

Horror doll of Lulia's

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“Lulia - what are you doing?” I asked. My sister Lulia was holding her favorite doll. “It's midnight!” I shouted, even though I have to sleep, too. Lulia ran into her room, sticking a tongue at me. But on the stairs, I noticed what she dropped. HER FAVORITE DOLL! A smirk in my face appeared. I was ready to put her favorite doll in the trash. I pictured myself doing that in my head. It made my smirk wider. I snuck downstairs after about 30 seconds. I couldn't stop smiling when I was face-to-face with the trashcan. But a vibration through my body stopped me. The doll started to move like a zombie coming out of the grave. I jumped. I ran back upstairs, and busted into Lulia's room. The doll jumped and tackled me. I shivered. But luckily, the sound woke up Lulia, and the doll stopped moving. I had learned a lesson about not being mean to others.