

## The Ghost of Pelting Moor By Kristian

### Part 1

In the wettest part of England there was a moor called Pelting Moor, nobody knows how it got its name. On that moor there was an ancient manor house called Pelting House. I'll tell you the legend.

In 1595, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, a wealthy Lord called Sir Charles Pelting came to the moor. He came with a suspicious piece of paper stating...

Sir Charles Pelting is the rightful owner of the moor.

*Signed Queen Elizabeth*

All the farmers were completely dumbstruck and bewildered but they let him have the land but it was a mistake they would regret. Charles built a small cottage and started taxing people to live on his land. They complained till they had lost their voices. He taxed them so much that a poor person would only be able to stay for one day. When people couldn't pay they were forced to leave everything behind. What did Charles do with the houses people left? Well people say:

The evil man took all of the wood and bricks to build his accursed manor house.

The last person who turned bankrupt was a wealthy farmer called Tomas Brackmore. In that miserable year on December the 12th, Thomas Brackmore stormed into Pelting house,

*"Look at all of the people you have ruined you ungodly man!" he spat "You're as evil as the devil himself! You unearthly dirty little man!"*

His face was as purple as the ripest plum that has ever been recorded.

*"I curse this house and any person that owns this house which is built with the stones of misery and betrayal!"*

With that he stormed out of the room with massive columns of steam coming out. It was midnight when Tomas Brackmore left, the grandfather clock sounded midnight and all the other clocks, stopped. Charles didn't take any noticed, but he should have. The next day at the same hour the bodies of Tomas Brackmore and Sir Charles Pelting were found in suspicious circumstances. To this day nobody has established how they died. That is the legend, now let's go forward in time and meet a boy called Marcus.

## Part 2

It was 1939 Marcus had no idea what his aunt looked like at all. All he knew was that his aunt had just bought a manor house in a moor called Pelting Moor. His mum had just told him that a war was starting and she was sending him away and it was called evacuation. At last the train arrived, it was a rusty one, but Marcus liked it all the same, after all, he was a train spotter. His aunt stepped out; she was a wide lady with two emerald green eyes and very poshly dressed. She spotted him at once,

*"Marcus I have heard about you from your mum."* She said lovingly and she embraced him in a rib cracking hug.

*"Take it easy take it easy"* said Marcus.

*"And what is your name?"*

*"My name, has your mother not told you what my name is!"* She said angrily.

*"Well my name is Marge and don't forget it!"*

After that she calmed down very quickly.

*"Well come on the train and lets go."*

Marcus and his aunt got on to the train. Marcus loved trains he had loved them since he was a toddler. He looked out the window and wondered who made trains possible; nobody had told him who made trains possible. It seemed a year before they got to Pelting Moor, when they got there and walked on to the platform there were no other people getting off, but there were lots of beggars instead of people and they were all as white as a ghost. Marcus noticed that all the beggars wore different clothes from Tudor clothes to modern clothes. One said to Marcus,

*"Are you the people who have brought Pelting House?"*

*"Yes"* replied Marcus.

*"Well!"* said the beggar.

The beggar started to chant.

*"Beware the manor house!"*

And all the other beggars started chanting.

*"Beware the manor house! Beware the manor house!"*

Faster and faster the chant became until suddenly they stopped. They were all staring at him. Marcus thought I will always remember this moment and all the beggars disappeared in to thin air.

After that Marcus felt a bit strange he followed his aunt, and she hired a taxi. As they drove they saw Pelting House. It looked as if it was 500 years old and all the stone work was crumbling. When Marcus saw the manor house something jumped inside him, which made him feel more strange and very shivery.

*"What this needs is a woman's touch," Aunt Marge muttered to herself.*

The next day Marcus saw his aunt with some very elderly builders outside of the manor house. At the end of the day Pelting House looked much better, but the next day it looked like when they had first seen it. All the work had been undone during the night. Marcus decided to explore the manor house he found out that Pelting house looked like any manor house from his imagination, but all the clock's hands were pointing at midnight all over the house. At the time when Marcus and his aunt went to sleep aunt Marge told him to...

*"Listen out for any people in the night because somebody is undoing the work of the builders."*

That night Marcus listened and listened but at midnight he heard the clocks go midnight, and he instantly went to sleep. The next morning the work was undone again! Marcus saw his aunt on the telephone for over an hour and when she appeared she announced,

*"I have hired a guard."*

Even with the guard and Marcus the work kept on being undone aunt Marge's money got less and less and she got more and more nervous. One day Aunt Marge and Marcus stayed up till midnight and they were going down the stairs, but something made them trip and they fell to their deaths.

Some years later..

A train pulled in to Pelting Moor and David Helmsman, the new owner of Pelting House, stepped off the train and he saw some beggars... There were two more beggars on the platform this time. They were the ghosts of the past owners including Sir Charles Pelting.

That is the story I have to tell and remember, beware the manor house!