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Ghost Story

I was alone in the forest. All alone. Dark trees ate up the murky blackness of the bare sky above me, their outstretched branches and leaves sending shards of cold moonlight scattering across the forest floor. The dark veil of mist surrounding me was so incredibly thick I could barely see two feet in front of me. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of a dark, blood-curdling shape, gliding slowly towards me. I spun around, blood turning to ice as the light of my torch revealed - Nothing.

I turned away, clearing my head, trying to work out what I had just seen. My whirring mind instantly sprang to something I'd always assumed wasn't real - a ghost. "No!" I told myself "Don't be stupid"

I took a deep breath

"Ghosts aren't real..." I muttered to myself, staring hastily around me

"Ghosts aren't real..." I said, desperately trying to pretend that the dark shape - that was now gliding towards me again - didn't exist.

"GHOSTS AREN'T REAL!" I shouted, backing away, only to find that 'the thing' was now standing right behind me, its rattling and dragging breath curling its way up my ears. I was frozen, unable to run or scream. Horrifying, withered hands wrapped around my arms, mercilessly and crudely gripping tight. Fading. That was my last thought. Everything went black, and I thought no more.

I was engulfed in complete blackness. Silence reigned all around me, isolating me from the sensations of life. I felt disconnected in some way. Yet, for some reason, it felt familiar. Was I dead? I couldn't tell. For a while, I just sat there, desperately trying to make some sort of connection between me and the world. As if my pointless searching actually worked, I suddenly felt air rush through my hair. Almost at once my ability to feel returned, and I was reunited with my body. I opened my eyes. All I saw was darkness. I looked around, a mix of confusion and dread pulsing through me. I then felt the icy grip of 'the thing' slacken around my arms. Instantly, I could see again.

I turned on my heels, becoming face to face with 'the thing'. The weird thing was, you couldn't exactly see it very well, for it was just a short black smudge. I'd never seen this thing before, but I still had that sort of sensation that said 'You know this guy, you just can't remember'. The even weirder thing was that it didn't move at all. It just hung there, as if it was just a hulking shadow. I felt cold; gripped with dread at this unnerving sight. I backed slowly away and began to look around. I was in some sort of overgrown, old fashioned greenhouse. Long vines hung from the ceiling while slices of golden light from the sunset cascaded from the cracks in the roof. Again, I had that strange feeling: I'd been there before. I was sure of it. A damp, musky smell hung in the air. A sudden realisation hit me: I'd been in that sort of 'state' for nearly an entire day! I sat down on the stone floor, which was strangely cold, even though the sun was blazing down on it. I stared at the swinging vines, reaching down at me like longing fingers, stretching and reaching, desperate to grasp something, anything. Half an hour passed, and by then the sun had already disappeared, and the shadows in the greenhouse had lengthened and deepened. I was staring right at 'the thing' when it started moving. It took off towards a dark passage leading out of the greenhouse, and disappeared into it. I

hastily followed, struggling to keep up with its quick pace. The passage went on for a while, before opening out into another large overgrown greenhouse. The only difference was a massive gaping hole in the roof, which displayed the ominous full moon. I watched 'the thing' move to the center of the room, directly under the chilling mass of the moon. To my surprise, a glistening veil descended from the moon, settling around 'the thing'. Suddenly, the air filled with a bone-chilling noise: whispering. But not just any whispering, cruel, demonic whispering that dived inside of you, making your insides hollow. When I looked back up at 'the thing' I saw its smudge-like body begin to sharpen, making out the form of a small-statured human with rags draping over the legs. My stomach began to tie itself into knots. I tried to turn and run but I couldn't, as if a colossal hand had gripped my body, or the whispers rattling around inside me were commanding my unwilling body to stay, like an animal, chained to a door and forced to stay put. I felt trapped. I was trapped.

Once its form had become completely visible, 'the thing' lifted its ghastly head up, and the whispers ceased. My head swam. Suddenly, 'the thing' began to rasp in a crude and barely understandable voice. Just listening to it speak made my entire body go numb with complete and utter dread-and what was it saying- DRAIN me? I was trying to figure out what that meant when it turned around- . Showing. It's. Face. What I saw was so horrifying I was snared to the spot with fear; Dark eyes, black as basalt, burning with paranormal fire; Large mouth, wide open, its cavernous insides dripping with a thick gooey black substance. It then began, to my horror, to slowly move towards me displaying sharp and long claws. Claws from nightmares.