

SCARY NIGHT

by Jacqui Isherwood

The storm raged, windows rattled. She snuggled down. Suddenly the window opened and cold air and rain filled the room. Grumbling she jumped up and closed it. A large black dog walked across the lawn. It turned, looked, then walked on. She felt icy cold. Donning dressing gown and slippers, she ran downstairs and opened the front door. Standing there was the dog, saliva dripping from yellow teeth. She screamed, turned and ran, reached a door. It would not open. Dog barked. She woke.