The Haunted Hotel by Cassidy (Year 6)

Lizzie awoke restless, breathing heavy – knowing her room was now in utter darkness. This was all perplexing! There was no breeze from the window; no draft from under the door. A vague sense of fear filled her mind. Her eyes were wide. Did she really want to know what blew it out – was there someone there? She was in no hurry at all to re-lit the candle.

She slowly crept over the side of the bed and lit the night light. The light diffused itself over the room lighting her view but conquering the oppressing darkness.

There was a noise!

Curiosity filled her mind but by bit like a person pouring water into a jug. She looked left and right as she knew she was not alone in her room. There it was! There – in a chair at the corner of the room – there dressed in all white was a CHILD!

But not like any other…

He stared, stared into her soul. Watching her every move. She leaned in. Took a breath. Then shook him. No answer. Shouted, no answer.

It was like he was in a frozen motion. Shrivelled skin covered his whole body; weak eyes squinted into her soul; distorted bones protruded out of his body.