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It was late at night, and I was sitting all alone in my room. Outside the wind was racing. The branches from the big tree outside my room were banging on my window.

It was full moon. The wind was stronger now. Leaves and sticks flew in the air. And suddenly - a crash!! It sounded as if a window had shattered downstairs. 'But the windows are strong,' I thought. 'They cannot just break.'

I got really frightened. I called for my mum and dad. 'Mum?', 'Daaaad?' No reply. 'Where is everybody?' I thought and looked out the window.

And then I heard it. Footsteps on the staircase. Someone - or something - was dragging its feet up the stairs. The steps came closer and closer. And they stopped outside my door.