

Ghost stories



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An 11 years old boy, Michael was just a regular kid in town - hanging out with his friends, playing games, and so on. He was a good kid, but strangely, he liked the ghost stories the most. After school, he started going to an old and run-down house on the hill near his town, to hang out with one old woman, Grace who lived there. She was 80 years old. She used to prepare cookies for him and always tried to keep him entertained with some stories from the old times, especially the ghost stories, as Michael insisted. He liked her because of that. He would show up each day at school and told his classmates new and spooky stories which nobody knew before. Peter, his best friend and some other kids asked him why he would walk for about 20 minutes uphill to visit her every day.

He told them about ghost stories. That old lady was the main source of the spooky stories he knew. “Can we hear it?” - Peter asked. “Yeah, why not” - Michael replied. So, Michael always told stories to the other kids, scaring and intriguing them. He became very popular among the other kids. One day, when Peter was at home, Peter’s mother asked him: “Hey Peter, I met Michael today uphill, he was quite away from his house. Where was he going?” Then Peter told her: “Mom, he pays visits to that old Grace at her unkempt house each and every day. Each time he visits her, she narrates him some scary ghost stories. He scared me with some of them as well.”. Then his mother frantically started yelling at him: “What are you talking about? That Grace died two weeks ago! Your father and I were at her funeral!”

