Haunted Hotel

By Cienna-Jo Draper (Year 6)

Ember was awoken; she felt accompanied; she was.

Next to her was a figure, she looked no older than twenty-two, and wore a luxurious Victorian lace gown; the same one lady Pearl (the ghostly apparition she was told she’d meet again) was wearing in their last encounter. Upon sight, Ember was paralysed with fear. Her scared breathing became shallow and brittle. Pearl’s jet-black hair draped backwards as she reclined, her dress like a red-velvet. There was only one difference about her; her gorgeous, piercing eyes were tightly shut.

Ember could not do a thing, everyone was asleep and the only items in the room were her, Pearl, the silk curtains and the faint ticking of the grandfather clock. Ember shook the unconscious girl vigorously. No response. She rubbed her eyes and when they re-opened so did Pearl’s. The frightened maiden turned for the room service bell but stopped cold in her tracks. Spiders… hundreds of foul little eight-legged beasts covered her counterpane. Ember - an enormous arachnophobe – screamed so loud her ears rung. Kicking her legs violently the horrid things crawled off after and pulled at the moist bell.

‘Wait moist?’ The brass shell was died a deep crimson. It was blood. Embers blood turned to stone. She was paralysed with fear. She felt dizzy, her eyes blurred. Collecting every miniscule drop of courage she had, she sprung out of bed and sprinted to the door to be greeted to a brick wall. Then, the world turned black.