

Timothy

10/28/17

St. Augustine

7B

Haunted House Hunting

Hello. My name is William O. Wisp, and, as of right now, I'm that ghost who lives under some 5-year-old's bed. Quite frankly, I hate it down here. It's dark, cramped and- wait a second is that a sock? Oh man! That thing reeks! That's it! I'm outta here! I'll find myself a new place to haunt!

And so, I float through the wall. (That's one of the few perks of being a ghost, you get all these nifty powers!) It's a dark and stormy night, as per stinking usual! Just once I'd like to go out for one night when it's not pouring buckets out there; is that too much to ask? That's why I need to find a place to stay, with all these dark and stormy nights I need something to keep the rain off my head. I float down the road and finally I reach a small apartment building. There's a sign on the door that says **Room For Rent**. This is perfect! Lucky for me, I didn't write a will, so I should have just enough money to cover the rent. I float through the front door and, 12 wrong rooms and 9 screaming tenants later, I find the landlord. Rather, the landlord finds me.

He knocks on the door in anger. "Be quiet in there!" He yells, "If you don't keep down that racket I'll have you thrown out!"

This must be the landlord! I float through the door and try to apologize for scaring his tenants. Keyword: *try*. The landlord screams in terror. Usually I don't mind this response, as it usually came from that rotten kid who sleeps over the bed, however, this isn't the response you want to get when you want to rent an apartment.

"Look I'm not here to hurt anyone. I just want to rent an an apartment." I explain, trying to be as tactful as possible.

As usual tactfulness fails and the landlord starts to scream. “Ghost! Don’t eat me! I have a family! Eat them!”

“Is this because I’m dead?” I asked. “Because I’ll have you know that it’s rude to deny someone a room just because they’re a ghost! You know what? Forget it! I’ll find a better place!”

I storm out of the building and continue my search for the perfect house to haunt. Eventually I do find it, though it took a long time. It’s a nice little house, and it’s much roomier than under that bed. I share it with a living family but I don’t mind. They don’t even know I’m here. I have to say, it’s probably the nicest place I ever lived. You might say the same....

Because you live there too!