

windows and I couldn't see any lights inside. I creaked open the rusty gate and stepped up to the door. There was no doorbell or knocker so I pulled the letterbox and let it snap shut.

No response.

I crouched down and peered inside. There were stairs ahead and a door to my right.

I could hear breathing. Someone was in there.

“Mary?” I shouted. “Please can I talk to you?”

“I don't want any visitors,” said a woman's voice.

“It's for a school project,” I said. “I'm not trying to sell you anything.”

Mary didn't reply. I could hear nothing but the humming of her fridge and the ticking of a clock.

“Is it true you saw the Scissor Man?” I asked.

