

## Who Haunts My House?

At the time, I was happy to move. We moved into our old house a few years ago and we were moving again. Yet, if I would have known what I was going to experience, I would have run away from home a long time ago. In fact, it was one of the last experiences I ever had...

We drove for hours and finally arrived at our new house.

"This place is amazing, Dad!" I exclaimed.

"I know, that's why I bought it." my dad replied.

It really was amazing. My mom led the way as we walked through the door.

"Here is our new house, Sam!" she said.

The house looked more like a mansion from the inside. It was a huge open space with elegant pictures on the wall and beautiful carpeting on the floor. There was an extravagant chandelier hanging from the highest ceiling I had ever seen, a winding staircase leading to the upstairs, and the biggest horror of my life.

"You can choose any room upstairs!" my dad said to me.

I raced up the stairs to pick my bedroom. I carefully inspected each room. There were four to choose from. So far, they all looked pretty much the same. They had the same looking floor boards, closet, and ceiling. Even the color of the walls were the same in the first three rooms.

When I came to the fourth room, I gasped with delight. In the middle of the room stood the best thing in the house. An old fashioned record player.

"Mom! Dad! This is really cool!" I announced.

I could hear my parents coming toward the door. I opened it for them, and they saw the record player sitting on the floor.

"Wow!" said my mom.

"It's in great condition!" said my dad.

We walked further into the room. To my surprise, the record player had a box of records sitting next to it. I put a record in place and it actually started to play a lullaby!

"Awesome!" I declared.

I stopped the music and left the record in place.

"This one is my room!" I shouted as I ran down the hall.

I went downstairs to check out the kitchen. There really wasn't much there, except for a counter in the center. Tomorrow we'd be getting the rest of our belongings. I looked down at the light blue watch on my wrist. The time was 5:58 p.m.

"Mom, Dad when's dinner?!" I called upstairs.

"Oh, I lost track of time!" my dad called back. "We'll go out for dinner tonight."

When we came back from a seafood restaurant, it was about 9:00 p.m. I was really tired, so I just brushed my teeth and went to bed in my clothes.

Even though I was tired, I couldn't go to sleep. Then, I remembered the record player that was still on the floor of my bedroom.

The wooden floorboards squeaked as I crept across the soundless room. I stopped at the record player which had the lullaby record still in place. I extended my finger, and pressed the button labeled start/stop.

I didn't get what I was expecting. There was no music that started to play! The only thing I heard was the thing that made me shudder with fear. The record player began to whisper!

"Help meee... Bring me hooome..." It said in a soft and threatening voice.

I stopped what was supposed to be music, then started it again. It was the same call for help. Was this some kind of joke?

I reached for the record. I grabbed it and pulled. Then I pulled harder. It wouldn't come out! The voice began to change what it was saying.

"Yeeesss... Yesss... Yeeess..." It growled.

I tugged and tugged some more, ignoring the whispers. Until it finally came out! I wish I hadn't bothered starting music, because a ghost rushed out from the record.

The ghost looked like a light blue person floating in the air. I was too scared to move. The ghost was wearing what looked like shredded rags. It's hair was long and shaggy. I couldn't see any colors on the ghost but light blue.

My jaw was still wide open as the ghost hovered over the haunted record player. It then gave me a sinister, unearthly grin. My stomach dropped. I knew it was going to do something and that something was not going to be good.

I stood there in silence as the ghost picked a random record from the cardboard box. Then, it quickly flew behind me with the record still in it's ghostly grip. I wanted to scream, but I was paralyzed with fear. The ghost stayed behind me. Finally, I gathered up all of my strength and slowly turned around. The ghost was still giving me it's evil looking grin.

It waited a long moment before it raised the record in it's light blue right hand, over it's light blue head.

"Thanksssss..." The ghost hissed as it brought the record downward.

I felt a throbbing pain in my forehead. My eyes were open but they couldn't see anything. Finally, after what felt like many, many minutes of panicking, things started to focus, and in a few seconds, I could see normally again.

I could see normally, but things weren't normal. I tried to walk. I looked down, I didn't have legs! I tried to reach out, but I didn't have any arms! I knew for sure that I wasn't alive anymore. The only thing I could move were my dead eyes.

I tried to yell for help, but no one heard. Where am I? Who was that ghost? Why can't I move? These were some of the thoughts that were rushing through my head. The answers to these questions were just the same thing, over and over again... I don't know.

That's when the dreadful thought hit me. I was trapped inside the record player! My body was gone! I was a ghost! Panicking didn't help.

After awhile, I got used to the dull life inside the record player. The feel of being a ghost reminded me of a warm glass of water. It was very boring, but what could you expect from the inside of a record player.

I feel kind of bad for my parents and the police who were spending all that time searching for me. I was gone and they weren't going to find me. At least my life was good while it lasted.

Now you know the answer to the title. I do!

