

Personification

Bashfully, the old house peered around the oak tree, arching its bushy brows in a questioning manner. Supported by a splintered walking stick, it shuffled forward to greet the passing stranger and weigh up its potential new companion.

Its foundations groaned as it cautiously approached the youthful foreigner. It had been so long since it had last decided to make a move that its joints had grown stiff...