

The Cow Creamer

Somewhere in South London, 1995

"Look, the window's open."

"Yeah, so what?"

"We could go in and have a look around."

"Why would we do that?"

"There might be stuff worth nicking."

"Yeah and there might be a load of dust and a ghost or two, this place has been empty for years."

"So you're scared of ghosts, what a wimp!"

"No, I'm not, just think it might be a bit dark and creepy in there."

"Well I'm going in, you can stay out here Mr Chicken."

Liam watched as Paul looked around to check no one was coming, then yanked up the sash window and scrambled over the ledge. There was a dull thud as he hit the floor on the other side.

"You coming?"

Liam looked around, the street was still empty. He took a deep breath and pulled himself on to the window ledge then slithered down into the room.

"Quick, pull the window down in case someone comes past."

Liam stood on tiptoe and with some effort pulled the window down.

"It's like I said, full of dusty old furniture, nothing worth nicking."

There was a big dining table in the middle of the room coated in a thick layer of dust with six chairs pulled up to it. Several other large pieces of furniture were covered in dust sheets.

"Let's try another room, we might find something there."

"It'll be getting dark soon, mum will be wondering where I am, I think we ought to leave."

"Come on, just one more room, mummy's boy."

Liam sighed and followed his friend through the open doorway into a dingy hallway, empty except for an old fashioned wooden coat stand skulking next to the front door. On the opposite side of the hall was a closed door.

"Let's try in here."

Paul turned the knob slowly and the door creaked open. There was a thick curtain across the window so it was almost in darkness. Liam could make out two sofas covered in dust sheets and a large sideboard against the back wall. "

"This is weird. Why do you think all the furniture is still here? Even the pictures haven't been taken down."

"Dunno. Maybe whoever lived here died and didn't have any family."

Liam shivered.

"Let's check out these ornaments." Paul moved to the sideboard and picked up a small china jug in the shape of a cow, sneezing as he blew off the dust.

"Do you think this is worth anything?"

"I don't know but I think we should go." Liam zipped up his jacket. "It's getting cold in here now too."

"OK but I'm taking this." Paul slipped the jug into his jacket pocket.

"Hey, it's getting really cold now, it's like there's a wind blowing through the house."

As he spoke there was a loud creak and the door of the room slammed shut.

Liam gasped and turned to Paul.

"Probably just a draught." Paul said in a slightly strangled voice, moving towards the door. He turned the knob but the door wouldn't open.