

Mia Hay

The Graveyard Haunting

I knew I shouldn't have taken a shortcut through the graveyard, my brand new dazzling wicked witch costume was destroyed. Mud draped off my wooden broom and dress like enormous raindrops and my pointy coal black hat was no more than a soggy piece of cloth. My extremely dirty black school shoes trudged on through the rain (bucketing down on my what was soft brown hair) and through the oceans of gloopy mud.

I gazed up at the moon situated elegantly amongst the glowing stars and the jet black galaxy to see it was glowing a soft off-white colour which soon changed to a misty red. My whole body shuddered, then in my little agitated brain I asked myself "*That's not normal...is it?*"

Then in a flash, a tall, mysterious lady cloaked in a long, flowing black cape appeared in the distance, gliding among the graves. She disappeared behind an ancient, cracked headstone. I immediately called out to this freaky lady but my only answer was from a demented owl, perched upon a crooked, grey tree.

My spine quaked and my heart was pounding out of my chest! I turned round and galloped towards the tall creaking gates. Then suddenly without notice (before I could slip out of the gates) they swung round and smashed shut! A strong blast of cold air smacked my face like a wet fish, spinning me round and round, until I finally collapsed onto the chunks of gravel, now blanketed under my weak and tired body. I staggered up onto my feet and then slowly slid my eyes open to catch a glimpse of what was happening. Standing right before my eyes was the demon responsible for tormenting me throughout the night. I tried to run...but there was no escape! The...thing shifted towards me reaching out her pale grey arms! She came closer. I stumbled back tripping over a branch.

I could see her face! It was long and grey, matching her arms. I will never forget her deep black eyes staring into my soul.

I screamed but nobody could hear me! Her ghostly figure got closer and closer until we were face to face, tears poured down my face, stinging the fresh cut on my cheek. I fumbled with my sleeve, drying my eyes when she moved. Her pale face tilted as if she was confused. She too started crying. But these were no ordinary tears. Tears of blood trickled down her dead face! Her ghostly voice whispered, "*Don't cry.*" She cackled as though pleased with the terror she was causing me. The last thing I remember was her tall dark figure looming over me and screaming.

I woke up with a violent shock and drifted back leaning against my fluffy pillow. "*It was only a dream,*" I reassured myself. My eyes slowly opened to reveal I wasn't in my bedroom, but in a hospital ward instead....but why?