**Psychological Horror:
Knock, Knock who’s there?**

Sunday 13th November is the day Ivy Baxter would live her worst nightmare. The question is...who’s there?

Ivy is home alone, concentrating on finishing her coursework for the deadline the following day. She rapidly types away when a harsh knocking is heard from the front door. Contemplating whether to answer the door, she hurries down the stairs to find teenage boys running past the front window and onto the neighbour’s front porch. Ivy ignores the immature knock-door-run game and starts to walk back up to her bedroom when another knock is heard.
Sigh. Ivy prepares herself to exclaim the pathetic knocking game to the teenage boys and how it isn’t amusing in the slightest; briskly and reluctantly she opens the door. However this time, no one is there.
Not a sound. Not a peek of anyone in sight. Not a usual occurrence for the busy town of London.
Bewildered, Ivy walks up the stairs and continues with her coursework.
Knock.
But the knocking didn’t come from the front door.
It came from her bedroom door.