

Claire and the Ghost Mystery

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“Clang!” What was that sound? Mama and Papa should be fast asleep by now. I had been hearing mysterious sounds for the past few days. I got up from my bed to see what was going on, and maybe get a glass of water. Stealthily, I opened the door, and tiptoed down the stairs. “Creak” I whipped my head around to see who made that sound. Luckily, it was just my younger sister; Amy. “What are you doing Claire?” she asked.

“Just getting some water.” I replied. “Do you want some too?”

“Sure,” she came down the stairs and joined me in the kitchen. I poured two glasses of water and gave one to Amy. “Claire, I have been hearing a lot of weird sounds lately.” She paused, “Have you?”

“Yeah, I have been hearing sounds too. Do you think you know who or what is making them?” She shook her head sadly. I scanned the room to check if there was anything out of place that might have made that sound. But unfortunately everything was in order. We headed back upstairs with the sound mystery on our minds. She went into her room, and I went into mine, falling asleep the moment my head hit the soft pillow.

I awoke the next morning to birds chirping a sweet melody. I decided that today will be the day that Amy and I will figure out what has been making those mysterious sounds.

“Morning sleepyhead!” Charlie; my older brother, swung the door open and pulled off my covers. “Hey, stop that!” I complained.

“Ok, ok, I will. The main reason I came here is, to confront you for being awake at night making sounds with Amy trying to spook me. But I will tell you this, it’s not working.” I had no idea what Charlie was talking about. What if he was hearing sounds too at night! “Charlie, Amy and I have been hearing mysterious noises too. We decided that today we will try to find out where the sounds are coming from. Do you want to join us?”

“Yeah!” He said it with so much enthusiasm that I decided to let him join.

At 10:30, Amy finally woke up, so we gathered up in her room to talk about our plan. If we had one that is.

“Got any ideas guys?” Charlie finally spoke up after the five minutes of silence we had trying to think of our plan.

“No, not really,” I replied. Amy just shook her head side to side. “Though, I do have one idea.” I paused to think if I should tell them.

“Yeah,” Amy said with hope in her voice.

“ Well, I remember reading about this legend at school; that if there is a house with three children in the house, not a mansion, not a condo, just a normal house, and they hear strange noises, their family most likely under the curse of Elenor Wright.”

Charlie burst out laughing, “You really believe in that silly old curse!”

“Who’s Elenor Wright, and why is she haunting us Claire?” Amy asked, trembling. “Let’s search it up Amy.” I took out my phone and went on Google, then searched up, Who is Elenor Wright? Everybody was looking at my phone now, including Charlie, but my phone just kept loading looking for an answer. Then, when I finally thought we would know who Elenor Wright was, my phone just said: There is nobody called Elenor Wright. “What!” Charlie was getting into one of his temper tantrums, “We waited so long just for that!” I was a little frustrated too, but I wouldn’t have a tantrum like Charlie.

“Let’s just go about our day, then at night, we will stay up to investigate the house, because that’s when we hear the noises. I would recommend that you take a nap, cause I will. We got out of Amy’s room and I headed downstairs to tell Mama and Papa that I’m sleepy and I am going to take a nap.

At night, after Mama and Papa were asleep we snuck downstairs, I took the kitchen, Amy stayed in the bedrooms, but still awake, and Charlie was looking out in the living room. I had just done my sixteenth lap around the kitchen, when I heard a piercing scream coming from Amy’s bedroom. I sprinted up the stairs to see what was going on, and then I saw it, a cream white ghost was in her room gripping tightly on Amy's neck, Amy’s face was pale, gasping for air. Suddenly, Charlie, from behind me, tried to tackle the ghost but went right through it and onto the floor.

“Hahahahaha! Your sister is special, she is the only one who doesn’t go through me, but not for long, say goodbye to your sweet little sister!” The ghost flew out the window with Amy and into the night. Charlie rose up from the floor and asked, “What do we do now?”

“I’m not sure.” I replied, “What are we going to tell Mama and Papa about Amy?” Charlie looked out the window longingly, then said, “It’s summer break, so we can just say she is sleeping in and that we will take care of her, so they can go to work.”

“That’s a great idea” I exclaimed, “But how are we going to find her?”

“Now that’s something to think about. Let’s just go outside because when I looked out the window, I saw that the ghost had left a shimmering trail. So we can follow that.”

“I guess, hopefully Mama and Papa aren’t too suspicious,” I said looking out the window to check if Charlie was right. Thankfully, he was. “Let’s go to bed Charlie, we have a long day ahead of us, and it’s not like we can do anything right now, it’s literally 03:30am.” I went to my room and just crashed on the bed, falling asleep immediately.

The next morning, I got up early to pack my backpack with a few essential things that Charlie and I will need on our trip to find Amy. “Claire? Are you already up? If you are, come help me pack my lunch for work.” called Mama from downstairs.

“Ok!” I rushed downstairs to help Mama. As I finished packing her lunch, she came

into the kitchen and said, “I will go get your sister and give her some breakfast.”

No!” I said a little too quickly.

Mama’s eyes narrowed as she said, “ Why is that Claire?”

“ Oh, um, last night she told me that she wants to sleep in and not go to daycare, because she wants to spend time with me and Charlie.”

“Oh, that’s sweet. I guess I’ll let her stay home with you guys. Take good care of her.”

“We will,” I replied.

After Mama got in the car with Papa, I rushed upstairs to finish packing my backpack. Once I was finished packing my backpack, I woke up Charlie, so we could start following the trail early. As I waited for Charlie to get dressed, I started to think about what we could do when we find the ghost of Elenor Wright, assuming we do. Finally, Charlie comes out wearing a sweater and some sweatpants, “Let’s go, now that you are ready,” I said, tired of waiting. So we went outside and started following the trail the ghost left behind. We had started at 9:00am, and now it was 9:00pm, but we still haven’t found the ghost! It was a good thing that Mama and Papa took the night shift, or else we would've been doomed.

“ Claire, we’ve been walking for ages! Can we have at least one break,” whined Charlie.

“Fine,” I replied, “But only a small one.” We stopped, and sat down to take a rest.

After a few minutes of resting, Charlie and I got up to start following the trail again, but after a few minutes, there was no more trail to follow.

“Hello, I’m assuming you’ve come here to rescue your sister,” cackled a raspy voice from behind them. Charlie and I whipped around expecting to see the ghost, but we turned to face a moldy old cave that had appeared out of nowhere. I took out a flashlight from my backpack, and ventured into the cave with Charlie. The cave was cold, and unwelcoming. There weren’t many things in there either. All Claire could see was a little bed sized for Amy, Amy’s teddy bear, and a little, tiny dining table. A blur of white flashed passed us, did a circle and stopped. It was Elenor Wright’s ghost, and she was holding Amy! But Amy looked asleep, barely breathing.

“What have you done to her!” I was scared, but also very furious, “Give her back!”

“Now, now, I just can’t give away such a precious thing for free. It has to be for a price, a large price,” cooed Elenor’s ghost, smiling evilly at Claire.

“What type of price, and how much,” I inquired.

“Oh nothing much, just perhaps, one of you,” replied the ghost.

“I’ll go, just give Amy back first,” Charlie said boldly, stepping up.

“Perfect,” purred the ghost.

“No, Charlie, don't do it! She's wicked and evil. You won't stand a chance against her!”

“I have to Claire, it's for Amy's sake.”

“Ok enough chit chat,” scolded the ghost. “Let's just get on with the exchange.” I couldn't take it any longer, I wouldn't let Charlie give himself just for Amy. So I lunged for Amy in the ghost's arms, wrapped my arms around her, and pulled Amy out of the ghost's arms. Elenor's ghost came after Claire but she rolled out of the way. Claire grabbed the nearest, sharpest rock and aimed at the ghost's heart. Claire threw just in time, for when she did, it pierced right through the ghost's heart.

Elenor's ghost let out a piercing shriek, and disintegrated right on the spot. Charlie let out a celebratory cry. “Charlie, don't celebrate yet.”

“Why not Claire? We defeated the ghost.”

“Amy is still unconscious. How are we going to get her back to consciousness?”

“Well, I guess we could take her to the hospital and say that she fell down on our hike, then hit her head.”

“That should work, I guess.” I hoisted Amy in my arms, and followed Charlie outside the cave.

“Hey Claire, do you have any charge left on your phone to call an ambulance?”

“Yes, fortunately,” I replied. Charlie grabbed my phone from my pocket and dialed 911. A few minutes later, the ambulance arrived and took Amy, Charlie, and I to the

hospital. After Amy woke up in her hospital bed, the hospital agreed to take us home in an ambulance, since our parents were still working and we were old enough to take care of Amy. Once we got home, Charlie and I had a long story to tell Amy, but we managed. Mama and Papa arrived home early in the morning to find us fast asleep in our rooms. I'm sure glad that we got rid of Elenor Wright's ghost, and that Amy is safe now.