

My name is Matt Porter. My wife died just over 5 years ago, and my children have gone to a sleep over but what happened to me 13 years ago still traumatizes me now even though I am 30 years old. I thought the nightmare would stop but every night, I wake up panting covered in sweat with my pyjamas clinging onto my skin. It all happened on the 31<sup>st</sup> of October in 2001 when I had booked a holiday to the Caribbean by a boat cruise.

I woke up at looked at my old alarm clock then looked at out of the window. It was raining quite badly with the trees being forced this way and that. I could hear the wind howling down the chimney. I climbed out of bed and slowly made my way over to the wardrobe but when I was 3 steps away, the door opened unexpectedly.

"What the!" I shouted. I slowly started to creep to the cupboard and cautiously took out a hanger thinking about had just happened.

"If there are any ghosts in this house" I yelled, "you can leave at once!" No noise. Only the sound of the wind howling outside.

When I had finished getting dressed, I went downstairs, I crept over to the cupboard with the cereal in expecting it to open but it did not move. I grabbed out the hoops and poured it into the clay bowl on the work top watching the almost endless falling of cereal fall making a cacophony of noise when a giant spider shot out of the box and into the bowl. It must have saw me because a moment later it ran into the dark crack into the corner of the worktop.

So, after I had my breakfast, I went over to the computer to look when the boat left the harbour: 12 o'clock bang on. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the stapler start to twitch. My thoughts ran like a cheetah back to the wardrobe, but when I looked back, the stapler had vanished. I ran straight to the door, only to find the stapler blocking the path snapping its arms open and shut. It shot towards me, so I ducked causing it to smash into the wall behind me. I quickly unlocked the door and dived into the car.

I arrived at the harbour at 11:30 and I queued up at the kiosk to and boarded the Princess Pearl.

"This is your Captain Cody speaking. You are now aboard the Princess Pearl. We are going to the Caribbean so the seas should not be choppy but in fact calm. Please relax and enjoy the ride."

I walked down to my room; the whole boat lurched upwards and a dark, wispy metallic voice rang through the boat: "I am here for Matt Parker. He stills mourns for his wife and is afraid of death. So, death is coming to him. That voice was my dead wife.