

Little Timmy

By Marissa T.

One October morning there was a little boy, and his name was Little Timmy. He was so bad, but one day he crossed the line. He killed his dad. A neighbor was coming down the street when she saw a blood covered man in the yard and called the cops. Soon you could hear the sirens coming from a mile away. The cops came and found the knife with the boy's fingerprints on it. The cops thought it was too far, so they went ahead and killed Little Timmy. But they did not just kill him outside. They took him to the lab and zapped him in a glass box, and when his spirit comes out of his body he was trapped. In the box was a cold heartless soul.

As days went on, a museum bought the boxed spirit. Many people thought there was nothing in there but every once in a while there was a bloody hand print. Unfortunately, the museum went out of business because they could no longer afford it.

One day a big wrecking ball came and smashed it and with it the glass box. As the glass went crashing to the floor Little Timmy came out. He saw his dad and mom that died from cancer. He now wanted to be good. The only reason he was bad was because he was depressed and lonely. But his mom did not accept it. So he ventured to the city to prove he can be a good person. TO BE CONTINUED.....