

The Ghosts

These scary people are coming around today. I don't want to move house. My bedroom, an underwater paradise with fish, an octopus, crabs. A wondrous abyss of turquoise, teal, navy, cobalt, gold, burgundy, scarlet, emerald, fuchsia, ginger, opalescent colours glittering the scene. I don't want to leave this behind. The memories of my childhood will disappear!

I don't want to leave the house, and neither does Chenoa. Chenoa and I have come up with a plan – we're going to scare the people who want to buy the house! They won't want to buy it after we've finished. We're going to make them think the house is haunted! We've got some bed sheets, and some scissors, but mom and dad don't know. It was Chenoa's idea. I can't get the blame, hee hee. We're going to look like ghosts!

They're coming round this afternoon. All my toys have been put away – 'Don't make a mess' mom said. We have to sit in the garden, waiting for them to come round. It's so unfair; they'll get rid of my fish!

Inside now, it's going dark. Even better – we'll be even scarier! We're hiding in the cupboard; we've got our sheets on and everything! I wish they would hurry up – this cupboard is horrible. Smelly, hot, disgusting. The rough sheet is suffocating.

Mom and Dad are showing them the lounge, dining room, kitchen – this is my house, not theirs. They're coming upstairs now, they're outside the cupboard! ROAR! We jumped out of the cupboard! They just looked at us, and laughed! We're not funny! We're scary! Mom told us to go downstairs, she looked angry.

Finally, they've gone! I think our trick might have worked. Oh no, mom is coming down the stairs. She looks annoyed, what have we done? She just burst out laughing! Aha, we're safe! And I don't think they're going to buy our house now! We were too scary!