



The Striped Ghost

The Striped Ghost

“Woo-hoo!” Wishy exclaimed pumping his fist in the air. “I can’t wait to arrive at Coral’s house!”

“This is going to be the best slumber party ever!” Dorsy spoke up. “We’re going swimming, and there is going to be a piñata, and we’re going to dance, and-”

“They’re will be tons of food!” Sammy exclaimed.

“You got that right,” Wisheroony agreed. “According to Coral, there will be many different foods including, cup-cakes, pizza, cookies, ice-cream and soda.”

Wishy licked his lips at the thought of food.

“Look guys!” Gilly pointed out. “There’s the house!”

The wishies parked their car on the driveway and hopped out.

Wishy sprang to the doorstep and knocked furiously.

Finally, the door opened and Sketcher walked out to greet him.

When the other wishies caught up with their six year-old brother, Sketcher bounced outside and gave each of them a friendly hug.

“Hello!” he said. “I’m so excited about this slumber-party thingy!”

“Me too!” Sammy agreed.

“Can we come inside?” Wishy asked eagerly.

“Sure.” Sketcher said leading the wishies into the house. Then, Coral came hopping out of the lounge room.

“Hello kids,” she said coming over to greet them. “Where are your parents?”

“They’re unpacking our bags,” Dorsy explained. “They’ll be

here soon.”

“You kids must be starving after 3 hours traveling in a tiny car!” Coral exclaimed. “How about we have some lunch?”

“Yay!” the wishies yelled with joy.

“Okay, lunch it is. Run along and have some fun. Lunch will be ready soon.”

“Awesome!” Sketcher said hugging his mother. “Come on guys, let’s go outside!”

The wishies raced outside and played until lunch was ready, but as soon as they had finished their sandwiches and muffins, they went right back to playtime.

“Where’s Marshy?” Dorsy wondered. The two were best friends.

“Oh, she’s with Daddy on a camping trip,” Sketcher explained.

Hours of fun passed until it was dinnertime.

“Enjoying your dinner?” Coral asked.

“I sure am!” Wishy exclaimed scooping a bunch of spaghetti into his mouth.

Dorsy wiped her big lips with a tablecloth and said, “Thanks for the food Miss Coral. that was delicious! You would make a great chef.”

“Haha. Thank you Dorsy,” Coral chuckled. “Funny you say that. I *am* a chef.”

After dinner, the wishies slipped into their onesies and sat in the lounge room to watch a movie. Half an hour through the movie, the wishies fell off their seats in shock. The whole TV screen went black!

“What happened?” Dorsy asked standing up and helping the other wishies.

“I think I may know,” Wisheroony said stepping forward.

“Wishy, turn on the light.”

Wishy turned to the switch and flicked it, but the light didn’t turn on!

“Aha!” Wisheroony exclaimed. “There appears to be a blackout.”

“A blacka-what?” Sketcher said confused.

“A blackout,” Wisheroony corrected. “They happen when a power line somewhere in the streets has been corrupted. When this happens, all electricity goes out.”

“Ooooooh...” Dorsy ooded.

“So... what now?” Wishy asked blankly.

“It’s 8:00 o’clock,” Dorsy said. “Maybe we should go to bed.”

“I’ve got a better idea!” Sketcher announced. “Let’s tell spooky stories!”

The other wishies agreed and sat down in a circle.

Dozens of stories were told that night, until one of them was interrupted by a roaring sound from outside. A storm had settled in Strikaland.

‘Perfect!’ A storm will really help to frighten these wishies!’ Pierre de Grumpe thought. *‘Now, is the perfect time to release the most spookiest story!’*

The others were all talking about how scared they were of lightning, until they were interrupted by Pierre.

A lightning bolt flashed in the streets, lighting up the dark room.

“Listen up!” Pierre ordered turning on a torch and shining it up his chin. “Hear that sound?”

At the same time, there was a rustling sound from down the hall.

“It’s just a bunch of leaves swaying around because of the wind blowing through the door.” Wisheroony assured him.

“You may think that,” Pierre said back. “but that is no plant. For that... isn’t anything alive. In fact, this monster is dead!”

“What are you talking about?” Gilly laughed.

“You wanna know what I’m talking about?” Pierre said. “I am talking about the Striped Ghost!”

Suddenly, a roll of thunder stole their attention.

The wishies gasped.

“Is this real?” Dorsy asked suspiciously.

“Oh... you bet it is,” Pierre said smirking at his sister. “Many years ago, a wishy was born. Her name was Wishebaka. She lived in the country on a farm, but had always wanted to move to Strikaland, But they soon moved to Fire Island instead. Wishabaka was a destroyer, for she hated her new home. She was so angry at her parents that she didn’t love them anymore and ran away. She took her parent’s money and roamed the streets of Fire Island all on her own. When she grew up, she moved to Strikaland and made a living. But several years later, it was time that Wishabaka die. A few minutes before this happened, she said, “Although I might be dead, I will still lurk this world, as the Striped Ghost!” The doctor had had enough of this nonsense. So he stuck a needle in her, which made her fall asleep. She never woke again.”

Pierre paused to see everyone’s expressions then said, “Legend has it that Wishabaka still roams around Strikaland, haunting thousands of wishies.”

The others shivered, but no one was more frightened then Wishy.

“S-so, your saying that *t-this* is the striped g-ghost?” he asked pointing down the hall where the rustling noise came from.”

“Oh... yes,” Pierre said.

Wisheroony came walking right up to his brother bravely.

“Listen Pierre,” He commanded. “I don’t know where you got all this nonsense from, but wherever you did, it’s fake! Because ghosts aren’t real! You believe me right, guys?”

“Yeah, of course!” Dorsy said.

Suddenly, there was a sound of glass breaking coming from the hallway.

Wishy shivered.

The wishies gasped, and then laughed.

“Nice try Pierre.” Gilly said.

“That wasn’t me!” he answered back. “It was the ghost!”

“Someone has to go look for it, because these scaredy cats are too frightened!” Wishy said teasing them, still shivering.

“No we’re not! You’re the scared one! Look at your face!”

Gilly said. “Are you alright?”

Wishy’s face was pale. “I am not scared!” he said. “I am just... cold...”

“Okay then,” Pierre said. “Then why don’t you find the ghost?”

Wishy froze. “Wow, look at the time!” he exclaimed. “I have got to go to bed!”

Before Pierre could say anything else, Wishy zoomed off to his assigned bedroom.

“Fine,” Wisheroony said. “I’ll go.”

Wisheroony took Pierre’s torch and walked down the dark hall and shone the light onto a table. Then he tilted it down, and shone it on the floor. A broken vase lay on the ground with water puddles around it. Next to it lay dozens of flowers and plants.

Wisheroony came back.

“The noise was just a vase breaking from the breeze, and the rustling noise was from the plant. Like I told you, no ghost.”

“I think we should go to bed now,” Dorsy suggested. “It’s nearly nine o’clock.”

The wishies agreed that they should sleep, so they walked into the bedroom where Wishy was sleeping and lay down on the beds to snooze.

That very night, at twelve, Wishy woke to the sound of roaring thunder. He looked around, and spotted something

moving in the corner. He gasped. "The Striped ghost!" he whispered to himself, frightened. Then he stomped out of his bed bravely and waved his fist at the monster.

"Out! I will not let you haunt any of my friends!" He demanded.

But the ghost kept on wriggling.

"Listen, we can do this the easy way, or we can do this the hard way!" warned Wishy.

Wishy waited a few minutes but the ghost kept on swaying menacingly.

"I warned you!" Wishy charged to the corner and tackled the creature. He punched it and punched it and punched it, until the lights came on! There he was, pounding a black coat! The other wishies had woken up.

"Who are you talking to?" Gilly asked rubbing her eyes.

"I-I don't understand!" Wishy said. "The ghost! It was about to haunt you! I pounded it, but it got away, and swapped itself with this coat!"

"Wishy," Wisheroony said. "Don't you see? The ghost is the coat!"

"I don't get it!" Wishy said.

"Pierre," Gilly said. "Come here."

"Fine!" Pierre stomped into the room. "I made the whole ghost story up!" Then he turned to the others. "Happy?"

Gilly glared at him.

"Ugh!" Pierre rolled his eyes. "And I'm sorry for doing that to you and a whole lot more, blah blah blah blah blah."

Wishy's mouth was wide open. "So this means..."

"It
that
was
ing
you!"
said.

THE END

means
Pierre
mess-
with
Dorsy