

## A Shadow's Guide to Fighting Evil

By Marin J.

Nobody knows where those kids came from. They were just always there. Hunting us down, threatening us, exposing secrets, and basically just ruining our lives. Until the day, I was recruited to be their shadow. It was a normal Thursday afternoon. I had just eaten my spring rolls and the taste was still lingering in my mouth. "KAYLA," my friend Brenna shouted. "WHAT," I yelled back. "You have to stop daydreaming," Brenna said while rolling her eyes. "I'm sorry. I just can't help it," I pleaded. "It's okay. Anyway, what I was trying to tell you was that, while you were daydreaming, you got sauce in your hair," said Brenna. I looked down and just as she said, the end of my hair was drenched in peanut oil. "Not again," I groaned. I started wiping my hair when I noticed a tiny folded piece of paper stuck to my hair in the peanut oil. The front had a dark purple stamp in the shape of a skull. It was them. They were calling me. I slowly opened the paper. It read:

Come to room B013 at 4:09 pm.

If you don't come, there will be consequences.

We will be waiting for you.

I didn't notice how fast my heart was beating until I put the note down. "What's wrong Kayla? You look so pale," Brenna asked. "I'm fine," I lied. The rest of the day went quicker than it normally did and before I knew it, it was time to go home. I waved bye to Brenna and made my way to room B013. It was now 4:08 and I knocked on the door. The door opened a minute later at exactly 4:09. On the other side of the door was nothing but darkness. I carefully walked in. Once I walked in the door shut by itself. Torches started to light all around the room. Out of nowhere, four cloaked figures came into the light. The tallest one stepped forward. "Hello Kayla," it said. "Um, hi," I stuttered. "You're probably wondering why we brought you here. The thing is, we're tired of finding people valuable to us. People who are easily manipulated. People who are special. That's where you come in. You have many friends and are well liked. This allows you to learn a lot about people. In short, we want you to find rich, smart, and gullible people for us by getting information on them," it said in a low ominous voice. "Of course, if you choose to object, you will be our next victim," warned a high-pitched voice in the back. "So, do you accept?" said a raspy voice. Well, what was I supposed to do. These guys ruin lives, have access to the school records, and not to mention, they are super creepy. "I accept," I mumbled. "Good. Your first assignment is to get information on your friend Brenna. We feel she may have access to supplies that are essential to our main objective. You must report back here next Friday at the same time with as much information as you could get. The more the better," said

the first voice. On Friday I asked Brenna if I could sleep over at her place that night. "Sure Kayla!" she exclaimed. That night, I waited for Brenna to fall asleep before I got out of bed to go search her house for secrets. I searched for hours but found nothing. Just before I decided to go back to bed I heard a voice. I walked toward the sound of the voice. It was Brenna's dad talking in his sleep. "Weapons under house... In safe... two... four... nine...three...", he drawled.

Brenna's family has a secret stash of weapons under their house! I'm guessing the four numbers was passcode of some sort. The cloaked people aren't going to kill me now! I was turning around to go back to bed when I stepped on something. I picked it up and brought it to the window so the moonlight could shine on it. The title read: *Spirits and Things: A Guide to Everyday Ghosts*. It was one of the books Brenna's mom wrote. She claimed she could talk to spirits so she wrote a lot of books like this but only a few people bought them. I opened the book and read the first few sentences. I was about to close the book when I

skimmed across a section that caught my eye. It read: *Spirits can change into human form if they wish, but if they go outside they must be completely covered. If not, the sun will kill them. Some spirits even cover up indoors.* That sounded a lot like what the cloaked people did. It makes sense.

They do act a bit odd. I went to sleep thinking about this. Next Friday came incredibly fast and before I knew it, I was on my way to room B013. Just like last time, the door opened at exactly 4:09. I walked in. The voice that first spoke to me came up. "Give us the information you have collected," the first voice demanded. "I have found out that Brenna's family has a stash of weapons under their house and the passcode to get them is two, four, nine, three," I said. "Excellent!" said a cold voice. "Because you have been faithful, we will tell you our plan. We want to extinguish humanity. We believe that spirits should rule the world. We believe this because we are spirits," said the first voice. Then, they all took off their cloaks to reveal ghostly faces and glowing red eyes. I couldn't believe it. They were going to kill everyone! I had to stop them. Then, I remembered what I read in Brenna's mom's book. Sunlight can kill spirits. So, I opened the window and let the sunlight in. The spirits shrieked in agony and vanished into thin air. Nobody has seen them since.

