

Greg's Ghost Story

Every other night in the month of June 1938 the ghost would descend the station stairs, peer down the seemingly endless subway tunnel, and wait for the train to come. It was always at one or two in the morning, when no one else was around. J. H., the station janitor, said that the figure wore a hooded jacket and a scarf wrapped around his neck. This despite the warm weather. The man was at least ninety. As the story goes, he would walk over to J. H. and borrow his mop. The ghost would hold the mop as it were a staff and then board the train. The following night the ghost would return on the subway. And this time he would carry a baby in his arms.



For a full month, on every odd-numbered night, the ghost would leave on the train, and on every even-numbered night it would return.

It was not until years later that J. H. finally told his story. And he told it for decades. But no one would believe him, and he died a bitter man. The June after he died, fifteen babies in the city died at birth, one every other day...

—Greg, Grade 9