Kyle and Jasmine rode their bikes up the hill toward the Old Hickory Town mansion. They had been dared by their neighbor Trenton to go inside the gates and look around. Thunder rumbled in the distance, but Kyle didn’t see any lightning. He and his sister should be safe.

“What if it rains on us?” Jasmine asked.

“I guess we’ll get wet,” Kyle said. He huffed and puffed as he pedaled up the steep hill.

The mansion at the top had been a part of the town for over a hundred years. No one lived there and many people said it was haunted. They said the mansion crept into people’s dreams and spooked them. Just then, the skies opened. The clouds cried buckets of rain down on Kyle and Jasmine’s heads.

“Hurry!” Kyle said. They pedaled as fast as they could. Jasmine kept up, and soon they were at the top of the hill. Water dripped from their hair and clothes, and they found shelter under a huge, old tree.

“How will we get inside?” Kyle asked. He looked at the tall, iron fence around the mansion.

Jasmine pointed to the gate. “Look,” she said. “It’s unlocked.”

After a few minutes, the rain softened to a mist. They left the shelter of the tree and rode to the gate. Two giant pillars stood on either side of the gate. On top of the pillars were statues shaped like lions. The eyes of the lions followed them as they approached.

Kyle shivered.

“I guess it won’t be hard to sneak in,” Jasmine said. She pushed open the gate and
they walked their bikes onto the property. Vines and overgrown grass covered everything, even parts of the old mansion. Kyle and Jasmine rode to the front door. The rain had stopped, but they were still wet. The front door was huge. It towered over them angrily, as if it didn’t want them there. Kyle gulped.

“We don’t have to go inside,” he said. “Trenton only said we had to get inside the gates. We’ve already completed the dare.”

Jasmine shrugged. “I’m a little curious. If the door is locked, we won’t go in. But what if it’s open?”

Kyle wasn’t excited at the idea of going inside, but he didn’t want to seem like a chicken. He left his bike propped against the side of the house. He tried the door handle, and it turned. The hinges shrieked in terror as the door opened. The darkness greeted them.

“Did you bring a light?” Kyle asked. Jasmine shook her head.

They stepped inside. Scratching sounds echoed across the room, and Kyle’s heartbeat sped up.

“I think we better go!” he said.

Jasmine bolted out the door, and Kyle followed her. Before he could close the door, a giant creature bounded out after them. Kyle screamed and closed his eyes, but then he was covered by the furry creature. It licked his face.

Jasmine laughed, and Kyle opened his eyes. A giant dog sat on his chest. Its tongue hung out and its tail wagged.

Kyle laughed nervously. “I think we should go home now,” he said.

Jasmine grinned. “I think so too.”

They said goodbye to the dog, and they grabbed their bikes and rode home.

It had been a spooky night, but at least they had won the dare!
A Spooky Night
by Katie Clark

Underline the instances of personification within the story.

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“Did you bring a light?” Kyle asked. Jasmine shook her head.

They stepped inside the house and something rustled from the darkness. Scratching sounds echoed across the room, and Kyle’s heartbeat sped up.

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