A ghost Encounter

I was walking for a while. It was late but not quite dark. I found myself on the beach. This day was very important to me, it was the anniversary of my husband’s death. The memories of this beach were astounding, memories of my husband and I walking along with our dog running as fast as she could past us, picnics on the very same spot I was standing on right this minute. The waves were majestic as if the flow was perfectly timed. The sand crunched under my feet, it was cold as if the water had just rushed over it. I looked up, the sky was clear but somehow grey and gloomy. As I looked across there was a beautiful sunset, it looked so peaceful as if the clouds were never going to come and ruin it.

As I was staring at the sunset, a gust of wind came out of nowhere. A shiver ran down my spine, it was so cold. The wind was odd, unexpected even. It wasn’t right. Every other night that I had walked this exact path it was different… so different that this time felt unnatural.

As I continued walking and began to get closer to the sea, I saw something. It was an old rusty boat, it looked as if it had been there for years and yet yesterday when I walked this exact route, it was nowhere to be seen. I was curious. Where had this boat come from? I took a second look. It was black and brown and looked as if it hadn’t been touched for years.

Suddenly I heard a noise, it was the same noise I made when I walked in the sand. I turned swiftly to find nothing and no one there. I looked further into the distance to see a dark shadow. The shape looked familiar like I had seen it before. I found myself staring, trying to figure out who or what it was.

I walked closer to the dark figure, beginning to make out the face, it appeared to be a man. I began to worry who this man was and what he was here to do. He looked really similar to my husband. In fact, he looked exactly like my husband but the thing was, my husband had been dead for three years. Three years! Three whole years without his brown fluffy hair and his big brown eyes, eyes that you could get lost in for hours.

I thought about all the long lonely nights waiting for a phone call from the army with good news, news that would tell me my husband was safe. Then one night the phone finally rang but it wasn’t good news at all. They rang to tell me that my husband had died in battle. The minute I remembered this moment I broke down in tears. I fell to my knees on the sand as the figure got closer and closer. Soon enough I realised the man was wearing uniform. I put out my hand out to touch him and he disappeared.

I got to my feet frantically trying to find him and I realized to myself I must have been imagining him, he couldn’t have been real. I remembered the boat. I sprinted over to where the boat had been and it was gone. Was I imagining that too? I decided to go back home and get some rest, then come back tomorrow morning bright and early to figure this out.

I woke up and it was still dark outside as if the sun had disappeared for good. I made my way to the beach. When I got to the beach entrance I decided to take a peaceful walk along the sand to calm me down and to set my mind straight, when I came across a message written in the sand. It took me a while to figure out what it said then I realized it said,

“My wonderful wife, it was amazing seeing your one last time I will forever love you, your loving husband.”

I broke down in tears and then finally got the energy to lift myself up off the cold wet sand and wondered where had the boat gone. It dawned on me that my husband must have come in it and now it was gone just like him.

I decided to go home and when I arrived I found myself in the closet with all my late husband’s belongings in it. I thought to myself this whole incident was his closure. He was finally at peace and I knew what I needed to do. I closed the door to the closet. I will try to get on with my life, but my husband will always be in my heart.

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