

The Haunting on Espen Drive



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It was the second Saturday before Halloween. I, Julie Barnett, was on my way to a baby sitting job at the Fieldings' again. They just moved here over a month ago and just settled in. I just baby sat their kids just last weekend. Zack's eight and Jamie's six. The Fieldings live at 1S509 Espen Dr. Their house is a two story with a basement.

The air was brisk with a chilly wind. Most of the leave on the trees had changed color and fallen. I checked my cell phone, it was quarter to five. I walked up to their door step and rang the doorbell.

"Oh Julie! Your here," said Mrs. Fielding as she opened the door. "Come on in, it's freezing out there."

I walked right in and took my shoes off. "It is very cold out there."

"Mr. Fielding and I are going to my parent's house, we might get back late. You can make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for them for dinner. You can put the kids to bed at eight. I left our cell phone numbers and my parents' house number on a piece of paper by the phone, we'll call to check on you every hour or so," she finished. I stopped nodding and saying uh-hu and okay. "Okay see you tonight."

"Bye!" She walked out to the car, I closed the door behind her.

"I'm Spiderman!" Zack exclaimed behind me and I jumped.

"Cool, what's your sister going to be?" I asked.

"She's gonna be Cinderella," he answered.

"Ok, I'm gonna be a witch," I said.

"Julie, I'm hungry," Jamie walked toward me in her princess costume with their small, silky, orange and white, King Charles Terrier, Sampson, Or rather Sammy, was following her.

"Let's go make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for you guys then." Then a crashing and splattering sound came from the kitchen. All four of us ran in to see what it was. A clear plastic cup was on the floor with apple juice all around it. "How did this happen? It wasn't Sammy, he was with us. Did you have it on the edge of the table?" I asked.

"No, I had it next to the napkin thing," Zack replied.

"Then how did it fall?" I pick up the cup and stated wiping it up.

"Maybe there's ghost in our house." Zack looked at me.

"There no such thing as ghost," I said. But what other way to explain it? I got out the peanut butter and jelly to make them the sandwiches. Plates, a knife and cups were all set up on the table. Then I made us each a sandwich. When I went to get the juice out of the fridge, there was a whoosh and a clinging sound.

"Whoa!" Zack shouted in amazement. "Did you see that knife go flying!"

"What knife?" I asked

“It just flew and dropped on the floor!” He exclaimed.

That was the second strange event that happened here today, but I still wasn't convinced that I was baby sitting at a haunted house. Nothing else happened for a while, it was pretty quiet. We watched Disney Channel for awhile on their large plasma screen TV, they had satellite. Then we watched a Pokemon movie, but I sat there drawing dress designs instead. I was about to put them to bed when Sammy started barking at the corner in the family room. There was nothing there, just open space. He barked and growled and didn't stop until I picked him up and carried him upstairs. The kids brushed their teeth. I tucked Zack in and put his night light on. He asked me to keep the door open and hall light on. Then I tucked Jamie in. I read her, her favorite story, Cinderella. I put her night light on and shut her lights off. She also asked for the door open. Then I took Sampson down stairs with me.

We went to go sit in the family room to watch some Adult Swim cartoons. I sat down and turned on the TV with the remote. “That's unfortunate, must be the satellite dish, it is kind of windy,” I muttered to myself. The screen was all static and had no picture, So I turned it off. RING-RING-RING-RING!!! The phone startled me. I slowly approached the phone and answered it. “Hello?”

“Get out,” whispered a brusque, angry voice. There was no caller I.D. number on the phone. Then the line went dead.

Suddenly the TV turned on and out of the static was a mans face that I could just barely make out. He shouted, “Get Out!” Then it turned off by it self.

“Okay, this is too weird, but it might just be a prank. I'm not going to believe it just yet,” I whispered to myself. Sammy was squealing. I just sat there on The couch with Sammy in my lap petting him in the family room.

A cool breeze came from the open window that I didn't remember opening. The curtains swayed a little. A noise came from outside the window that sounded like bushes rustling and crunching leaves. Sampson started to growl. Then we heard a buzzing noise. Sammy broke out in a barking frenzy and ran to the window. I got up to see what was making all the noise. It probably was just raccoons and a motor-cycle in the distance. I leaned over to look out, but my brown hair fell in my face. I pushed it back with my fingers. I was surprised to what I saw next. There stood a crazy looking man holding a chain saw. His face was half rotted and the other side had two bullet wounds with streaks of blood were coming down. He had a bullet wound right where his heart was. His hand were pale and boney, and had various cuts. He clothes were all raggy and dirty. His chainsaw was buzzing and stained with blood. He was laughing like a psycho. Then he yelled madly, “GET OUT, OR ELSE, DIE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

I screamed in terror. “Julie, are you okay?” Zack asked as him and Jamie came down the stairs. They startled me and I screamed again.

“Oh, it's just you,” I said relieved. “Not that crazy chainsaw guy!” I seriously thought I was going crazy! I couldn't believe what I just saw!

“What chainsaw guy?” asked Jamie.

“The one out the window... He's Gone!!!” He just disappeared out of thin air, not a trace of blood left behind. “I must be going crazy!”

“I don't think your crazy, Julie,” said Zack.

“Or your house is haunted by a serial killer,” I said with fright. I was starting to believe, that this house is truly haunted.

The TV turned on again and the man shouted, “LEAVE OR DIE!!!!!!!!!!” Then it turned off. The phone rang again. I slowly picked it up. It was their parents again.

“Hello? Julie,” said Mrs. Fielding.

“Hi Mrs. Fielding,” I replied.

“How are you doing? Is everything okay? Are the kids in bed?” she asked.

“Yes, everything’s just great, the kids are in bed and I’m just watching TV,” I lied.

“Okay, see you later.”

“Bye.” I hung up the phone.

We decided to go over to the neighbors, who have lived here for over thirty years. Surely they would know who this man that was haunting the Fielding’s house was. Mrs. Thomson answered the door. “Come on in, you don’t want to catch a cold. Julie, why did you come here? Aren’t your baby sitting?” she asked.

“Yeah, but we wanted to know something. There’s this lunatic with a chain-saw telling us to get out, so we came here to see if you knew who he is,” I explained frantically. Mrs. Thomson’s expression changed from surprised to serious.

“Rick,” she muttered.

“What?” I asked.

“Rick Hayes, about twenty-five years ago he went crazy because his wife and kids left him,” she explained.

“Then what happened?” asked Zack.

“He started to kill people he knew. He became a serial killer. They called him Rick the Reaper. His weapon of choice was a portable chain-saw. His last attempt at murder got him killed. He broke in and cut himself on his hands from broken glass window. The man who lived at that house was a police man who worked with my husband. He took out his gun and shot him in the face a few times and once in the heart. He died at exactly ten-ten on this night twenty three years ago.”

“Where was he buried?” I asked.

“In the cemetery not far from here.” She glanced at the clock. I looked at it too, it was nine o’ five. “You said you saw him outside the window?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“His spirit must be unsettled. The Fieldings were the first people to move in since his death.”

“You really think that ghosts are real and I’m not going crazy?” I looked at her with a weird expression.

“Yes, I believe that spirits can haunt places. I believe in the paranormal,”

“Really? Do you think Rick came back for revenge and his house?” I had so many questions.

“Maybe. I sort of have a sixth sense, a psychic one. I feel things that other can’t feel. A median from our plane to the spiritual one,” Mrs. Thomson told us.

“You’re psychic? Like Derek Acorah from Most Haunted? Do you know how to cleanse a house of evil spirits?” I was surprised.

“Yes and sort of. Let me get some stuff and I can bring it over to the Fielding’s house for a séance.”

Ten minutes later we were back at the house and almost set up for the séance. “Now every body hold hands. We call upon the spirit of Rick Hayes. Please make contact with us now,” Mrs. Thomson requested.

“GET OUT!!!!!!” Rick shouted

“Why do you wish us to leave?” She asked. “Oh, it just got really cold in here”

“I know, it’s freezing.” I was also shivering from terror. Jamie’s face looked white as a ghost in the candlelight.

“Please move something if you wish us to leave,” She requested. Suddenly, a book flew off the counter. “Oh! What was that!”

“I think it was a book,” I said.

“Please move something else if you wish us to leave,” She requested again. Then all of a sudden the lights flickered on and off, the ceiling fan turned on, and other electrical appliances turned on. Some weren’t even plugged in. Objects were flying everywhere.

Out of the static on the TV, Rick’s face appeared on it. “GET OUT!!!!!! OR DIE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” he screamed furiously. Then he came out of the TV. I was too scared to make a sound. It was ten ’o nine one minute, till his exact time of death. He was in full color with his chainsaw running, and he looked like death itself. Then a portal appeared on the screen behind him.

“Julie, use this. Throw it into the TV,” she told me. I had no choice but to listen. I took the thing from her hand. “It was Rick’s wedding ring. My husband said that I should keep it safe, just in case we needed it for finances. He found when he searched this house after Rick’s death.”

“Okay!” I gathered up all the bravery I had and made my way to the plasma screen. “Rick, looking for this?” I tossed the ring into the TV and stepped away as fast as I could.

“NOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!” Rick jumped into the sucking portal in the screen after his wedding ring. It turned itself off. Everything stopped and went back to its original place, normal again. It was finally over.

Mrs. Thomson went home. I sent the kids to bed again. I sat in the family room watching TV for a while.

The garage door was opening, I could hear it. Their parents were finally home. I was relieved. After what I went through that night, I’ll never be the same again. Mrs. Fielding walked in with her husband to see that I was watching TV. I sat there like nothing had happened. “Julie, are the kids in bed?”

“Yeah, since eight,” I told her.

“Good, and here’s your check for twenty-five dollars. Get your stuff and I’ll drive you home.”

A week later they moved. After what they heard from their kids and Mrs. Thomson they were convinced that this house isn’t the right one for them. That was the last I saw them. I’m pretty sure that Rick’s evil presence is still there. The next family that will live there will have to find it out the hard way. But I’ll never set foot in 1S509 Espen Dr. again. But the house was back to normal. At least for now.