**The Spectre who Learned to Scare**

**1**

Beyond the realm of the living lies a secret spectral plane, sprawling with vast, angular buildings, that stretch on to infinity. Within this network of structures teem countless apparitions, from pained phantoms, mischievous poltergeists, wailing banshees and dark, malevolent wraiths.

Before we proceed…it’s important to note that not everyone who dies on Earth becomes a ghost. It is only souls with unfinished business in the mortal realm that are compelled to linger in this plane.

To complicate matters even further, each newly deceased spirit must pass a series of rigorous tests before becoming a registered frightener. Every ghost must enrol in Abel Academy, where they take required courses like *Invisibility Control, Ectoplasm Manifestation, Possession Ethic*s, and the often-bewildering course, *Shrieks & Howls: Is There a Difference?*

Upon graduation, each spectre is assigned an ominous abode to haunt in the living world. These include eerie graveyards with rust-coated gates, dank, old dwellings whispered about in campfire stories, and, of course, the classic stately manor reserved for the most exceptional.

Enrolled among this ghastly roster for nearly a century is the small, unassuming spirit of a boy named Peter Potts.

Peter is unlike typical ghosts; no disfigurements or gruesome injuries mar his skin. Instead, he has a mop of tousled hair and large, round eyes—features entirely useless to a would-be scarer.

Over the decades, Peter’s repeated failures became legendary among other students of fright, who teased him relentlessly, much to the exasperation of his weary instructor, Professor Faulkner.

The Professor is an imposing spirit, tall, thin, with long ashen hands etched with deep channels of blue veins. His weighty voice carries the thick cadence of Old English. He died in a fiery execution in 1216 during the rise of Henry III for displaying numerous traits associated with Warlocks. His ghostly visage is adorned in strikingly affluent garb consisting of a long, intricately patterned robe, which was spun from once opulent fabric. Now, after eons in the ethereal plane, the garment has become faded and tattered, with threads floating from the hem.

During Peter's twentieth attempt at *Shrieks & Howls*, the Professor finally grasped the difficult challenge he had undertaken. The diminutive phantom desperately tried to startle old Mrs. Spall, only to discover her hearing was so poor she barely noticed his wailing moans. Exasperated, he puffed up his chest to menace her. All he got was a bewildered glance as she adjusted her glasses and continued knitting. Watching from a far the hidden spectator of the Professor despaired in horror at the buffoonery of the attempted fright.

Then there was Peter’s ill-fated attempt at possession in the 1920s, when he inhabited a six-year-old boy to frighten his parents. After a long struggle, he finally seized control of the child. Contorting his face into a myriad of grimaces, he guided him silently into his parents' room in the dead of night. The first to awaken was his startled mother. Who, In the dim light of the room, observed the puzzling array of expressions flitting across her son’s face. Instead of recoiling in terror, she erupted into fits of laughter at her son’s silly gestures. His father barely opened an eyelid, muttering, “That’s quite a scary face kiddo,” before rolling over and snoring as if nothing had happened.

“Nay, Peter! The child’s visage is simply too soft; such expressions would not frighten a mangy old cat,” the Professor exasperatingly scolded his student. “I am sorry. I will try again; I will do better, “ Peter determinedly replied.

During the hectic years of the Black Death, Professor Faulkner used to boast, " Ne’er have I met a phantom I could not train," as a multitude of ghouls lined up for instruction. But after decades of mentoring Peter, he now begrudgingly added an amendment to his motto, “...save for Peter, of course.”

As the years passed and the test grew harder, Peter questioned his suitability for the ghostly life. The sour events leading to his death had drained Peter of the enthusiasm needed to frighten the *Undeceased*.

Annoying poltergeists would proudly glide past him, regaling him with their Devilish tales of successful manifestations. He just wanted to quietly read the sombre tomes in the Academic library.

“Nothing is more thrilling than making an *Undeceased* jump in terror!” Mark, the Poltergeist, his agitating classmate, would say through a crooked smile.

Yet, somehow, as the decades, Peter managed to pass every exam through sheer force of will. Now, as the most challenging ordeal lay ahead, he would have to complete, *The Implementation of Practical Frights on The Undeceased ,* before the clock strikes midnight on Halloween.

The goal was clear: instil absolute terror in the living. What was once an easy task now requires genuine skill. In a world overflowing with a constant stream of horrifying entertainment, scaring mortals has become far more challenging.

As Professor Faulkner constantly reminds his class of phantoms, “If thou canst scare, thou will ne’er be a proper ghost!” This admonition became a haunting reminder to him of the weight of expectations in the spectral community. As the spirits of those who fail to pass these gauntlets within a century are banished to the worst depths of the underworld, the Department of *Appeasements, Filings, and Complaints*. The wretched souls who are banished there must eke out their existence performing endless menial tasks, and they are never allowed to visit the mortal realm again.

With Halloween approaching, marking the one-hundred-year anniversary of Peter’s demise, it would be his final chance to pass the test. As the date grew nearer, he began practicing incessantly. He transmogrified his face into horrendous shapes, honing his moans and wails to such an unnerving pitch that even the banshees winced.

Bearing newfound resolve, Peter approached Professor Faulkner, a determined glimmer in his eyes. “I am ready, my lord,” he declared, hope threading through his voice. The professor regards him with cautious optimism. “Very well. We shall see if this time thou canst truly scare."

As Peter turns to leave for the Earthly realm, the Professor warns, "mark me, boy. This is thy last year of attempts. After this, there shall be no more." The harsh statement slices through the ghost boy. “I will not disappoint you again,” he replies, uncertain if he can keep that promise.

And so, with a haunted whisper, inside the silvery glow of transportation, from one realm to another, Peter Potts embarked toward the sleepy hamlet of Sedgehollow.

“Good luck to ye. My thy frights be terrifying and true!” Professor Faulkner quietly offered his good wishes.

**2**

Halloween Eve. Sedgehollow.1985.

On the outskirts of Sedgehollow, a thick fog rolls in from the hills, cloaking the night in a swirling mist. Amid this thick stew, a young ghost glides silently over Devil Tooth Lake, halting outside the window of a remote farmhouse. Inside, a soft glow emanates from a second-story window, beckoning to his curiosity like a flickering beacon in the darkness.

Inching closer, Peter peers through the glass. He catches sight of a young girl, no older than ten, slumped on the floor, her long auburn hair draped across her face. Her brow furrowed in concentration as she carefully draws on a large sheet of paper.

He phases through the wall and slips into a shadowy corner of the room. There, he watches intently as the girl adds licks of fiery flames to the mouth of the creature emblazoned on the page.

Next, she splashes vibrant magenta on its hide with the sharp scrape of a pencil. She then dusts the beast’s tail with sprinkles of red glitter. “Rawr!” the girl roars, her excitement filling the room.

Then, an idea begins to form in Peter’s mind, one that would undoubtedly derail his current mission. He knows he shouldn't, but he can’t shake the stir of mischief brewing in his belly, a defiance against his intended task. *Why not,* Peter slyly thinks*. I can frighten someone else later.*

With a quick focus of his energy, he conjures a faint glimmer of light that oozes into the air from his hand. Guiding it to the creature's mouth, where it sparkles incandescently over snarled teeth, illuminating the room.

The girl gasps, falling back in surprise, her eyes widening in awe. “Wow!” she exclaims, laughter bubbling from her lips as she reaches out to touch the dancing formations. "It's alive!" she says, captivated with delight. Peter always preferred the living laughter over cries of terror. *Does that make me a terrible ghost?* He ponders.

Just as the chill of doubt begins to enter his mind, a sudden pinch grips Peter’s shoulders, followed by a swift tug. He is violently wrenched out of the window, spiralling, and twisting around like a spinning top into the forest surrounding Sedgehollow. If his guts still worked, he would surely be heaving them up. Finally, he halts by the shadow of a broken birch tree, the abrupt stop sending a shudder of unease through him.

Looming above him is Professor Faulkner, holding tightly onto Peter’s ghostly form. “What art thou doing, boy?” his voice booms. Before Peter can retort, the professor continues his scolding. “How dost thou intend to terrify the living while cavorting in such a manner? We are spirits of terror, meant to remind them of their mortal end! We are not mere performers of tricks and light shows!" He scolds.

Peter’s small stature seems to shrink even further under the weight of the professor’s words. If it were possible, tears would cascade down his corporeal cheeks. But as you know, ghosts cannot cry.

“I am sorry,” Peter wheezes barely above a whisper, as the professor eyes his shivering transparent form.

"Perhaps the fates are whispering to thee, boy. Not every spirit is destined to be a harbinger of fear." The professor says, as he pats down the unruly wisps of hair, barely clinging to his skull.

“NO!” Peter yells, louder than he intended. Decades of frustration erupt like the lid of a boiling pot. He pictures the other phantoms that mock him for his failures, especially that infuriating poltergeist, Mark "One more chance, Professor! Tomorrow is Halloween! I shall not disappoint you again.”

The professor shakes his head, placing his pellucid hand on the boy's shoulder, a faint smile creases his lips. He traces the tip of his finger in the air forming a halo of blinding golden light. Inside the oval-shaped portal are a vast array of spirits, who look far more sullen than your average spirit. They inhabit a grey room extending into infinity, while blinking halcyon lights sporadically twitch overhead.

Peter watches as, almost perfectly in sync, they peel a thin sliver of paper from the top of a pile, scribble on its face, and then retrieve another. To his astonishment, the pile never seems to shrink; no matter how many pages are plucked from its shape.

“That, my boy, is your destiny: the lost void of Appeasements, Filings, and Complaints. Shouldst thou fail to complete thy mission on the morrow night, thou shalt be condemned there for all eternity.” Peter winces in absolute disgust, the endless drudgery of it all making his insides squirm.

"One last chance,” Peter begs.

"That is all thou art getting," the Professor warns. With a pop, as if a bubble bursting, he disappears, leaving Peter alone, consumed with dread.

**3**

Halloween, the fateful night.

The town of Sedgehollow buzzes with the lively activity of screaming children. They dart in and out of homes as the boisterous chorus of “trick or treat” rings through the brightly decorated streets. These hordes of fabricated ghouls and monsters scrunch on wet leaves as their parents try desperately to wrangle them away from speeding cars. A slight deluge of rain had fallen earlier; now an oval moon lingers low in the sky, causing pockets of puddles to shimmer.

In the heart of the town, a large crowd gathers for the annual Halloween festival. Peter watches from a distance as children decorate pumpkins and teenagers stand in line to get their costumes. While he wishes to be part of the celebrations, he reminds himself of his goal. *There is only the fright. There is only the fright.*

Peter makes his way to the park, where he spots a group of children huddled together, playing tag. Their laughter echoes like mischievous music. *One of these boys will do*, Peter confirms*. Maybe I will terrorise them all at once, Professor Faulkner would love that.*

Just as Peter begins to devise a strategy, he spots a lone boy sitting on a bench, his shoulders slumped, one hand clasped over his left eye. A grey hoodie hangs sloppily over his head, while baggy jeans and an ill-fitting T-shirt mask a slim frame underneath.

““We’re going, Sam,” the other boys call out. But he doesn't move; he just keeps his hand locked on his face.

*Sam, my victim’s name is Sam*, Peter thinks gleefully.

Slowly, Peter inches toward him, practicing a myriad of horrific faces. He clenches his hands into pointed, dagger-like claws and begins counting down. One, two, three. *Now!* He shouts in his mind, a determined battle cry.

As he careens towards the boy, Peter suddenly crashes himself to a halt. There appears to be something wrong with Sam, as if a gloomy cloud hovers over his head. *He does appear to be quite sad. A nasty shock might do untold damage to his demeanour, Peter worries.* Then he remembers the Professor’s warning and the minutes ticking towards midnight. And most importantly his expulsion into that miserable exile of administrative nightmares.

Steadying himself, he shakes off the cobwebs of doubt and realigns Sam into his sight. Barrelling toward him, he catches him completely off guard. The stinging surprise of the phantom from under the bench is so unnerving that it causes Sam to wrench back hard against the wooden structure. His shoulder crashes against the timber slats. The sharp eruption of pain is so great it blasts Sam off the seat and onto the ground. Lost in the moment, Peter continues his attack. The boy stumbles across the sodden grass, somehow managing to find his feet. Peter stays on his heels, exhilarated.

Sam flees into the spidery embrace of bare autumn trees, the frenzied ghost in pursuit, his long, pointed fingers reaching out. If Peter wished to be a source of dread, he certainly looked the part now - a true horror.

As Sam runs deeper into the forest, he stumbles into a clearing. As his heart reverberates in his chest, he scans the dark space for the apparition. “What are you?” he demands of the shadows. Only deathly silence grins back at him from the inky void.

A crack of a branch snaps, slicing through the sick tension in the air, followed by a pounding, as if a great sledgehammer is working in the distance. “Who’s there?” he calls, his voice shaky.

Peter suppresses a giggle of excitement. *I am finally doing it! I am truly scaring someone!* Picking the perfect moment, Peter lunges at Sam, his grotesque form looming above him. Sam’s face twists in terror as he stumbles backward, paralyzed by fear.

“Arrrgh!” Peter roars unleashing a wild wail.

Sam writhes in fright on the ground. Just then, a cloud obstructing the moon drifts away, a shaft of light illuminates the clearing. In the glow, Peter notices an ugly welt under Sam’s left eye. The swollen topography juts out, a dark stain against his pale skin. Someone had struck him badly.

The realisation that Sam, like Peter when he was alive has persecutors, stops him dead. Gradually the twisted expression on his face melts back into its soft, boyish appearance.

“I am sorry,” Peter whispers, guilt gnawing at him.

Sam lowers his hands, no longer shielding his face. He looks up at the now placid ghost hovering above him. “What are you?” Sam asks, steadying his voice.

“…I am a ghost,” Peter admits, averting his gaze from Sam at the rotten admission.

“I’ve never seen a ghost before,” Sam confirms. “Why were you chasing me?” he asks fumbling back to his feet.

“I aimed to give you a proper scare; ‘tis my mission, yet I find myself rather inept at it.”

Sam almost laughs at strange archaic rapport of the phantom’s speech. The defeated expression frowning Peter’s face stops him. “For what it’s worth, I was terrified.”

“Really?” Peter replies, darting toward Sam like an excited dog.

“Yeah! I thought you were gonna kill me!” Sam exclaims.

“No!” Peter quickly corrects him, “Ghosts cannot hurt the living, that is one of the rules. Only dark spirits inflict pain on the *Undeceased*.”

“*Undeceased*?” Sam asks, confused.

“Yes, that’s what we call the still living,” Peter explains.

“Oh. That’s kinda clever,” Sam reassures him.

Nervously, Sam asks, “Do ghosts have names?”

“Of course. I was once living like you,” Peter replies.

“Well… what’s your name?” Sam presses.

“Peter… Peter Potts.”

“I’m Sam,” he confirms.

The two boys regard each other, unsure of how to proceed. The surreal reality of the situation suddenly hits Sam. Here he is, conversing with a ghost on Halloween night in the dim depths of the forest.

He takes in the peculiar, old-fashioned garments adorning the spectre: a long-collared shirt with billowy sleeves and trousers cropped at the knee, secured with a scattering of copper buttons. This boy clearly died a long time ago.

 “What happened to your eye?” Peter asks, unsure, whether he should be prying.

Sam’s face darkens. “A kid at school did it…his name’s Jake…he thinks he’s tough.”

 “I’m the new kid, so I guess he thinks it’s okay to push me around.”

“That is grievous,” Peter says, floating closer to the ground. “When I was alive the other boys in my class used to torment me as well.”

“Wait…Potts? You’re the boy who accidently drowned in Potts Lake!” Sam asks.

Peter falls silent, reluctant to respond. At the time, it bore no name like Potts Lake. I would not call it an accident, either.”

“What happened?” Sam asks genuinely intrigued.

“Just like thee, Sam, I had trouble with other boys as well. They thought it would be funny to hurl me into a lake, knowing I could not swim.”

Sam looks ashamed of the revelation. Here he was sulking all day over a black eye, now realizing things could have been far worse.

An awkward silence percolates for a moment between the two. Peter graciously breaks the tension, “they truly named the lake after me?”

“Yeah,” Sam confirms.

“You’re actually a bit of a celebrity!” Sam says, a smile spreading across his face.

“What is a celebrity?” Peter repeats, unsure of the moniker.

“Hmm…it’s a really famous person that everybody knows about,” Sam grins.

“Gee, it never occurred to me that people would remember me after my death, let alone name a whole lake after me.” Peter proudly says.

“Some people are never forgotten, even after their death,” Sam consoles him.

“Hey, why don’t I show you some cool spots around town? I bet you’d love the old graveyard?” Sam excitedly offers.

“I cannot,” Peter laments, his tone heavy with sorrow. “But you’re dead, you can do whatever you want?”

“Not tonight, Sam, this is the last night I can visit Sedgehollow,” he offers.

“Why?” Sam insists, moving closer, a chill of cold death emitting from the dead boy.”

“I dallied too long. I spent so much time trying and failing to scare people that I have run out of time,” Peter turns away. He looks far out into the night, the haze of lights and faint noise of Sedgehollow buzzing on the horizon.

“If I do not frighten someone tonight, I shan't ever be able to return again.”

Sam searches his mind. It takes a moment, but then an idea erupts out like water breaking from a dam. “Peter! What if we did something that would benefit both of us?” Peter’s curiosity piques. “What do you mean?”

“Well, you know that kid who gave me the black eye? They’re meeting up in the old Holstad House.” Sam pauses for a moment relishing the moment, “What if a real ghost made an appearance?” Peter’s face brightens with excitement. “That is splendid Sam! Perchance we can both get what we desire this night.” For the first time since his passing, a flicker of joy ignites within Peter’s ghostly heart.

**4**

The abandoned husk of the Holstad House looms large at the end of a crooked lane, its dilapidated features twisted by years of neglect. On its façade, shattered windows glint like razor blades under the yellowish tint of the streetlights. Inside, a group of about six boys huddles together, armed with flashlights and hefty bags of stolen candy. Among them is Jake, the bully who picked on Sam. He sits in the middle of a tight circle as his motley crew, dressed in a mix of colourful costumes, surrounds him.

Jake is the oldest at fourteen, captivates everyone's attention as he recounts a gruesome tale. “Then the babysitter finds the rest of the bodies in the attic, their limbs missing, even their heads.” The other boys’ faces scrunch in disgust as Jake revels in every gory detail, embellishing each element with extra dollops of grotesquerie.

Outside, hidden from view, the odd duo watches the assembled group silently. “Are you ready?” Sam asks. Peter gives a quick nod. “Just await the signal,” he confirms. Sam watches as Peter floats up to the second-storey window and disappears inside. A rush of fear sweeps over him as he prepares to face his tormentors, but the thought of Peter’s impending prank fills him with wicked excitement. “This is going to be great,” Sam thinks.

He creeps inside through musty corridors, stopping just outside the room where the group has gathered. Through the warped, cracked doorframe, he keeps an eye on them. “Any second now,” he whispers. Searching in the dim light, he spots a heap of broken boards, carefully, he snatches up a long, heavy length of wood. Straining, he slowly wedges it between two rotted dressers that stand on either side of the door. “That should do it,” he confirms as he inspects the makeshift barrier locking the door.

“Blood was gushing everywhere,” Jake continues. “A river of dark red, gooey pus erupted throughout the house.” Just as he reaches the crescendo of his sickly tale, the beam of his torch flickers ominously, casting unsettling shadows on the walls.

“What’s going on?” Jake demands as everyone in the room stares at the erratic pulsing beam. Soon, sinister whispers ring out like deathly calls. “Enough with the stupid Halloween tricks,” Tony says nervously as he scans the room. The others exchange uneasy looks, none of them willing to admit to the fear knotting in their stomachs.

“Who’s doing this?” Jake demands, but the group shakes their heads in unison, genuine fear etched on their faces. Peter creates a gust of wind that slams doors open and shut wildly.

“Everybody out!” Max commands, backing away in a panic. They rush to the door, but it won’t budge. One boy dressed in a werewolf costume shouts to Jake, who remains frozen in the chaos. Then, just as suddenly, the air falls silent.

“Is anyone there?” Jake calls, his voice echoing eerily. From the shadows above, Peter hovers silently, watching their every move. The group stands still, listening to the unnerving silence. Suddenly, Tony clutches his stomach, overcome by a sickening feeling. The others watch in horror as viscous slime begins oozing from his mouth. Peter grins mischievously, delighted with his successful application of ectoplasm.

Before anyone can react, the door flies open. This is the signal Sam has been waiting for. He steps into the room slowly, eyeing the trembling boys, who are expect some unimaginable monster to enter. The last person they expect to see is Sam.

 “You should probably leave,” Sam says, his grin widening.

“Sam! What the Hell are you doing?” Jake demands, desperately trying to hide the fear gripping his voice.

“I want you all to meet a friend of mine,” Sam boldly proclaims to the room. Before they can retort, Peter’s ghostly figure materializes. His eyes sunken into hollow pits, a twisted grin painted on his face. The group stares in disbelief at the floating apparition before them, not a word escapes their lips. Even Jake is silent. The air tightens like a screw. The only sound is their frantic breathing that forms a cacophony of fear in the room.

Peter lets out a bone-chilling howl that reverberates through the house, his ghostly visage warping into a terrifying grimace. The boys bolt toward the door in a panicked scramble.

“Wait!” Jake yells, but it’s too late. They tumble out, tripping over one another, screaming.

Alone, the hovering ghost and the two *Undeceased* eye each other warily.

“It’s just a stupid trick,” Jake says, keeping his gaze fixed on Peter. Sam can barely contain his excitement, his heart pounding in his chest.

“Why don’t you introduce yourself?” Sam suggests to his ghostly friend. Peter glides towards Jake, his shimmering form. The air tingles with the chatter of Jake’s trembling teeth, as Peter stretches out his hand towards him Pulsating from his ghostly form, an avalanche of bugs erupts all over him. Jake stares in awe, frozen in place as the ghastly carnival of creatures scurrying about.

“NOOO!” Jake screams loudly.

Before Peter turns into a soup of wriggling insects, Sam interjects, “Stop,” he requests of the hovering ghost. Slowly the crawling infestations sink back into Peter’s translucent skin.

Sam approaches the now trembling figure of Jake. He flings his hands to his face expecting a strike from Sam. Moving within a few feet of Jake’s face, Sam is close enough to hear the laboured exhaling of his panicked breathing. In a slow steady whisper, Sam teases, “this is why you don’t bully the new kid; you don’t know who his friends are.”

Jake carefully removes his sweaty hands from his face, he looks directly at Sam and then over to the floating apparition. For a second, he looks at the bruised purple lump he crafted under Sam’s eye. Sam anticipates Jake’s apology, what else would a bully do in this situation. For some odd reason he doesn’t want to hear it. The thought of Jake’s insincere grovelling makes Sam’s stomach summersault in unease. Instead, he orders him to run home, in a way that sounds like the main character in a pulpy B-movie.

Jake doesn’t respond, it’s as if he has entered into a catatonic state. “ I said run home,” Sam commands again. The second order snaps Jake back to reality, he rushes toward the door in a frantic dash.

Once they are alone, Peter floats down to the splintered bare wooden floor. “He shan’t trouble you further,” he assures Sam.

It feels so strange to Sam to see older kids run in terror from him. For a moment, a heady rush of power washes over him, but he quickly shakes it away, unsettled by its weight. “Maybe scaring folks isn’t so bad after all!” Peter offers. “Well, maybe those who deserve it,” Sam amends.

“This just like a Stephen King book!” Sam says, looking over at Peter. “What is that?“ Peter repeats unsure.

“I’ll explain it next year,” Sam assures him with a smirk. “I bet there are a lot of things I need to catch you up on.”

As the hour had grown late, the new friends say their goodbyes and part ways. Promising to meet again next Halloween.

Before Peter can process the whirlwind of events that have just transpired, Professor Faulkner appears like a puff of air in the wind, a mischievous smile plastered on his face. “I was watching the whole time, Peter. It seems thou hast at last found someone to haunt.’” He moves closer until they are almost eye to eye, “and thou did it thine own way, after all.” Peter nods, trying not to let his excitement show. “I should have known, ‘Tis only the wicked thou couldst frighten,” The Professor muses.

“I never thought I would discover a way to truly frighten anyone… It has felt wrong each time,” he confides to the Professor.

“As with most matters in both realms of the living and the dead, one must discover a way to accomplish that which is required with the strengths bestowed upon them.” The professor states to Peter as they voyage back to the spectral plane.

from the night on, Peter became the main attraction on Halloween night in Sedgehollow. Kids from all over the county gathered to see a genuine haunted attraction in action. Sam, the self-appointed host, delighted in ushering visitors through the frightful surprises Peter conjured up, which earned him a formidable reputation in Sedgehollow. Even a local news crew did a midnight broadcast on Halloween night. Peter delighted in hurling lit jack-o'-lanterns at them, resulting in them scarpering out of the house as if a rain of bullets were cascading down.

 As for Jake he never bothered another kid again after that night, instead he became an integral part of the house’s urban legend. His exaggerated retelling of that Halloween night involved him battling a tirade of attacks from a monstrous phantom. It was only after an arduous battle, did he finally manage to banish back into the netherworld.

Peter’s fame spread beyond the living world. Year after year the once inadequate frightener won the prize for scaring the most *Undeceased* in that region. This thrilled his former mentor, Professor Faulkner, who updated his catchphrase for the second and final time: "Ne’er have I met a phantom I could not train; behold the marvel I have wrought with Peter Potts!"

And yet, there is still more tales that can be told about Peter, Sam, and Sedgehollow.