

Joshua G.

The Ghost Town

Mark Hernandez lived in the town of Mistake Island, Maine, where the temperature never raises above 75 degrees Fahrenheit and had the same boring weather everyday – mist and fog. The town was nicknamed the Ghost Town, because everyone in the town swore they had seen ghosts on the seashore.

Our story begins with Mark relaxing on the comfiest ledge he could find by the beach, reading his favorite Marvel comic book when he heard a low, rumbling sound. At first he thought it was a tsunami and he should run in circles panicking, but it was just a Jeep so dirty it looked like it have been bought in the 90's. It was followed by a moving van labeled "Moe's Move-ins". He raced up the hill to follow the Jeep and the van, but eventually they crossed the bridge over the river he wasn't allowed to pass. Disappointed, he trudged back down to the Moose Peak Lighthouse. Then he had an idea. What if he could fix the old, abandoned lighthouse? He pulled the knob and the door creaked open. Inside, there was a spiral staircase leading...wait, it was leading down! Curiosity got the best of him, and he walked cautiously downwards. It took almost a full minute to get to the bottom, and there was a chamber with a mysterious box in the middle of the room. He opened the box, trying to avoid the sticky cobwebs. As it eased open, misty see-through creatures slipped out. "Thank you for freeing us! You're one of us now!" the first one exclaimed. Mark sprinted back outside, but he could already feel the life seeping out of him. "NOOOOOO...." Then like a gust of wind, he was back with the ghosts. "Hello" the shortest one murmured. "Why do I always have to do the intro?"

Then he heard a distant voice calling “Mark! Mark!” He was shaken awake by his sister. “Mark! Mark! Wake Up!” He wobbly got to his feet, bead of sweat racing down his cheeks. “Mark! You slept through half of the day! It’s lunchtime!”