

The decrepit basement was dark and filled with fresh footprints. Light beams came through filthy skylights, covered with cobwebs; the area was filled with specks of dust. Raindrops from the senior downpour hurried down to the skylights; vicious wind pushed at the branches of ancestral trees adjacent to the house. Carter felt isolated as if the world and everything in it were trapped within the attic itself.

“Huh?” Carter gasped. “This looks strange.” He had expected broken toys, cracked frames and a pile of leather-bound books just like his at home. However, as Carter explored this exotic basement further, he saw that he could not have been more wrong. Carter’s old-

fashioned Grandad's decrepit basement was unlike anything he had ever looked at before...