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### The Mystery

*One dead. Two dead. Three dead.* I pull away from the newspaper and slam it down on the coffee table. I watched my hand shake aggressively, suddenly feeling heavy tears stream down my face, then reaching the end of my neck. I was overwhelmed and couldn't think of this situation. I opened my window letting the fresh breeze brush away all my thoughts. It was a desperate attempt to clear my restless mind. I enjoyed looking at everyday people doing the dishes, watching tv, or even eating dinner. Specifically my neighbors. Not in a weird way, I was just fascinated with them, and the abnormality in which they lived. They resided in a small red house, with big glass windows. I observed the father preparing soup, stirring it with a wooden spoon that his grandmother had gifted to him before she passed. I had memorized such miniscule things about their personal lives that it had become an obsession. On an evening like any other, I watched the family next door assemble a nice meal. That's when I saw him. The father instantaneously dropping dead - just like I had read in the paper.

Walking down the streets of Brixton Town wasn't the same anymore for anyone ever since the *New York Times Paper* was published. People were petrified, agitated, and avoided one another. You would think the spiders crawling up and down the sidewalks were your only company. Restaurants and grocery stores were closed down. I marched inside the town library, hearing no sign of anyone at all. The library had always been a silent and restful place, but it was unlike other days. I glimpsed at the librarian at the front desk organizing the towers of books

people had returned. I discreetly walked over to ask if she needed any help as she looked overwhelmed, but before I even took my first step, her body went rigid and collapsed to the ground. It happened again- and there was no explanation for it. I rapidly glided my hand through the row of books trying to find one as quick as I could. Soon after I felt my feet prickle, my legs felt like they were extending and my skin felt like ripping. This was bizarre and startling. Within a second I felt pain all over my body, was I hallucinating? Was I going drop dead? What was going on? I knew I had never felt this prodigious pain course around my body.

“5, 4, 3” said a voice veiled in the library.

“Hello?” I asked in an odd manner.

“2, 1, Go” it continued.

The pain was getting larger and my body was getting sucked into the ground like if I had fallen into quicksand. I looked down as my body went deeper and deeper inside the ground as if it were shrinking. Objects around me became obscured, the voices became forceful, I could have sworn I felt my brain leave my head.

I leisurely opened my eyes, I appeared blurred and confused. I stared directly atop realizing everything was unfamiliar. There was no ceiling, no walls, just darkness. Plain black darkness. I was hovering in the middle of nowhere. When my body felt woken, I stood up, barely stabilizing on two legs. I wasn't capable of recalling anything that happened before ending up in the space I was in. My mind felt like an empty box that was shut so tightly nothing could ever invade inside.

“AH” I cried jumping back feeling my heart beating a million miles an hour.

I squinted my eyes tightly together trying to comprehend what I was looking at.

“A little girl” I whispered to myself.

A little girl praying with her hands held together pressed against her forehead. She hugged her legs crossed tightly together. She looked familiar. I had seen that face before, in fact I had seen it many times before. I had it! She was the daughter of the Gates family that lived a block down from my house. I remember seeing her in the grocery store with her grandma, usually helping her pick out the different types of fruits and vegetables, but what was she doing here?

“ I love you mommy, I love u Jake, goodbye Miss James” She said loud but gently.

In the distance I watched a woman collapse to the ground, and then disappear.

“I love you grandma, I love you Mrs. Smith, goodbye sister” she said.

Once again, in a far distance her sister collapsed. My stomach had a hard aching pain, my mind was like a train speeding on its tracks. The little girl kept talking and talking and I was becoming more anxious. Then she said,

“I love you Harper, I love you aunt Celsia, goodbye Rosy”

I felt my body go into solid rock and fell right to the ground, with my eyes wide open.

I'm Rosy and this is my story.