

[1923, Canada, toronto]

[The carrington's manor] "HIGHER THELMA HIGHER!" Shouted Thelma's stern mother. Thelma whimpered as she forced her leg up as far as she could. I haven't introduced myself yet have i? Quite sorry, I'm Helen Trott, your narrator for this book. You see Thelma Carrington is a young sweet girl, She is 14 years old at the moment, And her mother? Her name is Sadie Carrington. She has been forced to do ballet since she was 3 years old, Brutal right? Well not in 1923 Now back to the story, yes? "Alright you asked for it you little brat." Said Sadie, She quickly took a pocket knife out of her purse and opened it. And she slowly walked up to Thelma. Thelma had the look of fear in her eyes.. Her mother put the pocket knife underneath Thelma's Thigh. Thelma pushed herself so hard she felt her muscles strain. "Good." Said Sadie, And her mother left, Thelma put her leg down and then sat. She looked at all the cuts her mother and left on her leg from times she couldn't get her leg up high enough.. "She's doing this because she cares right?" Thelma thought while she got out of her ballet clothing and put on her undergarments on, She looked for her most beautiful ball gown as she was going to a very important dinner with her mother and her mothers society friends. And then she heard her door creak open, "Time for your medicine." Said her mother, Thelma noticed there was more medication than usual. But didnt think about it much, she did as she was told and then started to put on her dress, But she suddenly started to feel ill, And next thing she knew.. She threw up blood on her dress, "Oh god mother's going to murder me!" Thelma said as she slowly started to faint to her demise... But she could hear something in the background.. It sounded like, Her mothers Laughter.

[2023, Canada, Toronto]

[The Anderson's new home] "UGHHHH!" Groaned Hazel as she brought the last box of hers up to her room, She didn't really like her new home due to the rumor that a girl her age had passed away mysteriously in this home. Let me explain how Hazel looked so you have a reference in your mind. She was an average height for a girl her age, She had box braids, Dark skin, Black hair, Caramel eyes, And she was a Ballerina. She looked around her new room and sighed. Now, Hazel didn't believe in ghosts but she was still a little scared due to all the stories she's heard before, "Sissy! Sissy!" Squealed her adopted little sister. "Yeah?" Said Hazel, "I found a room that would be perfect for your ballet practices!" Said Isabella. "Alright, Alright. Show me" Said Hazel and she sat up from her bed and followed Isabella into a medium sized room that actually would be wonderful for ballet, "Oh wow! This is great!" Said Hazel excitedly. No response.. "Isabella?" Hazel turned around to see the door shut tight. "Isabella, this isn't funny!" Said Hazel raising her voice. Then she felt something on her back.. It felt like almost a hand with lots of cuts on it, "I-Isabella?" Said Hazel as she slowly turned around to see an almost ghost-like figure who had cuts all over their body, They were extremely slim, And had blood on their ballet clothes. Hazel

screamed as she tried to run away, but she couldn't. The figure slowly walked up to her and then said in a raspy voice **"YOU DON'T SEEM SLIM ENOUGH..."** "What..?" Said Hazel trying to get time. **"YOU NEED TO PRACTICE..."** Said the figure as they slowly took a pocket knife out of their purse. Hazel was terrified as she felt something slowly pushing her leg up and then.. She heard a crack, Her leg was going Past her head. Hazel screamed as she could feel her muscles tearing. **"NOT HIGH ENOUGH...."** Said the figure putting the opened pocket knife under her thigh and slowly sliced Hazel's thigh . **"PLEASE I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG!"** Said Hazel with tears in her eyes. **"NEITHER DID I."** Said the figure as everything vanished including the figure. And Hazel woke up in her bed, Her leg was fine except for the fact that she still had a cut underneath her thigh. "That was a sketchy dream-..." Said Hazel as she laid back in her bed and turned to her side. Then.. She felt a hand with lots and lots of cuts as she heard a raspy voice say **"IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING..."**

(Cliffhanger)

*-Writer's note: This is a story completely made out of my imagination,
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