

“Don’t you two go anywhere near that house, it’s dangerous,” called Ben’s mum as she struggled through the front door, her arms loaded with bags of shopping.

“No, we won’t. We’re only going to the park,” yelled Ben as he and his best friend, Jack, slammed the front door and strolled down the pavement, grinning at each other. As soon as they were at the end of the street, they burst out laughing.

“I think we fooled her, “ sniggered Ben and he quickly glanced around to check no-one was in sight. Breaking into a jog, the two boys hurried down Oak Lane, passing the rusty school gates, the corner shop and you’ve guessed it.. the entrance for the park.

Soon they had reached their destination. A blanket of ivy clung to the crumbling red-brick wall which surrounded the house and the huge iron gates crawled with fierce brambles and tangled briars.

“You open it then, you’re the oldest,” whispered Jack, nudging Ben towards the gate,  
“You’re such a wimp,” muttered Ben and the gates creaked open as he leaned on them. Ben crunched up the gravel drive and passed the wild, weed-infested garden, toward the front door with Jack trudging reluctantly behind him. To his amazement, when he turned the brass door handle, the weathered wooden door swung open with hardly a squeak.

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