

## The Ghosts of Priory Past

It was a cold, winter's night and the wind howled loudly around Reigate Priory School while the floorboards creaked ominously. The walls shivered as the rain drummed against the misty windows, out of control. Not a soul could sleep, especially not Mr. Harrison the caretaker.

As the clock struck to mark the passing of another hour. Mr Harrison sat bolt upright in bed, feeling around blindly for his torch. He found it, switched it on, the dim light casting a yellow glow across the small room. Living in Reigate Priory school, Mr Harrison didn't get much space to live in. In one corner, his wardrobe sat patiently on its own; in another, his bed creaked under his weight; in the last one, his desk obediently waited, scattered with unwanted bits of paper. If you're thinking, 'normally there are four corners in a room', well the last one was taken up by a large, old, oak door.

By now, Mr. Harrison had made his way over to the ancient door and was tugging at the handle. Finally, it gave way and he lurched back at the sudden jolt. As he stepped into the corridor, the hairs on the back of his neck stood on end and he heard a BANG from the attic room next door! He tiptoed over to the door. Slowly it creaked open to reveal an empty room, apart from some dusty rolls of wallpaper.

Suddenly, the room was lit up and there, staring across at him was the ghostly figure of Lord Edmund Howard!

Mr Harrison stumbled backwards as the eerie figure began to march towards him. He turned and fled down the stairs, veering off into the classroom with the golden ceiling. There, he stopped dead in his tracks, for in front of him stood the beautiful but (as a ghost) totally terrifying, Isabella Somers-Cocks. Seeing a possible escape route, Mr Harrison flung himself into the cupboard. Back in the olden days, it wasn't just an ordinary cupboard. It was used as a passage for servants and maids to take food and other items to the lords and ladies of the house.

After emerging out of the other end, he turned and sprinted into Holbein Hall. From out of the corner of his eye, Mr Harrison spotted another floating figure. Not again, he thought. He spun round to see King Henry V look up from studying the fireplace. Slowly, the king stood up and advanced towards the horrified caretaker.

He turned on his heels, racing towards the door, dodging past the other two floating inhabitants of Priory's past who had, by now, caught up with him. How would he ever get away? By now, he was outside, but cornered; his back against the old, frail (but locked) Eagle Gates!

As if by magic, the sun suddenly burst through the dark, stormy clouds. The ghosts cried in horror as they dissolved into thin air.

Mr Harrison stood there, spellbound, when suddenly a bell rang. Wave after wave of children sprinted into the playground to start their day, but Mr Harrison remained there, dazed with fear and amazement.

Finally the caretaker was brought back to his senses by a small girl staring up at him. After a while, she began to speak, 'are you ok Mr. Harrison?' you look like you've seen a ghost.

***Orla McNally, Reigate Priory School***