

## **Friday, Oct 20 2006**

Suddenly, Emma woke up. What was waking her? She heard stomping outside her door. It must have been her dad sleepwalking. Still, she wanted to check to make sure. She walked to the door and as she stepped forward, the stomping got more violent and pounded faster. It got to the point where she was 2 feet away. The stomping was so hard she fell face-down on the hardwood floor.

As she backed away from the door, the stomping got quieter and less violent. She sat in her bed listening to the constant stomping on the floor. Eventually, with 5 minutes gone by, the stomping feet slowly ended. This, however, was only the beginning.

## **Saturday, Oct 21 2006**

The next morning at breakfast, Emma's mom *happened* to ask, "Did you sleep well last night?" As caring as she was, Emma's mom never asked about her sleeping patterns, which made Emma's curiosity grow.

Emma then cautiously replied, "Umm... you know, so-so"

"Really? Why's that?" her mom asked worriedly.

Emma didn't answer. Instead she blurted out "Why are you just now asking me how I slept!?"

"Well I don't know," mom answered. "I guess I might have just seen other moms doing it?" Emma wouldn't take that for an answer, instead it peaked her curiosity.

Emma quickly finished her cereal and asked her mom to go on a little walk by herself. "Well not by yourself..." her mom answered. Emma Groaned. "You have to bring Kittle and Kara too." Kittle and Kara were the family's dogs.

"Ok," Emma replied "But I'm NOT bringing Max." Max was her little brother, you see.

"Ok, ok, alright," Her mother responded with understanding.

Emma burst out the door with the dogs' leashes clutched in her hand. She ran about 30 feet with the dogs running beside her. Then she took a breath, and plopped down on her neighbor's front lawn. She gasped for air, then chuckled as she looked at her dogs, who were also heavily panting and gasping for air.

Just then, a man in a black suit and a dark black top hat stood before her. Her dogs barked at the man. The man dropped a maroon slip of paper. On it were words written: "You can't get away. It is always with you." Emma picked up the slip and read it. As she lowered it down to look

at the man, he was gone; he simply vanished. Emma was terrified. Something was here and it wanted *her*.

### **Sunday, Oct 22 2006**

Emma was always bored when going to church. Now, she felt like she *needed* to go to church. She wanted to go so badly, she even begged to go to the early 6:30 AM service. Two weird things had happened to her in the past two days. One couldn't possibly be that scared, could they? Well Emma was.

See, Emma lived in the small town of Quinville. The biggest thing that ever happened there in her life was when Emma's friend's family set up an inflatable trampoline. It popped 2 hours later. The past couple days were not like a hole in an inflatable trampoline, it all felt very real. She felt like her heart was turning into ice. It was a raw feeling.

But when Emma went to church, it actually felt better. Whether it was psychological or not, she did not know. But she didn't pay attention to that, and just enjoyed the music.

### **Monday, Oct 23 2006**

Emma went to sleep with newfound courage in her. The next thing she knew, she heard glass shattering. With it followed screeching and scratching noises coming from everywhere. In a second, it all stopped. Then, there was a knock on the downstairs door. She looked out the window and a four-foot tall girl with a beautiful dress was standing there. Her hands were folded in her lap and she stood there as if waiting for someone to open the door. This girl was not from this time. She looked like she was from the 1840's or before. She looked melancholy.

Terrified, Emma quickly tried to open the window but when she did, spiders came crawling from every nook and cranny of her room. She fainted.

When she woke up, she was in a little girl's room. She could tell she was still her home, but it didn't look normal. It looked old. She woke up in a little girl's room. She walked around the room for a little bit and pondered why this might be? She saw many creepy old dolls. When she walked out she saw an old family getting their picture taken. She guessed that photographs were very new things in whatever time she was in. Then she heard a little voice shout out: "WAKE UP!"

### **Tuesday, Oct 24 2006**

She woke up with Max jumping on her bed repetitively shouting "WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE-" until Emma shouted "OKAY, OKAY, I GET IT!!!" Max giggled and jumped off of her bed and ran down the hallway.

She then went to the library and checked out 19 books. She was only allowed to check out 5 books, so she sneakily stuffed the other 14 in a bag.

All of the books were about ghosts and hauntings and ghosts. She found that many ghosts either needed their death to be clarified, or they had unfinished business. She then returned the 5 books, and put the other 14 back in the ghost section.

"What's taking so long back there sweets?" Mrs. Windle asked.

Emma lied by replying "Oh, just browsing the umm... really good books over here."

"Ahh the ghost section. I've seen you spend a lot of your time there recently. You like scary books?"

"Yes you could say that!" Emma chuckled.

"Oh yeah, and how's Max doing?" Mrs. Windle asked. "He's a little bookworm," she added.

"He's doing good," Emma replied, "Oh really? Well I didn't know that!"

Emma hurried to get out of that library. She was ready to get rid of her ghost.

#### **Thursday, Oct 25 2006**

Emma had spent the last days researching ghosts and the history of her house and the results have been fruitful. For example, there was once girl who was swinging and accidentally fell off the swing and hit her head very hard, and sadly she died. This was a very painless experience. Emma was skeptical about how you could die just by falling off of a swing. But one thing was clear to Emma, this must have been the girl she saw in the 1800's clothing.

She waited until that night and then, just as she had hoped, the girl was back, standing at the front door of the house! Emma grabbed a small rock and chucked it at the window.

The girl looked up and simply said in a quiet manner "Why, Emma?"

Emma was terrified, not knowing how this thing knew her name. She was shaking, sweating, cold, and hot, all at the same time. However, she remembered what she read about ghosts "needing their death clarified". She was ready for this. She replied "You ummm fell off of a umm swing outside. You died." She responded in an understanding tone.

"Oh. Ok" Right after that, she slowly faded away.

It turns out, not unlike living humans, sometimes ghosts just need answers.

Emma then lived the rest of her childhood in a house that was not haunted by a ghost from the 1800s. She became a paranormal investigator and put 100s of ghosts to rest. She has many stories to tell. So sit by the fire and relax as I tell the tale...