

Little girl in the dark.

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Maria never understood what made little girl ghosts so scary. But she's about to find out, and when she does, she will ever be the same.

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Maria shook her head at the movie screen. "Honestly Anna, it's not that scary. It's a little girl!" She was really only trying to convince herself. Was that a creak? A split second of high pitched laughter? She shook her head. Her friend Anna was also a die-hard horror movie fan, but they preferred entirely different genres. Maria loved psychological shows. Shutter Island, Silence of the Lambs. Anna loved the fake stuff. Cheesy illusions, which included little girl ghosts. She pretended to be offended. "Not scary? NOT SCARY? It is SO scary! Don't like it, go to your room." Maria shrugged. "OK, fine, I will." She moved toward the stairs. Eventually Anna would join her. She always did. But after an hour of waiting, Maria fell into a troubled sleep. She hated to be alone, always felt like she could sense a terrible, terrible presence.

CREAK. SNAP. CREEEEAAK. The sounds echoed through the empty house. Maria looked in her mirror. In the darkness, it looked almost as if a little girl was following her. But that wasn't possible. CREEEEEEAK. A flash of blonde braids. A whiff of air. And a little white dress. And she was cowering on her bed, trying to escape the demon.. "Im not scary, Maria? Well tell me, is THIS... SCARY?" And the little demon was dripping with blood. Soon she was too. It was getting everywhere. Her hair, her eyes. Her mouth. She was drowning in blood. Drowning.....DROWNING.....DROWN!- then everything was black.

Nearly two hours later, she heard "Maria? MARIA? Stop messing with me and COME OUT!" Anne sounded scared. But so was Maria. And for some reason, she couldn't breathe. Everything hurt. Like fire. And in that moment, she realized why little girl ghosts were so scary. It was their innocence. The way they can look you, hurt you, KILL YOU, and truly believe they were playing nothing but a fun game. And Maria now knew more than anyone. She looked down, and saw her own wrecked body on the floor below her. She was beyond hurt now. The other ghost, the experienced one, came over. "I only wanted a body buddy Maria. You know loneliness. It's a wrecked thing. But then again, so are WE." And she floated off. Maria looked down. It did seem fun. And she didn't quite understand why she hadn't realized it before. Then Anna entered the room. Her buddy, now for ever, looked at her. "Want to have another buddy, Maria?" Both their eyes glowed red, and she smiled, enjoying the feel of her fangs. "Yes. LET'S PLAY."

NEARLY TWO YEARS

LATER

Anna hissed at the two girls hovering nearby. This blood was HERS and they knew it. And yet they were always tempted. Maria was gone. Had decided to give up her lifestyle, whatever that meant to her. Anna knew she was being weak. Who wouldn't enjoy haunting the girls who had once made her life a living hell? Feeling angry, she giggled loudly, enjoying the sound vibrating in the house, savoring the terrified screams of the girls below. One was dead, and they were staring, bewitched, as she butchered the body and drank the blood heavily. Done, she wet her hands and wrote on the wall- ITS ANNA HERE, BITCHES- in huge letters. The yelps from below confirmed that they knew. She bet they regretted hurting her now. She knelt to the floor and picked up the body of Regina, the Queen Bee. She twisted her around, loving the sound of bones cracking. She threw it down and floated away, but not before she definitely heard insanity settling in. She grinned. And disappeared, eager to play yet another game.

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