

The Haunted Castle

From where we stood in the woods, it looked like a castle rising out of the mist at the top of the hill. We couldn't make out from this distance just how many windows we could see but there seemed to be a thousand. There was only one cure for our curiosity...we had to go and explore.

The day started off like any other. My best friend and I were going to a paintball tournament. I hadn't seen him that much lately because he had been spending a lot of time with his Grandpa. I got up and got dressed. I had a bowl of cereal and a glass of orange juice. I said goodbye to my mum because we were staying overnight. I grabbed the keys to my new BMW and left. I drove over to Anthony's. He came out with our gear. "Hi Jake!" he said. "Hi Anthony, got our gear?" I replied. "Yeah I do but thanks for helping," he said sarcastically. "You're welcome, where are the twins, Jimmy and Timmy?" I enquired. "They're already gone to reserve our spot. We're the blue team," he said. "Great, I love blue!" I replied. "Ok! Let's go!" I demanded.

We packed up my car and drove away. We got to the competition in good time. We jumped out of my car and went to find the twins. We found them beside the buffet table. “Guys, leave the Red Bull alone! You’re going to go crazy,” I advised them. They led us to our rooms. At four we got to our positions. We waited. I was counting in my head...one...two....Bang! My heart was beating like crazy. “What is that thing?” asked Jimmy. “I think it’s a castle,” said Timmy. “Well whatever it is, it can’t be good news,” said Anthony. “Well, we all know what that means,” I announced, “We have to go in!” Everyone groaned.

We started walking again, the castle getting bigger and bigger with every step. Once we got there we heard a rustling sound and some rustling. “Amateurs,” we said in unison. We split up and ran in different directions. For the next five minutes all you could hear were grunts, groans and paintball guns. The opposing team got up and ran. We savoured the taste of victory...though it did not last long before we heard the words we had been dreading...”Man down!” We rushed over to a clump of apple trees. There we saw Jimmy and Timmy on the ground...multicoloured! “I guess that’s the end of us then!” said Jimmy. “Go on

without us!” said Timmy. “Ok!” Anthony replied happily.

We left them there and looked towards the castle. “I wonder how we get in,” I asked. As if the castle had heard me, the drawbridge lowered. “Ok, that is just weird!” said Anthony as we walked in. “We are the Champions and no one can stop us!” I bellowed. The castle started to rumble. “Way to go Jake! You had to shout didn’t you!” screamed Anthony, half angrily, half scared. Suddenly it stopped. By then Anthony and I were already in the far corner over by the stairs. Everything was silent except for Anthony hyperventilating. When he stopped it seemed as though the castle started talking. “Both of you, proceed to the top of the castle...now!” said a voice. As soon as the voice had finished speaking the door slammed shut. “There may be a way out at the top,” I said nervously. “May as well!” replied Anthony.

We started to walk up the spiral staircase. After what seemed like hours we finally made it to the top. When we got there, there was a surprise waiting for us. It was a grave. The voice spoke again. “Anthony, place your hands on the gravestone.” “And what if I don’t?” replied Anthony. Immediately as he said that, I started

floating up into the air. “Hey Anthony, how about we don’t find that out!” I demanded nervously. Anthony walked up to the gravestone and placed his hands on it. “What does it feel like?” I asked. “Nothing really! It’s just tingly and cold...Ahhhh!” he screamed. I dropped back onto the ground and ran to him. “Are you OK?” I enquired. “Yeah! I think so! Just a little light headed,” he replied.

All of a sudden, Anthony’s eyes started glowing green. He started to speak in a deep voice. “Finally, after all these years, I’m free from that wretched tombstone and I have possession of his grandson’s body.” “Hey, what are you doing in my best friend’s body?” I demanded sternly. “How dare you speak to me! I am Erebris, the Greek God of Darkness,” he replied loudly. By the time he had finished, I was rushing down the stairs. When I got to the door, it wouldn’t open. I thought to myself, “his grandson? What did he mean?” The doors swung open. I sprinted out of the house and looked up at the top of the castle only to see Anthony’s body floating in mid air. I then heard Erebris’ voice say, “Rise, my dead brothers. We shall claim this world as our own once again.” Suddenly, the ground started shaking and a hand

popped out of the earth, then another and another. I didn't stay to watch. I ran to get my car and headed to Anthony's Grandpa's house.

I rang the doorbell. He opened the door dressed as a bee with a bowl of sweets in his hand. "Oh! Jake! What are you doing here," asked Grandpa Joe. "I thought you were at the paintball tournament with Anthony," he enquired as he invited me in. "Well that's the thing...I was...but then this castle appeared out of nowhere. Anthony and I climbed to the top and a voice spoke and I floated off the side of the castle so Anthony put his hands on a tombstone and now he's possessed by a spirit called Erebris." "He a god, not a spirit" said Grandpa Joe. "Anything else?" he asked. "Oh! Yeah! He's also raising an army of dead people. I probably should have mentioned that first," I answered.

He went into the other room for a couple of minutes then came back in with two guns and three cartridges. "What are they?" I asked. "These are cartridges that never run out. They can vanquish Zombies. Come on, let's go!" he said. "Who are you?" I asked. "I'm Santa Claus," he answered. "I knew it!" I said to myself. I followed him out quickly. I stopped

because I heard footsteps behind me. The figure kept walking until we were face to face. It was just Claire. “Oh! Hi Claire! What are you doing here?” I asked. “I was chased by the....the undead!” she stammered. Grandpa Joe came back to us. He handed Claire a gun from his pocket. “Thanks, but what is this for?” she asked. Before Grandpa Joe could reply a group of ten, maybe twenty zombies came sprinting at us. “Well! I guess it’s time to test these out!” I said. I fired the first shot and it instantly destroyed three zombies. I showed Grandpa Joe the castle and we fought our way up. He told us all to shoot Anthony. It worked and Erebris, the god of Darkness was vanquished.

By Oisín Doyle.