

## The lullaby

My eyes slowly creaked open and were immediately hit by nothing but darkness. Fear crept through my body as pain shot down my arms and legs. Blood trickled down my forehead and I felt so dizzy I couldn't even remember how I had gotten there until I heard it again, The Lullaby. I felt weary as questions raced through my head, why was I here? who was she? and would I ever get out?? My throat was so dry I couldn't even speak let alone scream. I swallowed hard as the sound of singing got closer and closer to my ears. Then it all came back to me. The last time I heard that singing I was laying comfortably in my bed. The first time I heard it however, was months back, and nobody listened. It was when we first moved to this house, it can even be called that.

When mom dad and I came to live in the little house on hidden lake dr., was the middle of September and the trees still had their leaves. it wasn't until mid October when we began to sense something strange.

I was scared to move away from my old home so mother had bought me a music box, that she would wind up for me right before bed and it would soothe myself to sleep. ever night it would play the same twinkling tune until one day it stopped working. Mother said I didn't need it anymore and everything would be fine. The first night I slept well. the night after, not so much.

I was falling asleep when I began to hear the lullaby it was soft and calm at first I thought it was the music box that had begun working again but the tune was different this wasn't the usual twinkling sound but rather it sounded like someone humming. I opened my eyes so suddenly that when I did couldn't remember if I had actually heard it or not. From there, things only got worse. I tried to tell mom but she insisted it was only my imagination or that I was having nightmares. I tried to ignore it too but Each day it got louder I woke up screaming and sweating cold mother rushed into the room but insisted she heard nothing. She spoke to my doctor about it and he said that it could be trauma from my early years. The ones I don't like to talk about. The ones I spent at foster care. I don't remember anything before foster care. I don't remember my biological parents all I know is dad killed mom during one of their many fights. he beat her. and took my sister. My sister Lorelei that till this day I still wonder where she could have gone. nobody ever found her but they say dad took her. Why he took her and left me, is something I cannot find an answer to. Mother said that my traumatic infant years could be the cause of what I was experiencing now but something told me it wasn't. I walked up to the mirror in my room and began brushing my hair, wondering once again like every day, why dad didn't choose me. but then again, maybe I'm better off with my adoptive parents. I was concentrating on what I was thinking when I noticed just for a split second that the girl in the mirror who was supposed to be me, wasn't brushing her hair. But I could have been wrong, maybe I had stopped brushing mine as well. The next time I stepped up to the mirror I focused on the facial features of the girl in the

mirror. there was something different about her, maybe I had changed in the past few months, maybe I hadn't. but just when I was convincing myself that it was me, she stretched out a hand without giving me time to back up, I scream but it was interrupted by a hand choking my neck. I couldn't breathe my heart began to beat faster and I couldn't yell. I was being lifted off the ground, my legs kicked in every direction but it was helpless. The door to my room opened and relief filled me from head to toe. "Lorena" mother exclaimed, but I was already laying on the floor.

"mother please help me" I cried out. She's trying to get me!

"she who?" asked mother

"the girl in the mirror!"

But again she thought I was crazy.

That night, both the music box and the mirror were taken out of my room. She said it would help me sleep better but she couldn't have been more wrong. That night, she took me.

I was asleep; fast asleep.

Then it started again; the lullaby.

I opened my eyes and listened. but this time, there was something more. a presence. I turned to my right and there she was, the girl. I saw her only for a split second before she put her hand over my mouth and I passed out.

Now here I was in complete darkness. as my eyes continued to adjust I recognized the mirror that used to be in my room. dad had thrown it in the basement I was in my basement.

Once the sound of the lullaby reached my ears I turned to my right and I was able to see her clearly.

I cleared my throat and was finally able to speak.

"what do you want from me?" I yelled in despair.

"it should have been you all along!, you should have been in my place!" she said between clenched teeth. I couldn't think straight her word made no sense. my breathing became faster, and cold sweat trickled down my face.

"please help! mom dad anyone!" I managed to yell between sobs.

"Go ahead, scream all you want. but nobody will hear you, dad made this basement specifically sound proof so he could beat mom whenever he pleased. don't you remember?"

Suddenly memories came flooding back, mom dad, beatings, the basement.

This was the house I used to live in when in was 4! When dad killed mom. Suddenly something about her eyes made me stare into them.

“who are you?” I spoke soft as if to not hurt her ears.

“Lorelei” she whispered.

A knot formed at the pit of my stomach as she spoke for that was the name of my sister.

Her name rung over and over in my ears, making my brain throb.

“You are my sister? I asked weakly.

“Sister?, she questioned, NO! only by blood because a real sister would never do what you did.”

“Please! don’t kill me just tell me what you want”

“Kill you? no sweetie, I’d never do that. I need you alive” I swallowed hard my entire body was aching but my heart ached the most. For long I’ve been searching for my little sister, to find that her soul had been suffering and couldn't rest in peace all these 10 years, was heart breaking.

"What happened to you! everyone said dad took you, this whole time I thought....

"Dad didn't take me! he just killed mom and left. you and I were scared I ran down to the basement. you told me to go hide! so I did. the door shut after me and I was so scared! I let some time go by and i began yelling for you! but you never came!! you left me here to die! and now you will pay the price! it should have been me living my best life with pretty little dresses, milk and cookies and kisses and cuddles but instead, it was you! now its MY turn to live life and your turn to sit here and rot.

"Lorelei please! I didn't know... I was only a little girl! I tried to protect you but I was 4!!! 4!!!!!!

“You never came back for me!!!!”

“The police came, they took me, I was put in foster care, and I told them about you! I really did but they told me that dad had taken you away. You were never to be found”

“Well here I am now, dead! dead, and you’re alive.” She yelled.

“Lorelei please ! what are you going to do to me!”

"what should have been done years ago!"

"Lorelei please! if we just find your body, we can give you a burial and your soul will rest in peace I promise! just show me where it is!"

"I hid all too well that would never happen. now I need YOUR body." She laughed

Suddenly she turned into black smoke and she was gone. I began to scream at the top of my lungs got help for mom for dad anyone! but it was useless. I began to breathe in the smoke it began to over power my body. I heard footsteps, yes foot steps! they were coming down to help me! please hurry! they could still get here on time! my entire body ached and my muscles contracted. my eyes were blurry and I felt as if my own skin was getting ripped off my body. I heard the door open! "Lorena! I recognized my dads voice" but before I could see him, I blacked out. when I opened my eyes I was in moms room.

"you were sleep walking Lorena. Its all right.", said mom.

I caught a glimpse of me in moms mirror and for a second I looked different but I wasn't sure if I had changed a lot in the past few months or if I was someone else.