1st April 2020

Dear Mum,

I got to the Ghostly Galleon Inn safely yesterday. It was so late when I got to the inn and it was really cold and windy. Luckily the landlord showed me to my room and it was a nice, big room. The bed was huge with claret velvet sheets but I was sleepy so I got into bed. The wind was blowing and the leaves were rustling. That’s when it got weird.

I was lying in bed and the moonlight was peeking through the gaps in the curtains. I closed my eyes and I heard horse hooves going tlot-tlot outside, so I got up to check the stables. The stable-wicket creaked but all I found was horses sleeping on mouldy hay. The noise wasn’t the horses so I went back to bed.

I was trying to sleep again but I heard tapping at the window. I was really scared so I hid under the covers but then I heard a tune being whistled. I felt an icy breeze go through me so I peeked out from the covers. I saw a woman waiting by the window, plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair. I heard a man outside the window say “One kiss my bonny sweetheart, I’m after a prize tonight, but I shall be back with the yellow god before the morning light; yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day, then look for me by moonlight, watch for me by moonlight, I’ll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.” I didn’t want them to come back again tonight so I screamed “GET OUT OF HERE! GO WITH HIM NOW!”

She looked at me; her face was like a light. Her black eyes grew wide for a moment and her red lips opened and drew one last deep breath. I hid under the covers again and heard the window shake and the moonlight shatter. There was a frosty silence and a black cascade of perfume came tumbling over me. I heard tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot riding- riding- riding into the distance and then it went quiet. I looked out of the window but all I could see was the white road smoking over the purple moor.

I will be home soon. I hope the ghosts don’t come back again! I didn’t sleep very well ☹

Love Richard xxxx ☺