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### Catalpa Church

Standing on the side of an old dirt road is a building that was once a place of shelter but has long since been forgotten and left to be diminished by the course of nature. The church has now become a place of play to anyone brave enough to take a step into the church or the haunting graveyard that is hardly visible in the overgrowth of weeds and bushes. Catalpa Church is the setting for a lot of horrors, such as the number of bugs that plague the walls, the creepy cemetery that peers into its broken windows, and the sense of eerie presences that linger in every corner.

Just inside the doors of the church, which look like a splinter haven, is the community of spiders, wasps, and whatever other insects that decide to take refuge inside the mildewed carpet and on the moss-covered walls. In every nook and cranny of the building, an assortment of each exists. Spiderwebs coat everything. They almost piece together the holes of the windows, making the panes look only cracked instead of completely gone. It's almost as if the spiders are remodeling the old church to whatever suits them. The masses of wasps that live in the ceiling dominate the air, their noise echoing off the walls of the empty sanctuary. They build their nests high in the air so they will not be disturbed. The rest of the insects scurry about in numbers too high to count to their homes in the holes of the floor, walls, and ceiling.

Not to be outdone by the creepy crawlers is the church's cemetery. It is surrounded by a rusted iron fence, which is no longer in functional use, and overgrown weeds that are hopefully

the only living thing in the graveyard. Each of its old headstones is weather damaged to the point that the engravings are no longer decipherable; some headstones are even broken in half. The graveyard holds only a handful of headstones, but it is full of the scent of rotten leaves that look as if they've never been disturbed. The graves peep out of their hiding spots to stare at passersby whose journeys just so happen to run by the century-old area.

Adding to the haunting feeling that consumes the atmosphere is the presence of something that cannot be seen. It can be felt the moment someone enters the church's doors. The air is polluted by dust and apparitions, making one seem uneasy and causing chills that do not seem to be from a draft from the broken windows. One wonders if the presence of former churchgoers is being felt. Feeling the sense of someone standing near or hearing floors creak under the pressure of something that is not there gives chills to anyone who enters the church.

Catalpa Church has its own ancient beauty, haunting and thrilling everyone who enters. It has bugs that work to make their home there and a cemetery that watches over the church patiently while slowly being consumed by the overgrowth and leaves. Perhaps the ghosts will linger long after their sanctuary is no longer standing. The feeling that the church radiates will stay with anyone who's brave enough to enter or has the luck to fix eyes on its ugly, chipped exterior.