

SCHOOL SPIRITS

By Sloan C.

News has spread through Grant Elementary: apparently a third grader saw a book fly off a shelf in our school library. Legend has it that where our school is there used to be an old windmill that burned down when lightning struck it in a storm. Unfortunately the farmer was in the windmill when it burned down, and his body was never discovered. His wife died not long after, some say of a broken heart. They say that our library sits on the exact spot where the old windmill was located. It's rumored that the farmer and his wife's ghosts haunt our school.

My name is Jim Barns. I'm in Mr. Adam's fourth grade class at Grant Elementary. Me being....well, me, I didn't really believe in the supernatural or paranormal activity, until...

It all started on the first day of fourth grade, when I was a new kid looking for friends. The only kid that wanted to be friends with me was a kid named Ethan Jones. On the second day of fourth grade during math time some jerky kids came over and said "Yo Jimbo, you heard our library is haunted, right?" They walked away chuckling, and after that a girl named Olivia Peterson walked up and said, and I quote, "They aren't joking."

The next day at lunch, with Ethan and Olivia sitting next to me, I asked Ethan about the ghosts, and he told me the whole story about the windmill, the fire, etc. I told him I didn't believe in ghosts, and he said "Well then, we'll show you." We came up with a plan, probably not a good plan, but a plan. The plan was after school on Friday we would camp out in the bathrooms until the staff left. Then we would strike—we would run to the library and wait there for the ghost to appear. We would tell our parents we were going to have a sleepover on Friday and we wouldn't come home from school because we were going straight to the sleepover. The plan was genius!

Friday came really quickly considering it was Tuesday. During unpacking time, Ethan reminded me about the plan for after school, since Olivia was thirty minutes late to class because of traffic on the interstate. In math class after I finished my work, I went on a computer and searched "Grant Elementary library ghosts." This is what came up: Grant Elementary ghosts, How to find ghosts Wikipedia, Where to find Grant Elementary ghosts—I clicked that one. It said the best spot was in the reading circle. I told Olivia and Ethan about my find, and they said we should head there after school. At dismissal time I

was pumped to go to the library. I think Ethan was too, and after Mr. Adams dismissed us, I went to the boy's restroom with Ethan. Olivia went to the girl's restroom and we all camped out for what seemed like forever. Luckily we all brought our iPhones so we could text each other about what was going on.

Here are some of the messages we sent:

New message from OLIVIA: how much longerrrr???

New message from JIM B.: idk

New message from OLIVIA: I'm bored

New message from ETHAN: cmon guys lets go now.

We left the restrooms at 5:37p.m. We went down the abandoned second grade hallway and into the library, with the sleeping bags and snacks we had brought in our backpacks. We had just settled down with our snacks when we heard a huge boom of thunder. I checked my phone: 6:42p.m. It was already dark out except for the lightning. With the next big boom of thunder, a book flew off the shelf and hit Olivia in the head. "Hey!" she yelled, blaming me. I told her I didn't do it.

The next lightning strike knocked out the power and we were sitting there in the dark, alone, frightened. Then behind one of the stacks of books I saw a yellow glowing orb getting closer and closer. In the blink of an eye it dissipated, one minute later, it came back, this time in front of the stack of books. This time it came faster towards us and I heard a weird howling noise.

I said "Do you hear that?" "Yes!" they both whispered. The yellow orb turned into a horrible, screaming face. It flew at us yelling, "YOU WILL PAY!" then, as it had done before, dissipated in front of us. Olivia was screaming. Ethan was frozen in fear. I was terrified, and when we got up to leave, all the books flew off the shelves at us.

I yelled, "RUN!" and we ran and never looked back. Once we got out, the power came back on, and we realized we had left all our stuff inside, including our phones! I was the only one brave enough to go back in for all of it. When I got in the library, I heard an angry voice say, "STOP DISTURBING OUR FINAL RESTING PLACE!" That was that. I ran, grabbed our stuff, and ran out. We all got out of that school as fast as we could.

On the walk home, we chatted about it, trying to come up with an answer to what had happened—had we all imagined it? Deep down inside, I knew it was real. When I got home my mom asked why I was back so early. I forgot about the sleepover lie, so I said that Olivia had fever and it got cancelled. Now I do believe in the supernatural, and I promise never EVER to go ghost hunting again.

By the way, have you heard that a new movie came out called “Haunted Places”? Grant Elementary is featured in it. From now on, we will steer clear of the reading circle, and NEVER go to the library after hours.