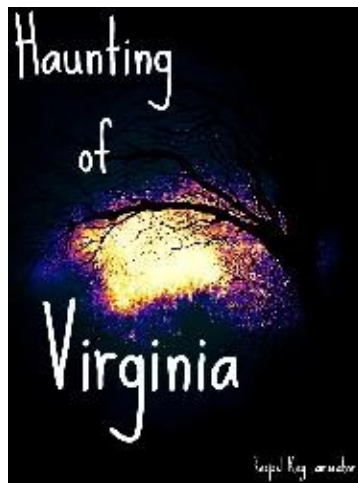


# Haunting of Virginia

By : Raquelita15

This was my short story for a project I did in 9th grade. It was based off the movie "The Headless Horseman"  
Tell me what you think.



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# Haunting of Virginia

Blood flows, knives fly, everyone screams a dreadful cry. When he comes in the night everyone runs for their life. That has been the saying since 1995 in this small village hidden in West Virginia, where every five hundred years a serial killer comes back and feeds himself by killing people and animals and destroying everything in his path.

“IN YOUR HOMES!” The village preacher instructs everyone, they stop what they are doing and run to their homes, lock their doors, and nail a piece of wood on the inside of their door. That’s the process everyone knows by heart. They wait in their house for hours, awaiting his arrival. He comes at 12 o’clock A.M. carrying his axe and wearing his black cape stained with red. He sees you, you’re dead. I drop the book. My hands are shaking; I felt my heart beating hard inside my chest. It was just a book, but it felt so real, like I was actually there. Talk about horrifying.

I wonder if this book has any hidden history. .hmmm. I quickly pull my laptop from underneath my desk and go to Google, where I type in “Haunting of Virginia” and it pulls up old vintage pictures. I examine them; in every picture I notice there is a black cape floating in the air. I also notice that everyone looks terrified. I scroll down more. I see a website *Virginia haunted tours*, they have tours of this place? I click on the site. Dramatic music plays in the background, while the page is white and grey covered with slashes of red. “Care to take a tour through the story setting from *Haunting in Virginia*?” A big black box appeared. I clicked the button provided that said yes, “For only \$40 you can.” I clicked Okay, sent my information in, “Your tickets will be sent through your email, along with the date and time for the tour.” And the website closed. That was a pretty odd looking website. Should I really check my email? Or did I just give my information to some sort of hacker? I decided to check it. An email appeared *Haunted Virginia Mistake Tour* I opened it and the tickets were there for me to print off. The tour was apparently tonight at 11:30 P.M. It was just an hour away from my house.

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I got into my car and drove off toward the haunted Village in the book. When I arrived four cars full of teenagers were on the spot. As I got out of my car a lady appeared out of nowhere next to my window

“Where is your tickets young man?” she asked with a hoarse cold voice. I pulled them out of my pocket

“Uh, here,” I answered nervously

She stared at me, “you’ve made a big mistake.” She whispered and walked away

A shiver ran down my spine, she was just trying to scare me. I thought to myself. I started walking towards a big tombstone that had “*Haunted Village Tour*” in big bold letters. I had to admit I was getting pretty freaked out by now. The area around is seemed haunted, even the people. I got to the tombstone and a big horse-like carriage sat behind it. We walked on it and the people who worked there shook their heads in what seemed to be disappointment, then the words that the lady in the beginning told me popped in my head, when she said that I had made a big mistake, was something going to happen to us? But it was far too late now.

My hands were trembling as I watched other passengers get on, there was the group of teenagers, a family made up of a father, a mother, and a little boy who appeared to be around the age of six or seven, an elderly couple, and a young pregnant woman. It’s just an act I kept telling myself, the carriage took off. The

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tour guide was speaking about how bad of a decision we had just made and so my mind began to ponder over everything that I heard tonight.

The teenagers didn't have a care in the world, in fact they seemed like they quite liked the excitement and the adrenaline rush they might have been experiencing; they were screaming out with joy, everyone looked like they were having such a great time, but as for me, I was beginning to really regret my decision of coming to this place. I looked around; it was getting into the scary parts that were inside the book. Plates and rusted silverware were everywhere flooding the ground, along with ripped articles of clothing, blood stains were on every house door and almost every window was broken. Wow, they made this place more horrifying than the book described it. They made it a little too scary for my liking ;

We reached a swamp, and the carriage stopped.

“ This is as far as we can take you.” The tour guide told us with much fear in his voice. “ Good luck.” They wished us and the people disappeared. The rest of us were left screaming. I didn't scream, for I wanted to examine and observe this creepy scenery , I noticed that the air felt humid; sticky, it smelled like something had just been starting to decay, the dirt on the ground was moist, almost as if they misted the ground before they let us in this place. I looked around some more and even the trees that surrounded me looked not right; rather they seemed sick, and weak.

“ Gosh! They just left us here to die!” someone was complaining

Across the swamp something looked like it was coming

“ Wh-what is that?” a girl stammered

“ It can't be him, it can't.” someone else whispered “ impossible” another person muttered

The thing that was walking this way got more visible. People started to scream and then some ran. It was the killer in the book! It couldn't be true! “no, no, no this can't be happening. He through a knife it almost went straight into me but I managed to duck which only made the knife stab someone else” “Oh my god! This is really happening???” I thought it was just a book.

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