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The Dare

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The Dare

Shelly Zim

The girl waited, nervous, scared,
To perform the act that she was dared.
Go into the house was what she was told,
The house was dark, she had to be bold.
Filled with spirits, was what she had heard,
If she didn't go in, she'd be called a nerd.

She was given the signal and slowly entered the house,
It was so quiet, you could hear the peep of a mouse.
Why had she done this? The thought kept filling
heard her head,
If she were lucky she'd leave the house alive;
if not, dead.
Suddenly, she heard a noise,
She stood at attention with such great poise.

It was just the wind that knocked at the door,
Or was it a ghost, waiting to possess her forever more?
She continued to walk, more nervous than ever,
She'll never forget this horrible endeavor.
Soon she reached the beautiful rose,
And touched it gently to her nose.

This was her proof that she was inside,
When her friends asked her, "How was the ride?"
Out of the blue, light filled the room,
Her heart was no longer filled with doom.
There stood her friends laughing and screaming,
The house wasn't haunted, the dare had no meaning!