

Prompt used: **A ghost story for winter**

Pen Name: **Student 1**

### Secrets of the Snowflake

I was always taught that spirits and ghosts were just a myth, well, that was something that I NEVER listened to! You see, it was an ordinary school night, and I was racing my mother up to the front door as per usual, except it was extremely and I mean extremely cold and frosty. We all knew that we were about to experience a very heavy snowstorm. Anyway, we finished our race, and as I gasped for air, the frost on the windows seemed to form a pattern, a message, "Hello?" Before I managed to get my mother to look it had disappeared, astonished. My mother rushed me in as the cold air was starting to freeze her fingertips.

I threw my soggy shoes on the rack and ran up the stairs. I happily sat by my bedroom window admiring the snowfall when I noticed a singular snowflake on the outside of my windowsill, which didn't seem to melt on the wet and half rotted wood. Something told me that I should take it in, so I did. As I opened my window a huge breeze of crisp wind flew into my room as if it was making itself at home on my bed. The snowflake felt like a feather that had been sat in the freezer for three months straight! I was just putting it in my secret box on my desk when I was interrupted by my mum, "Novs, do you want some hot chocolate with marshmallows?"

"Yes!" I immediately replied as I launched my feet down the stairs. I LOVE hot chocolate, so I couldn't say no to that! When I got downstairs it felt as if I was at a fancy restaurant as my mother immediately handed me my hot chocolate like my own personal waitress. Whilst I was enjoying my hot and indulgent drink, I realised I had gotten so distracted by my hot chocolate that I had forgotten all about the snowflake. I returned my mug to the sink and zoomed upstairs, only to find out that the snowflake was nowhere to be seen.

I decided to just shrug it off as I thought that it would've melted into my frizzy purple carpet. That night, I decided to change into my warmest pair of pyjamas, to keep me warm and cozy through the night. I climbed into my bed, feeling tired and as cold as a polar bears cave! As I closed my eyes, I heard a subtle whistle. It sounded as if it was coming from outside, I just assumed it was the wind.

Until I heard it again and again and again to the point where it became so loud, it sounded like somebody was whistling right down my earhole! I tried to ignore it, but I just couldn't. I slipped into my fluffy slippers and crept along the floorboards. As I leant against the wood on my bedside table, I looked out of the window and to my surprise, the same pattern that formed earlier that evening appeared again.

I stood there in amazement as I watched the pattern form around a circle. But I noticed a white figure starting to emerge from the snowfall! I felt scared, but not the type of scared where you would scream and run away, it was the type of scared where you feel you can't move or scream or shout. I just stood there, until it fully emerged. Cloudy, smokey and transparent, are what I saw. A GHOST! Yet it didn't look like the ghosts you would expect it to, it looked normal apart from the middle, the middle had the snowflake!

I spurred back into my bed, under my cover, trembling. I shut my eyes tight, hoping it would bring my heart rate back down, and scrunched into a tiny ball of terror. But before I knew it, the morning had arrived as soon as I opened my eyes. I brought myself to the bedside table to check the time, 6:30am, it read. Luckily that was the time that I normally wake up.

I slipped into my fluffy slippers (again) and slumped down the stairs, which is where it came to my realisation that my breakfast was already waiting on the kitchen counter for me. Shocked, I questioned my mother, "how come you already had my breakfast out?". Soon I heard a cold and disorientated voice reply, "oh I just thought I would be-". It stopped. I realised that I was in a dream!

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The stairs must have felt like jelly as they did for me when I was running up as fast as a kitten would run towards food when hungry! Soon I had noticed that whatever was speaking was trailing behind me like a lost child. I hopped back in my bed and buried my face in my pillow, waiting, hoping it wouldn't come in.

No, it came, but this time I saw its face. It was the ghost! I felt a sudden shock of braveness, for some reason I rose up. Staring at its face I saw it getting smaller. Suddenly I felt words float out my mouth like boats setting sail, "leave!". But for some reason it looked sad instead of moving, it sat on the floor by my window.

As it sat there, it started to stroke the carpet. "That was your snowflake, wasn't it?" "yes" replied a soft voice. I turned to face the window. I choose to open the window but then I heard a sudden sharp noise. I faced the ghost and saw something magnificent. Magic!

I stood there and watched in awe as I saw a snowflake rise from the carpet, then meet the owners face. I tried to speak but I was to shocked. The next thing I saw from it was them floating out my window. Before I could close my window, I woke up, in real life this time.

7:45am. My mum was shouting my name, "Nova!". I shot down the stairs like a bullet, threw my shoes on and ran onto the snow-covered grass. My mother was confused but instead of saying something she stood by the rim of the door, giggling, as I lay there on the ground letting all the snowflakes cover my face.