

The Ghost Writer*

It all started on a chilly October morning when I was walking on the beach.. I find the beach a calming place and inspiring with its wonderful view of the ocean.

Suddenly there was a gush of wind and a feather slowly fell on to the sand. I looked at the feather with curiosity; it was a soft feather with intricate pink and white swirls and a bold black background... I also noticed the initials M.T in fine print.

I carefully picked it up and ran home with it.

When I reached home it was already dark. I lit up my candles in my room and looked for my encyclopedia of birds and feathers. I lost track of time, scanning all the pages trying to find the matching colors of this soft feather. As I started to loose hope I found it (just in time I might add) right at that moment my mom came barging through the door even before I could read about the feather.

"What are you doing? You missed supper and now it's almost 10:30 you have school tomorrow!" She did not sound happy. "I'm sorry mom I found this feather on the beach and it looked so pretty I had to take it home and read about it." My mom responded with "Oh you silly boy, it's a quill. Back when I was little we didn't have pens and pencils, so we used quills and ink to write. You know I think they still sell ink."

"I'll go to the store tomorrow and get the ink." I said excitedly "Very well then, good night..."

The next afternoon after school I ran to the antiques shop and bought a few bottles of ink.

Before I could write with my quill I had to write an essay for my homework. Ugh I was horrible at essays. Suddenly I had an idea, I grabbed my quill and my ink and started to write my homework with it.

As I grabbed the quill to write, the candles went off and there was a cool breeze which entered my room.

Like it was magic my hand gradually moved across the page and it started to write my essay. Wow, that was fast. I was so surprised with what just happened that I had gone to sleep.

The next morning the teacher handed back my essay and I thought to myself oh great another F, but to my pleasant surprise I had got an A for the first time ever!

On my way home from school I came across a poster which said

Join us for Our Very First Ghost Story Writing Contest

1989

Story has to be Original and Scary

I thought that it may be fun to write the ghost story with my magical quill.

So that's exactly what I did. I was up all night, and while I was writing with my quill, I could here crackles from witches, and "Boos" from ghosts.

The clock chimed and the hands moved backwards. My window opened and shut while cool breeze occasionally blew in.

I popped my head out the window and I saw something about to hit earth from the sky.

My door creaked open. And with a thud, shut closed. I could hear people yelling in pain, cries from children, howling werewolves and my candles flicked on and off.

Before you know it was morning and I had fallen asleep on my desk. I grabbed my story without even knowing what I wrote and submitted it after school.

At supper I asked my mom if something weird happened last night

"Oh that the just Halley's Comet. It come about every 75 years or so" she said.

After supper I ran to my room and I did more research on the Halley's Comet, and as I was reading, the name Mark Twain came up. Apparently Mark Twain is an American writer and he used his 'special' quill to write. But what really caught my attention, was that he was born on day the Halley's Comet hit earth and he had predicted his own death on the next Halley's Comet, which turned out to be true.

That's when it hit me, in the article it said that he wrote with a quill. I ran to my calendar. I dropped the article from my hand. It landed with a soft thud. The day I wrote the ghost story was on the Halley's Comet! I was using Mark Twain's quill. What else would M.T stand for. That would explain the magic!

Soon the results were declared and I had won the first prize in the Ghost Story Writing Competition!

I was called to receive my prize from Sam Clemons- The head of the public library,

I was thrilled; I had never won anything in my life before.

There were journalists and publishers capturing this historic moment.

As I was about to leave, Sam tapped me on the shoulder and said "Your story was amazing, and by the way do you know whose other name is Sam Clemons?" "No" I said
"Sam Clemons was the real name of the famous American writer Mark Twain"
As he said there was a cool breeze and the power went off.

The End

*A ghost writer is a person who writes stories for someone else without revealing their identity.