

The Ghost Of Safestore Storage

I sat frozen in my chair, with only a small flask of vegetable soup to keep me warm. The scarf wrapped around my neck didn't really help- it was just like a snake tightly trapping me, enclosing me in its grasp. It made me feel uncomfortable... With my legs perched on the desk and fingers glued to the flask, I could only really stare at the cobwebs littering the storage room and the shutters by the door. Boxes towered over me like tall buildings and bubble wrap covered the floor like a blanket. Old rolls of tape were stacked oddly in one corner hiding shelves and jars full of things. Snow tumbled outside and I shivered at the sight of it. It amazed me that it was only October, but snow was already starting to fall. I remembered that earlier that morning I saw a news report on the weather and how climate change was affecting the temperature and seasons. "That must be why it is snowing in October and on Halloween!" I thought to myself before bringing the flask closer to me.

I gulped down the remainder of the soup and put the metal can on the desk. A tiny drop of soup splashed on to a piece of paper... and for a split second, it looked as if it glowed and sparkled. I blinked at this sight, but I didn't think much of it. I swivelled on my chair and then put my feet firmly on the ground. I stood up, zipped up my coat and stamped my boots on the floor. My toes were numb and I couldn't feel them, but I walked to the other side of the room and picked up a few boxes labelled "DECORATIONS". Carefully, I peeled open one side of the box and peered inside. "Ah!" I screamed and dropped the boxes and they flung open on the floor. The contents flew out- there were a few realistic looking masks, a pretend witches broomstick and a- a- a GHOST!

I ran to the door, picked up a roll of bubble wrap and tried to defend myself from this chaotic creature flying towards me. I dived behind some cardboard boxes and hid, but this ghost was too clever for me. It burst through the boxes and they exploded, leaving possessions and objects scattered everywhere. There was nowhere for me to hide. I cowered in the corner, shaking like a leaf with my hands over my eyes, afraid of what was to come.

Nothing happened- I was still sheltering myself minutes later... Bravely, I looked out through the gaps between my fingers and squinted at the bright light in front on me. There, was the ghost perched on a plastic box staring at me. My jaw dropped open and my eyes grew wide. This astonishing spirit was patiently sat in front of me waiting... waiting... waiting.

But waiting for what? For me to speak, for me to move, for me to do anything? I plucked up the courage to unravel myself from the ball I was curled up in and I cleared my throat. "Hello" I whispered, "Who are you?" After a while, I realised this ghost wasn't scary at all. He was probably harmless and didn't want to scare me. The ghost sat up straight and said: "My name is Scott Reynolds; I come out of that box every year on Halloween. It's nice to be free for at least a day before I'm put back in some cardboard and left for another year!"

"Well Scott, it's nice to meet you, I've never seen a ghost before. And I hope you know that you don't have to go back in that box- you could be free to fly around whenever you like!"

"I guess you are right, but where will I go, where will I live? I have all of these questions that need answers and I don't know what to do!"

"If you take each step at a time, you will be just fine- I'm sure you could find a haunted house nearby and you could live in that. I'm sure you'll make lots of ghost friends!"

“Oh thank you, that is such a brilliant idea!” Scott said as he flew to the door, “And goodbye!”

In an instant, Scott had flown away in search of a haunted house. I strolled back to my desk, sat down on the chair and laughed at the eventful day I had just had!

A few days later, there was a knock at the storage room door. I opened it and to my surprise, Scott was there with a bunch of ghost friends.

“Hello again!” Scott cheered. “I wanted to thank you for your help- I have now got a home to live in- it’s much better than that old cardboard box. These are all my friends!” He smiled as he introduced every one.

“You are very welcome!” I replied, “I’m glad that you are happy now”.

We talked for a long while and eventually, once more, Scott waved goodbye and whizzed off- back to his haunted house!

Happy Halloween!

By: Lucy Underwood

Age: 13