

## The House on the Hill

It was a crisp autumn morning. "Get the door Maggie!" shouted Grandma from the kitchen. I plodded down the stairs two at a time and flung the door open "Hello Mrs Woods!" I said brightly. "Come in, come in," ushered my Grandma. Peter and Milly came in after their mum. I grabbed Peter's hand and led him up to my room. Peter had been my best friend since primary school. In my room was my Halloween costume, it was a beautiful hand-crafted Mummy costume. "What ya' think?" I asked. "Woah! Did your grandma make this?" he said. I nodded, then I led him downstairs and into the kitchen, where two fat pumpkins lay. "Ready to carve?". He smiled and picked up a spoon and dug into his, I followed suit. Milly came in to help a bit, but we had it all under control...sort of. Half an hour later we were both covered in pumpkin. I took a piece from his hair and stuck it in my mouth. "Urgh!" I said spitting it out. We laughed and added the final touches to our pumpkins then ran off to the garden.

Five hours later Grandma was ushering us out "Out you go" she said hurrying us out the door. "All the sweets will be gone before you even begin!". Me and Pete ran out the door into the dark, our trick or treat bags flapping emptily as we ran. "Race you to the top of the hill!" cried Pete, I bit my lip nervously "You do know what's up there?" "Yeah, my coronation for being the fastest person on earth!" he said and started sprinting. I laughed and ran after him. When

we reached the top of the hill, both out of breath, I stood there panting "Look there's that old house everyone says it's haunted! Let's go in!" said Pete eagerly, his floppy blond hair stuck to his forehead with sweat.

We cautiously edged forward and knocked on the door, the door creaked open. I looked at Pete, but he was already halfway to the door "Pete..." I said, "This is a bad idea", he smirked at me and jumped through the threshold. I turned away for the slightest second and when I looked back Pete was gone.

"P-Pete?" I asked into the old house. I asked again, louder this time, and again and again, until I finally got an answer, but it was not a good one. It was a scream and that scream belonged to a boy. I ran into the house "PETE!?" I shouted as I ran, I stopped and caught my breath, the halls of the house were empty, yet I felt like I was being watched. WHOOSH! Went a sound behind me. I span round "P-Pete?" I asked quietly. Then everything went black.

When I woke up, I was in a chamber. I could hear squirming. I looked to my left and saw Pete in a cage "Pete!" I said. Pete put a finger to his lips and motioned to the corner where a small ghost was hovering, I froze with horror. Slowly I got up, but the ghost heard me and woke with a start. It came rushing towards me. I screamed. Then the ghost stopped and sunk to the floor. Pete was standing

over him with a baseball bat in his hand "Thanks. Where did you get that?" I asked.

"You should be asking, why ghosts are solid" said Pete. And he bent down and moved his hand along the ghost. Instead of going straight through it, his hand brushed some sort of fabric. He looked at me and I nodded in sync. We lifted the fabric to reveal a girl around the age of fourteen, she was lying on her front. Slowly, I pushed her onto her back and revealed Milly, Pete's older sister I sighed with relief, I couldn't put my finger on it but there was something different about her. Then I realised it was her eyes. They were a shade darker. I looked at Pete, wondering if he noticed this but he shook his head obviously not seeing anything, and turned away. I looked at Milly, her eyes glowed white, I jumped startled but assumed it was a trick of the light. I helped Pete up and together we walked out of the house, with Milly slung between us but I couldn't help looking back at the house, something didn't feel right.

When we got to the house, we were so cold, I opened the door and stepped inside. Milly was sitting in an armchair in the living room looking at a picture "M-Milly?" spluttered Pete. I looked at him. "You were...but how are you here?" Pete finally spluttered out. Milly looked at us "Are you guys okay? I have been here the whole time! Also why do you have a potatoe sack?" I looked at Pete and realised that Milly had been replaced by a sack of potatoes I dropped the bag. This had to be a joke, then I realised the picture Milly was holding was of two girls, they both looked exactly like

Milly except one had slightly darker eyes "Who are they?" I asked, Milly sighed "Didn't mum ever tell you? I had a twin sister, but she died before you were born," she said looking at Pete. Me and Pete exchanged glances his face was the exact same as mine, "You ok? You both look like you've seen a ghost!" she said. Little did she know we just had.

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