

See It To Believe It

The first day of school had arrived. My friends and I were waiting till the bell went for roll call, and I just remembered to tell them that I moved houses not long before school started. I now lived near where some of them lived.

"Are you honestly telling me that you moved there Steph?" Kristina asked.

"Well...yeah, why?" I replied really confused.

"The last family that lived in that house sold it because they thought it was haunted with ghosts," Danielle butted in unexpectedly.

"I'm sure it's fine, I don't believe in ghosts anyway," I quickly added to make out as if I was okay, but really, deep down, I was scared.

After watching movies all afternoon, after school, it was late at night and I needed to brush my teeth before I hit the sheets. I walked up the wooden stairs to the nearby bathroom. I opened the drawer to get my purple toothbrush and toothpaste out. I turned the rusted top on and then looked up to the mirror. I couldn't believe what I saw. "Am I dreaming?" I thought to myself. I swung around with a stifled scream to see the nightmarish sight of a ghost. My toothbrush dropped out of my mouth and my toothpaste fell out of my hand. I was as stiff as a statue and my mouth opened and I couldn't stop screaming.

I ran to my bedroom and locked every window, but in my rush I forgot to shut the door. "It couldn't be," I said under my breath. The Ghost walked in, while I stood there not believing my eyes. I could see straight through its white, moving body. I felt like everything was in slow motion. It came closer and closer till it was right in front of my face I had no idea what to do, I was too scared to yell for help, my mouth wouldn't move. I was shaking, I felt my eyes getting bigger while I kept opening and shutting them to see if I was dreaming. Before I could run for my life, the Ghost raised a knife in its transparent hand, and looked at me. That's when I yelled, "AHHHH HELP ME!"

My parents ran into the room and quickly switched the light on. They saw me standing there shaking. They come closer to see why I was crying. They gave me a hug. I tried explaining to them that I'd just been through the horror of my life, but all that kept coming out was mumbling.

"Steph, what happened?" My mum said repeatedly.

So, the whole night I sat with my parents, talking about my near death experience with a ghost. After I told them they didn't feel safe, and I didn't either, so we left the day after, and never returned to the street ever again..

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