

Return of The Lady of the Lake

By Beatrix Crawford

Ellen was in her room checking she had everything she needed for camp at Chew Valley Lake. She was very excited, she had never been away on a camping trip or without her parents before.

Ellen had found it hard to make friends at her new school, year seven wasn't easy, especially when all your other friends went to different schools. Everyone thought she was a bit weird with her black lipstick and her love of spooky stuff. But today, she thought she might be able to impress the others, she had a secret torch packed in her bag, ready to tell her most freaky ghost stories. June 5th 2024 was going to be her moment .

Later that day the camp was getting going, they had been sailing on the lake, fishing and caught a trout for dinner and the last activity of the day was campfire songs, she had even been buddied up with a girl from Spanish class who seemed to actually like her, Ellen couldn't wait to get in her sleeping bag and whisper the scary story she had been cooking up all day.

As soon as the teachers called lights out at 9pm, everyone went to their tents in their groups of six. Ellen waited until it was quiet then whispered 'let's tell ghost stories!' and got her secret torch out, flicked it on and held it under her chin and said 'it's time for the real fun!'

The other kids knew it was naughty but they liked the idea, she passed the torch around and they each told a story, most of them weren't that scary, until it came to Ellen's, she was planning on telling them about 'The lady of the lake', she had heard her parents talking about it and they had told her not to repeat it, it was the most terrifying story. 'A long time ago, a girl called Catherine went missing at this lake, her family looked and looked for her but she was lost, her mum went back to their house in case she came home while the rest of the search party stayed out. Her mum was so happy to find Catherine at their home, dripping wet in a white nightie, she went to the bathroom but then disappeared. The next day they found her drowned in the lake, they said she had died

on the 5th June, which would have meant she was already dead when her mum went back to the house. Legend has it that on this exact date every year she haunts the lake.....'

Suddenly a shadow went past the outside of the tent, the whole tent screamed.

The door opened and the head of the school, Mrs Ficklegruber appeared, she shouted 'What is going on here??!!'. They heard other kids waking in other tents.

All the kids in the tent pointed at Ellen and shouted 'It was Ellen's idea!' Ellen sat with the torch in her hand and knew she was in big trouble.

Mrs Ficklegruber said 'I don't care whose idea it was, you were all doing it! I'll deal with you in the morning!' and stormed back to her tent. Everyone glared at Ellen, she was so embarrassed.

Ellen waited until everyone was asleep and put her fluffy black slippers on, she just wanted to get out of that tent. Heading towards the lake to get some air she brushed away tears, she thought telling petrifying stories would make everyone like her, but now she had even less friends, everyone hated her.

Ellen sat at the lake shore, throwing stones into the moonlit water. Suddenly, the hairs on the back of her neck stood up, she shivered before she felt a cold, wet hand touching her shoulder.

'Mrs Ficklegruber?' She said, standing up trembling. The hand spun her around and she knew exactly who it was, and it was not the head teacher.

In front of her was a young woman, dripping wet, her white cap and nightie soaked through, skin pale and deep, dark, tired and distant eyes staring.

Ellen let out a scream, she was face to face with Catherine, Lady of the Lake.