



St. Thomas' Collegiate School

Middle - School Prize - winning Essay in 1983

My Experience in a Haunted House

My parents and I have been living in an annexe for many years. We have been looking out for a conformable house to move into. We found one in a fairly lonely country side, and as it came up to all our expectations, we were quite pleased. Money dealings having been settled, we were to move in on any convenient day in the following week. Since a few pieces of our furniture too had been taken there, I decided to spend one night there, prior to our moving in.

It was a storming night, with thunder rolling back and forth overhead. I had brought along with me some biscuits and cheese and a flask of coffee for my dinner. When I had eaten my dinner, I removed my shoes and slumped into an easy chair. I wished my parents were with me, but they weren't so I picked up a book.

It wasn't a good book. I must have dozed off. Maybe I slept for a couple of hours. Maybe three. Anyway, I woke up with a start. The echo off a buster of a thunder bolt was rattling in the tea-set in the china-cupboard. My hair was standing on end, from is no other way to describe it.

Then the door banged open and a swirl of rain swept in. The wind - anyway I thought it was the wind - slammed the door. I heard a voice like a ghost of a sigh. There is no other way to describe it.

"Now this" said the voice, "is something nice". I had jumped up to shut the door, and I stood there with the unread book in my hand, gaping. The wind had brought a wisp of mist into the room, and the mist, instead of evaporating, stood there seeming to turn slowly into shape. It got more and more solid, until it took a definite shape. The creature reminded there, regarding me in a decidedly cool manner.

"Sit down chum," he said, and don't look so pop-eyed. You make me nervous. This is my first night indoors in fifteen years, and I want to enjoy it". "We are you?" I dragged on. "You look like a ghost". "Now you are getting smart Chum. I am a ghost". The ghost wafted across the room to settle on the bunk, where he lay and crossed his legs. Then he continued to speak.

"Fifteen years ago, I was foolish enough to fall asleep riding on top of a truck, and fall off right here. Since then, I have been forced to haunt this place, Chum, you don't know what it means to me that you've picked up this place to stay....."

"Listen", I said firmly, "You've got to get out of here." "Chum", he said "you're the one who's trespassing. Not I. This is my happy haunting ground. Did i ask you to come here?"

He closed both eyes and began to snore. I got sore. I threw the book at him. But it bounced off the bunk without bothering him in the least. "Ha ha ha ha.....!" Was his devilish laugh. I slammed him with the chair-cushion, which likewise went through him without doing any damage. He opened his eyes and stuck out his tongue at me.

Obviously I couldn't hurt him. So I got control of myself and waited impatiently for the first signs of dawn, and matching my coat and hat, scrambled out of the house never to return to it again.

Dushanthan Joseph
Grade 6B