

Junior Division, Prose

Lillian Carter, St. John's

The Forgotten Fire of the Thirteenth (an excerpt)

"So Wickingson," said the ghost, trying to figure something out. "Oh yes," replied the ghost. It was like he knew something about us, I just wondered what it could be. Out of nowhere he asked, "Is your uncle in the hospital?"

"How did you know?" stated Ruby.

But he never said anything. I was kinda creeped out by it. Then he finally said with a smirk on his face, "I know a lot of things about a lot of things."

Ruby and I exchanged looks at each other. Then he explained as he reported, "Every 113 years on a Friday the 13th in October in St. John's there is a fire in a hospital and a Wickingson will die! That will happen to your uncle George."

Inside my head I was freaking out and I could feel Ruby's hand squeeze mine. I bravely questioned "How do you stop it? You have to make sure he is out of the hospital as simple as that. But if you don't stop the curse and let him free, I will curse you forever!"

"Okay," said Ruby proudly. Then we walked out the door.

"Goodbye little girls," snarled the ghost.