



The Face at the Window

Jim walked slowly up Telegraph Hill. It was a foggy afternoon in February. Every day Jim walked in front of an old mansion. It was a mysterious wooden building with a big garden and a fence around it. Jim often looked at it and thought, "What's inside? Why doesn't anyone live here?" That afternoon he stopped in front of the gate. He looked at the garden and the trees. What a strange place. No one took care of it. Then he looked up at the old mansion. He looked at the window on the second floor. There was a face behind it. He felt cold. It was the face of a little girl with long, dark hair. But no one lived in that mansion. Who was it? A ghost?

Jim didn't believe in ghosts, but *who* was the girl at the window? She looked down at him. He continued looking at the window. Suddenly the face of the girl disappeared.

Jim could not see well because it was very foggy. He decided to go home quickly.

