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### **The Creepy Garden**

On a snowy, dark, cold winter night in 1955, the wind was whistling around my body. The snow covered the ground and I was standing in the middle of the Claudence Garden in Greece. Leaves were falling all around as the insects crawled around the floor. No birds were chirping; no one was chatting. There were only the footsteps of the wind. It was very quiet and creepy.

I stood friendlessly in the garden. I waited for laughters from people on the road below, but I still felt lonely, as if I had been standing here for centuries and centuries.

I watched in wonder as the snow fell from the sky while I stood in the shadow of the big tree. It was just like ghosts swirling at your back, and I thought that this place gave me creeps! I headed back home as the sound of the scary, mysterious ghosts echoed in my mind.

