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Haunted houses

It's a rainy spring. Haunted houses are empty, waiting for me to visit them. I used to visit them when I was little. I took some crayons with me and started to draw on the walls. I drew stories from my minds, stories the ghosts had told me in my sleep. A little boy was choked to death by his father, it was in the early 1900's. The boy was five and his name was Karl. I could only draw one thing only most of the time, and it was his dead body lying on the cold floor. I then learned how to spell my first word: D-E-A-D.

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