

Abbey
Grade 12
Southwest Branch
Genre: Original Fiction
Title: The Asylum's Polterbeast

A few years ago, my dumb brother dragged me along on one of his extremely dumb ghostbuster expedition things. I know that means I'm dumber than him for allowing him to do that, but he promised me free food, so – you know, naturally I accepted. Come on you would, it's FREE FOOD!!!!!!

Anyway, when we pulled up to the hopefully empty building in the absolute middle of freakin' nowhere, I started lashing out. Yelling at him to take me home, but he just brushed me off by calling me a wuss and a scaredy cat. As we stepped out of the car I noticed a rusty old sign that was encrusted in

vines. I went over and ripped the leaves back. The building used to be an asylum and on the sign it said WARNING: PRIVATE PROPERTY TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. Great!

My brother might be a complete idiot but he had tons of fancy ghost hunting stuff he built. All I got was a small flashlight and I mean small like tiny, while he loaded himself up with all his expensive "professional" gear. I told him that I was terrified and didn't want to go in but he said he was

going in whether I was or wasn't.

Too afraid to be left by the car all alone, I went with him which was a big mistake on my part but I stayed as close to him as humanly possible maybe even more than that. As we got closer to the entrance, my skin started to crawl. Then my brother stopped and told me to hush, my ears seemed to listen four times as hard as usual. Then a deep heart wrenching, blood-curdling scream came from the building! I swear I died inside a little.

I grabbed the back of his shirt and he wrenched himself free of my cowardly grasp not long after. He told me to calm myself down or he'd run off and leave me alone. Wrestling up all the little courage I had left, I followed him through the entrance. The door was missing taken by a hobo no doubt. When we started walking around, I just knew we were being watched. It didn't

take long for strange things to happen. First, a shadow zipping along the wall to my left and a quiet murmur (my brother said it was the wind) echoing through the large building.

He switched on his recorder and told me to shut up so he could catch something. I tried so hard to contain the occasional squeal and gasp, but they would just slip out sometimes. I looked behind us at least 80% of the time, what I didn't expect was my brother to take off at a full sprint down the hallway and up the stairs leaving me alone. I raced after him as fast as my legs could carry me, whispering for him to wait.

It didn't matter how fast I went, I lost him very quickly. Why does he have such freakishly long legs? Eventually I screamed his name out angrily, but unfortunately for me he didn't answer. I suddenly got a great chill. Like a winter breeze just went through me. What freaked me out next was the feeling of a hand petting my hair like you would stroke a cat and humming like a parent would to a small, scared child! I spun around with an embarrassing

yelp but nothing was there. Until – I saw movement in a large padded cell. Thinking it was my brother, I barged in – ready to give him a serious tongue lashing – but then my blood froze sending icicles to my heart and I felt a bead of cold sweat run down my forehead. I saw someone or something crunched up in the corner. I reached for my flashlight, trembling. Out of

fear I dropped it because the figure started to slowly rise off the ground towering over me by several feet. It had blood red eyes and black charcoaled teeth I noticed as it smiled a Cheshire smile. It let out a deep, guttural growl like a feral dog and flew up the wall, leaving black streaks of soot sprites. I knew it was real because it left a red

mark on the wall. I walked
over to the mark touching it. It felt like, blood!!!

When I walked back to the door and bent down to pick up the flashlight, I got the freezing feeling again and shivered. I heard a deep cackle above my head and froze. Slowly tilting my head up I noticed once again, nothing was there. I didn't wait to sprint out, with or without my brother. I honestly

didn't care. I was sure that I heard quick footsteps behind me. Several times I looked behind me but nothing was there. One time I looked behind me not having seen the staircase and I fell. After that it was very hard to find my way in the dark, seeing as I lost my glasses when I hit the bottom of the staircase and could only see blurs.

When I finally made it to the door, something whooshed through the air with a gust of freezing wind. Again, I spun around. At first I couldn't see anything, but then made out the crouching shadow scampering into one of the rooms. Then my brother came strolling out – making me scream louder than ever. He stopped and shone his flashlight on me.

“What’s the matter with you?” Realizing that it was him but too scared to go over to him so he came to me handing me my glasses. I put them on and pointing to the room I asked “Didn’t you see that?!” I didn’t even think to question how he got them. He shrugged me off and said I was letting my imagination get the better of me. By that stage I knew he didn’t care and neither did I. I ran off and yelled to him that I was going to the car.

When I got to the car, I looked back to see a dark figure in one of the windows, it smiled it’s dark Cheshire smile before jetting off. I watched the building for ages, seeing my brothers flashlight here and there as he continued his search. What scared me the most was the sight of lights flickering on and off in several of the cells around him at the same time! I even knew there was no electricity because I could see the smashed, corroded breaker box from where I sat. Suddenly, all lights switched off as did my brothers and I was afraid for him. Then I saw him. He was walking out the door and even though I knew he couldn’t have been upstairs but a second ago I brushed that thought aside. I was just content with the thought of heading home.

When he finally got back to the car, he told me he didn’t see anything! I couldn’t help but notice the dark Cheshire smile seemingly glued to his face as we drove to Bella’s for food. We never arrived though as we drove I remember the radio wiggling out and when I looked up my brother was looking at me with his new smile as his face darkened, eyes reddened, and teeth

blackened. I let out a scream as the car flew over the cliff. It got him and now it had me too.