

# There's Something in The Attic

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I didn't believe in bad luck until I really saw it. My grandmother had always given me good luck charms and reminded me daily of unlucky things to stay far away from. It was all my fault. I should have listened to her stories. Back then I thought that she was just being silly and thought that she still pictured me as a child who needed those stories to help me fall asleep. Boy was I wrong.

It all started on the first of October when I was walking home from school with my friends Cora and Ellie. It was a dreary day but we were in a great mood. We had been pleading with my Abuela to let us have a sleepover since the school year had started. Every time we asked she would tell us that it was too early in the school year and that she couldn't stand the noise that we made. Finally she had to give in and let us do the sleepover. We were all walking together to my house so we could choose which Halloween movie we would watch together. I knew that there would be lots of squealing that night.

We happily talked together kicking stones out of the way as we walked. We had already started planning the sleepover even though then, it was hours away. The girls' parents would be dropping off their stuff in a few hours. Little did we know, this wouldn't be the best sleepover ever, it would be the worst.

My house wasn't that far away from the school but it usually took me about 15 minutes to get home. Once we got to my house we saw a shadow move in the trees. I froze. What was it? We looked up and immediately it dropped onto the sidewalk, in a blink of an eye. It was a cat, and a black one too.

"Girls!" My Abuela exclaimed from the window, startling us. "Do *not* let that cat cross your path and I mean it!"

"Abuela, it's just a cat, it's not going to do anything to us!" I exclaimed, and let it cross my path.

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"Ahhhhhhhhhh" the character on the television screamed as zombies attacked her.

"What a great movie for October," Cora commented as she passed me the popcorn.

"Agree," I responded as I passed the bowl to Ellie,

"This is great," Ellie said, "I just can't believe we got your Abuela to let us have a sleepover!"

"Well," I told her, "It's not like she's *against* sleepovers, she's just against how much noise we make, and how loud we put the volume on the horror movies, and how we talk all night long, and how we eat way to much junk food and—"

"So she's against sleepovers?"

"No, she's just against all of the basic sleepover stuff, and - yeah she's against sleepovers,"

"Shhhhhhhhhhh," Cora told us, "Be quiet! Am I the only one who is trying to watch a movie here?"

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Once we had finished the movie we started heading upstairs. The floorboards creaked as they always did in my old house. We started up the stairs and went to my bathroom to brush our teeth.

"Ooh, a trapdoor," Cora said as she noticed the little door on the hallway ceiling. "Can we go up?"

"NO WAY!" I responded, "That attic gives me the creeps..."

"Yeah," Ellie agreed, "I don't like attics,"

"Oh come on, guys! Don't be scaredy cats!" Cora told us. I shook my head but opened the trapdoor. We walked up the steps and were in the attic. All of a sudden a little girl, probably around 6 years old appeared out of nowhere. She was dressed in a black and white dress that looked like it could be from a hundred years ago. Her face was pale, like really, really pale.

"Would you like to join me for my tea party?" The little girl asked us with an eerie smile.

"Um.. were not hungry," I said for all of us. "And what are you doing in my attic?"

"Oh, just playing with my dollies. And you don't need to be hungry," the girl giggled. "Cause you're the main course!" she responded as she glided toward us.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh" we screamed like the girl in the movie, and then yawned and stretched our arms.

"Wait. Stretch our arms, and then yawn? Did we just wake up?" I ask.

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"Maybe we were just dreaming?" I tell my friends with a shrug as I helped them pack their bags the next morning.

"But how would we all have the same dream?" Ellie responded hesitantly.

"I think you guys are overreacting," Cora told us. "Maybe we just all happened to have the same dream. On the same night. In the same place. Yeah never mind, now that I think about it, it was weird. How could all that happen?" We pondered it as we walked down the stairs.

"I don't know.. But we really do have to go," Ellie said as she stepped onto the porch.

"Bye! Stay away from black cats!" I yelled to Cora and Ellie to remind them as they laughed and started to disappear from view.

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Later I told my Abuela what happened at the sleepover, and she just laughed.

"I'm not joking!" I exclaimed.

"I know you're not," she responded, "I just didn't know you hadn't already met the ghost."

The End