

The Haunted Treasure

Inside an old, abandoned manor, five people trudged through a wide damp corridor. None of them were meant to be there and none knew of the horrors that awaited them inside. Three men guided by their greed; two children unexpectedly dragged along. They had simply been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

“If you don’t quicken your pace, we will leave you behind,” snarled the men’s leader, Sir Ivor Mallicious. “You do that, then Zach and I will get out of here to tell the police!”, retorted Charlie. Mallicious laughed, “If you try, my good henchmen, Gaz and Baz, will feed you to whatever animals live here.”

They had reached the end of the hallway, opening into a wide study, littered with rotting skeletons. “Wonder who died here, sir?” said Baz. No sooner had he said it when rat-sized beetles with razor-sharp teeth started emerging from the cracks in the walls, racing to devour the strips of flesh on the floor. The group started to run which alerted the bugs. “Quick!”, shouted Gaz. Baz was falling behind the group. Mallicious was at the door. Seeing the bugs at Baz’s feet, he started to close it. “Wait!”, Baz screamed frantically as the door slammed shut. On the other side, Gaz listened to his brothers howls of agony as he was silenced forever.

Minutes later, in a gloomy passageway the two men argued. “If I didn’t close the door, we would all be dead,” growled Mallicious. “If you had waited a little longer, my brother would be alive,” whimpered Gaz. “Forget it,” Mallicious said. “We are here for the riches!” The passage opened into a musty-smelling room that held the stench of death. “Where are we?”, questioned Zach. “This place reeks of dog,” said Charlie. Mallicious stumbled around in the darkness only to find red, demonic orbs floating in front of him. His eyes adjusted to reveal three massive, black hounds bearing jagged fangs the size of steak knives. They ran again, Mallicious at the front of the group, sprinting to the exit. Gaz pulled out his gun, a polished rifle, and fired at the beasts. The children were at the door, Mallicious not far behind them. “Wait!”, shouted Gaz. The dogs were advancing on him. “You or me? I’d rather it be you,” cackled Mallicious. The door slammed. “You traitor,” Gaz screamed as a hound leapt upon him. The children ran, hearing the predators rip apart their victim.

Mallicious strolled down the corridor with the children at gunpoint. “Move you brats, I want what I came for.” Finally, the man found the endless piles of gold and treasures. He was so lost in his greed, he failed to hear the two boys fade into the darkness. “C’mon you little brats, I want all of this out of here”. He did not notice the two skeletal hands reaching out for his throat. As the boys ran, hearing choked screams, they wondered...

Will we get out of here?