

# Our New Old House

*Boom!*

A clap of thunder made the old house shake. Ramon huddled under the covers of his bed. A jagged streak of lightning lit up the room. *I hate this house*, Ramon thought. It was his first night in his new home. The house had belonged to his grandma. It was very, very old. Paint peeled off of the walls. The wood boards of the floor creaked when you walked on them.

The house looked really creepy at night, Ramon thought. The trees outside his windows looked like monsters in the dark. Their branches looked like long arms. They waved when the wind blew. The storm made everything extra creepy. Ramon hated storms anyway. But it somehow seemed worse in the old house.

Ramon pulled the covers off of his head. The thunder became quieter. Ramon drifted off to sleep. When he woke up, sun was streaming through his window. Ramon yawned and climbed out of bed.

The trees outside didn't look like monsters anymore. The branches had nice green leaves growing on them. Ramon could see a bird sitting on one of the branches. It chirped a happy song.

Ramon walked to the window and looked outside. It looked pretty nice in the daylight. A bubbling stream cut across the yard. A tire swing hung from one of the trees. A garden of flowers grew next to the tree. Butterflies flew around the flowers. "Maybe living here won't be so bad after all," Ramon said.