

The Seance

Horriſying Tales From The Dead I

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Just beyond the hills of Eastondale stood an old, dilapidated mansion that built in the 1860s. Legend has it that a railroad ran nearby the old mansion and there was a gang of outlaws that held up the train and stole 250,000 dollars-worth of gold and hid it in the mansion. Before the outlaws had a chance to tell where they hid the gold, they were ambushed inside the estate by the U.S. Marshals. Only two of the brothers of one of the gangs survived but would not tell where they hid the gold, so both brothers went to the gallows. To this day no one has found the gold.

Then one day when Johnny West and two of his closest friends decided they were going to find the gold that the outlaws hid in the dilapidated mansion. They didn't care if it took them all night to find the gold.

Johnny said to his two friends, "Get your flashlights and sleeping bags; it's going to be a long night."

"Johnny, what makes you think we are the chosen ones to find the gold?" asked, David.

"Have you already forgotten. I'm one of the descendants of one of the outlaws named Saddle Strap Watson that hid the gold in the dilapidated mansion. I'll bring Saddle Strap Watson's shovel and a pickaxe for good luck," said Johnny.

"All right everyone, let's meet down at the mansion around 6 pm, and we'll cover the grounds to see if the gold is somewhere on the property before we go inside the mansion," said Johnny excitedly.

Johnny and the boys were checking the grounds of the estate for any signs of gold. Johnny didn't want David and Michael to leave him by himself to search for the gold. So, Johnny kept the boys laughing with some jokes so they wouldn't give up and want to go.

As they were all digging around, Johnny said: "Hey guys, are you having any luck?"

David and Michael answered, "No, not a sign of any gold out here."

"Johnny it's going to be dark in about 15 minutes, why don't we try our luck inside the mansion knowing Saddle Strap Watson may have hidden the gold somewhere in the mansion?" asked David.

Johnny, David, and Michael got their flashlights and shovels and followed suit up against the steps to the mansion.

Johnny, do you still think there is any gold hidden in this mansion. The legend is over one hundred years old. You'd think by now someone else would have found the gold by now," said Michael.

Johnny said, "I've done a lot of research and have not come across anyone claiming the fortune. Let's stop wasting time and get down to business and find that gold. We would not have come this far to give up now. Let's start upstairs and work our way down to the cellar."

"David, you take the attic, Michael, you take the three rooms on the left, and I'll take the three on the right," said Johnny.

Everyone was getting frustrated and about ready to give up.

"Well, Johnny, what now?" asked David and Michael.

"Let's not give up now we still have the cellar left to explore. Is everyone ready said?" asked Johnny.

"Yes!" said, David and Michael.

"Let's go on down to the cellar, I know this is where the gold is hidden," said Johnny.

David, Michael, and Johnny proceeded to the cellar. Everyone had their flashlights shining on the walls, ceiling, and floor in the basement. Johnny was sweating because he had doubts if there was any gold inside or outside of the mansion.

"Johnny, we've all been down in this cellar for about four hours and no sign of gold anywhere," said Michael.

Michael and David decided to leave Johnny behind to hunt for the treasure by himself.

"I've got an idea," said Johnny. "If this doesn't work you, both can leave, and I'll be the laughing stock at school tomorrow."

"Okay, what's the plan?" asked David and Michael.

"I think we should have a seance and maybe we can conjure up *Saddle Strap Watson* to help us find where he hid the gold," explained Johnny.

David and Michael started laughing hysterically. "Come on, guys humor me," said Johnny. "I promise you if this seance doesn't work then we'll leave. Luckily, I've been to a couple of seances before as a skeptic, the first one was rigged. But the second one made me a believer in conjuring up the dead. Let's head on upstairs to the dining room where we'll hold the seance," replied Johnny.

Johnny, Michael, and David sat down at the dining room table. Johnny instructed Michael and David to hold hands and concentrate. Twenty minutes went by, and no Saddle Strap, Watson ghost. Just as Michael and David were about to let go of each other's hands, they heard a voice say, "Who dares to disturb my sleep?" said Saddle Strap Watson.

"I do," said Johnny. "We mean you no harm. I can assure you. All we want to know is where did you hide the gold," said Johnny.

"If you want to know where I hid the gold, then one of you must die!" laughed Saddle Strap, Watson.

The boys were terrified and immediately got up from the table and raced towards the door to try to escape, but there was no escaping now. All the doors locked and the windows had been nailed shut.

Saddle Strap Watson said, "Now that I've got your attention to sit down and we'll draw straws to see who dies first."

Michael and David were yelling at Johnny, saying, "Look what mess you've gotten us in. We should have left when we didn't find any trace of gold, but we let you talk us into staying."

Johnny said, "I'm sorry, truly, I am."

Michael picked up the straws that appeared on the table that Saddle Strap Watson made appear out of nowhere.

Johnny said, "I'll draw the first straw since I'm responsible for this whole mess."

"Not so fast, Johnny, I'll draw the first straw," said David.

David's hand was trembling because he knew that if he had the shortest straw, he was a dead man.

David drew a straw and said, "Oh my God! No, this can't be happening to me!"

Saddle Strap Watson drew his gun out of his holster and shot poor David dead. David's body went limp, and Michael and Johnny said: "Okay Saddle Strap, Watson, where's the gold?"

Saddle Strap Watson said, "The gold is hidden behind a wall in the cellar."

Michael and Johnny jumped out of their seats and said, "We were just down in the cellar how did we overlook checking to see if there was something behind a wall," said Michael.

"We can't dwell on that now," said Johnny.

Michael and Johnny jumped out of their seats and raced down to the cellar to find the gold.

As Michael and Johnny started tapping on the walls, Michael said: "I think there's something behind this wall."

Johnny said, "Wait until I get over there. I'll help you."

By the time Johnny got over to the wall where Michael was, it was too late. Michael stepped inside the wall and dropped fifty feet to his death.

Saddle Strap Watson wanted to make sure if someone stepped inside the booby-trapped wall not only would they fall fifty feet and survive with some broken bones but to make sure they were dead Saddle Strap Watson drove three-foot spikes into the ground to assure him no one would come out alive.

The only one left to find the gold now was poor Johnny West. Johnny ran back up the stairs of the cellar, but the door locked.

Saddle Strap Watson said, "Johnny, I thought you wanted to find the gold."

Johnny replied, "I changed my mind. I want to go home."

"Too late Johnny! You will see the hidden treasure, but you will die with it!" laughed Saddle Strap, Watson.

"Johnny, go behind the stairs and push on the wall," said Saddle Strap Watson.

Johnny pushed on the wall, and sure enough, the wall opened, and there was all that gold he was anticipating on finding. Saddle Strap Watson said, "Johnny, go inside and get you some gold, and why don't you roll around in it."

As Johnny went inside the wall to get some gold, the wall slammed shut. Johnny got his gold, but he wouldn't live long enough to enjoy the treasure. There was only enough air inside the wall to last about an hour, so Johnny lay down beside the gold until his last breath regretting finding the gold.

A search party was put out the next day looking for the three boys, but there was no sign of them. Saddle Strap Watson's laughed echoed throughout the mansion, and the secret treasure Saddle Strap Watson hid in the estate over a hundred years ago will remain a mystery unless some curious person is lucky enough to survive the ghost of Saddle Strap Watson and enjoy the treasure, but I wouldn't count on it.

