

'That house was haunted'

By EMILY WEAVER
Editor

Fire Chief Frank Burns said that there was a two-story house on Baker Street he heard was haunted.

One man who lived in the house complained that he would often hear footsteps up and down the stairway, but when he looked no one was there. He would hear the cabinet doors slam in the kitchen. No one was there. The hallway light would come on without any human hand flipping the switch.

Burns said that he didn't think too much of it at the time, but after the house caught fire years later, he remembered the tales.

A woman was living in the house at the time. She jumped from a window to escape the blaze.

"I'm glad it burned. That house was haunted," he remembered the woman saying.

The chief heard the same account of strange activity from her — a woman who had never met or spoken to the man who once occupied the house.

Yet their stories were the same: disembodied

footsteps, cabinets slamming shut by some unseeable force, and that hallway light that kept turning on by itself.

Could the house have really been haunted? How could two people, who never met, give the same strange accounts if they both didn't have the same experiences?

Maybe we'll never know. The house is gone now. The fire destroyed it...and in the ashes, settled years ago, rises a mystery.

The chief was able to solve at least part of that mystery. Remember that hallway light that kept turning on by itself? That was from faulty wiring, Burns said.

When the house was remodeled, a nail was left inside the wall near the wires. When the house would get heated up, the warm nail would act like a conductor of electricity, short-circuiting the wires, and causing the light to come on. It was that wiring and that nail that actually caused the fire that night...or was it?



GHOST TRAIN

All aboard the Ghost Train Express

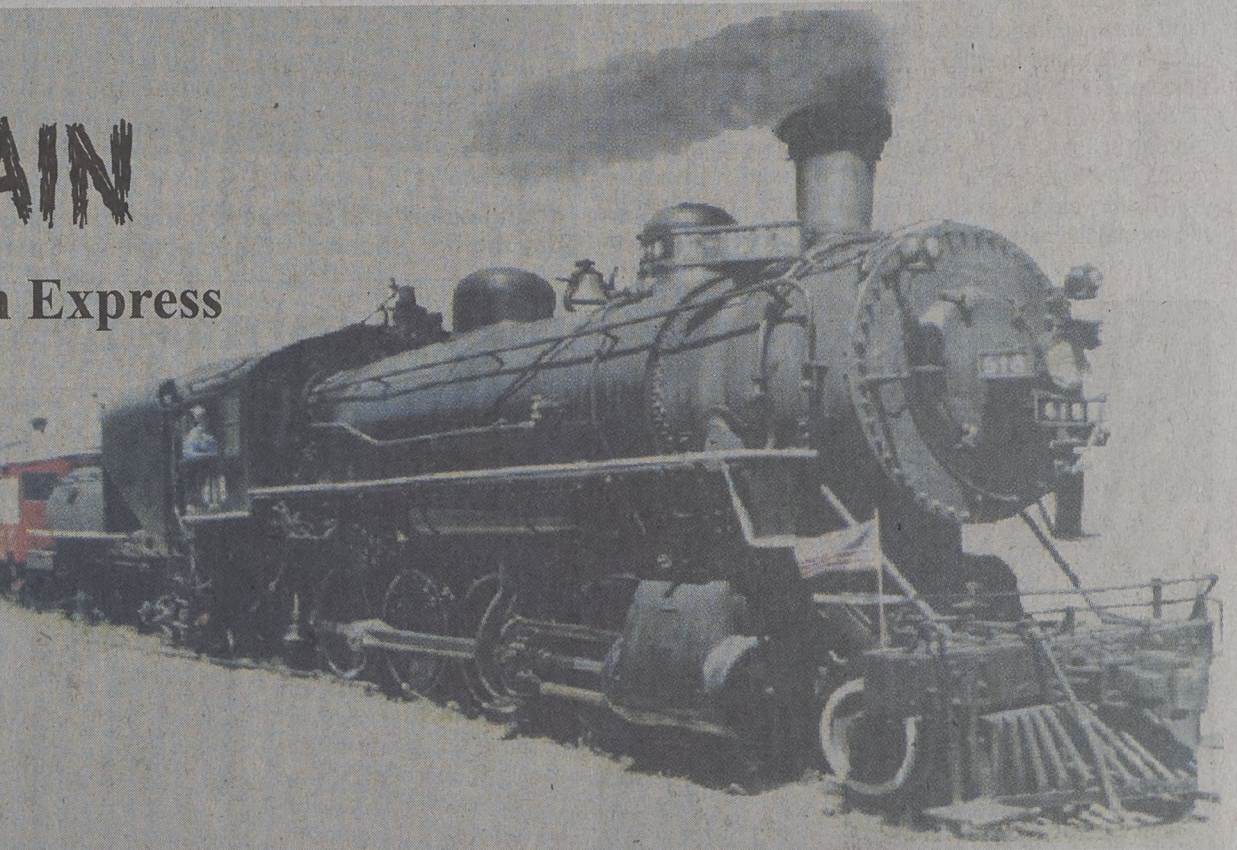
At just the right time on just the right night, as if on schedule, a train comes whistling down the tracks - a train that isn't there.

According to local legends, this ghost train has been known to appear and vanish on the Norfolk Southern railway tracks along Battle-ground Avenue. You hear its whistle. You see its

lights. But it isn't really there.

Is it a trick of the eyes...and ears?

The phantom locomotive can be seen at night in the fall as you drive south down Battle-ground Avenue. No one I've talked to have actually seen the apparition personally. But the story lives on and, in that way, so too does the haunt.



AND THE CONTEST WINNERS ARE...

Our thanks to the 77 young authors who entered our contest. Your imagination and creativity were amazing. We at The Eagle hope all of you have a safe and happy Halloween!

Witch scared ghost, ghost scared kids

By Sydnie Hay
Grade 1
Runnerup

The haunted house and the spiderweb and bats scared the children. The witch scared the ghost and the ghost scared the children.

...then the furniture started to move

By Ross Sutherland
4th grade
Runnerup

Krackle, crackle, snap, snap. The leaves on a Halloween night were crunching under three kids' feet while they were walking under a bridge to go trick or treating. The first house they went to was awesome. The ninth one was the best one. That's what they thought, at least.

"I think we should go to that one," said Anika. "Let's not just stand here!" exclaimed Joe. "Let's go."

So they walked straight up to the front door and rang the doorbell. No answer. They tried again. No answer. They tried one more time. Still no answer.

Finally Joe got so annoyed with this little joke he broke the door in and said, "All right, that's it. Who's the owner of this house?"

But as soon as he got a good look at the house he calmed down and said, "I don't think we should be in here."

But all of a sudden something grabbed him by his shirt and he disappeared into the darkness.

We both ran after him but we got pulled into the darkness too. The hand did not feel like a hand. In fact, it felt like the arm of a couch. All of a sudden a very bright light came on, bright enough to light up a football field. A lot of furniture was around us. We were tied up in a cage.

All of a sudden the furniture started to move. What could be happening? I thought.

A witch, a mummy and a ghost surrounded us, a couple of ghosts and witches, in fact. We ended up with Joe at least. We all three were really, really, really scared.

"Who's idea was this anyway?" Joe asked. Anika and I both said, "YOURS!" Joe got so angry he started to break the bars. He broke enough for us to get out. We saw the door.

We all three ran out, and the witch ran upstairs and the ghosts and mummy came out. We ran all the way to my house terrified, but we calmed down.

Sometimes on Halloween you can see a light...

By Katie Ellis
8th grader
First Prize winner

We crept along the edge of the woods toward the old, supposedly haunted house. There was a rumor that an old lady from Europe used to live there. They said, "One day, she turned off all the lights and they never turned back on, but sometimes on Halloween you can see a faint light in an upstairs room"

After hearing this, Carly, my annoying little sister, Hannah, my best friend, and I planned to go and find out about the old house. Hannah was not, at all, happy about going there instead of trick-or-treating. I begged her a lot and she, finally, gave in. And, of course, my annoying sister just had to be listening to our conversation and decided to invite herself. I had to let Carly go or she would tell Mom and everybody at school would think we were liars, since we bragged about not being scared of the old house.

Halloween night, eventually, arrived and we were excited about our adventure. We were all dressed in our costumes, just to fool Mom. Carly was a cute little orange pumpkin. Hannah was a scarecrow and I was an adorable witch. All three of us strutted out the front door with big grins on our faces. We raced across the street and made our way up the old house's winding driveway.

Once on the rotted front porch we looked around in the darkness to make sure no one was watching.

"Maybe I'll just wait out here," Carly cried right as I touched the doorknob. "No...you're coming whether you like it or not," I demanded back at her and flung op-

en the faded blue door.

I was the first one to step in the foyer. The house looked as if no one had been there in centuries. Cobwebs were strung from corner to corner. Hannah and Carly stepped in right behind me. I could hear their teeth chattering. First we looked around the first level, and it was boring, so I decided to go upstairs.

"Don't go up there. What if the stairs don't hold you," Hannah said to me.

"If is a big word, Hannah."

Hannah came up to the step I was on. Carly refused to come, so she waited. I reached the top of the staircase before Hannah, and when I turned around to make fun of her...

Crassshhh...Bang! "Ouch!" Hannah screamed.

She fell through the old stairs and was now in a deep, dark hole. I couldn't even see her. "And this is why..." She was interrupted by another voice.

"Who's in my house?" the voice demanded.

Then, suddenly, an old woman with a huge brown wart on her skinny, long crooked nose, came raging toward me. I was absolutely terrified! I froze in place and didn't know what to do.

"Fredrick, get these hulligans outa' my house," she yelled toward another room. Then it was silent. My legs were shaking and I couldn't run away.

I heard a really loud, long creak. Then silence again. The nasty-looking old lady started grinning.

Bang!

Loud footsteps were coming toward me from behind. I was too horrified to turn around. I had an idea. I searched for Carly's eyes, but she looked straight at the old lady. I wanted to scream her name, but she looked.

As I jumped into the hole with Hannah I told her to jump. I was sure that there would be a way to get out down there. I landed hard on my feet, but caught my balance quickly. I turned around and Hannah helped me catch Carly. She was heavy, too!

We were on our hands and knees searching for a door or something that could get us out of there. Hannah found the cellar door and we climbed out. I glanced back and saw the old lady sitting at the window. "Fredrick", a huge mummy was halfway out the door chasing us, and a ghost was in the window.

We didn't slow down until we slammed our front door shut behind us. At the same time, we sighed of relief that we were all safe.

"Are y'all OK?" my Mom asked me.

"Maybe next we will stay home and watch scary movies," I suggested.

"Good thinking," Hannah grinned.

A BIG "THANK YOU" TO ALL 77 YOUNG AUTHORS WHO ENTERED OUR CONTEST. OUR JUDGES NOTED A SURPRISING ATTENTION TO DETAIL AND DESCRIPTION AND SOME VIVID IMAGINATIONS, MAKING THE DECISIONS DIFFICULT. WE WISH WE COULD PRINT THEM ALL.

RON ISBELL, PUBLISHER