The Asylum

By William Kappauf
The Insane Asylum on Raven Hill had been abandoned for fifty years. People say that the ghost of an inmate still haunts the corridors and at night ghastly screams can be heard and a green light can be seen on the first floor.
Hi my name is Hunter Brooks. I'm 14 and live in Beadslvey, Ohio and go to Beadslvey Middle School. One day at the lunch table I was bragging about how I'm not scared of anything. Finally my friend Tyler Waters said "If you're not scared of anything I'll give you fifty dollars if you go up to the old asylum on Raven's Hill tonight."
Tyler lasted at the door, me to say no. I knew if I would never let me start it. "I'll do it," said I, really. My other friend, Chas Ortez said, "Yeah," I said, weakly, a lump rising in my throat. "I'll do it." On the walk home from school, I thought about the mess I had gotten myself into. The truth was I was scared to go into the asylum between the glowing light, the screams, and theell that disappeared. I did not want to go in there. But I had to, I thought guiltily, or else I would be called a wimp the rest of my life.
When I got home the afternoon seemed to disappear in the blink of an eye. Finally at about 10:00 pm both of my parents were sleeping. Armed with my phone and a flashlight I snuck out of the house and down the block to Ravens Hill. As I climbed up the hill briars snagged at my clothes. At the top of the hill there was a padlocked iron gate with a rusty lock. But one kick and the gate swung open with an ear-piercing shriek that cut through the night.
The huge oak front door squeaked with protest as I pushed it open with a grunt. Inside the asylum I flicked on my flashlight and started taking a video with my phone. As I walked further into the asylum I saw a door marked surgery. I walked to the door and opened it to find hospital gurneys lining the wall.
I walked in and got to about the middle of the room when the door slammed shut behind me. I whipped around to see what had closed it. Must have been the wind coming through the open front door. But when I turned around there was a man standing there. But he was transparent and had long strangely hair and crooked teeth. "Get out," he said in a raspy voice. "Get out." The man started advancing toward me. My legs turned to jelly. Finally when he was about five feet from me my brain kicked started. I whipped around and sprinted to the door and yanked it open. Behind me I can still hear the ghost. I had made it to the front door when my foot caught on the doorstop and I tripped. My phone and flashlight went flying from my hands. My head hit a rock and everything went black. The police searched for Hunter Brooks for several days but all they found was his mangled phone and flashlight.