The Haunted Hotel

By Lucas Wharton (Year 6)

Amazon awoke instantaneously. Her mind vague to what woke her, she scoured the room for an explanation. Nothing was moving; the darkness diffused in the air all around. It started to oppress Amazon as she fathomed her way to the matches; she was in no hurry to re-light the candle though as her worry of what woke her might be in her chamber.

As Amazon’s soul grew stronger, she lit the candle letting the welcome light reveal but she regretted it a second later. Her blood ran cold as if her veins were icicles dripping with water.

She was not alone. She had company.

There. There in the velvet leather chair sat a man.

A man in an ancient, messed-up jacket like some vagrant who had waited until night to make an intrusion in Amazon’s chamber. Unable to repress her curiosity she leaned forward; one look was enough to find out who he was.

The man himself was the one and only person they found dead in this room of the old palazzo. Was this real or a trickery of illusion? “Of course he’s not real,” Amazon muttered to herself, “he’s a dead man.” Amazon checked his pulse anyway, it was going. The man was unconscious. Due to the shock, her palms started to perspire.

Taking another glance, his breath caught up. With a sudden feeling of terror she endurably went to stretch her hand to the bell when… another infiltrator. It was a replica of the person in the chair, but this spine-chilling image was the man hung off the rood. Opening its eyes, it fixated its glare on Amazon. That’s the last thing she saw that night and nothing more.