

A spooky day

By JADE JOHNSON

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

One day I had to go to my great-grandma's house to spend the night because my mom had to work. I drove up there with my stepdad. It was a really long ride. There was nothing to do so I started thinking about haunted houses. After five hours, we finally arrived at her house.

Everywhere I looked there were vines hanging — from the porch ceiling, the windows and the door. “Good-bye, have a great weekend,” my stepdad yelled, and then he drove off.

I went into the spooky, dark interior of the house and an odd feeling came over me. I called out, “Gramma, are you here?” But only my voice echoed back at me.

Then at the top of the stairs my grandma appeared in a black gown. She walked down the creaking stairs. She had a limp as she walked. She greeted me with a partial smile; she only had one tooth. “It’s time for dinner,” said a butler coming from the kitchen.

After dinner, Gramma and I went to bed. It was dark in the room I slept in. There were cobwebs and holes in the ceiling; it was beat up. I awoke to a loud creak across the floor. Over in the corner there was a dark figure staring at me with giant red eyes. It was going to kill me. I froze, still as a rock. For the rest of the night I stayed up, waiting for morning. I was scared, very scared.

When I woke up, I had figured out it was the butler because he had kept circling near my bedroom door. That’s why I’ll never go there again.

Dangerous or likable?

By WYATT GILMAN

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5

I like ghosts because they can hit you in the head. They can do pranks to you, too. They could bash you in the head and face. They jot down notes to you. A ghost sounds like wind. They could be likable or dangerous but I think they're likable.

Ghosts

By AASHNA KINKHABWALA

Dover Elementary School, Grade 5

Ghosts

All clammy and cold
slip through my bed

Ghosts

The graveyard

By HOLLY BUSHEY | Fair Haven Grade School, Grade 8

I was walking home one brisk Friday night, heading back from a bonfire at my friend’s house. The moon shone clear, illuminating the sky, yet at the time it felt darker than the deepest black. To get home, I’d always, ALWAYS, use the graveyard as a shortcut.

As I was walking through I couldn’t help but feel someone, or maybe something, was following me. It didn’t seem to faze me and I kept walking, but the feeling got stronger. I paused, stopping in my tracks. My face turned white as I felt a deep breathing on my neck. I could hear the inhale, the exhale. The breath wasn’t warm; it was cold. Freezing. I hesitantly turned my neck to see what, or who, was behind me. Nothing. Nothing at all. Was I being paranoid? I thought just then — I must be. Just paranoid.

And so I continued on the stone path through the graveyard. The graves felt like the strongest presence. I blanched white again. It wasn’t what I felt. It was what I saw. A transparent figure resembling a little girl, standing in front of me. I felt faint. This couldn’t just be paranoia. The child tilted her head, looking frightened of me. A strong gust of wind came across the spot where I was standing; I was forced to turn my head away and shield my face because of the dust and rocks flying everywhere. When the wind stopped, I looked back. The figure was gone. My heart raced faster than fast.

I did get home safely that night, but I don’t think I’ll use that graveyard anytime soon. Well my final question is, do you believe in ghosts? I for one do.

Ghosts

By ELLA BANKERT

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5

I was in a pitch-black, broken-down, deserted, creaking house. I was isolated on an island with a graveyard across from the house. I kept hearing squeaking sounds. “BANG,” a door slammed shut! I heard a woman scream. My heart was beating a mile a minute. Maybe there was a ghost? Suddenly the door opened and an invisible creature crept into the room. That must be a ghost! All of a sudden, I woke up; I must have just had a nightmare.

Haunted house

By ALYSHA CHESSEY

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

My bike screeched to a halt as I noticed a shadowy figure in the upstairs window of the abandoned house. I said to myself, “That is strange; no one has been even near that house for years. The lawn is overgrown with weeds and wild flowers.” The lawn looked like a jungle. “I am going to go and investigate.”

I slowly walked up the cracked and chipped walkway. Crack! Crack! Crack! went the ancient, rotting porch. Suddenly the door opened all on its own. “The wind must have opened the door,” I muttered.

I slowly walked through the house. With every step I took, the floor creaked louder and louder. No furniture at all. I reached the staircase. I started to half-run, half-walk up the stairs.

“Strange, only one door at the top of the staircase. No hallway at all.” I said to myself. I reached out and turned the solid bronze doorknob. I walked in and there he was, the ghost. I was petrified. Then he turned and saw me and started floating toward me.

I had enough strength to run down the metal staircase. I did not care how old this house was. I ran out the door to my bike. I hopped on and started riding away. The last I saw of the ghost was him shaking his fist at me while I rode away. I will never go to that house again.

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Power goes out

By ALYSSA CHAPIN

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

Maranda was home alone while her parents were on a business trip. She was working on her homework in her bedroom. She didn’t have much homework that night so it only took her 30 minutes to finish.

When she was done she turned on her stereo blaring loud. It was so loud that the floor shook in her room. Maranda danced like crazy until, all of a sudden, the power went off in the house; she froze in her footsteps.

Maranda went down to the electricity box in the basement, but when she looked at the box all the wires had been cut. She turned around to go upstairs to call her parents to see if they could help her. As she turned she felt a cold hand on her shoulder. The hand felt very dry and scratchy. ...