

Our Spooky Story

By Alex and Elena

From the outside the house was weathered, paint was cracking and faded, the grass was brown, weeds were growing tall and dirt was caked over the windows like brown frosting. The house was just four years new and settled in a cul-de-sac just down the street of our neighborhood in San Clemente, California. Mom, Dad and I would often walk past the house during our evening family time. We live next to a wildlife preserve so it was natural to see coyotes roaming about and enormous black birds fly overhead. What made this house so spooky was that the birds seemed to claim the house as their own. At night the coyotes would howl in the spookiest way. It was fun to pretend that the house was haunted so Elena and I would ride our bikes there and sit across the street telling each other stories of what might have happened to the family and why they left so suddenly.

Here is one of our best stories:

It started the with the first stone. The house was new and the family that moved in was putting in a new yard. They liked the style from the old country so they had stones shipped all the way from Transylvania, half way across the world, to place in their yard. Transylvania is the home of some of the spookiest things in the world! The same night the first stone was placed in the yard a large black bird came to visit and sat on the fence inspecting the new addition as if to approve of it. As the days went by more Transylvania stones were laid in the yard as if they were recreating an old path and wall that existed for centuries.

Each night one more black bird came to watch, quietly so no one would know they were there. On the night of the first full moon to shine on the completed Transylvania yard, it happened...a ghost rose out of one of the stones and came to sit on the wall as if it was her own. She didn't look very scary, but instead confused. And the black birds seemed to surround her like the blue birds that followed a Disney princess. From behind a tree, Elena and I watched her as she inspected her new home. I don't think she liked it very much.

The ghost had big round eyes and long black hair that hung to the floor in soft waves. She didn't look scary but rather pretty in a spooky kind of way. Elena and I whispered to each other as we watched carefully. Her smoky grey dress came down to her knees and swayed back and forth as she stood next to a newly transplanted olive tree. As we tip-toed past the tree where we had been hiding the black



birds started to holler as if to warn the ghost of our presence. In a moment she was gone.

Lights went on inside the house each window glowing a soft yellow. The front door of the house swung open and out came the owners of the house with brooms in their hands. Elena and I quickly ran back behind our tree as it was too far to run all the way home. We thought this house must be a house full of witches! But as they waved the brooms bottom up into the air, we realized they were just trying to get rid of the birds. Comforted by the thought the owners were normal, we laughed a little and started to talk about the ghost girl. Where do you think she came from? Where are her parents? How old was she? Is she friendly...we jabbered on excited but scared at the same time.

“I come from Transylvania, I’m eight years old, and I’m looking for my parents,” said a small voice. Elena and I looked at each other with our eyes as large as saucers and bright with fear. We grabbed each other’s hand and slowly turned around. There she was. But when we looked into her sad eyes we were not afraid. We felt sadness for her. She went on to say that she doesn’t know where she is or why she can no longer find her parents. “I’m very lonely and I miss my parents so much.” the ghost girl said. “We will be your friends. I’m Alex and this is Elena. We live just down the street.” I said. But her sad eyes only lit up a little. “Thank you for your kindness and for not running away when you saw me.” The ghost girl continued, “Can you help me get back home?” “We can try.” Elena and I said at the same time, now looking at each other for support. “But we have to go home right now because our parents will soon be looking for us. We promise to come back tomorrow and help make a plan to get you back home.” With that, the ghost girl nodded and took two steps back and vanished.

Wow! We said to each other now looking face to face and holding each others hands.



We couldn't believe what we just saw. Giggling with excitement we jumped on our bikes and rode home. Elena lives in the house right next to mine so just as I got upstairs to my room and turned on the light I heard Elena on the can phone. The can phone is a science project Elena and I have that goes from my bedroom window to hers. It is two cans connected by wire; she speaks in one side and I listen on the other. I can hear her talking in her room anyway so I'm not sure if the can phone really works or not. Elena tells me to log-on to the Via-E chat room so we can make a plan to help the ghost girl. We have our own chat room setup on the Via-E site so we can talk in private.

Everyday we rode our bikes to meet with the ghost girl and became great friends. She was not as sad as when we first met her but she still missed her family. By now there must have been 40 black birds that came to the haunted house to keep the ghost girl company. The people who lived in the house were not very happy about their uninvited bird guests. They would chase them with brooms and bang tin cans together to make loud noises in hopes the birds would go away, but they would not. Instead more and more birds came to visit the ghost princess. We named her that because only princesses could talk to the birds.

None of our ideas to get the ghost princess home seemed to work, save one. One day we knocked on the door of the haunted house. A kind looking woman answered the door and we began to tell her the story of the Transylvania stone and the ghost princess. She listened to us for at least an hour as we told her everything we knew and begged her to find a way to take the ghost princess back to Transylvania to be with her family. The kind woman's eyes looked compassionate and without even a word she nodded and slowly closed the door. Elena and I looked at each other with questions in our faces. What was the woman going to do? Did she listen to us at all?

Later that evening we met with the ghost princess and told her what we had done. "We're sorry." we said, "we have tried everything we could think of to get you back home." "But you can be part of our families...we can be sisters...all three of us!" Elena said. We all looked at each other and knew this was already true—we would be sisters forever. But sadly that was not enough. Even though we had each other, the ghost princess needed her family.

The next night was a full moon. It was so bright that it looked like a big flashlight had been hung in the sky. Elena and I went to the same tree we had gone to each night before to meet the ghost princess, but this time it felt different. Not one black bird was at the haunted house. None sitting on the fence. None were sitting on the house, or the mailbox or even in the olive tree...they were all gone. The house was dark, not even the porch light glowed as it had every night before. We walked across the street to take a closer look. There were no cars in the driveway and the evening paper was still on the porch. We decided to knock on the door. Knock, knock, knock. No answer. No sound. Nothing. Knock, knock, knock, we repeated. Still nothing. We turn around and headed down that hand-laid path of Transylvania stone and noticed, one stone was missing.

Elena and I look at each other and our hearts filled with happiness. We knew at that moment the ghost princess was on her way home to her family. The nice woman who owned the house did listen and did care.

Every Halloween Elena, the ghost princess and I meet at the tree across from the once haunted house. New people now live in that house and they have replaced the stone that once brought the ghost princess to our neighborhood. So next time you see black birds sitting in a yard with old stones, watch closely and maybe you will find your own ghost princess friend like we did.

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