The Story of Baelbrow – taster draft

After a while, he heard it – the noise he had been waiting for. As he stood rooted to the spot, he could hear the quiet groan passing slowly through his ears. The sad sounding groan continued to get louder, and Flaxman Low could sense that someone – or something – was near! As he continued to listen intently, he could feel the presence of something getting closer.

Suddenly the flame in the hallway was extinguished, and the smell of drifting smoke filled his nostrils in the darkness. Once the smoke had vanished, Flaxman Low could smell a concoction of ashes and must, like the smell of an old attic.

He walked tentatively towards the lantern and slowly lit it again as the rain continued to shower against the windows. The room had a faint glow as the wind gently breathed on the flame. As he sat on the dusty velvet chair, he could see his ghostly shadow on the patterned wall. Flaxman’s eyes adjusted slowly to the dimly lit glow of the candle, and there to his dismay he saw a second ghostly shadow. He knew he was no longer alone.

Eva Galdo, year 4, Coastlands School