

The Ghost.

The Mills family had moved from their small-roomed flat, to an upstairs flat with much larger rooms plus two slanted windowed attics, which would be ideal bedrooms for their children, Gary and Jennie. The view wasn't much; across the roof tops, but the kids didn't mind. They were happy that they had their own rooms.

A few days later, on Sunday afternoon, Gary was in his room playing on his xbox, when he heard a strange whistling noise. It sounded as if it were low down near the floor. He looked, but, he couldn't find immediately, where it was coming from. He was crawling about the floor, when he noticed what looked like a small straight crack, in the wall beneath the sloping attic window. He was nearer the sound now. He felt a draught and looking more closely, followed a crack all the way until it met itself. It had formed a small oblong shape. In fact, it appeared to be a door, but without an obvious handle. Gary was intrigued.

"Funny, nobody's mentioned this. Dad must've painted right over it with out noticing." he thought to himself. Being inquisitive, he searched his room for any kind of implement that would help him get that open. Gary was determined to find out what was inside! Using a small flat-sided screwdriver he'd found in his craft box, he began to prize open the door bit by bit. In some places he had to scrape away the paint that was filling the gap between the door and the rest of the wall. Gary continued to prize and scrape at the door, until eventually he had cleared a gap all the way around its edge. He tried to use his small screw-driver to wedge open the door but without success.

Gary was not the kind of person to give up easily. He needed something bigger and stronger, but narrow enough to get into the gap he had made. "A bigger screw-driver," he thought, "and I know just where I can find one."

Going down the steep narrow stairs that led from the attic rooms, Gary made his way into the kitchen, which was built on to the side of the flat. It was here that his father's tool box was located, underneath the sink. He opened it up and took out a large red-handled screw-driver. "Er, what's that you've got there?" said his mum. "Nothing, just a screwdriver." Said Gary. "And what do you want that for?" continued his mum.. "I need to fix something in my bedroom." Replied Gary and rushed off, back upstairs to his room.

Gary couldn't wait to get back to prizing open the mysterious door. Now, he had a stronger, bigger screw-driver, he felt sure it could do the trick. He probed with it, to try and get a good leverage. He found a deep cut and pushed as hard as he could. He could hear the wood strain and creak, but nothing was budging. He tried another place with the same results. His third attempt proved successful. The wood of the door began to move ever so slightly. The screw-driver slid further under the wood, but as it got further underneath, it seemed as if the wood was going to split down the centre of the door. He removed the screw-driver and inserted under another edge. With this, the door popped off from the walls. It had not been attached be any hinges, but just glued by its edges to cover the now visible hole.

It was too dark to see anything inside, so he went to get his torch, which wasn't where he'd left it. "Jen, have you seen me torch?" He shouted across the landing at the top of the stairs. "Yes, I borrowed it. Here it is, catch!" Jennie threw it gently underhand across to Gary, who caught with ease. Gary was on his knees, shining the light into the tiny cupboard, when Jennie came in. "What yuh doing down there?" She asked. "Well, what does it look like, flying a kite!" Snorted Gary. "What's in there, can I have a look?" asked Jennie. "Just wait a minute! I can see something at the back," said Gary, "you have a look." "Yeah, there is something. It looks like an old tin hat to me." Gary had another look and decided that she was right. "Shall I crawl in and get it?" Queried Gary. "No, you'd better not. Mum was be mad if you got stuck. Go get your fishing rod, and we'll try and get it out with that." It didn't succeed at first, but eventually it hooked on to something. But, it wasn't a hat that came out first, it was a sword, and then the tin hat arrived. Gary and Jennie ran downstairs with an object each in their hands and dashed straight into the kitchen where their mother was working. "Look, what we've found!" Exclaimed Gary to his mum. "Yes, they're from the first world war," She said, "we left them there out of the way." "Can I keep them if I clean them up?" enquired Gary. "Ok then." Said his mother. "Who do they belong too?" Jennie asked. "They belonged to an old lady who used to live here." "Didn't she want them?" asked Jennie. "Well, not now, she doesn't," said her mother, "she's dead." "Oh, how do you know that?" continued Jennie. "If you must know," said mother, "she died here, in this flat. Satisfied?" "Er, does that mean, we have a ghost, then?" asked Jennie. "Doubt it," said her mother, "there's no such thing as ghosts."

That night when their parents were out, Gary and Jennie were watching their favourite TV program, when suddenly, they heard strange and unusual noises. They were coming from the kitchen and the door was closed. "Maybe, it's the ghost." Said Gary spookily. Jennie did not look impressed.

"Hello!" said a nervy Jennie. There was no reply, but the strange noises continued. "Who's there?" Gary shouted in his best manly voice. Still, there was no reply. "If you don't come out, we're gonna phone the police." Continued Gary. Still, no reply, but the noises had stopped. "I wonder if they've gone?" Jennie asked Gary. "Well, there's one way to find out," said Gary, "go in, and have a look." "Me!" retorted Jennie, "They might grab me before I reach the light switch." "Uh, ok. I'll do it." said Gary. "You'd better watch out, I'm coming in!" shouted Gary through the door. And in he jumped. Followed close behind by Jennie. They both grappled for the light switch right inside the door. "There's nobody here," exclaimed Gary, flicking on the switch. Meanwhile, Jennie was gingerly looking around the kitchen for signs of an intruder. Everything appeared as it normally did. "What caused the noises?" she thought to herself. "Was it really a ghost?" "Hey, look, what I've found." said Gary, pointing to the wooden staircase leading to the backdoor. "This is what made all the noise." Said Gary. "This bag of potatoes has burst and they've fallen on the floor and rolled down the stairs." Both Gary and Jennie simultaneously burst out laughing. There was no ghost at all.