

Friend from the past

It was a beautiful summer day and Sarah was on a walk with her mom in the woods by her house. Since it was a nice day, they decided to have a picnic in their favorite spot. After they finished eating, they played hide and seek. Sarah's mom started counting as Sarah went to find a place to hide. That's when she stumbled across a small cabin. She stared for a while until she heard her mom yell "Ready or not here I come!" desperate for a place to hide she walked into the cabin. It was old but cozy, and as she looked around, she noticed a picture on the wall. In it was a young girl and an old lady presumably the young girl's grandma. Since the cabin was small, there was nowhere to hide so Sarah turned around to leave. And that's when she saw it. Sitting on one of the shelves was a doll with beautiful blue eyes and long blonde hair. It was dressed in a simple yet elegant white gown. Sarah stared mesmerized "Got you!" she heard someone say. Startled, she turned around; it was her mom standing by the door grinning. "Mommy, look!" Sarah said pointing at the doll. "What do you mean Sarah? nothing's there." her mom said confused. Sarah turned to look. Her mom was right, nothing was there. "But I could have sworn there was a doll right there!" Sarah said frustrated. "Well, maybe it was there maybe it wasn't." her mom said, "why don't we go home OK?" She said softly. Sarah nodded her head sadly. When they got home, they saw a little basket by their door, and inside it was the same doll from the cabin. Sarah's face lit up. Alongside the doll was a bundle, it was a bundle of beautiful handmade clothes for the doll. Sarah picked up the basket and skipped into the house, her mom behind her. That evening after dinner Sarah went back upstairs to play with her dolls while her mom was doing the dishes. The mother soon heard her daughter yell at someone. "No, you can't!" she cried. Then suddenly came multiple sharp thuds. Moments later, her daughter ran down the stairs in tears "Mom, the girl upstairs is mean!" Sarah said, still crying. "It's OK." The mother said trying to comfort her distressed daughter. "Now where is this mean girl?" Sarah's mom asked. Sarah led her mom up to her bedroom and pointed inside. It was a mess, toys were all over the floor, her bed was flipped over, and all her clothes were on the ground. "I don't see anyone." Sarah's mom said, "But she was just there!" Sarah protested "I don't see anyone, but I do see a messy room." Sarah's mom said as she turned to leave. later that night, as Sarah's mom lay in bed, she thought of what happened earlier. It couldn't have been Sarah. She couldn't do all that at once. But even if she was able to do that she wouldn't, because she was a very well-behaved girl. Just then, Sarah opened the door and interrupted her mom's thoughts. "Mom, can I sleep with you tonight? I don't want to be with the mean girl." Sarah said, "Sure sweetheart." This happened every night for a week. Soon scary things started happening. Whenever Sarah's mom was around, all the sharp objects in the room she was in would hover for a second before charging at her. She was lucky she had fast reflexes, for if she didn't, she would have been dead. Strange things like this wouldn't happen unless there was a spirit in their house. One day Sarah's mom had enough "What do you want spirit!" She yelled. The figure of a young girl appeared, and Sarah immediately recognized her as the same girl from the picture in the cabin. "Hello

Claire." The little girl said, Sarah's mom froze "you've grown since the last time we met. Well, the last time we met you poisoned me!" Little girl hissed. "I was young I didn't know!" Sarah's mom said defending herself. "You left me in the woods!" the little girl snapped. "I'm sorry." Sarah's mom said shamefully "Sorry is not enough!" the little girl yelled her voice booming like thunder. She grabbed a knife and lunged at them. Sarah's mom grabbed her daughter's hand and they ran, they ran and ran they didn't stop to look back, they ran until they were far from the neighborhood. They were finally safe the mother thought. Well, they were far from home, but I wouldn't say they were safe for Sarah still had the doll.

THE END