

Kata Raffay, 8.b

It was dark

It was a dark, foggy Friday afternoon. I was walking down the street towards an abandoned hospital. The trees were affected by the cold weather, they barely had half of their leaves on them. The leaves that fell down still sat on the ground because nobody took the effort to clean them up or at least form piles from them. The shadows the trees cast were hovering over me like a predator hunting for its prey. It sent chills down my spine. The trees looked like they came straight from a horror movie. On the sides of the road were lanterns which were glowing in a shade somewhere between red and orange. The candles inside them were flickering mostly because of the strong wind. The wind was strong and cold. The weather you would expect in Autumn. It blew through the leaves on the ground and carried them on its back and then dropped them off somewhere. The abandoned hospital was my destination just because my friends planned to meet there. There were rumours that whoever goes there doesn't come out alive.

A ton of people have already died in there. I don't even know why I agreed to go. Maybe I should just turn back and tell them I couldn't make it. These thoughts were running in my mind when I check my phone and saw that Tom sent a picture in the group chat. It was a picture of a person wearing a pumpkin on their head and they were holding a bloody knife "I heard that the killer murders their victims by giving them strong sedatives and then stabbing their unconscious body multiple times" says Tom while the others just leave it on seen. "When are you coming? You are the only one who hasn't arrived yet" I swear I could hear Herta's sarcasm through the text and I chuckled to myself and quickly answered "Any moment now" I put the phone back to my bag and finally saw the abandoned hospital. The others were already there and they were glaring at me. I sigh and rush towards the entrance. The hospital was emptied in the 90's, the windows were cracked some of them were even missing. I stop next to the others and ask. "So... who is in going to go in first?" Herta sighs "I will" she utters and opens the disintegrating wooden door which creaks loudly. We all stepped inside as the door shuts behind us with a loud bang. Chills ran down my spine but I kept my posture trying to look brave. Cobwebs were all around the place and most of the plaster were on the ground with bricks and papers scattered across the floor.

"So where shall we go?" Herta questions. I'm sure I could hear a slight fear in her voice. "Let's check out the surgery rooms!" Mona stated excitedly. I quietly nodded as Tom looked around and pointed at signs hanging from the ceiling. The top one said cafeteria, the middle one was pointing towards the bathroom and the bottom one was the one for the surgery rooms. We all walked towards the said surgery room and one

of the doors were missing but we opened the remaining half. Dust was all over the place that even our footsteps could be seen in it. In the middle of the room there was an operating table, above it surgical lights and there was a trolley too. Everything looked old and rusty and the smell was unbearable. On the trolley there were all kinds of scissors in different shapes and sizes. All the scalpels and forceps were covered in rust. The others took pictures when I heard a growling like sound echo through the hall. I turn towards the direction of the sound and see a shadow with a pumpkin head. The shadow had no body to be attached to, but it still left footsteps in the dust. It was painted on the wall as a normal shadow should, but a shadow shouldn't leave footsteps behind. I was frozen in place from shock but I came back to my senses and pointed in the direction of that thing. I had no idea what it was but it sure as hell was creepy. "Guys... Look" They look to where my shaking finger is pointing.

"What are we supposed to look at?" Mona asks confused "A ghost!" My arms started shaking even more as the shadow gets even closer "You are crazy. Ghosts don't exist." The shadow moved from the wall then to the floor and made contact with my shoes. I tried to move away but I couldn't. I felt a tingling sensation run through me as my limbs became numb so I couldn't feel a thing. I could only move my eyes around and nothing else. That's the only part that I had control over. I look down and see that my shadow doesn't reflect me but that pumpkin headed thing. My mind was going hazy as my body started to move on its own. Was I being possessed? I have no idea. I was starting to panic, trapped in my own body. The others were focusing on different things. Nobody noticed me and I'm guessing they couldn't see the shadow. Tom was in the room next to this. The ghost or I could say I walked to the room without my will. I looked down at my hands and there was a white cloth in them which. Its surface felt a little wet. It probably contained some kind of sedative. I have no idea how it got in my hand but I kind of understand because my mind is still hazy and my head is spinning.

Tom was busy with running through the books on the shelves. I walk up to him from behind and my arm pushes the cloth in his face. He holds back his breath, hoping it would prevent him from breathing in the sedative, but when he runs out of breath he is gasping for air. He even tries to shout for help but the worthless pleading is muffled by my hands. He slowly passes out in my arms as I quietly put him down on the ground, making sit and lean against the wall. Herta went to check out the cafeteria so Mona was alone in the operation room. I walked up behind her did the same thing. She tried to resist as much as she could but the possessed me was way stronger. I picked her up and set her down beside Tom's unconscious self. I see Herta standing beside a table taking photos of the old things on it. I knock her out too and now she is sitting next to the others. She has accepted her fate because she didn't try fight back. They all looked so peaceful sitting there not knowing anything. Suddenly a knife

appeared in my hand. Panic rushed through me and my hands were shaking. No. I will not kill my friends. I have to fight back. Tears were rolling down my cheeks as I stepped closer to Tom raising my knife at the unconscious boy. My breaths are shaky as I hear a familiar music playing. I quickly open my eyes to the sound of my alarm as I realize that I am in my own room. I've never been so happy to wake up in my room or hear my alarm. Luckily it was all just a dream... or was it not?