

The Riverbank Square

by Karli R.

“That old run down Square has always given me the creeps,” said Kleveland, a twelve year old boy who lives in a city called Nashwood Homes.

“You know, it wouldn’t hurt to go and explore!” said Kleveland’s next door neighbor, Cindy, a girl who was always looking for adventure.

No way!” Kleveland yelled. “There is no way that you or I will ever go into that Square! Haven’t you heard those horrible rumors! Everyone says that the last thing to ever go in there was that old Jarimia Picket! They say that ever since she died, anyone who goes in that church is never seen again!”

“I didn’t know it was that bad!” said Cindy loud enough for her parents to hear from downstairs.

“Honey, is everything okay up there?” asked Cindy’s mother.

“Oh, everything is just fine, Mrs. Bolstrad!” said Kleveland.

“Yeah, nothing fishy, Mom!” said Cindy. And after that, they ran outside and hid behind a bush.

“What are you thinking?” whispered Kleveland. “I will never put one foot in that Square.....unless.....I get to film every move!”

Oh, fine,” said Cindy. “I’ll meet you here at a quarter to 1:00 A.M., agreed?”

“Agreed,” said Kleveland while he started forward to get his video camera ready for what might be one of the most intense

moments of his life!

That night, Kleveland had his video camera fully charged, his favorite red sweater, and a bright green apple in his hand. He was pretty excited to be filming something better than his little sister's hungry parrot. As soon as he saw Cindy, standing by the entrance of The Riverbank Square, he ran up to her and said, "You ready?"

"I'm way more ready than you'll ever be!" Cindy said starting into the square.

The Old Square had nothing but filthy buildings everywhere. The old ice cream shop had an old ice cream bar stuck to the counter and the graveyard had nothing but moss covering the tombstones, but most of all, the old church was only a haunted mess. It had a bunch of bushes covering the whole entire church. It only had one light on in it, and everyone was scared of it.

"Hey!" yelled Kleveland hurrying after her.

When they reached the old church, Kleveland turned his video camera on and zoomed in on all of the windows. He didn't see anything until he noticed something in the top right hand window. There was a very faint outline of a face with a cowboy hat on. All of a sudden, whoever was there looked directly into Kleveland's eyes and then vanished.

"Uh, I'm not so sure about this." said Kleveland.

"Oh, you're just afraid that there will be something that will take you away. Huh, I never knew someone one year older than me would be more afraid of this old church than I am!" said Cindy laughing.

"Stop your jittering and let's go inside," said Kleveland with a little bit of embarrassment in his voice.

After they had walked into the church, they heard a loud hissing and scraping noise coming from the upstairs.

“What was that?” Cindy said. “Kleveland, where are you? I’m sorry I said that you were more scared than I was. I totally take it back!”

KA-THUNK!!! Cindy turned around and saw Kleveland on the ground with his whole leg twisted around.

”Kleveland, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just help me up and get us out of here!”

“Okay, let’s go! I think that old Jeremiah is coming after us!” screamed Cindy.

When they came to the staircase, they noticed that it was different than the one they had come up. This one looked like it was rotting so rapidly that the staircase was almost in pieces! After they got down the stairs, they ran through the darkest hallway in the whole entire house! Just before the house came down on them, they jumped out the rusty-hinged door. They were so scared that they just ran as fast as they could to get to their houses and tuck themselves into bed.

When they woke up the next morning, they went over all of the evidence they had recorded and found that Old Jeremiah Picket had said something before he twisted Kleveland’s leg. He said ”I’m waiting for someone to escape!”

After Kleveland and Cindy had gone to the Riverbank Square, Old Jeremiah Picket was never heard from again! The construction workers decided that they would tear down the whole square and make a new one.

“Hey, Cindy!” said Kleveland.

“What?” asked Cindy.

“We should do this more often,” said Kleveland with a huge smile on his face waiting for Cindy to answer.

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