

Mythical Ghost

by Hamzah Din

Everyone avoided that old house at the end of the block. It was believed to have some sort of mythical ghost. There were rumors that the ghost had some sort of legendary sword. I've always wanted a sword, but I've never found one, so I decided to go and find it.

I heard a few screams. It made me feel very uncomfortable, but my greatest desire was to have a sword, so I kept on going. I was about 10 metres away from the house. I was starting to regret the fact that I had come. I couldn't turn back though. I approached the door. The aroma of burnt wood was getting to me. I thought that barging through would be a good idea. Guess what? *It wasn't.*

I fell through a trap door. I was sliding through a tunnel. I fell into a cage. I couldn't help but notice LAVA right underneath the cage! "Wh-where am I?" I trembled.

"You're in this cage, stupid," said an ominous voice.

"Doesn't matter," I replied. "Where's this *sword* that everyone's talking about?" I blurted out.

"Right here," it said. "Want it?" it asked.

"YES, YES please!" I yelled.

"Well you'll have to get through me first!" it thundered.

The cage door opened. I jumped to a platform. I jumped towards the ghostly figure. It tried to punch me, but it couldn't. After all, ghosts are transparent. I grabbed the sword and jumped back. I had it! The sword was in my hands!

“Oi! Come back with that!” it barked. I ignored it and kept running. I found stairs and jumped to them, I ran up them, and burst out of the door.

“Yes!” I said, I was delighted. I ran back home and placed it in my room.