

Year 6

THE GHOST OF LINGFIELD LIBRARY

By Isabella

As the veil of mist hung above the long forgotten gravestones, Amy hurried through the graveyard to the peace and quiet of Lingfield Library. She couldn't wait to get away from the hustle of all the other children after school and read her book in her favourite place. As usual the same grave caught her eye. It was for a girl called Eliza Clarke who had died in the bombing of Lingfield Primary School in 194? Amy had always felt sorry for Eliza as she was only eleven years old when she died.

She continued walking through the misty graveyard towards Lingfield library. Amy opened the ancient oak door and as soon as she stepped in she felt the warm air travel across her cold body. "Good afternoon Sheila" she called. No answer. "Oh she might be making a cup of tea", Amy told herself. The library had a cosy feeling to it: there were yellow tinted fairy lights that hung up from wall to wall, the fire was glowing warmly in the dimly lit room and the only sound was the rustle of Amy turning the pages of the book she had chosen.

Amy wandered over to the tall shelves that held the well ordered books, and after a few moments picked one out. Amy then skipped over to her favourite corner where she always sat and nestled down to read her books.

She had first discovered the library when her class visited it, ever since then, she had loved to go there after school and read all the books. As soon as she opened the book she had chosen onto the first page she felt as if she had been transported to her own quiet world.

Immersed in her book, Amy suddenly saw something in the corner of her eye. She looked up and saw something she had never noticed before: in the shadows partly hidden by a tapestry was a small dark wooden door. Since Amy was a curious person, she could not resist investigating. She crept over to the door, took a deep breath, and then cautiously tried the handle. To her surprise the door was not locked but creaked open slowly to reveal a gloomy cobweb covered room. She hesitantly entered the empty space. SLAM!!!! The door had shut behind her and a blast of ice cold air hit her like a blizzard. It was then that she realised that she was not alone. A shiver ran down her spine as she slowly turned around to see the white silhouette of a young girl hovering in front of her. The girl had long flowing hair tied in ribbons, moving in the chilled breeze. She carried a book in her hands. Before Amy had the chance to scream, the ghost held out the book. To Amy's surprise the pages started to turn on their own,. Amy looked up at the ghost who with her eyes gestured for Amy to look at the book. It said: "*This is the Diary of Eliza Clarke...*". Amy suddenly realised that this was the ghost of the girl who's grave she had seen every day on her way to and from school. Panicked, Amy forced the door open and ran home as fast as she could.

30 Years Later.....

Amy was busy preparing dinner in the kitchen waiting for her daughter to come home from school. She glanced out of the window and saw a veil of mist hanging over the garden. Suddenly, the front door flew open and Amy's daughter Rose raced into the kitchen and said, "Mum, Mum, something really weird happened to me in Lingfield library!"