

# GHOSTS

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old abandoned cathedral. Crushed snail shells littered the floor as I crept onto the threshold. The wooden framing already seemed to be a victim of termites doing their work. The shadows looming over me seemed almost the exact opposite of perfect and the whole island was covered in them. I'd always believed that the legend of *Old Man Pete* the ghost, but he had started to haunt me and I was going to set things right. I trembled all over like a branch in a storm but kept moving. Suddenly I twitched as I felt something cold touch my back... Just a piece of wood from the roof. Nothing. The cathedral belonged to the almost bloodthirsty man and me walking in it would tick him off but that's what I want. I start to realise that I might be trapped and all of these horrible thoughts rush into my head. I suddenly see that sunken face and ...

