

Mr L's House

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Chapter 1

by Helen Kampion

Eva saw the light just before dawn on a Saturday morning. The shimmering colors against her bedroom curtains had woken her up. Or maybe it had been the noise, a low rumble like a subway train approaching.

The clock read 4:17 AM as Eva sat up in bed and looked over at her twin sister, Lacey. Somewhere beneath the pile of covers, Lacey slept like a hibernating bear.

Eva hopped up from her bed, crossed the carpeted room to the window, and pulled back the curtain. The glare from the street lamps reflected on the wet surface of the road, even though Eva knew there hadn't been any rain in the forecast.

She scanned the street and, at first, nothing struck her sleepy brain as strange. Newspapers dotted the driveways. Overflowing trash cans stood next to mail boxes. A few bikes lay scattered on lawns.

Then she saw it.

She rubbed her eyes in disbelief. A blueish-green oval light about twelve inches long hovered in front of the white Victorian house across the street. Mr. L's house.

Eva ran over to her sister and shook her. "Wake up Lacey! Wake up!"

"Huh? What's going on?" Lacey asked.

"There's something weird at Mr. L's house." Eva flung off the blankets and dragged Lacey to the window. "Look! Look at the light!"

Lacey yawned and peered out the window. “I don’t see anything.”

Eva pushed her aside and watched as the light stretched into a long thin strip and ran along the outside edges of the house.

“Look again, Lacey. The whole house is glowing like someone outlined it with tiny Christmas lights! Even the gables have lights.”

Lacey looked again. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. The house is dark.”

Before Eva could argue, the noise returned. It wasn’t a rumble any longer, but more like a loud whispered chant in an odd language. It seemed to swirl in the air of the bedroom.

“Do you hear that?” asked Eva. She strained to decipher the words, but they weren’t like anything she’d ever heard.

“Hear what? All I hear is a dog barking.”

The chanting suddenly stopped, but its echo bounced off the bedroom walls for a few seconds longer. Outside, at least a block away, a dog howled.

Eva returned to the window. The light across the street flickered. As the dog’s barking intensified, the light faded more and more until it disappeared.

“The light’s gone,” said Eva.

“There never was any light,” said Lacey. She shuffled back to bed and plopped down on her coverlet.

“I know what I saw,” Eva insisted. “But why Mr. L’s house?”

Lacey sighed. “Okay. I’ll play along. Why Mr. L’s? Because he’s

a creepy old guy who reads minds, finds lost things, and predicts the future. He's probably some sort soothsayer with magic powers."

"You don't really believe the rumors do you?" asked Eva.

"Maybe. Maybe not. I don't know. I'm tired of talking." Lacey snuggled under the covers and in less than a minute was sound asleep.

Eva leaned against her pillows. Why didn't Lacey see the light or hear the noise? As she replayed the scene in her mind, weariness engulfed her as if she'd been up for days. She could barely keep her eyes open. What was going on? Moments ago, she'd been wide awake.

Eva's last thought, before tumbling into a deep, dreamless sleep, was that Mr. L was up to something. Something secret.

The clock read 11:08 AM when Eva awoke with a start. She knew what she had to do. She jumped out of bed, threw on her clothes, and hustled down to the kitchen.

The smell of cinnamon mixed with coffee filled the warm room. On the counter was a note: "Errands with Lacey. Help yourself to buns. Be home by 1PM. Love, Mom."

Good, Eva thought. Now she wouldn't have to explain anything.

Eva gobbled her breakfast and headed over to Mr. L's house. She wiped her sweaty hands on her pants as she crossed the street. Taking a deep breath, she crept up the brick path to the front door. She'd never actually spoken to Mr. L, just waved back at him on her way to school. But Eva needed to speak to him now.

As she drew closer, her eyes darted back and forth over the

house searching for any evidence of the light. Maybe burn marks? Eva saw only peeling paint and dangling shutters. A small shiver tickled her back. She wondered whether it was a mistake to come alone. Maybe she should leave and come back with Lacey, but it would be torture to wait two whole hours for her to get home.

Eva grabbed the handrail on the steps and climbed toward the porch. The rotten steps sagged beneath her feet. As she reached the third one, her foot sunk through the wood up to her ankle. She lost her balance and toppled into the railing. Steadying herself, she carefully removed her foot. She imagined the worst but there was only a small scrape above her ankle. It would take more than that to keep her from investigating the light.

Once on the porch, Eva approached the front door. Instead of a doorbell, there was a bronze wolf-headed door knocker. Its vacant eyes seemed to stare at her. She raised her hand to grasp it, but jerked back. Had the eyes moved?

Eva was about to reach for the knocker again when she had an even better idea. Slowly, she tiptoed across the porch to Mr. L's front window. She rubbed a clear spot on the pane, cupped her hands around her face, and peeked inside.

The room appeared empty, but as she looked closer, the hairs on her neck prickled. Her heart double-timed.

What Eva saw was the last thing she would have ever expected.

Chapter 2

by Thomas McCarthy

She had never seen anything like it. Mr L was building some kind of monster in his house. It was at least 8 feet tall with 3 eyes and four legs. Eva gasped. She didn't know what she was going to tell her Mum. She ran to her house and locked the door. She tried to ring her mum but it went straight to answerphone. She didn't know what to do about it. Her sister wasn't home, she was by herself, "I hope he didn't see me!" Eva said to herself.

About ten seconds later there was a knock on the door. Eva looked through the curtains and it was Mr L. He knocked again and again, didn't stop knocking. He finally stopped, but it was at least 2 hours later and Mum still wasn't home. It was 2pm by now. Eva peeked through the curtains one more time, but now nobody was there. That is strange she thought to herself. She went through the front door and over to Mr L's house and peeked through the window again. Still nothing was there.

Eva decided to go through Mr L's front door. There was a big creak, she heard footsteps up the stairs. Eva went to go and investigate, but nothing was there. That's strange she thought. However, when she looked behind her it was just a dog, but the dog was looking at something. It was a monster sleeping. She scampered back downstairs and saw through the window that her mum was home. "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN MUM?!" Eva demanded running up to her mother. Mum said that she got caught up in traffic. "FOR TWO HOURS?" Eva shouted. Mum assured Eva that it wouldn't happen again and that was that. Eva told her everything, all about the monster and everything else, but Mum didn't believe her. Eva was going to have to figure this out herself.

If her Mum didn't believe her then who would? She thought long and hard about this, then she thought about her sister Lacey. "Hey Mum, where is Lacey?" asked Eva. "I am not sure look upstairs." replied her mother. She didn't really want to go upstairs but she had to. Eva heard music in her bedroom. This meant Lacey was definitely in the room. She knocked on the door and went in. Lacey was on her bed listening to music. "What do you want?" Lacey snapped. "I need to tell you something. Mr. L is building a monster in his house." explained Eva. "Prove it!" Lacey demanded.

Together they scurried over to Mr L's house and slowly and carefully opened the front door. "Wow, you were right, he is building a monster!" Lacey exclaimed.

Chapter 3

by Caitlin Mockford

Creak! Mr L had opened the door. Oh no! Lacey and Eva thought as they sprinted for the gap in the door, but Mr L had grabbed the back of Lacey's T-shirt. " Help!!" cried Lacey. Eva wanted to get out alive. She was not sure whether or not to save her sister. She decided not to save Lacey.

She sped over to her house and called the fire department , the police and the ambulance, but they said to stop telling stories they weren't coming. Her Mum wasn't in the house, she was gardening. She rushed towards her Mum screaming that Mr L had grabbed Lacey and dragged her into his house. Her Mum believed Eva this time. Eva had always wondered if she had a Dad, so her Mum sat down and told her that her Dad stormed off when he found out that she was pregnant.

When they had finished their conversation her Mum and Eva ran over to Mr L's and Mum asked Eva to dash home to grab the ladder. Eva was fast so she came back with the ladder within five minutes. Her Mum bounded up the ladder and into the top story of his house where there were shards of glass window. Their Mum carefully stepped through the broken window into the room. Mr L made sure that Eva's Mum had gotten in so he could grab Eva. He took his chance and grabbed Eva and put her with Lacey down in his stinky horrible basement. Duct tape was over Lacey's mouth so she couldn't speak. Eva carefully removed the tape.

When their Mum couldn't find Lacey she climbed back down the ladder to find Eva gone. The girls Mum spotted an axe in the bushes. She grabbed it and swung the axe at the door four times and the door burst inwards. The girls mother rushed in and spotted Mr L and stood there with her eyes wide with amazement then Mr L said "Monica". Eva and Lacey sprinted for their Mum and grabbed onto her and asked why on earth

Mr L knew her name. Lacey and Eva's Mum started talking and saying that Mr L was their father. Mr L came up and hugged Eva and Lacey and hugged Monica. Eva decided it all made sense, their last name was Linburgh. Mr L said that he would come and live with them again. He had also decided that he would kill his monster, because his monster had started destroying everything in his way. The girls Mum wanted Mr L back. Eva and Lacey were very excited they finally had a dad, which they had wanted for ages, but if Eva's Dad ever hurt their Mum again they would kick him out of their lives forever.