



The Secret of the Nightstand

Ein eBook von Kindern der Klasse 7c
des Inda-Gymnasiums in Aachen-Kornelimünster.

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The Secret of the Nightstand



The big old villa was finally sold. The villagers were happy and curious. Who was the new owner? He or she had to be from somewhere far away, as nobody around would go near the place much less buy it! The company selling the house was from out of state. They didn't know a thing about the house and its history, and the people of Bristol had kept quiet when they were asked why such a beautiful place was empty.



The Parker family from London had bought it. They were a couple with a teenage son. His name was Mike. He was not very tall and he liked wearing a black cap, polo shirts, jeans and trainers. His hair was blond and his eyes were blue. He was a special boy and he liked computers very much. He didn't have friends because he was somehow strange; he had special abilities.



The boys and girls in his class thought he was crazy so they didn't play with him. Mike usually stayed at home and didn't go outside a lot. As his parents worked all the time they didn't do much together as a family. In his dreams he had seen real things from the past.



They arrived in Bristol one afternoon in early summer just after school had finished. It was a bright and sunny day, and they all looked forward to unloading and moving in.



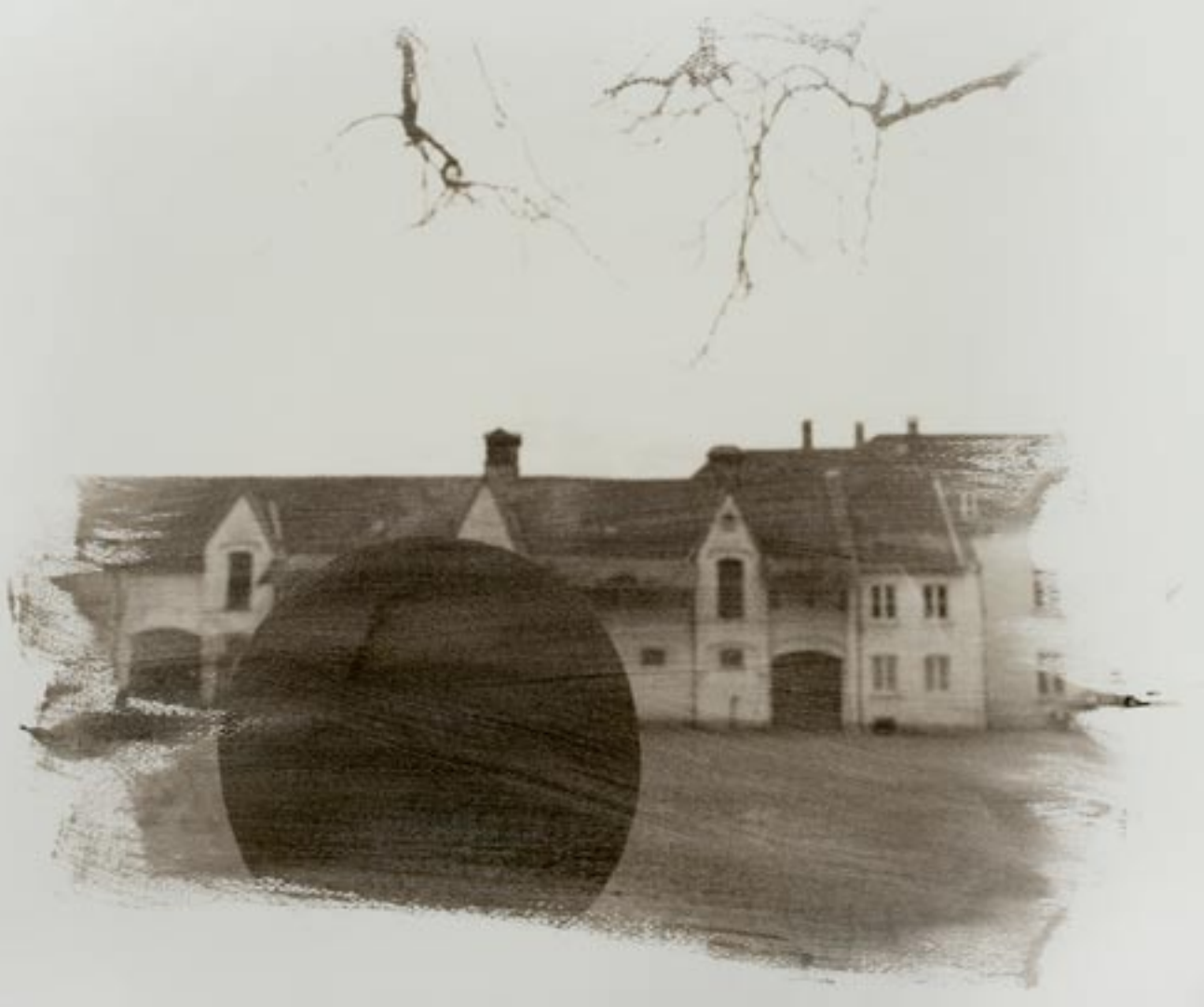
Mike went through the house looking for his room. The 12 year old chose one on the second floor. It overlooked the garden. In it he found an old fashioned nightstand which he somehow liked. When one of the movers wanted to remove it, he stopped him. "No, it stays here. My bed goes next to it!" Hours later they went to bed.

The first night all of them slept very deeply, exhausted from the move. Mike woke up during the middle of the second night. Strange dreams had come to him of a labyrinth in the garden. The next day he walked around the house but didn't find a labyrinth.

The garden was covered with vines and shrubs and bushes. In the garden there was one big old tree right in the middle of it. The garden was very overgrown, and there was a hedge around it.

The third night the dream returned so strong that he woke up and knew that it meant something. He was a boy with special abilities - that's why they had moved. To start anew! New school, new friends! And what had happened! His father had bought a haunted house. He could feel it. There were shadows moving around in his room and he could hear whispering.

Getting out of bed the next morning, his eyes looked at his hands and he stood very still: his fingernails were bleeding as if he had scratched something. Oddly enough, he didn't feel any pain. He looked around and he saw - carved into his nightstand - some words that disappeared when he tried to read them. He ran downstairs to his parents but, when he shouted; "It's a haunted house!", his hands were normal again. He told his dad and mum about his dreams, and they immediately went into the garden to look for the labyrinth but, - nothing.



During the night he woke up: three shadows were in his room and a lot of blood was on the floor “Who are you?” he asked but nobody answered. The whispering grew softer, the shadows and the blood disappeared. He woke up with bleeding fingernails again. Turning to the nightstand he saw the bloody writing: “Go to the labyrinth! Find the professor! Help us!”

He ran to get his parents but while he saw the writing clearly, they didn't see anything. They talked everything through and decided to search the garden for the labyrinth. But although they looked everywhere they didn't find it. The parents knew about their boy's special abilities and they didn't doubt him for a second but, nevertheless, couldn't help him. Whoever was in trouble was asking him for help. This had happened before - spirits and ghosts asking him.



Mike and his parents came up with a plan. This evening he wrote with his nails: I will help you. Where is the labyrinth? He got the answer the next morning: In the garden! Next to the old tree, follow the gravel path!

Walking around the tree, he felt the gravel beneath his shoes and started to rip out the grass which covered it. The whole family worked all day and by late afternoon they had uncovered a gravel labyrinth laid out on the ground not very big with six flat big stones which all led to the middle. They were connected to a small spoor made out of little pebbles. All the spoors led into the middle and were curving and twisting all the time. They tried each of them and all of them



brought them to the centre. And now? Mike wrote his question with his blood: “Where is the entrance?” The answer was: “Throw the dice that are in the nightstand and take that entrance”. He threw the number seven. Being very surprised, he went back to the stones and studied them. In one of them there was a little square the size of the dice. He put the dice into it and the stone slab moved aside with a loud crack and showed a staircase leading down. He went down into the darkness and entered a hall way which twisted

and turned like the pebble spoor . The tunnel, whose walls were completely covered with cobwebs was bringing him back to the house. He was sure about it. He followed the long dark hall which finally led him into a big room – a kind of laboratory. Somewhere he heard water dripping on the floor. Shell systems holding huge glass containers with red, green and violet bubbling liquids were lining the walls. Under the shells there was a huge shelf with



many old books. A frightening skull and the heads of different stuffed animals were hanging from the ceiling, and there was a picture of a young pretty woman on the wall. All over the room there were spider webs. Just some candles were lighting the room. Strange acid smells made him sneeze and then he heard a noise and suddenly a man was standing in front of him: little, fat, white hair, wearing only a white coat. "I am Professor Dr McCarthy. Nice to meet you! What's your name by the way?" "I am Mike. Why did you call me? And who needs help? And you are not a ghost but why is this house haunted? And is this room underneath our



house?" "Oh, dear boy! A lot of questions. That's a long story! You see I have some qualities, some talents you may call it. And you have special talents otherwise you wouldn't be here. But, I searched for eternal life for everybody. Not getting the results I wanted fast enough, I dabbled with the dark forces and instead of creating life I started to kill lives. And then I accidentally killed my niece who came to live with me, keeping my house after her marriage. Sophie was a beautiful young lady, the only family I had left, and I adored her. I gave her this house to live in after her marriage. And Jim her husband was the perfect companion for her.



They both loved gardening and under their hands the gardens of the house turned into something beautiful. They were allowed to do what they wanted, only the gravel labyrinth had to stay the way it was.

You see this room here is not fixed in space. It can move. How shall I explain it? Stone labyrinths with six entrances hold a secret seventh. Whoever discovers it can enter my world as you just did. You think the tunnel leads under the house which is true and not true. - Enough of that! One day I had come up with a new formula which I had just filled in a glass when I heard my niece screaming. Rushing to her I saw

that she had tripped and bumped her head, thus I called to Jim to bring a glass of water. He picked up a glass from the table. She drank and started to spit blood immediately. Then I saw that she had my glass in her hand. I must have brought it up from the laboratory. We brought her to her room on the second floor. But there she died while the blood was spilling out of her. Jim killed himself in this room after her burial.

He hadn't asked me what was in that glass, or whether I was guilty. But I had killed my beloved niece and her husband. I was not accused of murder but people in town started to whisper. I moved into my laboratory and lived there. I started trying to find a cure for death. The house became a haunted house because it couldn't tell its secret. Now you know the story, tell it or keep it to yourself. It's up to you. But now we are all free!"

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Diese Geschichte entstammt der Phantasie der Kinder aus der Klasse 7c des Inda-Gymnasiums in Aachen-Kornelimünster. Englischlehrerin und Initiatorin: Martina Schneider. Erfunden und niedergeschrieben wurde sie mit Hilfe von Regina Sommer. Die Fotografien machte Yuri Brodsky zusammen mit den Schülern. Das eBook erstellte Bernd Held.

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