

The River Ghost

By: Camille Long

One day, I was walking down the street when I saw an eerie old man telling a story to some children. He had wrinkles on his forehead, his skin was old and weathered, his hair was gray and his clothes were dirty and ripped. I walked over to him and sat down. He was telling a story about a woman who had been drowned by people who thought she was a witch.

He said, "They pushed her into the water and when she hit the water the weights they put on her started pulling her down, they knew that they had done something wrong. My grandfather jumped in and tried to save her but it was too late. She was already dead when he got her on the shore. You kids should not go swimming, she haunts the river here waiting for her next victim." As soon as he said that, all the kids started snickering and laughing. "Ha ha he just made that story up," said one kid.

I decided to leave and go to the river to dip my feet in. After all, I wasn't going to let some ghost story make me scared of the river. Just as I could see the river I heard a scream. Not like a funny playful scream, but a blood curdling scream. I decided to follow the scream. Just as I saw the person who was screaming the water turned red

with blood and the person disappeared into the water. As soon as I saw this, I ran back into the marketplace looking for the old man who told the story. He would probably be the only person who would believe me. I couldn't find him.

I decided that I would have to look for clues by myself. The next day I got up and quickly put on my bathing suit and goggles. I ran to the river and jumped in quickly. I looked down but could not even see the bottom of the river so I decided to dive to the bottom. The first time I went to the bottom but couldn't see anything. As I was going back to the surface I felt something pull my leg and I started to freak out. I felt my heart pounding in my chest. As I looked down I saw that it was just a plant that had gotten tangled on my leg, but I was starting to run out of air. The plant was very tangled on my leg. So I started pulling at the plant extremely hard and after a few seconds it broke free from my leg. I rapidly started swimming to the top and as I got to the top, I started gasping for air. As soon as I caught my breath, I swam out of the river quickly.

The next day I went to go ask my best friend Lily if she would help me. Surprisingly, Lily believed me and she said she would help me look for clues. So the next day, we went to the same spot on the river. After a couple minutes of diving, Lily started to thrash and all the sudden the water turned red and she disappeared under water. A

couple seconds later, she appeared again. She started laughing her head off. "I got you so good," she said. Just then I felt an eerie tickle up my spine. "Get out," I yelled, "Now!"

"You can't get me that easily," said Lily.

Just then the water turned red and my heart started to pound. I raced out of the water and then Lily disappeared. The next day I woke up not at all in the mood to go searching for clues. I knew that if I didn't though, more people would die. I decided that I was going to go searching for the last time to solve the mystery. So I slipped on my swimsuit and slowly walked down to the river. As I reached the river I felt strange, like something was there or watching me. I knew I had to get into the water anyway. As I got in the water I realized that it was colder than normal and the sky was darker now and more cloudy than it was before. The air had gotten colder too. I could almost feel someone or something beneath me. I decided that I should get out of the water.

Suddenly, I felt a tug on my leg. I tried to pull myself away from it, but I couldn't. I looked down and saw a woman whose eyes were red and furious, her hair was messy, her clothes were torn, and she had weights attached to her. I realized that this was the ghost of the woman who the old man had been talking about. I wished that I had listened to

him but it was too late. I could no longer move. I felt her dead cold nails rip into my thigh, then the water turned red and I let out a blood curdling scream. She almost looked sorry, I realized that she wouldn't be sorry, she was doing this on her own free will. Just then I went under water. I felt my heart stop and I could no longer breathe. My body started to feel cold and dead, finally I hit the bottom and gave up the ghost.

Maybe next I will come for you.

The End!!!