

About the Author

My name is Zachariah Bartels. I am a fourth grade student in Mrs. Wagner's class at Lakeside Elementary. Last year, I participated in the Create a Book contest and I received an Honorable Mention for my book called The Adventures of Dagger. This year I have become interested in paranormal activity after watching the tv show Paranormal Lockdown.

The House That Hans Built



By Zachariah Bartels

“Hi” My name is Raymond and I am a college student in Hamelin, Germany. While going to school, I have become involved in many different clubs. Two of my favorites are an ancestry group and a parapsychology group. Your ancestry is, learning about where your family came from many years ago. Parapsychology is the study of events that cannot be explained by what scientists know.

While studying my ancestry I have learned that my grandparents have willed me a very large mansion here in Hamelin. The mansion was built by my grandparents many years ago. This mansion has been abandoned for over seventy five years. My grandparent’s names are Hans and Greta Rieger and I was never able to meet them.

Today is the day that I have decided to go for a drive to see if I can find this mansion. It is a beautiful summer day, an awesome day to take my green Porsche for a drive. On



the outskirts of town is where I found the house. Upon my arrival, I discovered a large run down house. Very little paint remained on the exterior.

As I reach for the handle on the large wooden front door, the door is flung open. My heart is now pounding rapidly. I take a deep breath and step into the mansion. My first step was a doosie. I fell through the floorboard and ended up in the basement.

At first, I wasn't sure if I was hurt. I picked myself up and brush off the cobwebs. I say out loud, "There must be a light switch around here somewhere." So I take out my cell phone and discover that it is cracked. As lucky as I am, it still works. Next, I turn on the cell phone light. Right in front of me I see a light switch and turn it on. By this time I am feeling pretty nervous, because I see a spiral staircase. The scary part was that I could not see the top of it. I had no clue where I was about to end up. So I took another deep breath and ran up those steps as fast as I could. I think I missed every other step. Guess what happened next? I broke through the top step. I think because I was running so fast, I was able to push the door open and fall onto the floor before I fell through. Once again, I am feeling pretty lucky. Not only did I not fall back into the basement, I was also in the daylight again. Back in the daylight, I find myself standing in the foyer. To my surprise, I look up and see this most amazingly beautiful grand staircase.



As I continue to study the staircase, I see something shimmering in the bright sun light. I was drawn to the light. Half way up the staircase, sitting on the newel post was a clear crystal vase. The vase has a long skinny neck and a stopper pushed into the top. I take the stopper out and look into the vase. I say out loud "What a strange looking vase". I set the vase back down on the newel post and place the stopper back into the top of the vase. After investigating the vase, I continue to check out the second floor.

Even though it is eighty degrees outside I suddenly feel a cold breeze go past me. I look around for an open window and don't find any. I did find that rather strange and start to get an almost uneasy feeling in my stomach. At the same instant, I hear footsteps walking across the ceiling on the third floor. This is starting to send shivers down my spine. Yet I am very interested in finding out what that could possibly be. As I pass down to the end of the hallway, I find another staircase that leads up to the third and final floor.

This staircase reminds me of a set of parallel bars. The staircase is very narrow with railings on both sides of the wall. I shimmy up the stairs to find an amazing old wood working shop. I look around to find rows and rows of well organized hand tools all in order. I again start to feel that cold breeze. My eyes are instantly drawn to a hammer that starts to rise off of the work bench. The hammer continues to move toward a half finished wooden bed. As I am watching the hammer it takes a whack at the old wooden bed and returns to the work bench. At that moment I can't help but say out loud "there must be a spirit living here". I gather up my thoughts and get the heck out of that room.



WHACK!



On the way back down the stairs I pass by the beautiful crystal vase and find that the stopper is back out. Now how could that be? I am more that positive that I put the stopper back onto the vase. I am getting out of here.

Once back in my green Porsche I decide to go back to that Paranormal Department at school to get my equipment. Back at school I grab motion detectors, the Thermal Cam, the Geo Box, the Geo Port and a cot and pillow. I put them into my Porsche and speed off back to the mansion.

When I get back to the mansion, I make several trips in and out placing all of the equipment at the base of the grand staircase. Standing at the base of the stairs I gaze up at the vase. I find myself magically drawn back to it. Walking up those steps, I do not take my eyes off of the vase - all the way up. When I get to the post with the vase on it, I notice that the stopper is back on top of it. How in the world is this happening? I get my equipment out and place a motion detectors in every direction surrounding the vase. I also put a motion detector and the Geo Box on the third floor by the work bench. A Geo Box is a way to communicate with the spirits verbally.

It is now getting late and I am tired. I go back down to the landing and set up the cot and settle in for the night. I slept well for most of the night until about 4:00AM when I hear the motion detector going off by the the newel post. I lay still for a moment and again I feel the cold breeze. I jump off of the cot and turn on my Thermal Cam. The Thermal Cam is a device that will change the color of an image based on the heat of that image. We can see these images on the screen.

I look at the vase and the stopper is off. I grab the vase and stopper and head up to the third floor work bench area. I immediately start to talk into the Geo Box - "Who is with me?" A voice answers back - "HansHans Rieger". "My name is Raymond Rieger" I answer back "and why are you in this house?" The voice answers back "I built this house for my wife Greta and I promised her I would finish the wooden bed". Again I answer back "My father's name is Hans Raymond Rieger...Is he your son?" After a long pause the voice answers back "Yes". I answer after an even longer time. "You must be my Grandpa". "Yes" is his answer. "Grandpa, I am the person that you willed this

beautiful mansion to.” “ I will finish the bed for Grandma” I say slowly. “One more question Grandpa, why is the crystal vase on the newel post?” Grandpa answers back “I love that vase and I live in there.” “Why would you live in there Grandpa?” I ask him. His response was “I gave that vase to Greta on our very first Valentine’s Day together.” I didn’t know what else to say.

The days have come and gone after our encounter. I have gone on and restored this beautiful old mansion. I have also kept my promise to Grandpa and have finished the old bed for Grandma. I proudly display the crystal vase on my dresser in my bedroom. I believe that Grandpa is now at peace and I have not heard from him again.

