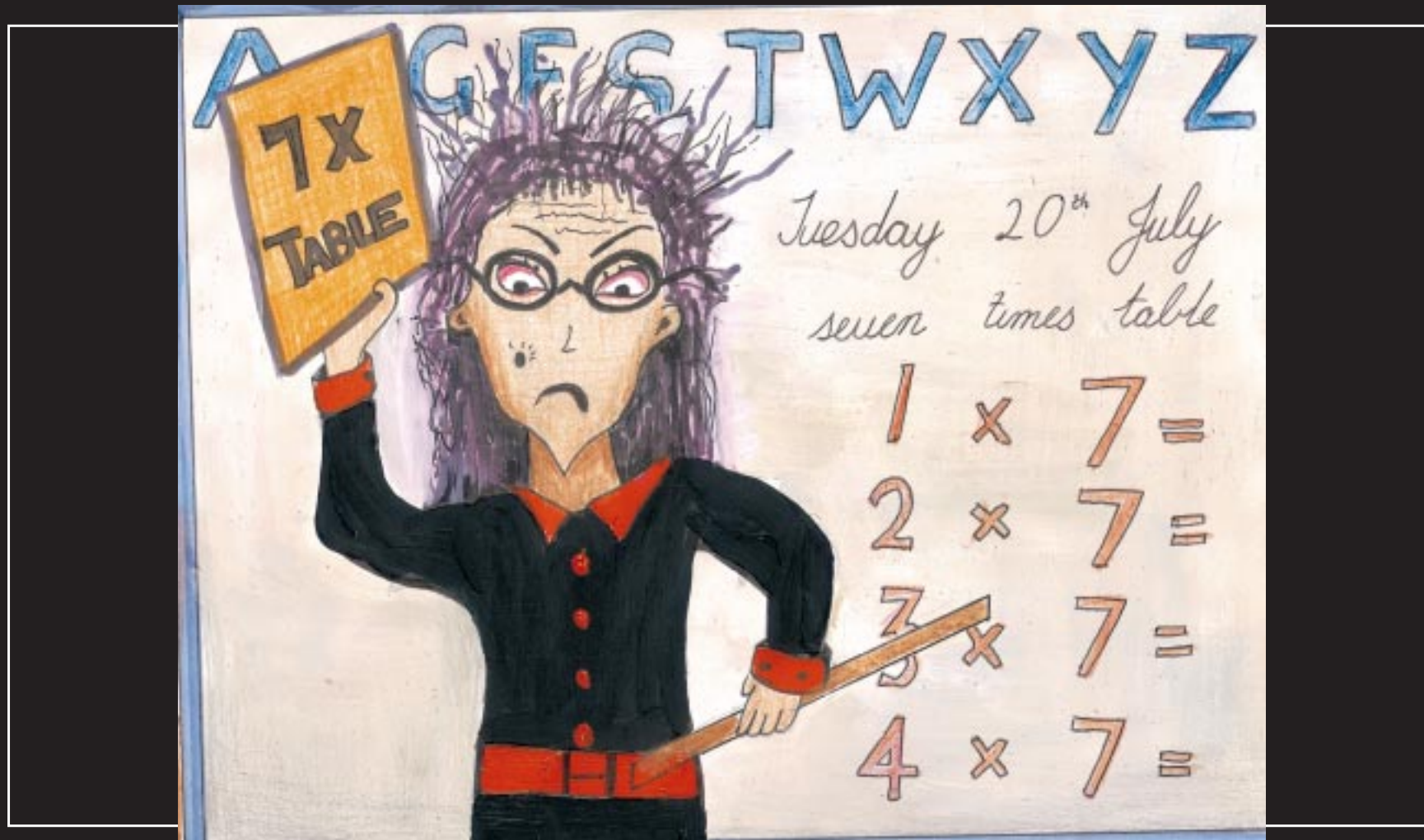


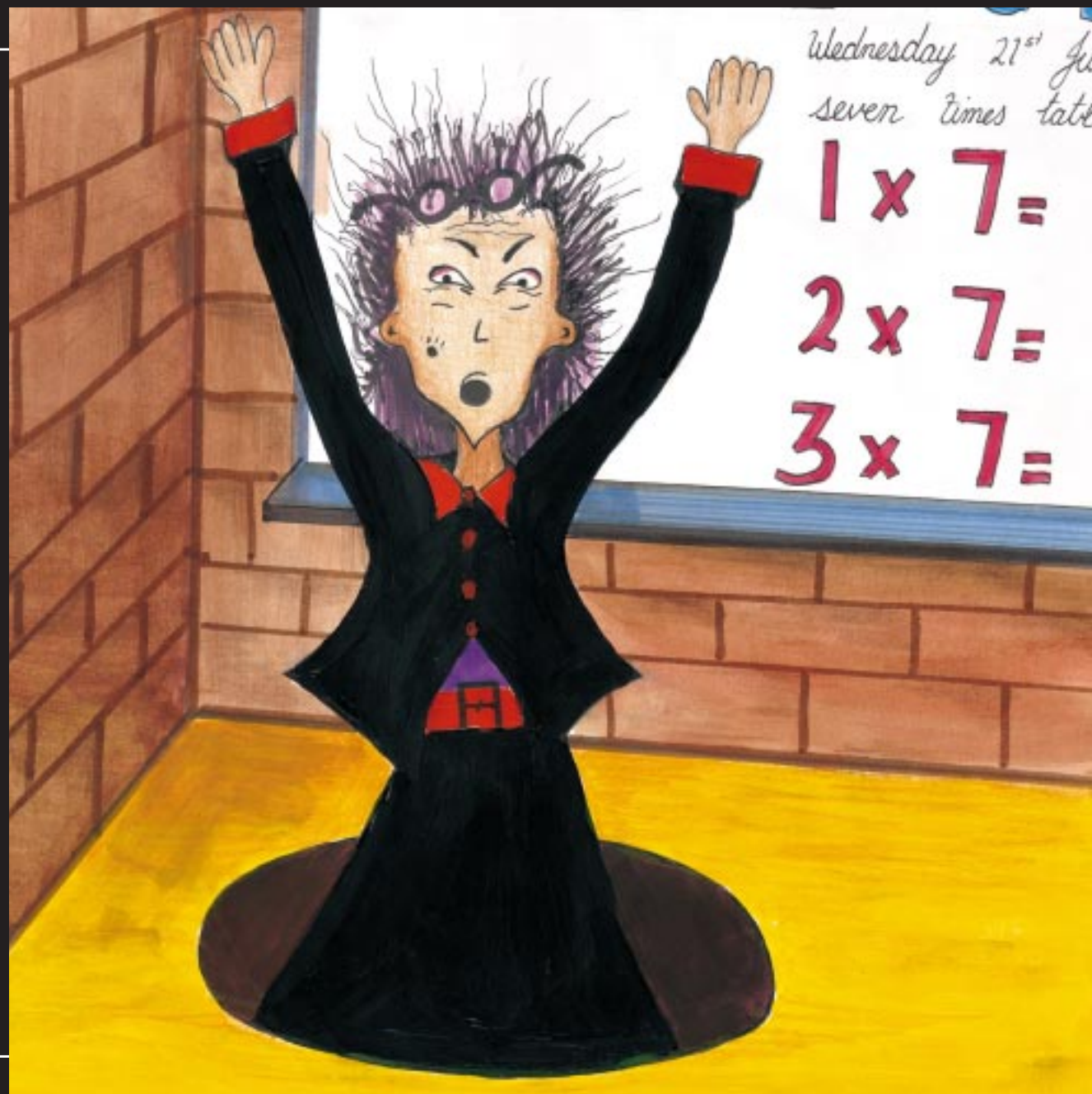
The School



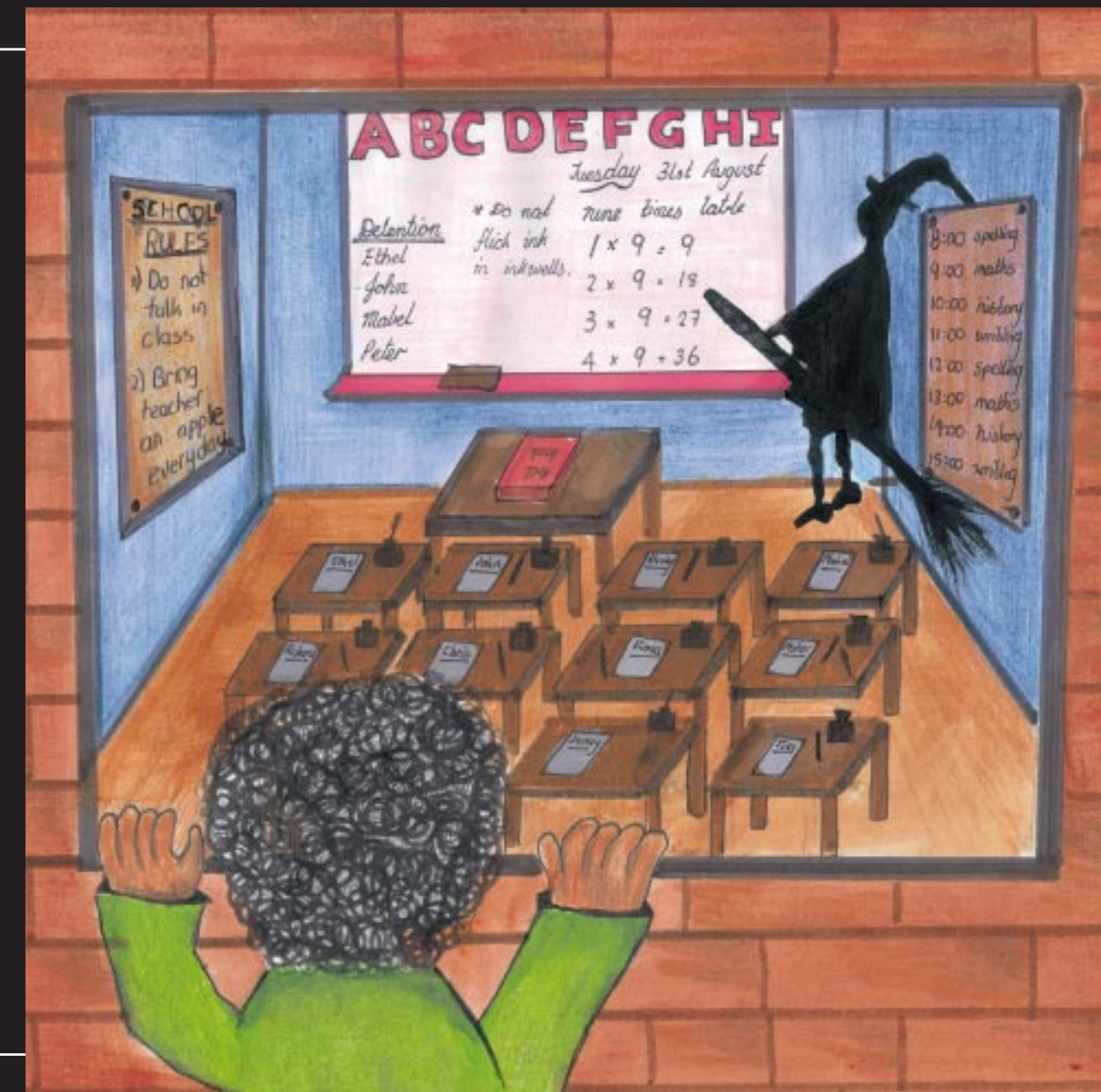
Annabelle took over, "I've got a ghost story too. A story my grandma told me. She used to come to this school 55 years ago during the war! She had a really bossy teacher called Miss Stix. Miss Stix upset the children and made my granny cry. She was tall and skinny with straight dark hair, a pointed chin and a wart on her cheek. She always wore black rimmed glasses and spoke with a shrieky voice.



One day my granny and her best friend Becky did not know their 7x's table, so Miss Stix made them stay in at break and lunch-time. Granny and Becky had been reading a book of magic potions. When they got home that night they mixed a potion of spiders and jam, and made up a witches' chant. They put a spell on Miss Stix!



That night a plane dropped a bomb. Miss Stix was never seen again. It was said, that early the next day, she had walked into the Art Room and fallen into a crater. The maths cubes on top of the cupboard had melted and fallen on top of her.



Sometimes, when my granny and Becky looked through the window, they said that they could see her ghost flying around the room. When they told all their friends about the magic potion everybody in the class was really pleased. I don't know if it's all true or not, my dad says that they didn't have plastic maths cubes in the war, but I like the story."