

Scar story

The Night i met the Ghost

I remember the night I got the scar like it just happened. It's not something you forget easily. People always ask if it hurt, or if it freaked me out, or if I believe in ghosts now. The truth? I don't know what to believe, but every time I see that scar, it feels like a reminder that some things can't be explained.

It all started last summer when I was 13. My best friend Leo and I had been talking about the old abandoned house at the end of our street for weeks. Everyone said it was haunted, but we didn't buy it. We just thought it was one of those stupid stories kids made up to scare each other. But, of course, one night Leo dared me to go inside, and I wasn't about to chicken out.

It was a Friday night, and we snuck out around midnight. The street was dead quiet—no cars, no people, just the sound of crickets. The house was at the edge of a forest, surrounded by overgrown bushes and trees that hadn't been touched in years. The house itself looked like it was about to collapse, with broken windows, peeling paint, and a front door that hung crooked on its hinges. It was like something straight out of a horror movie.

Leo was grinning like an idiot. "You ready?" he asked, shining his flashlight at the house.

I shrugged, trying to act cool, even though my heart was pounding in my chest. "Let's just get it over with."

We pushed open the rusty gate, and it creaked so loudly I thought for sure someone would hear us. But nobody came. The air felt heavy, like we were stepping into a place we didn't belong. I brushed it off as my imagination.

The door was already half open, so we didn't even have to push it. Inside, it was dark and smelled like dust and something rotten. Our flashlights flickered as we walked in, making weird shadows dance on the walls. The floor was covered in dirt and broken glass, and there were strange symbols spray-painted on the walls. I felt a chill run down my spine, but I ignored it.

"C'mon," Leo whispered, "Let's go upstairs. That's where they say the ghost shows up."

I rolled my eyes, but deep down, I didn't like the sound of that. Still, I wasn't about to back out now. We made our way to the staircase, which creaked with every step we took. The upstairs

hallway was long, with doors on either side. Everything felt wrong. The air was colder up there, and my skin prickled like something was watching us. I tried to laugh it off, but even Leo wasn't joking around anymore.

We stopped in front of one of the doors. It was slightly open, and I swear I heard something inside—like a whisper, but too faint to understand.

"Did you hear that?" Leo asked, his voice barely a whisper.

"Yeah," I said, trying to stay calm. But I wasn't calm. Not at all.

Leo pushed the door open, and that's when I saw her. A woman, standing in the middle of the room. Her skin was pale, almost gray, and her eyes... they were empty, like dark, endless pits. She was wearing an old-fashioned dress, torn and stained, and her hair hung in front of her face, dripping wet. For a second, I thought it was some kind of joke, like maybe someone had set up a dummy or something.

But then she moved.

Her head snapped toward us, and I felt my blood freeze. Leo gasped and stumbled back, but I couldn't move. I was rooted to the spot, staring at her as she floated—yeah, floated—toward me. Her feet didn't even touch the ground. My flashlight flickered and died, plunging the room into darkness, but I could still feel her there, right in front of me.

Then, I felt it. A sharp, burning pain on my arm, like someone had sliced me with a knife. I screamed, finally breaking out of my trance, and bolted for the door. Leo was already halfway down the stairs, and I didn't need to be told twice. We ran as fast as we could, out of the house and into the street, not stopping until we were back at my house.

By the time we got to my front porch, I was gasping for breath. I looked down at my arm and saw the blood. There was a deep cut, jagged and raw, running down the length of my forearm. It didn't make any sense. There was nothing in that room that could've cut me. But the worst part? The scar—it looked like something had scratched me. Not with a knife, but with claws.

Leo was pale, shaking, as he stared at my arm. "Dude, what the hell just happened?"

"I don't know," I muttered, still in shock. "I don't know."

We didn't talk about it after that, not really. I mean, how could we? What were we supposed to say? That we saw a ghost? That something in that house wasn't just a story? We'd sound insane. But every night, for weeks after, I had nightmares about her—about those empty eyes and that cold, dead feeling that wrapped around me.

I still have the scar, of course. It never fully healed right. Sometimes, when I look at it, I get this weird feeling, like something's watching me again. Like she's still out there, waiting. I haven't been back to that house since. I don't plan on it, either.

But every now and then, I hear stories. Other kids, daring each other to go inside. Most of them just laugh it off. They don't believe in ghosts.

I didn't either.

Not until I met one.

The End