

## ***THE FORGOTTEN HOUSE.....***

By Graham Bishop 1974

This house has seen many years, stood through seasons unlimited. Today it is cold and lonely, standing in the direction the cool west wind blows. It shivers at each new breath of wind. The wind is mocking it, chasing through the shutters, playing around the eaves, and swirling through the house.

Inside it is lonely and gloomy. The crafty spider has woven thick webs from roof to floor and from wall to wall, showing its artistic design. The floor boards creak as if an unseen visitor is walking.

All of a sudden, as if the house is angry, it will bang its window shutters and bang the doors.

Down in the cellar the cold grey light filters through a crack in the cellar door, shedding its pale light on objects long forgotten. A door mouse scampers across the floor as if it is frightened of the house.

The doors bang again as if calling out this time to a much wanted, distant visitor.

Then the frenzy of pleading stops, there is quiet. The spiders wait, the mouse sits, the wind stops its game. There is quietness, waiting, waiting.....