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A School Story – Part 2

I know it was the same piece of paper because I could still see my Finger marks on it. Anyway, Sampson eventually came back at the end of that lesson and told us we could go. He looked at the papers one by one, and probably thought it was his imagination playing tricks. He looked pale and worried.

The next day; Sampson was in school again and he seemed quite normal, but it was that night that the third strange thing happened It was about midnight when I suddenly woke up; somebody was shouting at me.

It was McLeod, who shared my room; he looked terrified, 'Quick,' he said, 'I think a burglar is trying to get into Sampson's room.' I rushed to the window but could see nothing. Somehow, though, I felt that something was wrong o u t there and the two of us waited, watching closely.

'Tell me exactly what you saw or heard,' I whispered.

'I didn't hear anything but about five minutes before I woke

you I just found myself standing here' at the window,' McLeod whispered back.'

There was a terrible-looking man standing just outside Sampson's window. He was very tall and very thin . . . and. . . he didn't really look like a living person at all. More like a ghost. He seemed to be making a sign to Sampson to go with him. That's all I saw before I woke you up.'

We waited a long time, watching, but we saw nothing more that night. Everything was quiet outside. We woke up feeling tired and strange in the morning. But during the day the news went round that no one could find Sampson anywhere, and he didn't come for our Latin class that day.

In fact, we never heard of or saw Sampson again. Somehow, McLeod and I knew that we should keep quiet about what he had seen that night and we never told anyone.' 'It's a good story, John,' said Edgar, listening to his friend as he finished his wine,'a very good one.

But now I really must be on my way home. I hope I don't meet any strange, thin men *on* the way.' The two men laughed, shook hands and went their different ways. It was about a year later that Edgar, the listener to John's story, travelled to Ireland to visit another friend who lived in an old country house there.

One evening his host was looking in a box full of various old things for a key that he wanted. Suddenly he pulled a small object out of the box and held it up. 'Have a look at this, Edgar. What do you think it is?' he asked.

It was an old gold coin with the head of a king on the front. Edgar looked closely. 'Where did you get it?' he asked quietly. 'Well, it's quite an interesting story,' began his friend.' A year or two ago we were working on that area of the garden over there in the corner, can you see? Among the four trees? Right in the middle of the trees, we found an old well and at the bottom of it,

you'll never guess what we found.'

'Yes. I will. Was it a body, by any chance?' asked Edgar. His friend was surprised. 'Yes, it was. In fact, we found two bodies. One of them had its arms tightly around the other. They were probably there for thirty years or more.

Anyway, we pulled them out and in the pocket of one of them we found this old coin . . . from Turkey or somewhere, by the look of it. It's got something on the back of it, too. Can you see what it says?' 'Yes. I think I can,' said Edgar.' It seems to be the letters G.W.S. and the date 24 July 1865.'