

"Locket"

By Isabella Saucedo

I thrust my fingers into the dirt as the sound of a school bell ringing filled my ears. "COME ON. WE HAVE TO GO!" yelled my friend Marilyn from across the field. Class was going to begin shortly, but this was just too important. "GO INSIDE, I'LL BE THERE IN A SEC," I yelled back to Marilyn. She shrugged reluctantly and made her way to the English building. I kept digging. There was this odd, glowing, and radiating light in the dark and took it upon myself to figure out what it was. Finally, I felt a glimpse of metal on my fingertips. I pulled this chain out of the dirt and I realized this mysterious object was a necklace. It was pretty, with a skull locket on it. It was almost as the necklace wrapped itself onto my neck, almost as if it found me rather than me finding it.

I registered the fact that I was late for class and quickly grabbed my backpack and made my way to the English building just as Marilyn did. I walked into class and scrambled to my seat. "Late again, Isabella?" said my teacher in a sarcastic tone while looking me up and down. My uniform had dirt all over it and I was hit with embarrassment. "Sorry, miss..." I mumbled as I got my books ready. As I was getting my books though, something seemed off. My teacher was not a teacher anymore. Her eyes were full-on black and her skin looked rotten and malnourished.

I barely even noticed she was walking toward my desk. She grabbed my arm and said to me in a raspy voice, "You should have never put that necklace on." "E-excuse me?" I replied as her grasp around my arm tightened. "Let me go..." I looked around the room to see if anyone could help but it seemed as if everyone was in a trance. All of the students were focused on their papers and were oblivious to anything that wasn't schoolwork. This creature that I once called my teacher had this evil glint in its eye as it reached into its pocket for what seemed to be a weapon. She slowly reached out a weapon somewhat alike to a knife.

In a quick second I instinctively kicked her as she fell to the ground in a split second. The rest was a blur, all I remember was grabbing my book and slamming her face with it out of pure fear. I was sent to the office after that for assaulting a teacher. I told them about what exactly I saw in detail, but they didn't listen. It's almost as if the necklace helped me see the truth somehow...a truth that was hidden from everyone else around me. They thought I was paranoid, maybe even insane. Currently here I am, on my way to yet another boarding school due to the necklace still wrapped around my neck.

But I swear,

I'm not insane.