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The Shortcut through the Graveyard

I knew I shouldn't have taken a shortcut through the graveyard because it was dark and misty. Suddenly, I heard a noise. It sounded like a stick snapping behind me. Quickly, I turned around and looked...nothing. So I kept walking in the fog, feeling more tense and afraid. My mind started playing games with me. I thought I saw a shadow run past me. I got scared. My phone was out of charge. I started panicking. Creepy whispers started and my eyes began moving frantically. I stopped and looked around me....nothing. Then, out of nowhere, a shadowy figure appeared in front of me. I screamed and ran.

The shadow disappeared. I was even more scared! I was lost now somewhere in the graveyard. I started walking quietly trying not to make any noise. Then I saw someone kneeling in front of the graves. I stopped dead. Slowly, their head turned and I saw a ghostly face with grey hair and no eyes. I screamed and started to run in the opposite direction. I ran straight into my friend. She looked terrified. She had also seen the shadowy figure digging graves. We both clasped hands and started moving fast. We saw light and the exit. At this point we were crying and really frightened.

As we ran for the exit we felt relieved. Just as we ran out, we bumped into the graveyard keeper. He tried to calm us down as we both tried to talk over each other. We told the keeper about the shadowy figure. He just smiled. He told us that for hundreds of years, people have reported seeing someone digging a grave but it's a ghost that lays flowers on the graves of little girls. He said there was a curse on anyone that walked through the graveyard at night. We both looked at each other and gulped.

We got home and told our parents. Boy was I in trouble. I was always told to keep my phone fully charged. That night I went to sleep feeling uneasy. I woke up tired and later at school I agreed with my friend that we would go to the graveyard at night and check it out. This time we would take a torch and charge our phones. "Wait till we Instagram this ghost, we will be so cool," I thought to myself.

That night when we got to the graveyard, we walked to where we had seen the ghost. There were two open graves. We crept closer to the graves and looked closer at the headstones. We turned to each other in shock. On the headstones were our names and today's date. We ran screaming and crying out of the gates and right out onto the road. We were immediately struck by a truck. When our phones were found a video of us screaming and running was on Facebook. We were famous for taking a shortcut through a graveyard.