The Story of Baelbrow – taster draft

After a while, he heard it - the gentle creak of the old, oak floorboards. Flaxman Low calmy turned around, holding his lantern, but saw nothing.

He took a deep breath and carried on looking. Suddenly he heard a loud smash. He froze. The hand-crafted vase from 1855 was broken – lots of pieces lay scattered across the floor.

Then there was another sound. But this time it came from outside – thunder! A flash of lightning lit up a strange ghost-like figure. All of a sudden, a salty smell floated through the damp air.

Could this be the old sailor Mrs Swaffam had told him about?

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