

Tobey G.

Layla's Doll

YAWN! I awake in my bed, the sun shining in through my window. I put on my fuzzy pink slippers and go into the restroom to grab a comb. I placed the comb on my head and started brushing my long black hair. I got dressed in my black outfit with my favorite band on it. The band was One Direction since they are the best. I started to put on my white tennis shoes to go with it. I walked down the stairs into my kitchen where my mom had made my favorite chocolate chip pancakes. I sat on the couch and turned on the tv, while pouring heaps of syrup onto my pancake. "Hey Layla," Mom said. "I got a special present for you." as she sat down on the couch next to me. I sat up in my seat. "What is it?" I asked, wondering what the special occasion was. She handed it to me. "It is a doll. I know how stressed you have been since you started fifth grade. I wanted to get you something to make you feel better," Mom said. "Wow! Thank you so much. I love it!" I said as I stared down at the doll. She had black hair, like me, but green eyes, and she was wearing a black ruffled dress. Mom got up from the couch and grabbed her purse. "I will be back later. A little kitten named Oscar needs my help," Mom said. I love getting to see my mom as a veterinarian. Sometimes, when someone can't take care of an animal, we foster it until it gets a home. After she leaves, I take my doll and start walking up to my room. I place it on my bed and grab my Barbie. "Doll meet Barbie. Barbie meet Doll." I say as I introduce my dolls to each other. Then all of the sudden my cell phone rings. I pick it up and say "Hello?" "Hi! Can I come over today? My parents are arguing again and I can't take it!" my best friend Jennifer says. "Of course! See you soon!" I say and hang up the phone. I can't wait for her to see my new doll! A few minutes later, I hear a knock on my door. I rush down the stairs and open it to see

Jennifer. She looks upset. "What's wrong?" I ask. "My parents," she cries. "They keep fighting. I don't know what to do. My dog runs into her bed shaking. You know I don't like seeing her upset since she and you are my only friends in this world." "I know," I say. "Don't worry. I have something that will cheer you up." She enters the house and we rush up to my room. "My mom bought me a new doll. She said it was for starting fifth grade." I say. "Wow! Where is it?" she asks. "It is on my bed," I say as I point to the bed. However, it is not there. "Where is it?" Jennifer asks. "It was right on my bed!" I cry. I couldn't believe it. Where did it go? Who took it? "Is that it?" Jennifer remarks as she points to the windowsill. I turn away from the bed and look at the windowsill. There she was. "How did she get there?" I wondered aloud. "You probably just forgot where you put it," Jennifer reassured me. I agreed and we both went downstairs to get my records to listen to music. We could just use our phones, but I think the record is so much better. All of the sudden we hear a loud menacing laugh. "HAHAHA!" We turned to the couch because that was where the noise was coming from. We see the doll that my mom bought me. It is sitting there quietly. We stand there in silence for a while but Jennifer finally says, "Okay, that was weird!" "I know! How did she get down here?" I say. I pick her up and stare at those bright green eyes. "What are you?" I question, knowing she would not answer. I look at Jennifer with terror in our eyes. "We should put her in my toy chest," I finally remarked. "Good idea," Jennifer agrees. We rush up to my room, put the doll in the toy chest, and lock it tight. "Okay, I don't think she will get out now." I reassured Jennifer. We sit on my bed and take deep breaths. However, we could not relax for long. We hear a noise coming from the toy chest! "Call your mom," Jennifer says. "I can't," I cry. "She is taking care of a kitten at the vet," Jennifer agrees but asks "What should we do?" I say, "We should throw her out the window!" Jennifer says, "That is a great idea!" We open the toy chest only to find that the doll is not there. "Where could she be?" I ask aloud. "We

should search the house,” Jennifer says. We start searching. “She is nowhere to be found!” I cry. “Let’s start searching the neighborhood,” Jennifer offers. We open my front door only to find that she is on my doorstep. We scream as the doll starts walking toward us. I rush to the broom closet. I grab the biggest one and rush back to my doorstep. I hit her as hard as I could. “Hopefully that works,” I say out of breath. “Good job!” Jennifer assures me. We still hear a laugh though. The doll says “You never heard the last of me!” and runs out into the streets. She turns her head all the way around and laughs the most terrifying laugh. “HAHAHA!” I slam the door. “Hopefully she is gone for good,” I say. “No matter what, I will be with you the entire step of the way,” Jennifer promises me. I smile and say “Thanks.” She smiles back.

The End