



The Haunting by Jack Garcia 7E

I tossed and turned in bed. I felt something watching me. I slowly opened my pale eyelids, to be greeted with a horrible figure. Betty Wilshire, the girl who bullied me in secondary. but i thought she was dead. I knew she was dead. Because it was me who killed her. I pinched myself hoping it was a dream. It wasn't.

I got up and walked out of the door thinking i could be hallucinating. It was at the moment I saw something go through the door, literally, I realised what was happening. Her ghost was here to haunt me. I bolted down the stairs at tremendous speed. i did the worst thing you could do. going outside. I looked back to make sure she wasn't following me.

'Phew' I whispered, wiping my hot sweating head with a emerald-green handkerchief.

Suddenly I felt a blast of hotness. My house in the middle of the wood, now up in flames.

How could i be so stupid, i knew if she wasn't here following me she would be doing something worse.

'You made me do what i did to you,' i said in an unsettling tone 'you made me kill you'.

a faint hissing truck upon me 'you shall now pay for what you did' it said, 'i shall make sure you die in pain screaming, begging for your life,' she had a pale almost white skin and jet-black hair, huge big, completely white eyes and carried a small

brown teddy bear around with her, she had a green liquid dripping from her dress and her mouth was wide open, i could see all her teeth, they were as sharp as a lion's.

My eyes flooded with tears. I knew I was now doomed . I slowly walked back to my house trying to find a way to escape this. Suddenly I remembered. My grandad was a big fan of ghost stories so i was forced to watch ghost films 24/7 when i was there. 'Thankyou grandad' I whispered looking up into the starry, glassy night sky. Immediately I ran into my crumbling, burning house. I grabbed some fireworks from the garage, my phone from my room and a hunting rifle from the utility, as i was running out the door, the ceiling collapsed.'help me' I screamed in pain trying to get out of this hole I was in. I hated confined spaces. I was claustrophobic and she knew that. I slowly lifted the huge planks of wood and slate tiles off of my body, setting myself free, i was bleeding, bleeding like i have never before, i took off my jacket ,revealing the bruised skin on my arms, to cover and stop the bleeding on my tummy.I limped out of the the remain of the house. All I had now was a hunting rifle, my phone (which only had 60% left) and fireworks. My plan was to phone the police and my mum to come and help me, then i would set off fireworks to let them know where i was, and the hunting rifle.....i needed to eat and protect myself.

I called the police and told them my situation they told me it would take at least 4 hours for them to get here and the same for my mum.Plan ruined.I slowly made my way through the gravel and soot and hid myself.

'Come out, come out wherever you are' It snarled, she had the power again, i thought i was over this, i thought my time of being scared of her was over, little did i know, that wasn't even half as bad as now. I lit a firework from a wooden plank of the house and threw it to the other side of the house, she raced over quicker than a cheater. I took a small log and used it as a torch as I bolted through the forest, passing tree after tree. I threw another firework distracting her from me, my heart was racing just as fast as my running. Suddenly I remembered what Betty was allergic to. Ivy. I hid myself behind some ivy flowing in the subtle wind passing by the stream, now it was time to wait.

All of sudden a stone flew and hit me in the head. I was there again. The day I pushed her off the tree.she tried to pierce me with her kitchen knife, just like before, but it wasn't. This time she succeeded. I pushed her as I fell to my death. I slowly watched her fall into the tangled ivy hanging herself in it, as she hung there lifeless the knife fell out of her hand. Piercing through my head one last time, my blood was not red like i would have thought though, it was a neon shade of green, just like hers, she was bleeding earlier, it was at this moment i realised we were both dead, and this was just a recurring nightmare.