

Sherlock Holmes!

and the Music box

I was dumbfounded by how huge this mansion was. The manor stood on the edge of a cliff, surrounded by a forest. The storm was violent, the sky unleashed its fury the day Benedict Lawrence, an estate agent who knows every land and every nearby, asked me to solve this mysterious case. The rain was slapping our faces and the wind almost got us. Mr. Lawrence told me that the previous owners left one week after moving in; they testified seeing something uncanny living here. The latest owner did not pay his rent for months. He tried to call him several times, after a moment, he decided to visit him, but he found him laying on the floor, not breathing, dead.

When we reached the front door, we were almost soaked to the skin, covered by mud.

Suddenly, I saw through the window a shadow running upstairs. Mr. Lawrence opened the cracking door leading to the hallway, which was so dark I couldn't see the lifeless body laying, very still on the floor. After lightening a candle, and thanks to the dim light of the moon, we would eventually see the gloomy and dusty room. All of a sudden, we heard something heavy falling on the floor. We both turned to see from where the noise was coming from. We quickly understood it was coming from the flowerpot which just fell. Upstairs, something furtive made the wooden floor crack. Mr. Lawrence started shivering.

A sweet melody started playing; the sound was far from us. I took the candle and decided to follow the sound. The glimmer of the candle was little by little making every picture displayed in the corridor dance on the wall. The music was getting louder as we were approaching a new room. I opened the door, entered the room, and saw a music box placed on the floor at the back of the room. I slowly walked towards the child's toy, as if I was bewitched. Little did I know...

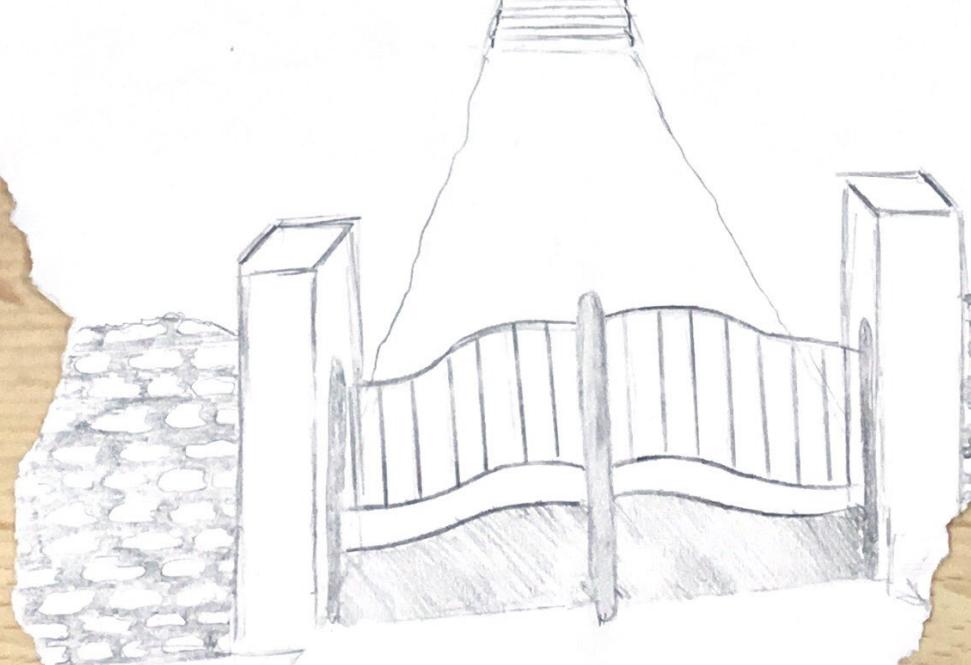
The door suddenly slammed. I turned around by reflex. The music stopped. I started to gradually turn around but felt a warm breath which switched off the candle. I glanced at the music box, I could barely see. Horrified, I saw it. I saw the thing which killed him...

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The
HOLYROOD ABBEY
ruins



She was sitting
alone, in the dark, in the middle
of the room, afraid, anxious, yet curious. Legs and arms
crossed, she looked around the room with a worried look plastered
on her face. Unable to move, the little girl tried to make out shapes
across the room, but failed miserably due to the darkness
of those Endinbrugh nights. When all of a sudden:
"SCREEEECHHHH",
she heard the noise coming from a nearby room in
the abbey. A very sharp but high pitched noise. As if
furniture was being moved, dragged languidly across
the hard wood flooring. A couple of seconds went
past before she heard the noise again, but closer to her.
Outside, a strong breeze was whistling and repeatedly
came into contact with the rusty old windows. Startled,
the girl turned her head instantly and screamed in a
high pitched voice. Behind her stood a tall figure
dressed in black, holding a bloody knife ...



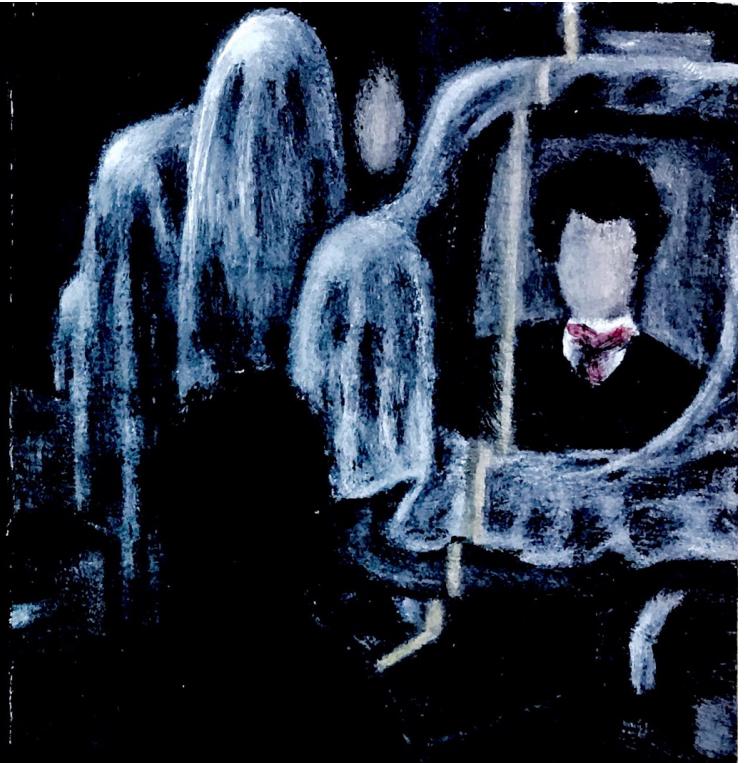
John

The axe man.

She hitched her horse in front of the inn and knocked three times on the door.

After a few minutes a man opened the door and stared intently at Juliette. After looking at her from head to toe, he let her in. As soon as she set foot in this place, she felt a deep unease. Also the luminosity was low so she could barely see the inside of this inn in the dark. Probably caused by an intense smell of rurification she felt disgusted. She came in and the man asked her if she wanted something to drink. So she just asked him for a glass of water; he turned around and headed for the kitchen. The longer she spent in this place the worst she felt and the man took a long time to come back from this gloomy kitchen. When he finally came back, he did not have a glass of water in his hands but a rusty axe.

Emmy Musso, Stella Marocco.



heloise and milena

The abandoned house was quite silent as compared to the other day when he heards laughs in it. When he entered into the house, a gloomy atmosphere was felt. No light. Only the moon by the windows. In the living room, the furniture was covered with sheets.

On one of the sofas a painting was posed. He quickly took off the sheet and discovered something terrifying... His own portrait! He had cut breath? He was breathless? He slowly took the painting in his hands and the shadow of a man appeared suddenly and took it out of his hands...

GENIN Florane
BRACCO Eva 1-B





The lack of noises was oppressing her greatly.

Actually, the whole mansion had a gloomy and sinister atmosphere that was making her very uncomfortable.

Sighting movements in her field of vision, she began to feel terrified and, hearing the floorboard cracking, she started to run outside. She decided to flee into the forest that surrounded the utterly scaring building and ran as fast as possible. The dim, gloomy light from the moon shone through the sharp branches and created an even more frightening atmosphere contrasting with the surrounding darkness that was terrifying her. Suddenly, something rubbed her shoulder. She turned around, almost paralysed with fear and started to scream.



Suddenly in the night, Freddy woke up and decided to go to the bathroom. Fearfully, he walked down the dark hallway. Unusually, the parquet floor creaked with every step he took. It echoed throughout the mansion, which he had bought recently. A shrill cry gave him shivers, Jesus invaded ^{me} ~~Freddy~~.

With courage and persuasion he decided to go to the bathroom anyway. Once out, Freddy heard frightening footsteps going up on his wooden stairs. The footsteps kept getting closer, louder and louder, in his direction. Freddy was terribly panicked, he started ~~running~~ towards the bathroom, which was the only room that was locked. In the dark, the atmosphere was palpable, he was really anxious, he decided to light a candle, silently.

He was shaking with fear. He ~~strikes~~ ^{striked} the match, ~~lights~~ ^{lit} the candle, turns around and remains frozen. Before him stands this monstrous creature that has blown out and extinguished his candle. That ~~Reed~~ had just blown out