

Stella, Bella, and Ella.

Ella K.

Once upon a time there was a girl named Stella. She was a happy-go-lucky child, who played with her two sisters, Bella and Ella. She was the eldest of the three, and pretended to be the queen, with two young “daughters” as princesses. She was your ordinary seven year old girl until tragedy hit. There was a fire. One that burned down her whole village, leaving Stella with no one. She had lost her home, her parents, and her two younger sisters.

With no family, Stella set out to find the culprit of this crime. She ventured out into the Pine Glade forest, and worked her way through it. After weeks of searching, the thought pondered, ‘Why didn’t I die?’ ‘Who saved me?’ She couldn’t remember anything from that night. Feeling defeated, she went back to her village, well what’s left of it, and looked around. ‘Maybe there are clues here.’ ‘Maybe there *are* other survivors.’ To her luck, there was a mother and her infant child, the only infant in the village, sitting in what used to be her house. Stella asked her who did this, and the woman stared blankly at her, as if she didn’t know. Stella got the feeling that she didn’t have to look anymore. She turned around, and right behind her, a hooded figure stood. He spoke in a low, deep tone that was hard to understand. He told her, that he knew where to find this person. Deep in the Pine Glade forest there was a pond. One that could show you who has done you wrong. He only asked a few coins in return. Penniless, she set on a quest she would never forget. As she arrived at the lake, she saw many skeletons of people that out of shock or disbelief, killed themselves. Stella was beginning to wonder what she might find. She looked at the pond, and the water shimmered, the swirled, then stopped. She took a look and she saw herself. Plain as can be. Except, she had a torch in her hand, and she was wearing a black cloak. She was the killer.

Startled and confused, she tried to run but her feet were stuck in the mud, firmly. When she tried to dig her feet out, they froze, and a torch appeared in her hand. Next her clothes were switched to a black cloak, and she looked exactly like the killer in her village. *She* was the killer! Whimpering and shaking, she pleaded for her own mercy. But slowly, slowly, her hand caught to her cloak, and the fire spread burning her alive. Fate had got her too, but the weird part is, there was no ash. No remnants of poor Stella, who didn’t even commit the crime, but guilt can do terrible things to the brain, even blur what a person sees, especially in the pond of reflection. Now, the killer still lurks in his black cloak, burning villages and telling tales of a pond made of magic to hide his crime.

The End