

The Monkey's Paw

by W.W. Jacobs

Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlor of the Laburnam Villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess, the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting by the fire.

The Landlady

by Roald Dahl

Bill Weaver had traveled down from London on the slow afternoon train, with a change at Reading on the way, and by the time he got to Bath, it was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the moon was coming up out of a clear starry sky over the houses opposite the station entrance. But the air was deadly cold and the wind was like a flat blade of ice on his cheeks...

There were no shops on this wide street that he was walking along, only a line of tall houses on each side, all of them identical. They had porches and pillars and four or five steps going up to their front doors, and it was obvious that once upon a time they had been very swanky residences. But now, even in the darkness, he could see that the paint was peeling from the woodwork on their doors and windows and that the handsome white facades were cracked and blotchy from neglect.

Waiting for Sebastian

By Richard Peck

Oh how I love the evening. Long summer evenings when the shadows of the trees creep in silent shapes across the lawn until they merge with night. I watch from this high window, framed by the old curtains held back by silk cords. I toy with the cords and watch the world dim.

Girl at the Window

By Richard Peck

Our house had renter's furniture in it, a living-room couch and beds. Mom slept in the bedroom downstairs. I took the attic room at the back, and it looked like nobody'd been up there in years. The closet door wouldn't stay shut, and there were more hangers than I needed. A foggy mirror hung over the dresser. A pale triangle on the wall showed where somebody had pinned up a pennant. At the back of one of the drawers was the kind of comb a girl uses. I dragged the bed nearer the window in case a breeze came up at night.

A trumpet vine had crawled up over the back porch roof and grew across my window. The sun came down in through the leaves, and one of these mornings I'd be getting up from school. I was in no hurry.