

The Lemures Next-Door

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A story about Lemures and a girl who is the only one who can help them!

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"Hey, Emma, think fast", a boy called. She looked up and caught the football with ease. "Why did you do that?", she asked, although she wasn't expecting a good reason. "Um, Emma? Are you alright?", he asked, confused. "Yes, why?" "Because you've known me for five years and you know that's something I would do.", he told me, like I was the one that almost hit him in the face. "What are you talking about? I've never seen you before." "Are you feeling okay, Emma, or are you joking?", he asked, somewhat confused. "Joking!", I said as I put on a fake smile. I really didn't want him to worry, and, he seemed like he was telling the truth. "Good! I was actually worried!", he said, and let out a sigh of relief. Although I still did not know his name, but when he turned around, I saw that his name was written on his backpack. The thing that really scared me was his name. Not his first name, which was Brian, but his last name, Lemures, Latin for ghosts or ancient spirits. Anyway, we went to class together and the teacher was calling roll. "Carson Kalef, Brian Laughlin..." What?, I thought. His name is Brian, ugh, Lemures! Unless, what I thought was true, he was a Lemures, and the only way I could know that was because I was a Lemures! And that is how this story starts!

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