

The Bad Student

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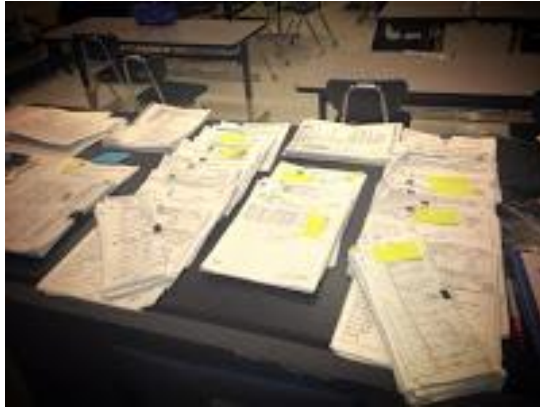
English 11 Mr.O



A long time ago, there was a boy named Carl Peters. Carl was a student in a private school called Immaculata. He was a very bad student, and everybody at Immaculata hated him. He would bug people so much and do everything he could to make people mad. He knew how to push their buttons, and no one would ever believe that he was sorry. Carl's mom was working lots so she wasn't home a lot, so he didn't like going home after school. He was always dirty and half the buttons on his clothes were missing. He would play with the other kids until it got late and sometimes he would sleep over at friend's houses without asking. His dad had passed away when he was only 2 years old. Carl didn't remember anything about his father except for his smell and his rough hands.



One day Carl was very badly behaved at school. He opened the ink bottle and set it on the edge of the table, right on top of the teacher's bag. Everybody knew how clumsy Mrs. Canister was and when she sat on the table she bumped the inkbottle and in a second her bag was completely covered by the black ink. The homework papers that she was going to grade by the next day were completely destroyed with the ink. Mrs. Canister knew right away who put the ink bottle on her purse. She was so mad with Carl, she didn't say anything she just took him by the hand and literally dragged him into the furnace room. This room was in the basement of the school. Kids hated it in this room because it was really dark and scary. It smelled like old mattresses and it looked like the janitor made a really big mess in there. There were rumors among some of the students that there was a ghost. But it was only because the janitor made funny noises when he was down there.



Mrs. Mccanister was a big woman and she had some kind of heart problem, so she went home sick. No one knew that she had left Carl downstairs!

Everybody forgot about Carl. It was a Friday, and that evening, the janitor locked up the school. So he turned off all the lights, but Carl was scared of the dark. It was pitch black, and he couldn't see anything in the basement. He heard a squeak. It was probably just a rat, but Carl was also afraid of rats. So he tried finding the door in the dark. He crawled up the stairs and a rat went across Carl's hands. He let out a terrifying scream. When he finally got up to the door, it was locked.



On Monday of school, they finally remembered that Carl was in the basement. So they unlocked the door, but they couldn't get it to open.

Carl's body was in the way. He was dead. His eyes were wide open and his mouth was like a scream. His hands were bloody and it looked like Carl had tried to claw his way out.

Some people say that Carl's ghost is still here at Immaculata. And kids say that they still hear strange noises coming from the basement.

