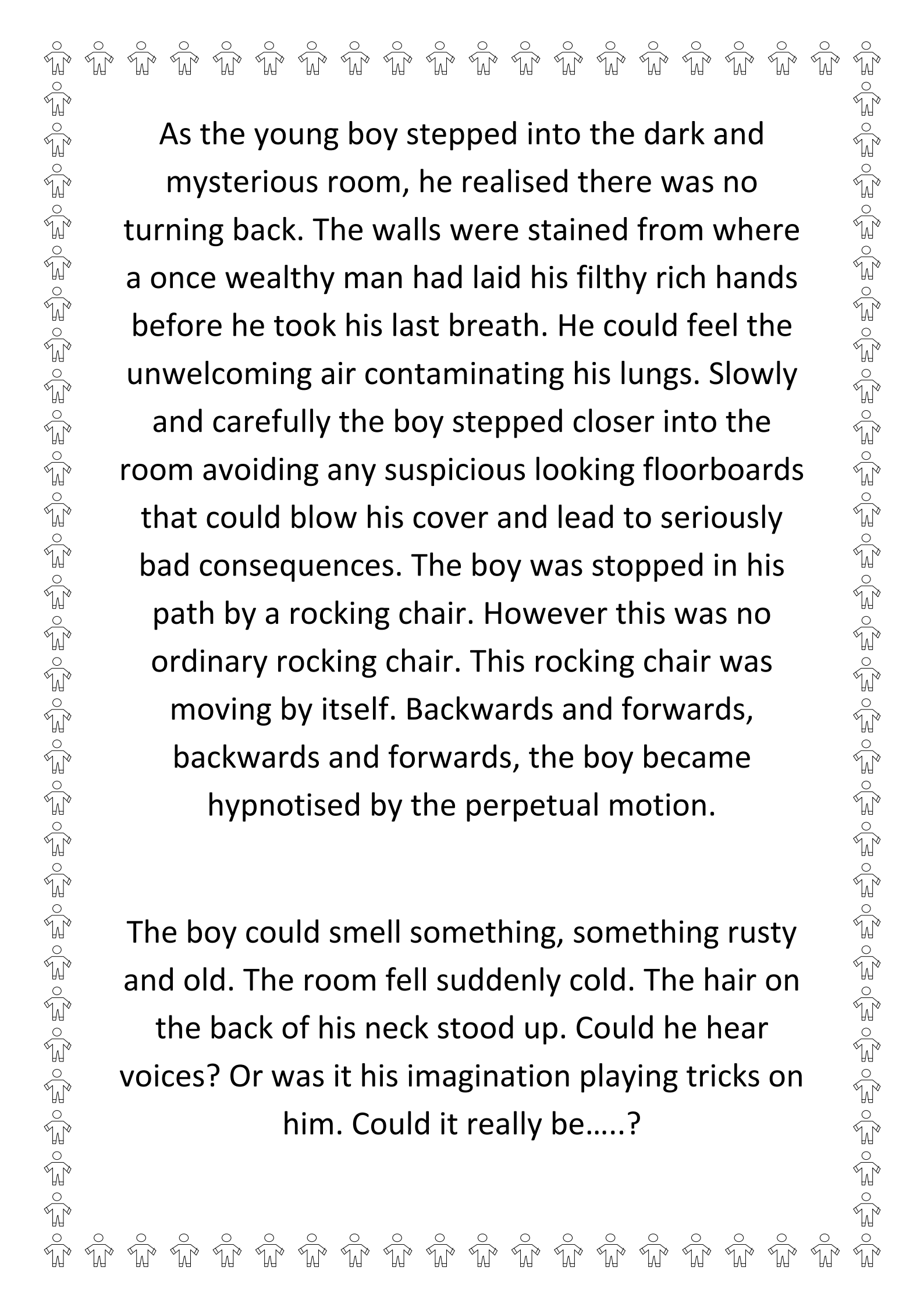




# The Rocking Chair

By Josie Phyllis



As the young boy stepped into the dark and mysterious room, he realised there was no turning back. The walls were stained from where a once wealthy man had laid his filthy rich hands before he took his last breath. He could feel the unwelcoming air contaminating his lungs. Slowly and carefully the boy stepped closer into the room avoiding any suspicious looking floorboards that could blow his cover and lead to seriously bad consequences. The boy was stopped in his path by a rocking chair. However this was no ordinary rocking chair. This rocking chair was moving by itself. Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, the boy became hypnotised by the perpetual motion.

The boy could smell something, something rusty and old. The room fell suddenly cold. The hair on the back of his neck stood up. Could he hear voices? Or was it his imagination playing tricks on him. Could it really be.....?