The Haunted Hotel

By Noah Arnold (Year 6)

TAP – TAP, a small scurrying awakes the slumbering Agatha. A raw sense of confusion fills her mind with questions; for her chamber was empty – only a flow of whispers from the wind lingering by the glass panes of the window. Lavender curtains blow with the midnight breeze – dripping silence into the calmly casement owned by the hotel: ended so abruptly by the noticeable glares from a black-eyed child in the eye catching darkness, similar to reports of laughing in the night and sightings of children static in guests hotel rooms exactly like the memory stood in front of her. The wax light on the bedside table flickered like an eye in the foggy blanket around her: an eye staring so deep into her slow-burning wick of a soul melting until ashes.

“Who-who are you?” Agatha tiredly mumbled.

Serving no answer, the shadow dropped onto the leathery carpet below it, with the sound of bones cracking, until silence and nothing more. The smooth curtains were no longer moving. The room was dead. Shrouded with silence. TAP-TAP, a cracking sound rang out from under the structure of the bed she lay on. Charred fingers reached up from the delicate design of the bed bottom. Now in view, decaying flesh, empty eyes and cracking bones stood in front of her. Its mouth robotically opened coughing out laughter like a child. IT was just like the thing she had caused; now back like it said it would be.

It swayed towards her leaving ashes and dead skin after every step. Speaking wasn’t available for the thing as its tongue has been ripped out. She hastily ducked under the silky layer of warmth that was already over her bare legs. The once small child stood tall above her: Agatha unable to see since she lay still like a weak pray. The thin cover jolted into the darkness as the creature dug its arm into her leg.

“WHAT ARE YOU?” screamed Agatha in pain.

The thing tore the skin off as her vision went blurry. The creature smiled wide as her vision slowly faded.