

The Well in the Basement

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One day, I was in the basement seeing what made a noise. Then, I saw a well, I looked at it for a while then walked toward it and looked down, down, down. But it was too dark to see. So I got a flashlight and I shone the light in the well. I didn't see anything so I walked toward the stairs then stopped.

I felt like something was behind me. I looked and I saw nothing. So went up the steps, then I heard something break. I turned around quickly and I saw a angry man. He looked like a spirit because I could see right through him. I was suddenly frozen with fear. The he vanished, right out the thin air. I ran out the door so terrified. I told my mom, but she said "it was your imagination."

I went to my room and started a movie, soon it was night. So I got in my pajamas after I got in bed I read awhile. Soon I got tired and turned off the lights and went bed. It was about 3:00 am, I woke up to footsteps outside my door. Thought it was my parents but they were sound asleep.

I got out of my bed to see who is walking in the hallway. But, everything was dark. Luckily, I had a flashlight on a table right by the door. I looked in the basement and didn't see anyone. I looked in the well and thought I saw someone climb up the well. In a few seconds I sw a hand on the ledge, then another hand. Last a tip of a head I screamed. I closed my eyes, almost dead of fright. I opened my eyes it was gone. I thought I was imagining it. I ran up stairs into my room and went to sleep.

The next morning, I went the living room to watch TV. After my parents woke up we got dressed and to breakfast. When we got home, I went to my room and closed the door. Something didn't feel right. It felt like someone was behind me. I turned around quick and scared, saw nothing. Then I heard my sister screaming, some my Mom, Dad and baby sister ran to her room. She was crying. All at the time we said, "What's wrong!!" She said, "My, my back hurts." So, my mom looked at her back and gasped with big eyes. We looked to and gasped. She had three huge scratch marks. My Dad asked what happened. The only thing my sister said is "a dark figure scratched me." We were so terrified. We packed our stuff and went to my grandparents house and spent the night.

The next morning, we went back to our house and everything was broken, shattered everything. The next four hours we picked up all the shattered pieces of glass. On a Sunday night I heard someone passing in the basement, so I went to see who it was. I was at the top of the stairs and I saw a little girl in a purple dress. I could not move or talk. The little girl turned and looked at me. My eyes were wide open. She started walking closer, and closer and closer. When she was on the first step she vanished. This is look alike, a purple dress, a side braid, black heels and a black bow. I ran up the stairs frightened. I didn't tell my mom because she would say it was your imagination.

So in the morning, I went to the computer and looked up the history of the house. A guy named Robert James killed his daughter named Lucy James. When I read that I gasp with terror. When I keep reading the dad (Robert James) through his daughter (Lucy James) into the well in the basement. I was terrified. When I was going to the stairs, I felt two hands on my shoulder and they pushed me down down the steps. I was knocked out for I think two hours.

When I woke up I was in the basement, Why was I here. I got up and went to the door and tried to open it, but it wouldn't budge. So I pounded and pounded forever but no one heard me. Soon my Dad opened the door. I asked him "why did you not open the door. I've been pounding on the door forever." He said, "I came down to get a jar for your mom, we didn't hear you." I ran to my room got on the iPad and looked at the history again.

After Robert James killed Lucy James, she was only eight years old. He killed himself. I ran out of my room to the basement. I started yelling "GO AWAY! THIS IS MY HOUSE, NOT YOURS!!!!. After I said that I was in the air. I started praying, when I was in the middle of my prayer I was thrown against the wall.

My mom and dad ran to the basement and my eyes were closed. A few minutes later I was awake. I said "we gotta get out of here." My parents didn't say anything "we don't have to leave, why were you in the basement? Are you okay?" I didn't reply.

Then it got cold, silent, lonely and scared. Something didn't feel right at the steps there was a man in pants and white shirt. He looked mad, sad and disappointed. But he looked really mad. He started walking toward us then

disappeared. When my mom saw that she said "let's do a closing." So a few days later the priest did a closing on our house. For months it was quiet. The spirit had moved on. We lived happy. We never saw them again.