

The Ghost in the Mirror

"I can't wait until the party tonight. It's going to be awesome!" my best friend, Chelsie, said with excitement. Chelsie and I were in my room chatting and watching television. This is what we did practically every day during the summer break. We had both just completed our junior year of high school. My parents had gone to Hawaii for a week for their anniversary. This meant it was just me in the house. All alone.

A week ago, Chelsie and I had gotten a birthday party invitation from Hope, who was another friend of ours. Hope was extremely popular and always threw the hugest and extravagant parties.

"I know! I'm excited," I responded.

"Well this has been fun, but I'm going to go back to my house to get ready for the party," Chelsie got up from the bean bag chair she was sitting in.

"Okay," I got up to lead her to the door.

"Are you sure you don't need any help? With picking an outfit? Doing makeup? Or hair?" Chelsie asked me.

"I'm not totally helpless," I giggled. We had made it to my front door.

"Okie dokie, see you tonight," Chelsie said with a wide smile as she walked out the door.

After I closed the door, I went into my bathroom to do my makeup. I dug in my makeup bag as I tried to find my mascara. Suddenly I heard a creaking noise. I looked all around me. The noise continued. I had a funny feeling in my stomach. I did not know what was causing the noise. The lights began to flicker.

"What the..." I mumbled to myself. Then it was pitch black.

Suddenly a shadowy figure of a little girl emerged in the mirror. My mouth opened as I let out an inevitable high-pitched screech. The figure had two side ponytails and pitch black eyes glaring at me. She looked soulless. There was a blue glow that surrounded her. She was remained still like a statue. "I need... your soul" she whispered in a saintly, innocent voice. "No!" I yelled. I looked away from her mesmerizing stare and dashed to the bathroom door to escape. Before I placed my hand of the doorknob, the lights were back on. I looked back at the mirror. She was gone. I was frozen in place struggling to process what just happened, and I was wondering why that little girl looked so familiar.

I quickly got out my phone.

"I knew you would need my help," Chelsie answered.

"I saw a ghost," I said.

"Is this a joke?"

"What if my house is haunted like in those horror movies?" I was panicking.

"You're probably just stressed. Maybe the party will cheer you up," she said.

“Yeah. You are probably right,” I said... Chelsie was the only person who always understood in me, so if she did not believe me then I figured no one would.