The Haunted Hotel

By Myles Dryden (Year 6)

Luke awoke with a fright; he heard a whisper in his ear saying, “I’m here!” He pondered who is here. Whilst rousing from his slumber, the shaking boy noticed his candle was burning low – emitting a smell of burning wick as it invaded Luke’s nose; trembling, he felt for another match but decided again it as the sun exchanged with the moon and its light diffused into his room. Telling himself he must have imagined the sinister voice, Luke tucked away the match, grabbed his book, and read to clear his mind. Finally – he fathomed who the shadowy figure on the wall belong to. A sinister chill ran down his spine – his blood ran ice cold. Luke threw himself onto the counterpane in dismay. Someone was accompanying him. He was now alone.

Spellbound, he stared at the other side of the bedchamber. There, suddenly revealed under the flow of the candle, was a slouched figure in the recliner. As Luke tiptoed close the figure, he recognised it was an old acquaintance – the Duke of France – the man that warned they would meet again. He strengthened his courage and shook in effort to wake him. Luke looked at him he had not fainted. His breathing was audible. “Wake up!” he called, “how dare you entreat in here? How did you get in? Leave immediately or I will summon for help!” He raised his voice at his last words. Determined, he sprinted to the bell- instead, there was a grotesque severed hand, which clamped him; stumbling…Luke fell through the casement, vanishing into the depths of the midnight abyss. He was now part of the last guests…a prisoner of the hotel.