

Write a description of an unusual place to stay, as suggested by this picture



Heavy and haphazard raindrops tumbled out of the granite sky overhead, making their best effort to drench the gravelly floor beneath me. Crunching and crackling, the gravel pathway groaned under foot as my battered walking boots trod over them. Skeletal branches towered above; thick tree trunks lined my vision, like skyscrapers in a capital city. Their bare branches danced and swayed in the gentle yet crisp winter winds: taunting, mocking me- as if warning me that I should in fact finish my holiday already and return home. As I deepened my journey into the dilapidated wood, alarm bells began ringing; gently at first. Perhaps this wasn't what I had envisioned.

As the rain fall intensified, and my energy levels depleted, I caught a glimpse of the cabin I had booked for my getaway. The thatched rooftop poked out jaggedly from behind the line of trees: tall and bold, standing united, like soldiers protecting their country. The closer I stepped, the louder the alarm bells rang in my head. Smoke billowed out of the crumbling brick chimney, diffusing into the now gun metal gray sky, as day rolled into evening. My senses were flooded with anxiety as a feeling of foreboding washed over me like a tidal wave- I thought I was the only one staying here? After all, this house had been empty for a decade before I booked it; perhaps I should have read the signs sooner.

Despite the anxiety and sheer fear that coursed through my veins, I continued my journey toward the peculiar cabin. Washed out white paint, crumbled and crispy, flaked onto the forest floor, polluting pure nature. Naked vines snaked upwards, enveloping the petite building, strangling it with their malformed arms. My vision tracked to the left, eyes darting all over the

house as I was now possessed by sheer curiosity; despite the sickening lack of familiarity that lingered above me like a rain cloud.

Shaking and trembling, I raised my hand, grazing it on the rusted door handle. My fingers travelled the bumps and dents as my eyes studied the archaic oak door; evidently eaten away by time, as sections had rotted away. With a deep, shaking breath, I silenced my conscience, muting the alarm bells that blared inside my head and gripped the door handle. The old oak whined and groaned with the pressure of my body, crying out as it swept to the side, revealing the interior.

Pristine; perfect: like a scene from a sixties movie covered in a blanket of dust. I wiped my muddy, sodden wet boots on the doormat. The words "Welcome!" staring back at me in faded black lettering. Immediately my nose was hit with the smell of cooking, cherry pie to be exact, mixed with the faint smell of must. The sweet, sickly smell invaded my nostrils.

I frowned. How peculiar.

I followed the stench, my nose guiding me as if in a trance, until I reached the kitchen. My eyes bounced around the room, unsure of what to think, what to focus upon, what to do. It was like I had just stepped foot into a time capsule, as if I had travelled back decades.

Circular and central, the kitchen table perched in the middle of the room. The once vivid red and white tablecloth now tinged yellow and baby pink, fallen victim to the poison of the sun's rays. A singular chair sat a few inches back to the rest, slightly wonky, as if someone had *just* left. A newspaper lay crumpled and discarded atop the table, pages folded into one another, as if they were desperately concealing something. Dishes were stacked haphazardly in the sink, cupboard doors open, fridge wide open. Baking ingredients scattered the worktops: the previous owners' lives immortalised within the furniture. As my heart rate increased, I hastily turned on my heels, desperate to escape from what I had thought would be a luscious, relaxing getaway cabin, which had turned into a nightmare. Not before checking the date on the newspaper, my heart sank deep into the pit of my stomach: September 3rd, 1964.

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