

Remember, remember the 5th of November

‘What’s going on here then eh?’ At first, everybody thought the voice was in their imaginations...

November 5th was the day when they had the gathering, it was a crisp and autumnal day. Tom and Kiera had invited 10 of their friends for some drinks and a catch up, then some games in the evening. They looked forward to this day every year. They got together more than once a year, but this gathering was special as the weather was getting colder, the nights were starting to get darker, and the house had a cosier feel to it. Also, because it got dark earlier, they could have a bonfire outside. However, despite the shorter days, the goal was still the same – to have fun and socialise in good company.

The day before Tom and Kiera went out and brought some drinks, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic, and snacks, and some assorted meats for a larger meal in the evening. They both shouldn’t really drink alcohol because they were on medication but just one day wouldn’t hurt..

Preparation began after they had another cup of tea. It was only 10am but they had so much to do – everything that came with throwing a party – making sandwiches, baking cakes, and getting the meat ready.

They weren’t hungry as they had just had breakfast and were saving their appetites for tonight. They worried about having too much food left over but it’s better to have more than run out.

From about 2pm, their friends started arriving. On Kiera’s side, she had her three besties, Lauren, Melissa and Kennedy, and on my side I had Bianca, Sarah and Rebecca. I thought ‘not many people but enough.’ I don’t think Lauren and Melissa approved of the age difference between Keira and me, but they approved of me, which was important to me, as I knew that they were very important to Kiera. My friends didn’t really mind about the age difference.

5pm and the party was in full swing. Kiera didn’t like the word gathering. Nor did Tom much, so from now on it was a party. (Kiera was very tempted to say ‘It’s a party, happy happy happy’, but she resisted!)

It was about dark, they had had some food and drinks earlier on and some of them were quite tipsy. Kiera went to get some logs from the kitchen to put on the bonfire and Tom threw them on and lit it. They also used it to barbecue some meat but they didn’t want to get the meat too bunt so they didn’t cook it for too long!

They all thought they heard a noise. Carrying on drinking and eating their newly cooked food, they ignored it, but a few minutes later they heard it again. That noise was real, it wasn’t just the drink dulling their senses. But where was it coming from? Tom went to look.

Looking out the window, Tom saw what seemed to me a man, half ghost and half real. He wore a bowler hat, had long brown hair, a moustache, and quite strange eyes. Tom shouted to everybody that he would be back in a moment, taking the chance to go out and see who was coming down his street. Getting a closer look, he saw he had evil eyes and appeared to be saying something, which Tom made out as ‘1605, the Gunpowder Plot, your Government blew me up, you will remember this

date for eternity, come here you little Pup.' He realised it was The Ghost of Guy Fawkes and he was staring directly at him! He ran and ran and locked the door, the ghost following behind. Tom realised that ghosts could slither through doors too late. As soon as he came through the door, he disappeared. But he had gone into the garden.

The panic set in when they saw him. '1605, the Gunpowder Plot, your Government blew me up, you will remember this date for eternity, come here you little Pup', he kept on saying, still directing his words at Tom. Why had he come? What did he want? Revenge for 1605? That was ages, and was the Government and not him! Tom, in a panic, picked up a log, very quickly waved it in the general direction of the fire, and lobbed it at the ghost. The Ghost of Guy Fawkes let out a scream and disappeared as soon as he came.