

Samantha Scaduto is 12 years old, and a student at RJO Intermediate school in Kings Park, New York. Some of her favorite hobbies are playing guitar, writing songs and poems, and reading.

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**An Account of a Haunting**  
**(Inspired by 'The Raven' by Edgar Allan Poe)**  
**by Samantha Scaduto**

Deep at night, when not a light shone

At least - not beyond this home

As I poured and scoured a heavy tome - by candlelight alone:

There came what resembled a pearly stone, rolling beneath my door;

Nothing more than a pearly stone, from beneath my door

As I poured and scoured a precious tome - alone.

I watched the pearly stone

Wary and aghast, lying prone

When at last, I lifted my heavy tome and deigned response

And picked my candle from its sconce - to approach alone

What glimmered in the light: the pearly stone from beneath my door.

In a dark and empty house, from beneath my door

Another pebble rolled across the floor.

I started, startled, and quietly marvelled

These pearly pebbles or stones which sparkled

When question, did I, just who, before,  
Had rolled these stones across the floor - and, greater still,  
Beneath my door - with not a soul except my own  
Gracing this home where I live alone  
And have never seen such a pearly stone?  
So quietly I steeled and straightened  
And crossed to where the door stood, quite awakened  
To discover when I opened it, where should  
Be some being, in cloak or hood  
Instead was only a darkened hall  
And in its depths - nothing dwelt at all.  
And so receding in flight  
As having been quite frightened and drawn to the light  
I padded back into the room  
And closed the door on the looming gloom  
Only to find upon the floor  
Not two pearly pebbles - but four.  
It was then I reached, though wrought with fear

For these pearly pebbles which lay so near  
And as I lay a finger on each stone, I found they were  
Not rock, but bone - so pearly and white, in this house all alone

I knelt and caressed these spheres of bone

Yes bone, they were, not stone.

Quite chilled was I, in dark of night

Accompanied only by candlelight,

Yes, it gave me quite a fright - the appearance of another bone or stone

From beneath the door it rolled and shone.

I burst to its origin and stared outside -

Nothing, again, but the shadows of night...