

Ghost Story

By Magnarakku

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This is an original story that I've been playing with. It's nothing special. I just thought I'd post it here to see if anybody thinks I should keep working on it. Comments are appreciated.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Magnarakku/46484/Ghost-Story>

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Chapter One: When it all started

Hello; My name is Emberly Fissher. I am a ghost. This is my story.

It was dawn; a perfectly splendid time to once again rise from beneath the warm covers wrapped around me, but I dared not move. I knew they were here. Somewhere in the fading shadows I knew they're wretched forms swam around like liquid oxygen. I gripped the edge of my blanket as if I were hanging on for my life. My eyes were wide open and had been for the past of however long I had been lying there, aware of their presence. My breathing was slow and shallow as I tried to be as quiet as humanly possible. My mother had been in her rocking chair reading, and my father was watching T.V. when they came. First seeping beneath the front door and creeping along the floor like a shadow to the recliner my father was falling asleep in. I was in the kitchen; I saw the whole thing. It happened so fast I barely had time to think. The clearest thing I remember was seeing my fathers face instantly turn deathly white. Every trace of life completely erased of his limp form. His arm fell and just dangled at the side of the chair. The television suddenly turned off and the lights flickered out quietly. My body was frozen stiff, too afraid to move, too afraid to stay. In the living room just across from the kitchen, the shadows on the floor welled up into three tall, emaciated figures.

Rule One: You must be alone.

That's when I ran upstairs to get my mother, but when I saw her, I knew they had gotten to her before to me. Her pale, bony figure draped head back, eyes wide in the chair; her book open and face flat on the floor. The black silhouette morphed out of the floor behind her. I could make out what appeared to be it's long, pointy face and it slowly twisted toward me. I took a step back into the wall in the hallway, ready to dash for my room. It's mouth opened up from the blackness to reveal I bloody red interior, long, razor sharp yellow teeth, and a dark red tongue that folded out to greet me. That was Que and I ran for my room on feet the barely took the time to hit the wooden floor. I jumped into my bed and pulled the covers over me. I was seven, and that was eight years ago. I haven't forgotten anything since.

Rule Two: You must never be seen.

Shall I Continue? Yes/No